

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## SKETCHES OF LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

On this and some of the succeeding pages of our Magazine, we have placed a series of sketches illustrative of localities in Lynn, one of the most pleasant and flourishing cities in the neighborhood of Boston, drawn on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, noted for the fidelity of his delineations. Mr. Alonzo Lewis, the "Lynn Bard," in his "History of Lynn," one of the best town histories ever written, says:

"Lynn is one of the earliest towns planted in Massachusetts. Its settlement was begun in 1629. Among the authorities for assigning the settlement to this year, is the Rev. Samuel Danforth's almanac for the year 1647. He gives a list of the first towns settled in this State, to which he prefixes these words: 'The time when these townes following began.' By several ancient manuscripts it appears that the settlement must have commenced as early as the 1st of June.

"1629. The first white men known to have been inhabitants of Lynn were Edmund Ingalls and his brother, Francis Ingalls. A record preserved in the family of the former, says, 'Mr. Edmund Ingalls came from Lincolnshire, in England, to Lynn, in 1629.' The first settlers numbered five men with their family, probably comprising about twenty persons. 'They did not settle at Sagamore Hill,' says Lewis, 'because the Indians were there; nor on the common, because that was a forest; but coming from Salem, they selected a 'faire playne, somewhat less than a mile in extent, where they built their rude cottages, and 'had peaceable possession.' John Wood appears to have been the principal person, and from him the village has ever since been called 'Wood End.' There the soil of Lynn was first stirred by the white man—there, surrounded by Indians, they laid the foundation of a town."

In 1630 fifty persons, with their families, settled in Lynn, each

occupying from 10 to 200 acres, and some of them taking up even larger tracts of land. "They were principally farmers," says Lewis, "and possessed a large stock of horned cattle, sheep and goats. For several years, before the land was divided, and the fields fenced, the cattle were fed in one drove, and guarded by a man who, from his employment, was called a hayward. The sheep, goats and swine were kept on Nahant, where they were tended by a shepherd. Nahant seems to have been sold several times to different individuals by 'Black William (an Indian)' who also gave it to the plantation for a sheep pasture. A fence of rails, put near together, was made across the beach near Nahant, to keep out the wolves, as these animals do not climb. When the people were about building this fence, Captain Turner said, 'Let us make haste, lest the country should take it from us.' The people of



MOLL PITCHER'S HOUSE, LYNN.



CENTRAL CHURCH, LYNN.

Lynn for some years seem to have lived in the most perfect democracy. They had town meetings every three months for the regulation of their public affairs. They cut their wood in common, and drew lots for the grass in the meadows and marshes. These proved very serviceable to the farmers by furnishing them with sustenance for the cattle; which was probably the reason why there were more farmers at Lynn than in any other of the early settlements. Mr. Johnson says, 'the chiefest corn they planted, before they had plowes, was Indian grain—and let no man make a jest at pumpkins, for with this food the Lord was pleased to feed his people to their good content, till Corne and Cattell were increased.' Their corn, at the first, was pounded, after the manner of the Indians, with a pestle of wood or stone, in a mortar made either of stone, or a log, hollowed out at one end. They also cultivated large fields of barley and wheat. Much of the former was made into malt for beer. They raised considerable quantities of flax, which was rotted in one of the ponds, thence called the Flax

Pond. Their first houses were rude structures, covered with thatch, or small bundles of sedge or straw, laid one over another. A common form of the early cottage, was eighteen feet square, and seven feet front, with the roof steep enough to form a sleeping chamber. The better houses were built with two stories in front, and sloped down to one in the rear; the upper story projecting about a foot, with very sharp gables. The frames were of heavy oak timber, showing the beams inside. Burnt clamshells were used for lime, and the walls were whitewashed. The fire places were made of rough stones, and the chimneys of boards, or short sticks, crossing each other, and plastered inside with clay. The windows were small, opening outward on hinges. They consisted of very small diamond panes, set in sashes of lead. The fire-places were large enough to admit a four-foot log, and the children might sit in the corners and look up at the stars. People commonly burned about twenty cords of wood in a year, and the ministers were allowed thirty cords. On whichever side of the road the



houses were placed, they uniformly faced the south, that the sun at noon might 'shine square.' Thus each house formed a domestic sundial, by which the good matron, in the absence of the clock, could tell, in fair weather, when to call her husband and sons from the field; for the industrious people of Lynn, then as well as now, always dined exactly at twelve. It was the custom of the first settlers to wear long beards, and Governor Winthrop says, 'Some had their overgrown beards so frozen together, that they could not get their strong-water bottels into their mouths.' 'In very hot weather,' says Wood, 'servants were privileged to rest from their labors, from ten of the clock till two.' The common address of men and women was Goodman and Goodwife; none but those who sustained some office of dignity, or were descended from some respectable family, were complimented with the title of Master."

What a contrast this picture of the early settlement presents to the Lynn of the present day,

the cliffs the eagle built their nests; the wild cat and the bear rested in their branches, and the fox and the wolf prowled beneath. The squirrel made his home undisturbed in the nut-tree; the wood pigeon murmured his sweet notes in the glen; and the beaver constructed his dam across the wild brook. The ponds and streams were filled with fish; and the harbor was covered with sea-fowl, which laid their eggs on the cliffs and on the sands of the beach. The Indian name of the town was Saugus, and by that name it was known for eight years. The root of this word signifies *great* or *extended*, and it was probably applied to the Long Beach. Wood, in his early map of New England, places the word 'Saugus' on Sagamore Hill. The river on the west was called by the Indians 'Abousett,' the word Saugus being applied to it by white men."

Bears, wolves and Indians were the terror of the more timid among the settlers. "At this 1630-1631 time," says Mr. Lewis, "there was



THE EXCHANGE, LYNN.

with its diversified pursuits, its dense population, its universal comfort and occasional elegance and luxury, with all the appliances that wealth, science, and the arts have supplied. We realize by such a contrast the immense progress that the arts of civilization have made in two hundred and thirty years; yet possibly, there are not a few who will regret the simplicity of manners which characterized the old New England settlements. One of the earliest acts of the settlers was the organization of a military company. This company possessed two iron "sakars or great guns." Lewis says, "the first settlers found the town, including Nahant, chiefly covered by forests of aged trees, which had never been disturbed but by the storms of centuries. On the tops of the ancient oaks which grew upon

no bridge across Saugus River, and people who travelled to Boston were compelled to pass through the woods in the northern part of the town, and ford the stream near the iron works, three miles north from the railroad bridge. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. John Endicott of Salem, to Governor Winthrop, on the twelfth of April, illustrates the custom. Mr. Endicott had just been married. He says: "Right Worshipful, I did hope to have been with you in person at the Court, and to that end I put to sea yesterday, and was driven back again, the wind being stiff against us; and there being no canoe or boat at Saugus, I must have been constrained to go to Mistic, and thence about to Charlestown, which, at this time, I durst not be so bold, my body being at present in an ill condition to take cold, and therefore I pray you to pardon me."

The first church at Lynn was organized June 8, 1632. We proceed to gather a few more interesting items from Mr. Lewis's History. At a court held in 1633, "Mr. Thomas Dexter was ordered to be set in the bilbowes, disfranchised and fined X£ for speaking reproachful and seditious words against the government here established." The bilbowes were a kind of stocks like those in which the hands and feet of poor Hudi-bras were confined.

— "The knight  
And brave squire from their steeds alight,  
At the outer wall, near which there stands  
A Bastile, made to imprison hands,  
By strange enchantment made to fetter  
The lesser parts and free the greater."

One of these elegant and commodious appendages of the law was placed near the meeting house; there it stood, the terror and punishment of all such evil doers as spoke against government, chewed tobacco, or went to sleep in a sermon two hours long. However censurable Mr. Dexter may have been, his punishment was certainly disproportioned to his fault. To be deprived of the privilege of a freeman, to be exposed to the ignominy of the stocks, and to be amerced in a fine of more than forty dollars, show that magistrates were greatly incensed by his remarks. If every man were set in the bilbowes, who speaks against government in these days, there would scarcely be trees enough in Lynn woods to make stocks of. The magistrates of those days had not acquired the lessons which their successors have long since learned, that censure is the tax which public men must pay for their adventitious greatness. "In the year 1637 the name of the town was changed from Saugus to Lynn. The record of the General Court, on the fifteenth of November, consist of only four words, 'Saugust is called Lin.'"

Here is a description of ancient Lynn from "The Wonder-Working Providence," a work written by Edward Johnson of Woburn, and published in 1651:

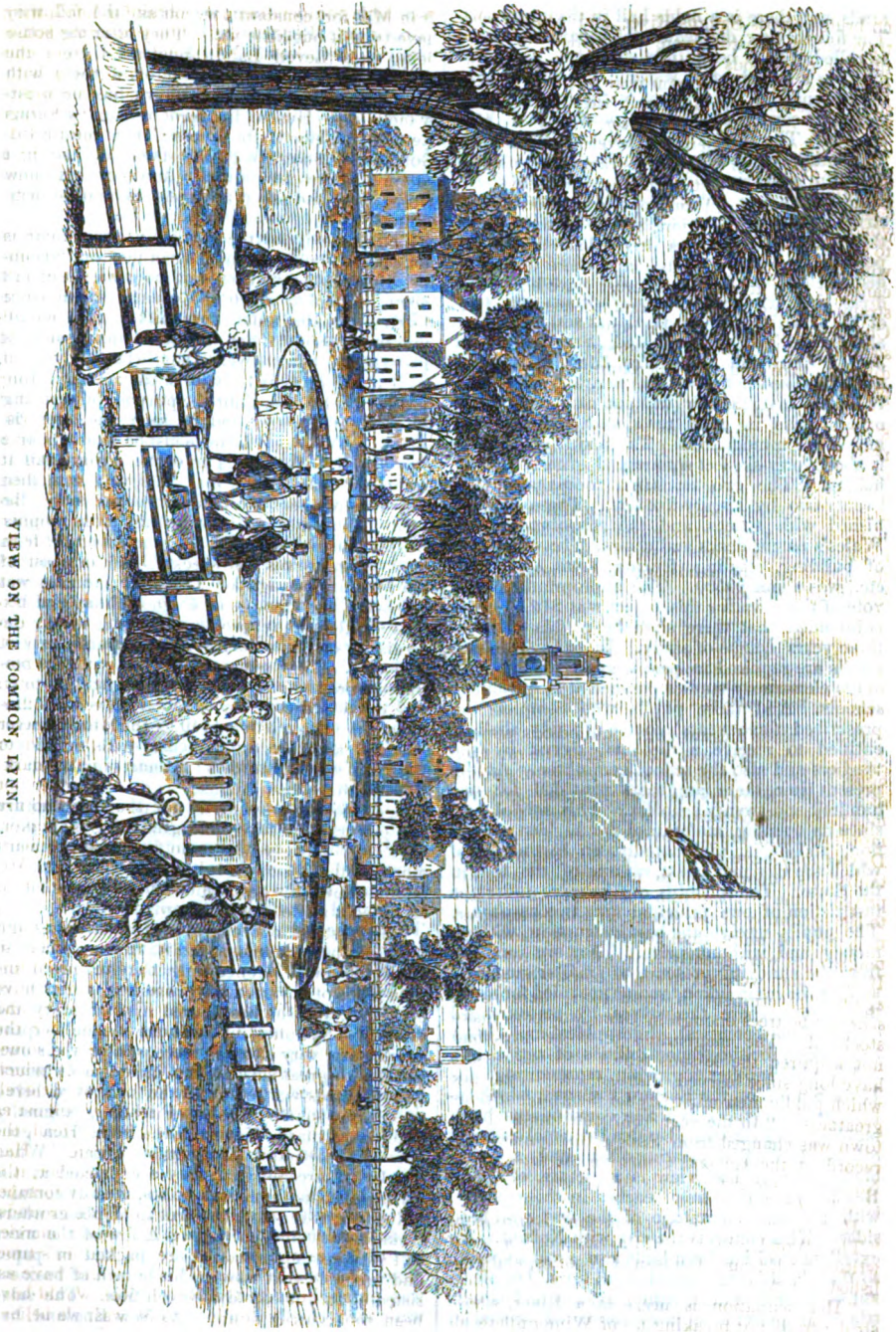
"Her situation is neere to a River, whose strong freshet at breaking up of Winter filleth all her Bankes, and with a furious Torrent ventes itself into the sea. This Towne is furnished with Mineralls of divers kinds, especially Iron and Lead, the forme of it is almost square, onely it takes two large a run into the Landward (as most townes do). It is filled with about one Hundred Houses for dwelling. There is also an

Iron Mill for constant use, but as for Lead, they have tried it but little yet. Their meeting-house being on a Levell Land undefended from the cold Northwest wind, and therefore made with steps descending into the earth, the people mostly inclining to Husbandry, have built many Farms Remote. Their Cattell exceedingly multiplied. Goates which were in great esteeme at their first comming, are now quite banished, and now Horse, kine and sheep are most in request with them."

The longevity of the early settlers of Lynn is noticed by Mr. Lewis, and accounted for. "Boniface Burton died in 1669, at the great age of 113 years; an age to which no person in Lynn since his time has attained. Joseph Rednap lived till he was 110 years of age, in the full possession of his faculties. In the year 1635, when he was in his 80th year, we find a vote of the town granting him lands at Nahant, for the purpose of pursuing the trade of fishing; and he seems as enterprising at that age, as if he were just beginning active life. Henry Styche was an efficient workman at the iron foundry in the year 1653, and was then 103 years of age. How many years longer he lived history has not informed us. Christopher Hussey was pursuing his active and useful life in 1685, when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Florida, at the age of 87 years. This great longevity and the general good health of the early settlers may probably be referred to the regularity of their habits and the simplicity of their diet. They seldom ate meat, and they generally retired to rest soon after sunset. A pitch pine torch in the chimney corner served to illuminate the common room until the family prayer was said, and then the boys and girls retired to their respective chambers, to undress in the dark. Nor did they steam themselves to death over hot iron. Cooking stoves were unknown, and no fire was put into a meeting-house, except the Quaker, till 1820." The reader who is curious to learn more of the history of Lynn, is referred to Mr. Alonzo Lewis's work, which is fairly entitled to be called a model town history.

The first of our engravings represents High Rock, with the famous Moll Pitcher's house in the foreground. Concerning the renowned fortune-teller of Lynn many romantic stories have been told, and she has figured in song, story and drama. Dr. Jones, of this city, made her the subject of a very effective piece, still played sometimes with great success, the incidents of which he afterwards worked up in the form of a novellette. The name of Moll Pitcher is almost as familiar as that of Norma of the Fifful Head, the fanciful propheticess of Scott's "Pirate." Had our Lynn sorceress flourished a little earlier, it is certain that her innocent impostures of fortune-telling by palmistry, the cards or coffee-grounds, would have consigned her to the tender mercies of the pious inquisitors of Cotton Mather's time, and probably that worthy divine would have assisted at an auto da fé of which Moll would have been the central figure. As it was, we believe she entirely escaped persecution. In the background is seen High Rock, a remarkable eminence on which the Hutchinsons (singers) built a cottage, and erected a pagoda, seen in the view. A splendid view of Lynn, the bay, the ocean, Boston and the neighboring towns is obtained from the summit of High Rock.





Our second engraving represents the Central Congregational Church on Silsbee Street. It is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, with a spire of 160 feet. In the foreground is the crossing of Silsbee Street over the Eastern Railroad. Our

next view represents the Exchange Building, on Market Street. It is of brick, and makes no pretensions to architectural elegance, but it is spacious, and well adapted to its present purpose. The lower part is occupied by stores of various

kinds, and there is a noble hall in the upper part. The fourth view delineates the South Common, so called. It is beautifully shaded by trees, and encloses a fine sheet of water. The church seen in the centre of the picture is the First Congregational, corner of South Common and Vine Streets. The Rev. Parsons Cooke is the pastor. The other church is the Second Universalist. The fifth engraving of the series delineates the High School, a substantial and commodious structure erected at a cost of about \$7000, under the superintendence of a building committee appointed by the town, March 16, 1850. It was dedicated January 8, 1851. An appropriate address was delivered by Rev. B. Sears, secretary of the Board of Education, and addresses were also made by Messrs. Hood, Shackford, and Jacob Batchelder, Jr. The house is warmed and ventilated in the best manner. It is thoroughly built; and though without any superfluous ornament, is in good taste, and provided with ample accommodations. The main school room is about forty-six feet square and sixteen feet in height. The two recitation rooms are each twenty-two by twenty-five feet. These are furnished with settees, and the school-room with Wales's patent desks and chairs. The whole cost of building, grading, fencing, seats, apparatus, etc., was about \$9500. The appropriation by a vote of the town for this object was \$12,000. It is intended that there shall be, at this school, a three years' course of study. In order to enter, pupils are required to pass a good examination in the elementary studies pursued at the grammar schools. And those pupils who complete the prescribed three years' course of study, shall be entitled to receive a diploma, signed by the teachers and also the school committee. At the present time, there are seats provided for one hundred and twenty scholars. This school has, since its opening, maintained the highest reputation, and it is, undoubtedly, an institution of which the city may boast, as one of the best in the State. The school is, we believe, under the instruction of one principal and two assistants. The pupils receive the best instruction, without money and without price. They are removed from the annoying presence of smaller students; and, in the commodious rooms provided for them, they can prepare themselves, by an extended course of mathematical, philosophical and classical studies, for the responsibilities of active life.

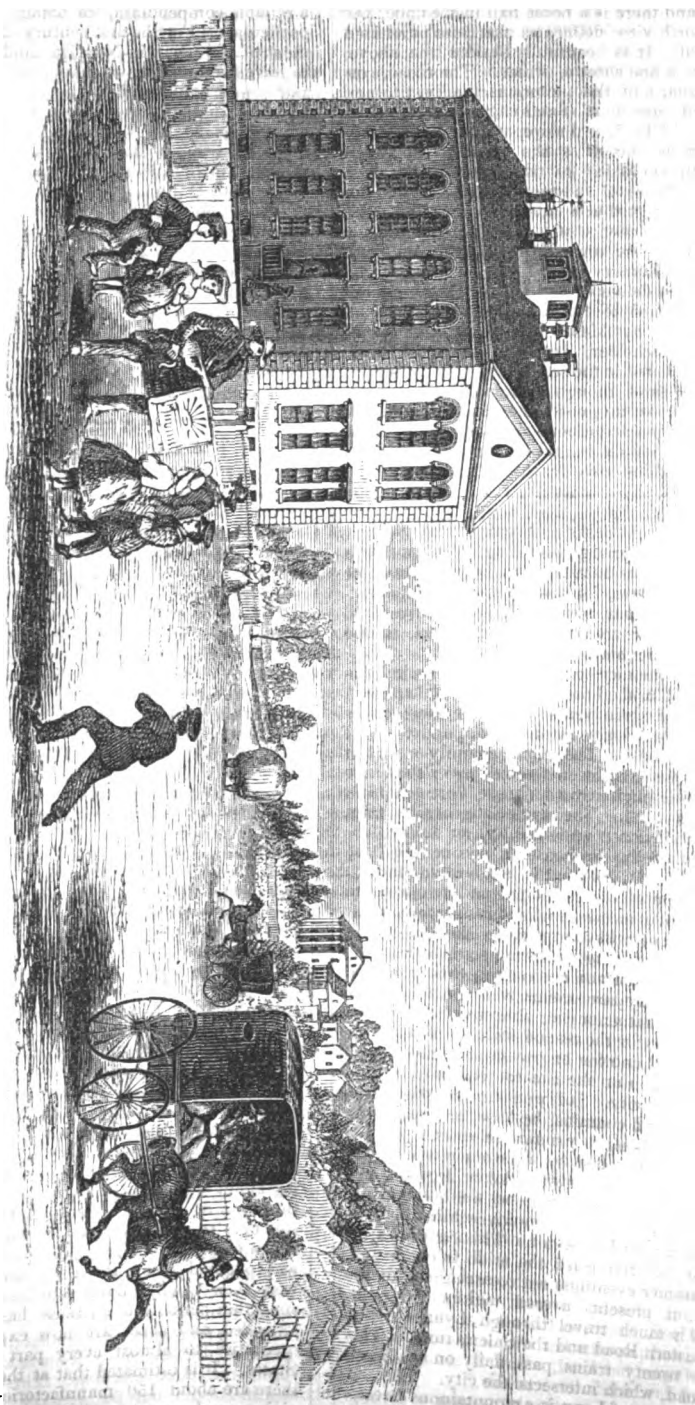
We add another engraving, representing the Lynn Station on the Eastern Railroad, which intersects the city. It is a fine commodious brick building, and contains, besides the usual railroad offices, Kellogg's printing-office and a book-binding. Our last view is a picture of Lynn Beach, one of the finest beaches in this country, with the rare advantage of the water on both sides. This connects the city with Nahant. An excellent road has been built at a great expense, so that the driving is good at all tides. On pleasant summer evenings, with carriages and equestrians, it presents a most animated spectacle. There is much travel through Lynn, by way of old Eastern Road and the Salem turnpike, while about twenty trains pass daily on the Eastern Railroad, which intersects the city. The north-western part of Lynn is a mountainous forest, the most thickly settled part being a plain between the hills and the sea. From the Lynn Directory,

a reliable compendium, we obtain the following particulars: For the first century after the settlement of the towns in New England, there seems to have been no census taken, or, if the inhabitants were numbered, no record has been preserved. In 1638, when Boston was "a village containing 20 or 30 houses," it is certain that Lynn had more than 100 families. Being a farming town, including a territory six times larger than Boston, it naturally invited settlers; and after the opening of the iron works, the number was greatly increased. But as many families afterwards moved away to form new settlements, the number of inhabitants at no time exceeded 2000. The first recorded census was taken in 1765, when the number was 2198. The following table exhibits the census as taken at eight periods: In 1765 it was 2198; 1790, 2291; 1800, 2837; 1810, 4087; 1820, 4515; 1830, 6138; 1840, 9367; 1850, 13,613. It will be seen that for twenty-five years, the increase was only 93. From 1790 to 1800, the increase was 546, or a fraction less than 25 per cent. From 1800 to 1810, after it had become decidedly a shoemaking town, the increase was 1250 or 44 per cent. Between the years 1810 and 1820, after Saugus, with its 748 inhabitants, had been separated from it, the increase was found to be 1176, or about 28 per cent. From 1820 to 1830, the increase was 1623, or 36 per cent. In 1830, the map and history of Lynn were printed, and being widely circulated and extensively noticed in public papers, perhaps they had some influence in giving a new impulse to the place, by calling attention to it; and the increase for the next ten years was 3229, or 51 per cent. From 1840 to 1850, the increase was not quite so rapid, being 4036, or 43 per cent. We have heard the present population estimated at 18,000.

The inhabitants of Lynn for the first century were mostly farmers, but gradually they gave their attention to the manufacture of women's shoes, and that is now the principal business. The stock for the shoes is cut in the larger buildings, called manufactories, by men termed clickers. The upper parts are then tied in packages and given to females, who reside at their own homes, to be bound. They are then returned to the manufactories, where they are put together in bundles with the soles, and distributed to the workmen, who make the shoes in small—quite too small—shops, usually at or near their own homes. The workmen are called cordwainers, or more properly cordovaniers; the word being derived from the Cordovan leather, originally manufactured at Cordova in Spain, from goat skins brought from Morocco in Africa. When the shoes are finished, they are packed at the manufactories, in wooden boxes, usually containing about sixty pairs, and sent to all places where there is a demand for them. A few of the nicer sort of shoes and buskins are packed in paper boxes of a smaller size. This branch of business was pursued before the Revolution. The sales were then chiefly confined to New England, but since that period the business has been greatly extended, and shoes are now exported in large quantities to almost every part of the United States. It is estimated that at the present time there are about 150 manufactories in the city, giving employment to 10,000 persons, more than half of whom are females; and that 4,500,000



HIGH SCHOOL, LYNN.



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pairs of ladies and misses' shoes are annually made, amounting in value to about \$3,500,000. From 400,000 to 500,000 pairs are also purchased from neighboring towns. Besides the above, there are manufactories of leather, morocco, cotton, prints, chocolate, glue, machinery, tinware, etc. Lynn has some vessels engaged in the whale fishery. In 1853, two ships arrived here, bringing 1656 barrels of sperm oil, 2120 barrels of whale oil, and 28,000 pounds of whalebone. The cod and mackerel fisheries are also carried on, and there is a considerable amount of coasting trade. There are two banks in Lynn, with a capital of \$250,000, a Savings Bank and two insurance offices.

Lynn became a city in 1850. It is nine miles from Boston, and occupies a pleasant situation. Its boundaries embrace a delightful variety of scenery, field, forest, pasture, cultivated land, rock, beach and bay, while the thickly settled portions abound in beautiful buildings, and exhibit every evidence of thrift and prosperity. Altogether, it is a fair specimen of many of the New England inland cities, and its nearness to Boston makes it a desirable residence for the business man.

#### MARRIAGES AMONG THE DRUSES.

The Druses are a powerful tribe inhabiting a portion of the mountainous range of Lebanon, or Libanus, in Syria. They are neither Mahomedans nor Christians, but have a peculiar creed of their own, made up from some of the tenets and doctrines of the two faiths.

Their women are generally very beautiful, being fairer than the other inhabitants of Lebanon, and they are distinguished by the most lovely dark blue eyes, long, raven tresses, and teeth of pearly whiteness. The men generally marry at from sixteen to eighteen years of age; they take but one wife, and always choose partners from their own tribe. The bride is generally from thirteen to fourteen years old. Three days before the wedding, the bridegroom, accompanied by his male friends, goes to the house of his intended, and demands her in a formal manner from the hands of her father, who formally gives his consent. Then they agree upon the amount of dowry which the husband shall settle on his wife. The bride is led forth a moment, closely veiled, accompanied by her mother, who vouches for the purity and honor of her daughter. The bride then presents her husband with the khanjar, or dagger, which serves at the same time to show the protection she expects to receive from him, or as an instrument of punishment, should the declaration of her mother be false, or should she subsequently break her marriage vows.

The bride, attended by the women, spends the day gaily in the bath; while the bridegroom and his friends amuse themselves with horsemanship, or in drinking coffee and smoking chibouk at the house of the bride's father. This continues for two days; on the third the bride is conducted, with considerable ceremony, to the house of the bridegroom, closely covered with a red gold-spangled veil, which, in the nuptial chamber, he removes, and presents her with a tantoor. This he places upon her head, where it remains both night and day, while life remains.

The Druse possesses absolute power to divorce his wife, first paying the stipulated dowry.

Nevertheless divorces are exceedingly rare, and they seldom take place at all, except for very serious causes. If a woman is guilty of conjugal infidelity—which is extremely uncommon—she always pays the penalty with her life. The husband sends his wife back to her father's house, and with her the khanjar which he had received on his marriage, but without the sheath. This notifies her disgrace does not attach itself to her husband, but to the relatives of the wife, and can only be washed out with her blood. The father sits in solemn judgment over the wife, at her husband's house, and if the evidence is sufficient, her doom is pronounced. A father's love is of no avail, a mother's shrieks cannot stay the hand that strikes, nor a sister's tears mitigate the punishment. The executioner, generally the eldest brother, severs her head from her body, and the tantoor, with a lock of her hair steeped in blood, sent to her husband, testifies that the deed has been accomplished.—*Notes and Queries.*

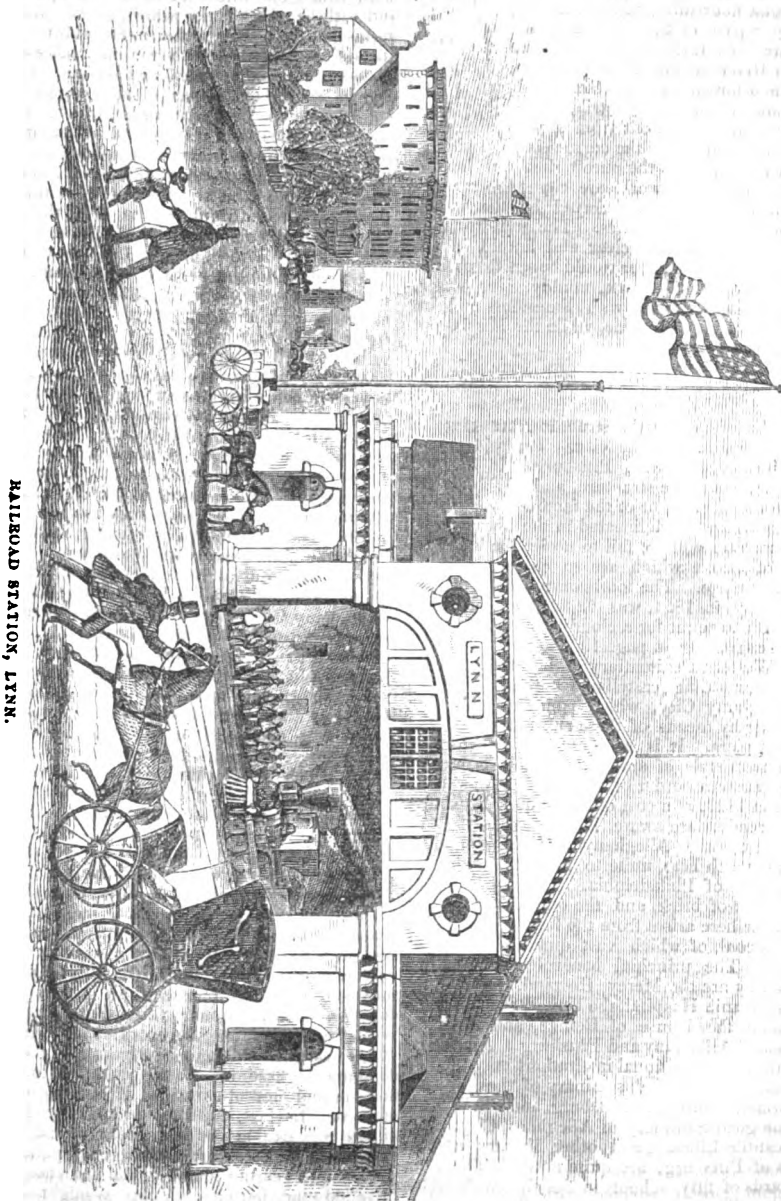
#### A DOG EXPRESS.

Daniel Henshaw, Esq., recently read a very interesting paper on "Statistics and Anecdotes of Travels" before the New England Historic and Genealogical Society, which has since been printed in the Gazette. He states that before the establishment of stage lines, people were sometimes greatly perplexed for means of transmitting messages and letters of importance. On one such occasion, the following very ingenious and extraordinary mode was adopted with entire success: A family living over fifty miles from Boston, who had removed from there a few years before, taking with them their favorite dog, Rover, had several times made their annual visit there, always accompanied by the same faithful animal. The necessity of sending a letter to Boston had now become urgent in the extreme, and indispensably necessary; yet there seemed no possible way of transmitting it but by procuring some one to go on express, which at that time was next to impossible. While they were deeply perplexed in contriving ways and means, some one said, perhaps more in jest than in earnest "send Rover." Now Rover had proved himself on many occasions intelligent and faithful beyond others of his race, and the idea took at once. It was decided at any rate to try the experiment of sending Rover as a bearer of despatches, provided he could be induced to undertake so arduous and hazardous a mission.

The letter was accordingly prepared, and while they were fastening it around his neck, the old dog would roll up his eyes in deep thought, as if pondering on the magnitude and responsibility of his charge, while he seemed to say—"I understand the business perfectly, but dislike the undertaking, and must beg to be excused." And when the crisis came, he *did* beg and plead most piteously. But, after pointing to the east, the command was peremptory—"go!" and away he went in good earnest, not on the old circuitous travelled road, but on a bee line, across lots, determined to make short work of it, and probably not stopping for rest or refreshment till he reached his place of destination, which was a little before daylight the next morning. There were two houses in Boston, not far apart, where the old dog felt equally at home. He gave notice at the



first by howling and scratching at the door; but the family, not understanding the purport of so unseasonable a call, refused to respond, and he soon repaired to the other, where the surprise and indeed an old friend, the representative of long absent friends, at a distance, and bringing glad tidings from afar. The fame of this achievement soon spread among the friends and through the



RAILROAD STATION, LYNN.

astonishment at seeing the old dog with his message was indescribable. He was welcomed and greeted with as much joy and gladness as if he had been an old, intimate friend, just returned from a long and dangerous sea voyage. He was

neighborhood, and Rover became the lion of the day. This is believed to be the only instance where a quadruped has ever acted as bearer of despatches, or post for carrying letters alone and so great a distance.

## NOTED AMERICAN SCENES.

On page 16 will be found an accurate delineation of the great reservoir, St. Louis, Missouri, one of the sights a stranger is usually taken to see in that flourishing and wealthy city. It is in the upper part of the city, a solid and costly structure. St. Louis is supplied from the Mississippi River, the water being pumped up by steam and forced into the reservoir shown in our engraving, whence it is distributed to all parts of the city. It is taken out from a point above all the sewers, and where the current is the swiftest, so that the supply is the purest that can be obtained. The water-works are city property and the expense of them is defrayed by the water-tax, as in most other cities. The well-water of St. Louis is peculiarly clear and limpid in appearance, and a stranger would be apt to contrast it favorably with the dark, muddy river water, but it is impregnated with limestone, and on that account unwholesome, while the Mississippi is said to be very healthy.

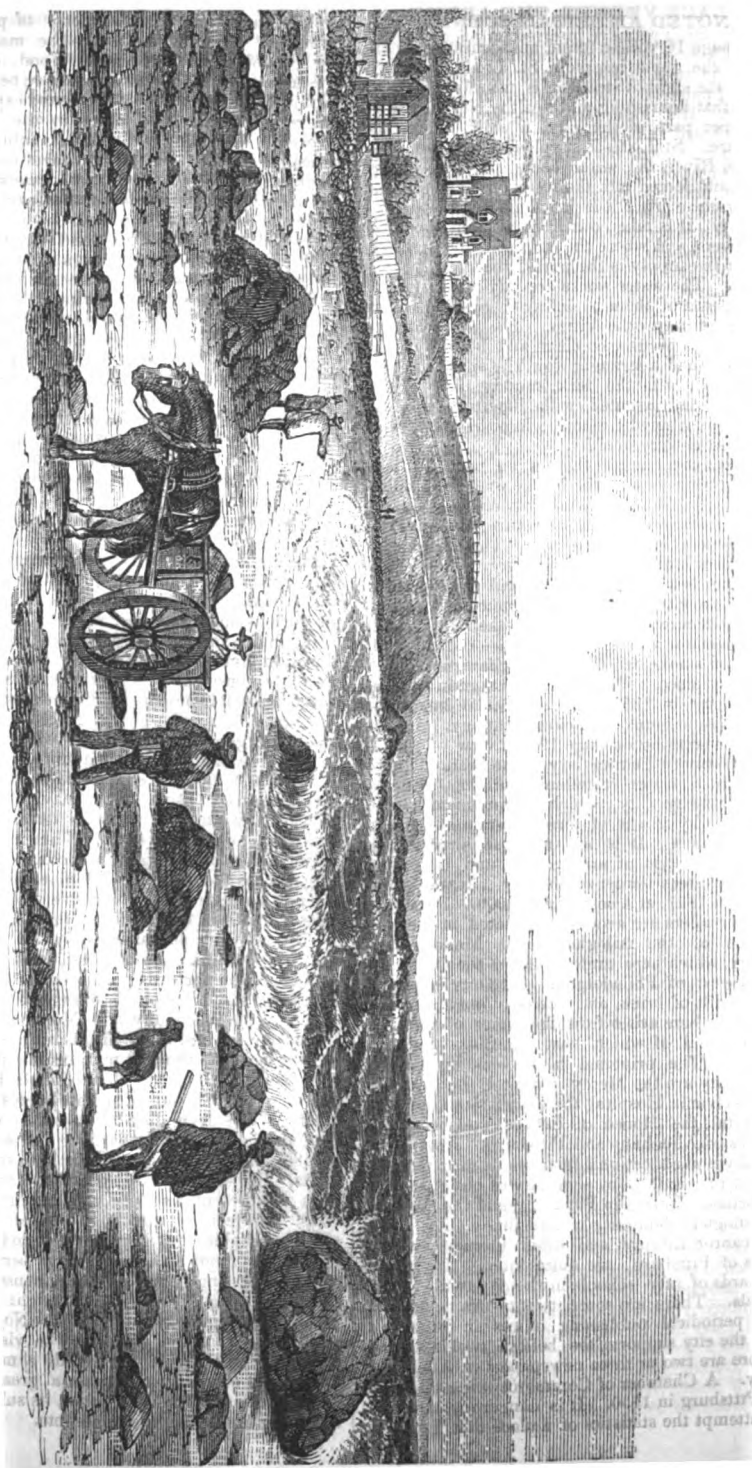
The next picture in this set, on page 17, is a very striking view of the bridge over the Monongahela at Pittsburgh, and not only embraces a correct delineation of this structure, but gives a good general idea of the city. The bridge connects Birmingham with Pittsburgh. It is 1500 feet long, is a noble structure, and highly creditable to the city. One of the famous river steamboats is accurately delineated in the foreground. The spectator will not fail to notice the long columns of smoke which are so characteristic of this busy place. The total consumption of coal for the city in 1854, was 22,305,000 bushels—enough to account for a cloudy canopy.

The engraving on page 19 is a view of the famous *Western Penitentiary of the State of Pennsylvania*, a strong castellated building, situated in Alleghany City, which communicates with Pittsburgh by means of three substantial bridges, built on piers. It is an immense structure, in the Roman style of architecture, and is located on the western border of the city. It was completed in 1827, at a cost of \$183,000. Pittsburgh, as our readers are aware, is situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, which here unite to form the Ohio, 357 miles west of Philadelphia. The city is principally built of brick, and the only drawback to a residence here arises from the fumes of the bituminous coal, of which vast quantities are consumed. The principal benevolent institutions of the city are the Mercy Hospital, the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, the United States Marine Hospital, the House of Refuge, and the poor-houses of Alleghany and Pittsburgh. Among the literary and educational institutions may be mentioned the theological seminary of the Associate Reformed Church, in Pittsburgh, and the Western Theological Seminary in Alleghany City. The Mercantile Library, and other literary associations of Pittsburgh, are quite noted. There are upwards of fifty schools in the city, with 12,000 pupils. There are some twenty-five newspaper and periodical publishing offices in Pittsburgh, and the city supports, we believe, twelve dailies. There are two or three newspapers in Alleghany City. A Chamber of Commerce was established in Pittsburgh in 1850. It is dangerous, however, to attempt the statistics of a place that grows so

rapidly, and has such elements of prosperity within it. There is no limit to the manufacturing capability of Pittsburgh. Wood, coal and ores abound in the vicinity, and may be obtained with little expenditure of labor and capital. In this respect, there is no place in the world so favored. According to the latest published statistical account to which we have access, the manufactures of the city and vicinity employ 400 steam engines. One of the largest establishments is the Fort Pitt works, which, in 1853, consumed 3225 tons of pig and wrought iron, producing, among other things, 10 blast cylinders, 10 first class steam engines, and 150 freight cars. Several iron steamers have been built at these works; and from 1842 to 1847 there were cast, bored and mounted here 633 cannon, weighing, in all, 1787 tons, and 22,189 shot and shell. The total amount of pig iron, blooms and scraps, consumed in Pittsburgh, in 1853, was estimated as follows: For steam engine foundries, 9250 tons; other foundries, 19,275 tons; and rolling mills, 93,850 tons; total, 127,375 tons. The people of Pittsburgh are largely interested in the copper mines of Lake Superior. One copper-smelting establishment, consuming 1000 tons of Lake Superior ore annually, is in operation here. There are forty salt wells in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, producing from 6000 to 80,000 bushels of salt annually. We have not space to enumerate the various manufactures, such as glass, cotton, cloth, chairs, oil cloths, surveying instruments, Venetian blinds, etc., carried on here. According to the census of 1850, there were 819 manufacturing establishments in Pittsburgh, and 120 in Alleghany City, employing 10,253 hands, and producing goods to the value of \$11,883,427. In 1854, the manufactures amounted to the sum of \$20,990,338. The commerce of the port is very extensive. By means of navigable waters, railways and canals, it stretches its arms to the east, west, north and south. When the various railways now in progress are completed, Pittsburgh will be the terminus of nine distinct and independent routes, of which five will be trunk lines. In steam tonnage it is the third city in the Union, being surpassed only by New York and New Orleans. January 1st, 1854, the steam tonnage of the port was put down at 75,505 tons. Pittsburgh stands upon a triangular plain, enclosed by the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers and by several hills. In its outline and features it has been thought to resemble the city of New York. Along the Monongahela River, the streets were laid out at right angles to each other. The surrounding hills are filled with iron, coal and limestone, the working of which constitutes the chief employment of the inhabitants. These hills are generally graceful in form and present a variety of pleasing combinations. In fact, all the environs of Pittsburgh are remarkable for their beauty and fertility. The limits of our article have only permitted us to take a passing glance at the immense business of this thriving city. Volumes might be occupied with its statistics and details. No traveller, American or foreign, should fail to visit it, and personally examine it. It affords a most interesting field of study, and unites a great variety of attractions, in the city proper, its suburbs, the adjoining landscape, the mines, etc.



VIEW ON THE BEACH, AT LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

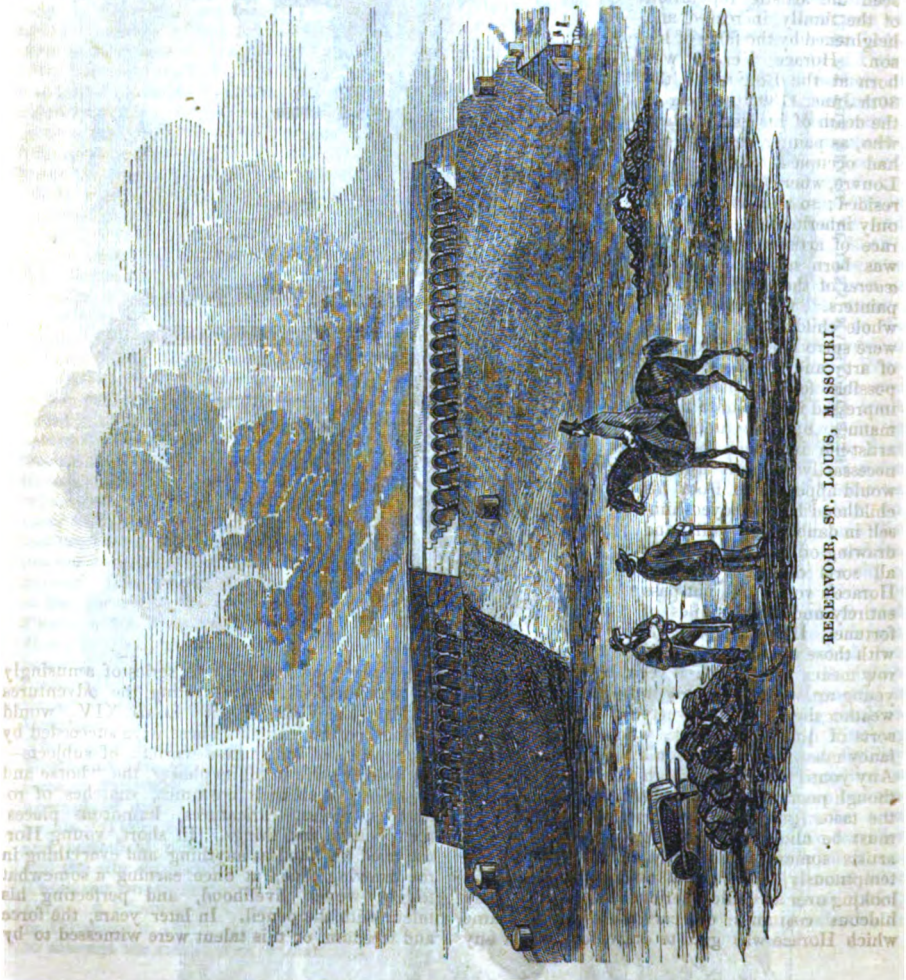


## HORACE VERNET, THE ARTIST.

The portrait we have inserted on page 20, is a correct likeness of the celebrated Horace Vernet, one of the most famous of the modern French school of painters. He is depicted in his working costume. His long face, lengthened by his pointed beard and prominent features, together with the gravity of his expression, reminds us of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." But there is nothing Quixotic in the character of Horace. He is entirely wanting in that lofty religious character which fills with pureness and beauty the works of the early masters; yet he is rich in qualities deeply attractive and interesting to the people, especially the French people, of our own day. He displays an astonishing capacity and rapidity of execution, an almost unparalleled accuracy of memory, a rare life and motion on the canvass, a vigorous comprehension of the military tactics of the time, a wonderful aptitude at rendering the camp and field potent subjects for the pencil, notwithstanding the regularity of movement, and the unpicturesque uniformity of costume demanded by the military

science of our day. Before a battle-piece of Horace Vernet (and only his battle-pieces are his masterpieces), the crowd stands breathless and horrified at the terrible and bloody aspect of war, while the military connoisseur admires the ability and skill of the feats of arms, so faithfully rendered that he forgets he is not looking at real soldiers in action. No poetry, no romance, no graceful and gentle beauty; but the stern, dark reality as it might be written in an official bulletin, or related in a vigorous, but cold and accurate, page of history. Such is the distinguishing talent of Horace Vernet—talent sufficient, however, to make his pictures the attractive centres of crowds at the Louvre Exhibitions, and to make himself the favorite of courts and one of the *illustrissimi* of Europe.

The Vernets have been a family of painters during four generations. The great-grandfather of Horace was a well-known artist at Avignon, a hundred and fifty years ago. His son and pupil, Claude Joseph Vernet, was the first marine painter of his time; and occupies, with his works alone, an entire apartment of the French Gallery

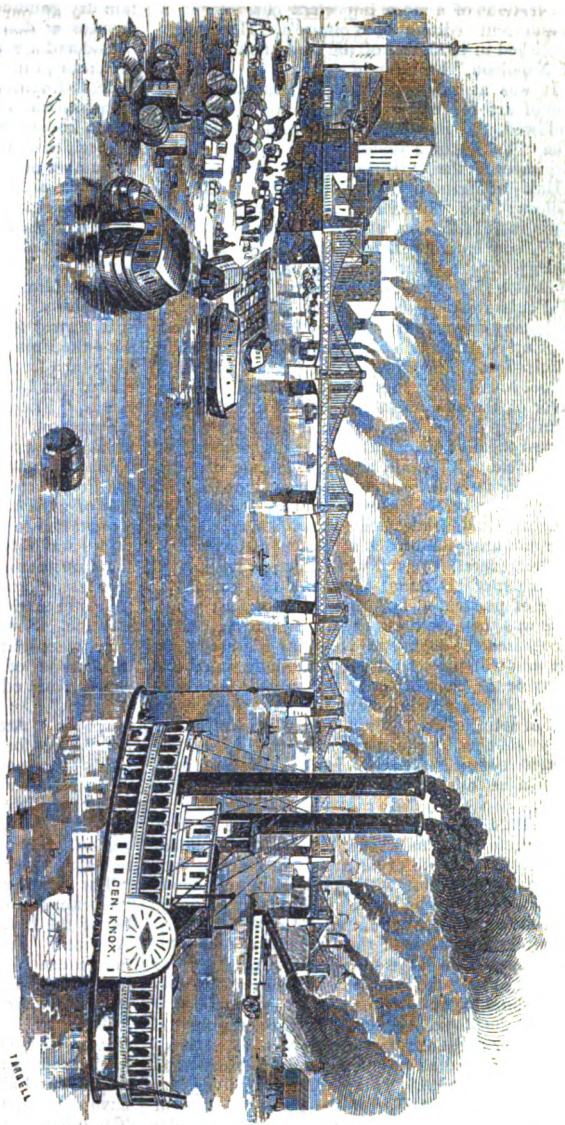


RESERVOIR, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



at the Louvre, besides great numbers of sea-pieces and landscapes belonging to private galleries. He died in 1789, but his son and pupil, Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, who had already during two years sat by his side in the Royal Academy, continued the reputation of the family during the Consulate and Empire. He was particularly distinguished for cavalry battles, hunting scenes, and other incidents in which the horse figured largely as actor. In some of these pictures the hand of the son already joined itself to that of the father, the figures being from the pencil of Horace; and before the death of the father, which took place in 1836, he had already seen the artistic reputation of the family increased and heightened by the fame of his son. Horace Vernet was born at the Louvre on the 30th June, 1789, the year of the death of his grandfather, who, as painter to the king, had occupied rooms at the Louvre, where his father also resided; so that Horace not only inherited his art from a race of artist-ancestors, but was born amid the *chef d'œuvres* of the entire race of painters. Of course, his whole childhood and youth were surrounded with objects of art; and it was scarcely possible for him not to be impressed in the most lively manner by the unbroken artist-life in which he was necessarily brought up. It would appear that from his childhood he employed himself in daubing on walls, and drawing on scraps of paper all sorts of little soldiers. Horace's youth did not pass entirely under the smiles of fortune. He had to struggle with those difficulties of narrow means with which a very large number of young artists are tolerably intimate. He had to weather the gales of poverty by stooping to all sorts of illustrative work, whose execution we fancy must have been often a severe trial to him. Any youth aiming at "high art," and feeling, though poor, too proud to bend in order to feed the taste (grotesque and unrefined enough, it must be allowed,) of the good public, which artists somewhat naturally estimate rather contemptuously, might get a lesson of patience by looking over an endless series of the most variedly hideous costumes or caricatures of costume which Horace was glad to draw, for almost any

BRIDGE OVER THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, AT PITTSBURG, PENN.



pecuniary consideration. A series of amusingly *naïve* colored prints, illustrating the adventures of poor La Vallière with Louis XIV., would strengthen the lesson. These were succeeded by lithographs of an endless variety of subjects—the soldier's life in all its phases, the "horse and its rider" in all their costumes, snatches of romances, fables, caricatures, humorous pieces men, beasts, and things. In short, young Horace tried his hand at anything and everything in the drawing line, at once earning a somewhat toughly-woven livelihood, and perfecting his talent with the pencil. In later years, the force and freedom of this talent were witnessed to by



illustrations of a more important character in a magnificent edition of Voltaire's "Henriade," published in 1825, and of the well-known "Life of Napoleon," by Laurent.

It was at this time that he turned to the line of art for which he felt himself naturally endowed, the incidents of the camp and field. The "Taking of a Redoubt;" the "Dog of the Regiment;" the "Horse of the Trumpeter;" "Halt of French Soldiers;" the "Battle of Tolosa;" the "Barrier of Clichy, or Defense of Paris in 1814" (both of which last, exhibited in 1817, now hang in the gallery of the Luxembourg), the "Soldier-Laborer;" the "Soldier of Waterloo;" the "Last Cartridge;" the "Death of Poniatowski;" the "Defence of Saragossa," and many more, quickly followed each other, and kept up continually and increasingly the public admiration. The critics of the painted bas-relief school found much to say against, and little in favor of, the new talent that seemed to look them inimically in the face, or rather did not seem to regard them at all. But people in general, of simple enough taste in matter of folds of drapery or classic laws of composition or antique lines of beauty, saw before them with all the varied sentiments of admiration, terror, or dismay, the soldier mounting the breach at the cannon's mouth, or the general, covered with orders, cut short in the midst of his fame. Little of the romantic, little of poetical idealization, little of far-fetched style was there on these canvasses, but the crowd recognized the soldier as they saw him daily, in the midst of the scenes which the bulletin of the army or the page of the historian had just narrated to them. They were content, they were full of admiration, they admired the pictures, they admired the artist; and, the spleen of critics notwithstanding, Horace Vernet was known as one of the favorite painters of the time.

In 1822, entry to the exhibition at the Louvre being refused to his works, Horace Vernet made an exhibition-room of his atelier, had a catalogue made out (for what with battles, hunts, landscapes, portraits, he had a numerous collection), and the public were admitted. In 1826 he was admitted a member of the Institute, and in 1830 was appointed Director of the Academy at Rome, so that the young man who could not so far decline his antiquities as to treat the classic subject of the Royal Academy, and thus gain the Academy at Rome, now went there as chief of the school, and as one of the most distinguished artists of his time. This residence for five years among the best works of the great masters of Italy naturally inspired him with ideas and desires which it had not been hitherto in his circumstances to gratify. And once installed in the Villa Medici, which he made to resound with the voices of joy and revelry, splendid fêtes and balls, he set himself to study the Italian school.

A series of pictures somewhat new in subject and manner of treatment was the result of this change of circumstances and ideas. To the Paris Exhibition of 1831 he sent a "Judith and Holofernes," which is one of the least successful of his pictures in the Luxembourg, where it hangs still, with another sent two years after, "Raffaello and Michael Angelo in the Vatican." This is perhaps the best of his works at the Luxembourg, all being inferior; but it has a cer-

tain dry gaudiness of color, and a want of seriousness of design, which render it unfit to be considered a master-work. One unquestionably preferable, the "Arresting of the Princes at the Palais Royal by order of Anne of Austria," found its way to the Palais Royal, the king seeming to know how to choose better than the authorities of the "Gallery of Living Painters." A number of other pictures testified to the activity of the artist's pencil at Rome: "Combat of Brigands against the Pope's Riflemen," "Confession of the Dying Brigand," also at the Palais Royal, but also we fear destroyed by the popular vandalism of the 24th February; a "Chase in the Pontine Marshes," "Pope Leo XII. carried into St. Peter's." The favor of the public, however, still turned to the usual subject of Horace Vernet—the French soldier's life; finding which, on his return from Rome, he recurred to his original study. In 1836 he exhibited four new battle-pieces, "Friedland," "Wagram," "Jena," and "Fontenoy," in which were apparent all his usual excellencies.

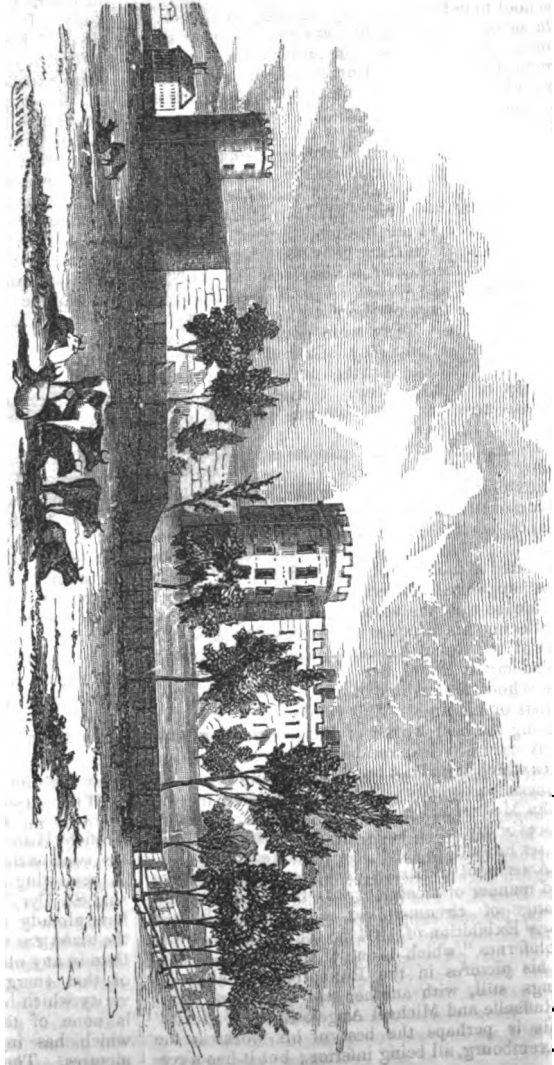
The occupation of the Algerine territory by the French troops afforded the artist an opportunity of exhibiting his powers in that department most suited to them. A whole gallery at Versailles was set apart for the battle-painter, called the Constantine Gallery, after the most important feat of arms yet performed by the French troops in Africa, the taking of the town of Constantine. Some of the solitary and extraordinary, we might say accidental, military exploits in Europe of Louis Philippe's reign, are also commemorated there. The "Occupation of Ancona," the "Entry of the Army into Belgium," the "Attack of the Citadel of Antwerp," the "Fleet forcing the Tagus," show that nothing is forgotten of the Continental doings. The African feats are almost too many to enumerate. In a "Sortie of the Arab Garrison of Constantine," the Duke de Nemours is made to figure in person. Then we have the "Troops of Assault receiving the Signal to leave the Trenches," and "The Scaling of the Breach." There are the "Occupation of the Defile of Teniah," "Combat of the Habrah, of the Sickak, of Samah, of Afzeum." In fine, there is the largest canvass in existence, it is said, the "Taking of the Smalah," that renowned occasion when the army was so very near taking Abd-el-Kader; and the "Battle of Isly," which gained that splendid trophy, the parasol of command. Besides these great subjects there are decorations of military trophies and allegorical figures, which seem to have been painted by some pupil of Vernet. These battles were first of all exhibited to the admiration of Paris in the various salons after their execution, and were then sent off to decorate Versailles. There are also, in the Gallery of French History, at Versailles, several others of his, such as the "Battle of Bouvines;" "Charles X. reviewing the National Guard;" the "Marshal St. Cyr," and some others among those we have already named. In them the qualities of the artist are manifested more fully, we think, than in any others of his works. They are full of that energy, vivacity, and daguerreotypic verity which he so eminently displays. There is none of that pretension after "high art" which has injured the effect of some of his pictures. The rapidity of their execution too,

in general, was such, that the public had hardly finished reading the last news of the combats, when the artist, returned in many cases from witnessing the scenes, had placed them on the canvases, and offered them to popular gaze. Yet the canvasses are in many cases of great extent, and often, the figures of life-size. But the artist rarely employs the model, painting mostly from memory, a faculty most astonishingly developed in him. He generally also saves himself the trouble of preparing a smaller sketch to paint after, working out his subject at once in the definite size. Of course with more serious and elevated subjects, worked out in a more serious and elevated spirit, such a system would not do. But for the style of subject and execution required by Horace Vernet's artistic organization, these careful preparations would not answer. They would only tend to diminish the sweeping passion of the fiery *meleé*, and freeze the swift impulsive rush of the attack or flight. Vernet has several times attempted Biblical subjects, but they have never succeeded so well as to add anything to his fame as a battle painter. "Judah and Tamar," "Agar dismissed by Abraham," "Rebecca at the Fountain," "Judith with the head of Holofernes," "The Good Samaritan," have rather served to illustrate Arab costume and manners (which he makes out to be the same as, or very similar to, those of old Biblical times), than to illustrate his own power in the higher range of art. In the midst of painting all these, Horace Vernet has found time, which for him is the smallest requisite in painting, to produce an innumerable mass of pictures for private galleries, or at the command of various crowned heads; which, with many of those already mentioned, are well known all over Europe by engravings. "The Post of the Desert," "The Prayer in the Desert," "The Lion Hunt in the Desert," "Council of Arabs," "Episode of the Pest of Barcelona," "The Breach of Constantine," "Maseppa," and a host of others, together with landscapes, portraits, etc., have served both to multiply his works in the galleries of every country in Europe, and to make him one of the most popular of living artists. His only daughter was married to Paul Delaroche, now deceased, so that the celebrated line of painters who have borne his family name, is destined to end with him.

## AMUSING NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Shortly before the declaration of the war of 1812, against Great Britain, Captain — commanded a ship which sailed from the United States to Portsmouth, England, by the way of the West Indies. A number of British naval officers stationed at one of the West Indian Islands, had been ordered home, and took passage in this ship. Conversation during the voyage turned frequently upon the prospect of war between the two countries. "If," said the English officers, "war should take place, we shall capture every ship in the American navy. It is impossible that we should fail!" To this accustomed braggadocio of John Bull, the captain simply replied, "Gentlemen, you may live to find yourselves disappointed." This English

WESTERN PENITENTIARY, ALLEGHANY CITY, NEAR PITTSBURG, PENN.





HORACE VERNET, THE ARTIST.

spirit of boasting was kept up during the entire voyage, without, however, disturbing friendly feelings. They reached Portsmouth in safety, but had only been in port a few weeks, when the startling news arrived that Hull had taken the English frigate *Guerriere*, commanded by Captain Dacres. The day after the reception of the news, the old captain purchased a white hat, small clothes, etc., and went to the navy yard to which his passengers had been ordered. He found them grouped together talking over the serious news. "Good morning, gentlemen," said he, "have you heard the news?" "O, yes, captain, we suppose you refer to the victory of Hull?" "Not at all, gentlemen; my news is

that Hull has been broken by a court martial!" "Why, captain, you are not in earnest—what do you mean? We are astonished, indeed!" "Yes," continued the captain, "the American congress passed a resolution that if an American frigate did not take a British frigate in *fifteen minutes*, the commander should be cashiered; and you know it took Hull just seventeen minutes and a half to take the *Guerriere*!" His audience dispersed as if the riot act had been read, greatly mortified. As for the captain, he made it a rule to mount his white hat and shorts and call at the navy yard, as news of each successive victory of our gallant navy reached him, to congratulate his former boasting English naval friends.



[ORIGINAL.]

## TIME'S CHANGES.

BY ANNIE LINDA HAYE.

The glorious springtime comes again,  
The April showers return,  
And with them come the anguished thoughts  
That in my heart will burn:  
Will burn and glow with whirling power,  
Until with sudden pain,  
I feel a void, an empty room—  
Where art thou, Ernest Vane?

Three long, long years—the longest time  
My life has ever known—  
Have passed since last I saw thy face,  
And heard thy last earth-tone:  
Since, mid the orchard's leafless trees,  
We laid thee down to rest;  
And there I watched the earth-cloids laid  
Upon thy coffin'd breast.

That bright brown curl with death-damp wet,  
Still in my Bible pressed,  
Of thee is still a cherished trust,  
Since thou art with the blest.  
That leaf—thy own geranium tree  
With leaves was bright and green—  
Reminds me still of that bright past,  
And tells me what has been.

Ah, could you leave me? Life has been  
A waste and desert drear,  
Since I have lost the truest one  
My soul has loved so dear.  
Be still, sad heart! thy murmurs cease,  
For mid the ransomed blest  
He lives where none can trouble more,  
And weary souls can rest!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY BOARDER.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

At the age of forty-five, I was left a widow. Fifty found me grayer, paler, more wrinkled and bent, less cheerful and hopeful, than when the coffin-lid was closed for the last time over Evered's white face. At forty-five, I was tired of life; at fifty, I wished—nay, prayed for death. Do you ask me why? Simply because my aimless life had grown to be a burden almost too heavy to be borne. I was weary—I longed to lay it down, and rest—rest by Evered's side, in the grave.

I was comfortable enough—in my way. Although far from being wealthy, a competence was left me after my husband's affairs were settled—a low, brown wooden farm-house a quarter of a mile from the village—low and brown, to be sure, but nevertheless roomy and comfortable.

A tenant occupying a part of it, carried on the farm; while the rest, five large, well-furnished rooms, were left to me.

Two rooms in front were separated by a hall, a parlor and sitting-room; the former opened into a large spare bed-room, and the latter into a dining-room, while the kitchen formed a wing beyond. In the sitting-room was my bed and library, a small round table upon which I breakfasted, and by which I read and sewed, two or three old-fashioned cane-seat chairs, an easy one in which I sat, a small coal stove, a neat dark rag carpet of my own making, chintz curtains, and a couple of plaster of Paris figures upon a mantel-shelf each side the clock, completed the furnishing of the room. One of these figures was a Cupid, the other a Madonna. I was not a Catholic, and I but kept the little image for the sake of the one who gave it to me—poor little Madge.

Why do I say *poor* little Madge? She is richer far than I, for, while I am roaming over the wide earth friendless and alone, she is wearing a diadem in heaven. But as I said, this Madonna was *her* gift, and for *her* sake, it seems almost like a link connecting me with the angels. A pretty tortoise-shell kitten that purred upon the brodered rug in front of the stove in the winter, and upon the window-sill in the sun long summer days, was my only companion. I wished for none other; I wanted to be alone—ALONE!

I wish I could forget those long, dreary, miserable five years—those aimless, passionless five years, during which my life became so great a burden; but I cannot. They are stamped upon my heart as with a seal of fire; they have burned down—down—into my very soul. Bid me forget my early happiness! As well might I, as the living death I experienced during that time.

As I said, fifty found me grayer, paler, more wrinkled and bent, less hopeful and cheerful, than at forty-five. And now for my story.

"I should think it would be pleasant for you to have a boarder—a young lady, for instance," said my tenant's wife, Mrs. Brown, to me one day.

She had found me sitting moody, dreamy, silent—watching the shadows as they played over the carpet, and up and down on the cheaply papered wall.

"Ah!"

That was my only reply. I wished to tell Mrs. Brown I was capable of attending to my own business, but I did not. Sorrow, instead of making me better, had soured my whole disposition. I believe I disliked the whole race of

human beings, because of my own destiny; I do not know.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, turning the seam of the sock she was knitting, and then looking straight into my face; "yes, I should think a boarder would be lots of company for you. Now you have your three meals a day just as regular as if there was half a dozen of you, and any one, to see the sights of cakes and pies, and jellies and preserves, you everlastingly keep on hand, would think there ought to be more than one to eat them. But what makes you cook so much, Mrs. Ellison?"

I wanted again to tell her I was capable of attending to my own business; but I did not. I simply replied, yawning:

"O, to pass away the time, Mrs. Brown!"

"Lor sakes! to pass away the time? Why, goodness knows that goes fast enough! or I guess you'd find it so, if you had an old man and four overgrown lads to make and bake for. Sakes alive, if the days were three times as long, I shouldn't complain, I'm sure!"

Mrs. Brown paused, to bind off the heel of the stocking she was knitting, while I watched the shadows. Then she commenced taking up the side stitches, and counting; then she took off three from the instep needle, and began again.

"Why don't you, Mrs. Ellison?"

"What?"

"Why don't you take a boarder?"

"And why should I?"

"For company. Aint you dreadful lonesome?"

"Lonesome!" Could that be the great misery that I felt day after day, and week after week? Was I lonesome? No, that could not be. I did not wish for company, and so I told Mrs. Brown.

"Well, I couldn't live that way no how, and it's my opinion, Mrs. Ellison"—here she paused to narrow—"it's my opinion, Mrs. Ellison, you would feel better if you had some kind of company. But you're so particular, I suppose you'd be in an agony for fear the chairs would be set askew, or a speck of coal dropped on the zinc, or that there would be some little noise to disturb you. I guess if you had a husband and four overgrown lads, you'd get bravely over that—I do!"

There she was, again talking of her husband and overgrown boys! Hard working, uneducated, careworn, as was Mrs. Brown, how gladly would I have changed places with her, had that been possible! She had some one to love, some one to love her, something to care for, something to live for, while I had nothing! No, Evered

was dead; and beneath the cold sod, long ago, was laid a sunny head, and white hands folded over a pulseless bosom. Lips that called me "mother" once, were dust now. *I was alone!*

"Good night, Mrs. Ellison," said Mrs. Brown, having knit into the instep needle, and rolled up her work. "I suppose it's no use to ask you to come in and see me, but I thought I'd just run in and tell you about the shed, for husband says it leaks too bad for the cattle this fall, and he—"

After my tenant's wife had gone, I sat down again and watched the shadows. But I was not thinking of them; I was wondering if, after all, I was not lonesome, and if a boarder—a real nice, quiet lady boarder—could be tolerated or no. I wondered if another plate at the table (for the little round table was large enough for two) would not look more cheerful and homelike; if another to help eat the delicacies with which it was overspread, would not give me more of an appetite for my own food; if a face looking at me from across the table, a plain, pleasant, yet sober face—one neither too long nor too short, neither too round nor too narrow, too fair nor too dark—one neither ugly nor beautiful, but a pleasant medium between the two—one framed in by dark, smooth, glossy braids of hair—one with curving brows, dark, hazel, or gray eyes, and a mouth neither too large, so as to be masculine, nor too small, to look old maidishly prim—could be tolerated! I found myself thus framing, in my mind's eye, my ideal boarder. Yes, I thought I could tolerate such an one—*perhaps*.

But then—she might love company; she might want to do sundry little washings and ironings; she might have a fashion of leaving her articles of wearing apparel upon the floor, or upon the chairs; she might visit, and keep late hours; she might meddle with my plaster of Paris figures, or want to keep back my chintz window-curtains that I studiously kept drawn close together; she might worry pussy, and consequently torment me. Even a young lady, my ideal as regarded looks, might do all this.

No, I wouldn't run the risk—what was the use? Mechanically I took up a city paper, one I had received that morning, and as a strange fate would have it, my eye fell upon this notice:

"NOTICE.—Boarding in the country wished by a young lady of this city, in a private family. The locality must be healthy, and the character of the family unexceptionable. Apply to box No. —, New York city."

Now there was something in this advertisement that attracted my attention. In the first place, it was a young lady; had it been a gentle-

man, I should have passed it by without a thought. Moreover, I imagined this young lady must be without friends; else why did not they procure a boarding place for her, without resorting to this method? Secondly, she wished board. She could not be poor, or she would have desired a situation, no doubt, as governess, seamstress, chambermaid or cook. She wished board, and no doubt was able to pay well for it. Thirdly, a private family, not a country boarding-house. Why? No doubt she wished for quiet, even as I did. She might be an orphan—yes, that was possible; she was no doubt in poor health, for the notice specified that the locality must be a healthy one; she was without doubt of unexceptionable character; else why was that prerequisite necessary in the family of which she wished to form a member? Why? I thought I could not err in my conclusions; the sequel of my story will prove their correctness or incorrectness.

I went to the small drawer of my round table and took from it a sheet of old-fashioned letter paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink. I sat down and wrote, folded and enveloped my letter, and directed it to "Box No. —, New York city." After I had done this, I covered up the fire, for it was in late autumn, and went to bed. I had a strange dream; then I did not believe in dreams—but—I—do—now!

As I said, it was a strange dream of my imaginary boarder. I cannot repeat it all. Had I believed in dreams, the next morning I should have burned the letter I had penned the night before; as it was, I sent it to the post-office.

I was quite busy for a day or two fixing up the spare bedroom for the reception of my intended boarder. The white curtains were looped back with rose-colored ribbon, the pictures were dusted, and the white counterpane I had kept packed away in a great oak chest, was spread upon the plump soft bed.

Two days found all arranged, everything complete, and upon the third my boarder arrived. I was disappointed! O, how far my ideal of a perfect feminine boarder came from being realized! It was dusk when she arrived, and as she retired immediately to her room pleading fatigue, it was not until the next morning at breakfast that I had an opportunity of critically observing her.

She was dressed in a plain dark green morning-dress, confined at the waist by a cord and tassel, and a plain linen collar, with cuffs to match. She was of about the medium height, rather below than above it, hair of a very light brown, wavy and clustering in short half curls around her white neck. Her complexion was very fair,

with a delicate peach-bloom color in her cheeks and lips, her eyes very blue, and her teeth were even, pearly and beautiful. This was the lady, apparently not more than twenty years of age, who took a seat opposite me at the little round table that Saturday morning.

The coffee was delicious, with its wealth of best double refined sugar and rich golden cream; the steak was broiled to a turn; the muffins were light as time, yeast and eggs could make them; everything was to my satisfaction—everything except that white beautiful face opposite me, with its calm, passionless expression, its *soul*, as it were, hid in the deep, fathomless starry eyes, which the golden lashes fringed. I half hated my boarder, she was so far from being my ideal.

"Help yourself to the sugar and cream, Miss—" I paused. "What name shall I call you?"

The expressionless face changed not a whit, but the voice was very rich and melodious. I seem to hear it now—I would that I could.

"You may call me Ruth."

"Ruth what?"

"Simply Ruth; that will designate me."

I felt angered and provoked; I could not help it. The hot blood rushed to my face, but I remained silent.

"We may as well make what arrangements are necessary, Mrs. Ellison, this morning," said the same rich voice.

"Very well," I replied.

Then followed various little items not at all necessary to the development of our story—price of board, etc., etc.

As time passed away, the mystery which surrounded my lady boarder did not diminish in the least. In all my endeavors to ascertain anything in regard to her former life, I met with most perfect success; after she had breakfasted with me four-and-twenty times, I knew no more of her than on the first morning we sat down to our coffee and muffins together. My boarder was a myth.

I did not like this; it troubled me. My mind, so long given up to a morbid inactivity, eagerly seized this mystery to work upon; but the more I studied, the deeper was everything involved in obscurity. Only that she came from New York, was remarkable for her beauty, quietness and neatness—that was all I knew at the end of a month, and twice that length of time found me no wiser!

She generally spent her time in reading or drawing—sometimes embroidering—for when the weather became severe, she sat with me in the breakfast-room, as I kept but one fire. In the



morning, she always appeared in the same dark green wrapper; at eleven o'clock, this was exchanged for a rich black silk, with heavily embroidered collar and undersleeves. This was her toilet day after day, week after week. She never went out into the village, made no acquaintances, and seemed to wish none. She paid me weekly in advance for her board, seldom spoke except to make some little business arrangements, or to remark concerning the weather—always quiet, calm, passionless. I judged by appearances then; I do not now. I did not know then how the gay smile, the merry laugh, the calm exterior, may hide the anguish that is gnawing at the heart-strings. As I said, I judged by appearances then; I do not now.

It was a few nights before Christmas—a cold, blustering, tempestuous night. How the snow and sleet dashed against the windows, and the wind roared down the chimneys and whistled through the cracks of the old brown wooden house! But we did not feel it; the little stove was aglow with the bright coal flame, and the lamp cast a cheerful light throughout the cosy apartment, lighting up the pictures of the Cupid and Madonna upon the mantel-shelf, dancing up and down in fitful brightness and shadow upon the papered wall, while puss lay napping and purring upon the rug. I was busy with my sewing. Ruth had been reading, but had laid down her book and was gazing into the fire, her elbows upon her knees, and her face resting upon her white palms. I could not observe the expression of her countenance, for the short curls hid the features from my view; but I imagined it was calm, passionless, expressionless as usual.

My eyes were dim. It was with difficulty, in the evening, that I could thread a needle. I had been making several unsuccessful attempts, when she observed me.

"Allow me, Mrs. Ellison."

She took the needle, threaded it, and gave it back to me.

I do not know why this little act of kindness should affect me, but it did. She stooped forward, and smoothed the glossy fur of my tortoise shell pussy. It might have been merely mechanical, it might have been otherwise; I do not know. At any rate, I felt my heart soften towards her. I forgave her the fault of being beautiful, and thought more kindly of her than I had ever done before.

Suddenly she turned towards me. I never shall forget the look upon her face that struck a dumb terror to my heart. She drew her chair closer to mine, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"I have something I want to say to you," she

said. Her voice was very deep, and it sounded as if her eyes must be full of tears; yet they were not.

"And what is it?" I asked, surprised.

There was a pause.

"I think I can trust you," she said, at length. "I think you have a kind heart—I am certain of it. You have seen trouble; I can read it more plainly in your face, than you can judge of my sorrow by mine."

She spoke rapidly, gazing meanwhile full into my face, while she still grasped my arm.

"I should not suppose you had ever known anything about trouble," I said, scarcely knowing what to reply, yet seeing that she evidently waited for an answer.

"You judge by appearances—so does the world in general—so I did once, and I was deceived. Yes, I was deceived; that is just what I want to talk with you about. And I think I can trust you, Mrs. Ellison, for you are neither a gossip nor a tale-bearer; you mind your own business, and, as I said, I am certain your heart is a kind one."

My heart was gradually softening towards my companion; still she spoke rapidly, her hand had slid down from my shoulder to my wrist, which she clasped tightly.

"I want to tell you a story," she said, after a pause. "It is a simple story enough, too, but listen. I said it is a simple story, it is also one that will make you shudder, and understand why I do not now judge by appearances. At the age of sixteen I was left an orphan, and a man whom I shall call Archer Rivers was my legal guardian. This is all simple enough; you understand this, do you not, Mrs. Ellison?" The grasp upon my wrist tightened.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes, that is simple enough. Mr. Rivers was already forty years of age when I was sixteen. My father left me some thirty thousand dollars, which I was to come in possession of at the age of twenty-one. This, as I said, was left under the control of Mr. Rivers, who was a friend of my father, and in whom he had implicit confidence, as for my father's sake of course I had; he was my guardian, I believed in his truth, in his honor, Mrs. Ellison."

I replied by an inclination of the head, and she continued:

"I had a lover, one whom my father had pledged me to, and one whom I loved with all my heart, and whom I truly believe loved me as devotedly in return. Let me call this lover's name Harry Merwin, there is no use in giving real names. As I said, we were engaged when

my father died. Six months or so afterwards Harry went to Europe to transact business for the firm of which he was a member, and upon his return we were to be married. Five years afterwards I received a letter, post-marked Liverpool, in which I recognized Harry's well-known hand. This letter stated that he was on the point of being married to a beautiful London heiress, whose acquaintance he had formed some time previous. I did not know that the letter was a forgery; I believed Harry was false to me, and in my first anger—for I was too proud to allow myself to grieve—I married a man of more than twice my years, Archer Rivers, my guardian. You ask me why, Mrs. Ellison. I cannot tell you, I have wondered at it a thousand times, enough that I did so; and then my husband mockingly, tauntingly told me in a passion, one day, that he had married me for my money, and that he himself had forged the letters that had led to my estrangement from my lover. He told me this and more; that he had intercepted letters from Harry, and had forged letters to him in my name. Then it was that in my anger I cursed Archer Rivers, my husband as he was, and threatened, despite my pride, to expose him to the world.

"Will you?" he said, tauntingly. "Will you, my pretty bride? I see you doing it! Ha, ha!"

"That night I drank tea with him. I remember of going to my room, that is all. Now I know that my tea was drugged. I knew no more until late the next day, when I awoke and found myself—can you guess where, Mrs. Ellison?—in an insane asylum! I cannot tell you how the ensuing days passed, how I raved, how I cursed my destroyer, for so I termed my husband; those who heard me, said 'poor thing,' and passed on, and when I saw that my ravings only convinced my keepers that I was insane, I became quiet, and gradually more liberty was allowed me. But although I was calm to all appearance, as great a tempest as ever was raging in my breast; now that I had learned of Harry Merwin's faithfulness, all my old love for him returned, and with that love a hatred, even loathing for the man who had deceived me, and wrecked all my earthly happiness. One day with several other visitors who came to see the asylum and its inmates, I recognized Fanny Merwin, an old schoolmate, and Harry's sister. She was a determined, resolute girl, of about my own age, and as lovely and affectionate as she was determined and resolute; when she with her companions entered the room, or cell, where I was confined, she did not at first recognize me,

but when she did, she came up to me with a pitying expression upon her countenance, and giving me her hand, said kindly:

"I am sorry to see you here, Ruth!"

"But I am not crazy, Fanny," I said.

"She looked incredulous.

"I am not, he put me here because he feared I would make known his villainy, because that I knew of the letters he had forged, and of how he—"

"The party passed on, but Fanny remained; she sat down beside me, and I told her all. She believed me, I know she did. I saw hope in her great brown eyes.

"Is there not any way I can escape, Fanny?" I asked, almost in despair.

"She looked around, the door was locked, and the warden, and the rest of the party, were in a different part of the building.

"I will save you," she said. "Here—"

"It was but the work of a moment for her to take off her bonnet and shawl, and her black silk dress, the very one I am wearing now, Mrs. Ellison, and beckoned me to exchange my clothes for hers. I obeyed as if in a dream, scarcely knowing what I did.

"It is nearly dusk," she said, "our height is similar, and with proper care on your part, you will not be discovered."

"And you?" I asked.

"I will remain here in your place. I hardly think they will keep me long, for the utmost stretch of imagination could not make me out a lunatic." She laughed lightly as she said this. "You may write a note to Harry if you will, so he need not be uneasy on my account—be very careful, here is a purse, it contains money enough to last you for a while—now good-by."

"Just then the party was heard approaching, the warden gave a hasty glance around, thought all was right, and I passed out with the rest. To the few questions asked me, I replied briefly, and in a few moments I was outside the asylum walls, free! Once in the city, I found a retired boarding-house, and the next day advertised for a home in the country; you answered it, and I am here."

She was calm and passionless no longer, the eyes that were fixed upon mine were soft and blue no more, but glowed like coals of fire; the grasp she maintained upon my arm pained me, but I had not the power to escape from it.

"Do you hear me? Do you understand me, Mrs. Ellison?" she said, at length, in the same hurried, excited tone she had used during her entire story. "If you do, answer me truly, do you not pity me?"

"I do, indeed, my poor young lady," I answered, for she waited for a reply.

"I thought you would, I knew you had a kind heart, but there is more that I want to say to you—hark! I thought I heard footsteps coming up the path; but perhaps it is nothing but the wind. As I said, there is more to tell you. To-night I saw two horsemen pass by here to the village, one of them was one of the officers of the asylum, the other—" She paused, and then said in a voice hoarse from fear and passion, "My husband!"

She loosened her grasp from my arm, and leaned her head upon her hands and cried. I pitied her from my heart, for I could not doubt her story. She arose and walked two or three times across the room, then came and sat down beside me again.

"What can I do? What can I do, Mrs. Ellison? Where shall I go? They are even now on my track, and if they find me—" She shivered. O, how white her face was! How her eyes burned with that fire of intense anguish! "If they find me I had rather die!"

"No, no, they shall not, my poor child," I said, tenderly; I thought if she had lived, the little one who gave up her sweet young life years ago, if she had lived she would have been very nearly the age of this poor young creature who had come to me in her trouble—for her sake, I thought, for *her* sake I would protect this child of sorrow as far as possible.

She threw herself at my feet, and pressed her lips to my withered hands.

"Thank you, may the good Lord repay you a thousand fold!" she said.

"You are welcome to all the good I can do for you," I replied.

It was late in the evening, she did not say much more, but bade me good-night, and went to her room. After she had gone, I stirred up the fire, and sat down again and looked into the blaze. I do not know what I was thinking about, I cannot remember, but in a few moments I was startled by the slamming of the picket gate, and the sound of approaching footsteps. I held my head to one side and listened, the footsteps were close to my door, and the next moment a loud rap startled me. I went to the door. Two gentlemen stood upon the steps. In a moment it all flashed into my mind, that these were the pursuers of my hapless young boarder, nor was I mistaken. My resolution was at once fixed.

"I understand you have a boarder, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Ellison," suggested the other gentleman.

"Yes, Mrs. Ellison."

"I have," I replied.

"From the city?" he asked.

"From the city I believe," I answered.

"Can we see her?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen, whom I fancied was poor Ruth's lawful husband.

"I don't know, I replied, she has gone to her room, and I suppose is asleep, can't you call in the morning, gentlemen?"

They held a little low consultation together, then the elder one said:

"I should prefer to see her to-night; here is a card with my address, please give it to her and tell her I am in haste."

I invited them into the little sitting-room, asked them to be seated, and glanced carelessly at the card. The address was "Harry Merwin, New York City." In a moment I could see through the plot by which they thought to entrap the poor girl. I put the card into my pocket, and replenished the fire, remarking on the severity of the weather. After I had trimmed the light I asked the gentlemen to make themselves at home, and then went out to find Ruth. She was not yet asleep, and had heard the entrance of our visitors. I gave her the card, and briefly described the gentlemen. She was very pale, but she did not tremble.

"I will save you if I can, Ruth," I said, "but there is no time to lose, and you must see these men."

"Then all will be lost! No, no, let me hide anywhere—"

"That will never do. Suspicion would be aroused, and a strict search instituted; besides, such a procedure would cause a great noise and confusion, and I couldn't bear it. There is a safer, a better way than this."

"How?"

She listened eagerly, while I hastily unfolded my plan, and when I had concluded, said:

"Heaven bless you, Mrs. Ellison!"

I went to a chest and took from it several articles; one was a plain, old-fashioned lustre dress, a white neck-kerchief, a wig of long black hair, one Evered had bought for me in the city when my hair began to turn gray, but which I did not choose to wear, a pair of green spectacles, and a sauff box.

"There," I said, "be as quick as possible."

"What did the young lady say?" anxiously questioned the elder gentleman, as I entered the sitting-room.

"That she will be in in a few minutes," I replied.

The elder gentleman looked knowingly at the younger, and said, significantly:



"You see I wasn't mistaken."

"I see, I see," was the reply.

"How long has this lady boarded with you, madam?" asked the elder gentleman.

"About two months, I believe."

"Just so, just so." Another significant look, exchanged.

"Have you noticed nothing peculiar in her actions since she has been here?" asked the younger of the two gentlemen.

"Indeed, I couldn't say," I said, cautiously.

Another look was exchanged, a look that betokened their satisfaction at having, no doubt, achieved the object of their search.

I stirred the fire and filled the lamps, not because the fire was not sufficiently brisk, or the lamps anyway in need of trimming, but to occupy the time, and hide the emotions I feared would betray me if I remained quiet. The two gentlemen talked together in a low tone of voice; all I could distinguish was now and then, "I thought so," "Traced her better than I thought we could," etc.

Never in my life before did I strive to mask my feelings as I did then. I think I succeeded, no doubt better than I would have done had the strangers taken particular notice of me. Every moment seemed to me an hour, and almost an age seemed to have passed when the door opened and Ruth entered.

Knowing as I did the identity of my boarder, it was with difficulty I could restrain myself from an exclamation of surprise at her changed appearance. She curtsied very low as she entered, and said, in a squeaking, precise tone:

"What do the gentlemen wish with me?"

The wig of black hair which was combed low down over the forehead, the green spectacles, the old-fashioned black lustre dress, the white, Quaker kerchief, folded precisely and evenly across the bosom, and the snuff box which she produced and tapped in a practiced way, deceived the gentlemen entirely; they stared at her for a moment, which observing, she said in the same precise tone: "How can I serve you, gentlemen?"

"I—I beg pardon, madam," said the elder of the two, "but we are mistaken—we were misinformed—that is to say—we heard a young lady boarded here—not that either, exactly—beg your pardon, not but what you are young, but—but—I— If you are ready we will go, Mr. Erving; sorry we disturbed you, ladies, very sorry! Good-night, ladies, good-night!"

I lighted them out of the hall, heard the picket gate slam as they passed out, then I went back into the sitting-room. Ruth sat by the fire pale and trembling.

"Is the danger over, do you think, Mrs. Ellison?"

I told her "yes," and bade her go to bed, and forget all about it. After a time she retired to her room, and I sat down alone to my musings. Had I done right? I asked myself the question, and I need not say my conscience acquitted me.

The next morning Mrs. Brown, my tenant's wife, came in to see me. Among other things, she asked me if I had heard of the accident in the village the night before. Ruth was sitting opposite me at the table, for we were just breakfasting.

"What kind of an accident?" I asked, carelessly. I was not thinking particularly of what she said, and only made that reply mechanically.

"A man thrown from his horse and killed—a rather oldish gentleman—so my old man was saying. It was about ten o'clock; he and another gentleman were just stopping at the tavern, when the creaking of the sign skered this man's horse, and it jumped and threw him; his head struck upon the pavement—he never spoke afterwards."

Ruth's face was very white. "Do you know his name?" she asked.

"La, yes, child, it was kind of singular, so I remembered it. My old man said it was Rivers, leastwise, that's what the gentleman said that was with him; they was a trying to hunt up a crazy woman that had escaped from the asylum—poor man!"

And thus it was, at length Ruth Rivers was free! There is no need of my being very particular in describing what followed; how Ruth went back to the city, and how she and her old lover became lovers once more. Enough that it is a few days before Christmas, just a year from the time Ruth told me her sad story, and before me lies a dainty envelope, and therein a wedding card, upon which are the names, "Ruth Rivers—Harry Merwin."

A pleasant letter accompanies this card, short, to be sure, but sweet enough to make up for that, and thus the note runs:

"You must be sure and come, Mrs. Ellison, the twenty-fifth, remember. I am very sure I couldn't be married without seeing you again, to personally thank you for what you have done for me, and to let you know how happy I am. I shall send the carriage for you on the twenty-fourth, so come without fail. Truly yours,  
"RUTH RIVERS."

"MRS. ELLISON."

I shall go to Ruth's wedding. May her second marriage prove happier than her first is my prayer.

## THE THREE FISHERMEN.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west—  
 Out into the west as the sun went down,  
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
 Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the  
 shower,  
 And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though the storms be sudden and waters deep,  
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands,  
 For those that will never come back to the town;  
 For men must work, and women must weep—  
 And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,  
 And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MAY WARREN'S SACRIFICE.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

"My last hope rests in you, May."

"In me, father?"

May Warren made answer in a tone of surprise, raising her sad, anxious eyes to her father's face.

As if her gaze discomposed him, Mr. Warren turned his head, and his glance wandered restlessly around the apartment. He was an old man, with a tall, spare figure, and thin, gray hair, and sat in an arm-chair, by a table covered with papers, while his pretty daughter, May, sat beside him on an ottoman. She repeated her words:

"In me, father?"

"Yes," he replied, starting from a moment's abstraction. "Do you remember Colonel Leighton, daughter?"

"Colonel Leighton? An old man with a heavy beard, partly gray, and pleasant blue eyes. He dined with us a few weeks ago. Yes, I remember him, father."

"Not so very old, May. Not as old as I am, and one of the finest men living. He is wealthy, very wealthy, too."

He met his daughter's questioning gaze fully now, as if he wished her to read something in his face. She kept her dark eyes fixed searchingly upon his countenance, the ebb and flow of the

soft color upon her cheeks betraying the quick pulsations of her heart.

"What do you mean, father?" she asked, at length.

"I saw him last night. He offered to help me—save me, if—"

"If what, father?"

"If I would give you to him."

The words came hurriedly from Mr. Warren's lips, as if he feared that if he deliberated, he should not be able to utter them at all. As they fell on his daughter's ear, she started to her feet, pushing back her heavy hair from her pale face, in a bewildered sort of way, as if she were half-stunned.

"Marry me, father? Colonel Leighton?" she cried, in a low tone.

Mr. Warren took her hand, and drew her down to her seat again.

"May, Colonel Leighton will be a good husband to you. I have known him from boyhood, and understand perfectly his character and principles. He loves you—will be kind to you, and strive in every way to make you happy. And more—and more, May: he will save me from beggary!"

He paused, but his child, with her face bowed upon her hands, made no reply—nor stirred. The mute distress that her attitude betokened was not unnoticed by him.

"I do not force you to this, May, remember. the matter is left to your own choice. But you know what my wish is; what the alternative will be if you do not accept the offer."

She knew only too well. Fully she realized how absolutely necessary the luxuries to which her father had been accustomed were to him. Absolute loss of possession did not seem the most dreadful thing in the world to her, but she knew what a wreck it would make of him. In her youth and strength the future would still be bright and full of hope to her, but how could he, with his aged frame, and burden of sixty years, commence life anew. The hopeful thought that she could work for him and supply him with his accustomed comforts, afforded her but a moment's comfort. To him, with his stubborn, aristocratic ideas, this would be the most severe trial of all; his delicately reared, petted child laboring for his support. He would never be reconciled to it. That was no alternative, she saw at a glance. Then with a desperate effort to think calmly, she recalled the form of Colonel Leighton. She remembered his bowed head and silvered beard, his dark, deeply furrowed face, and fifty years. She could get no further. A younger face, with merry, azure-hued eyes, and tossing, sunny hair,

sprang up in strong contrast. Stretching out her hands to her father, as if for pity, she cried out: "I cannot—O, father—I cannot!"

The old man sank back with a groan.

"Lost—then I am lost!" he cried, shuddering. There were no reproaches, only those bitter words and that despairing attitude. White and tearless she sat at his feet, the agony of her heart written on her face. The wild, desperate thought that the sacrifice was possible, occurred to her.

"Father, dear father!"

He raised his head, whitened with the frosts of his sixty winters, and looked at her with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. She crept into his arms as she had done when a child, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled brow.

"You know that I love you, father," she said. "I can never remember you but as kind, tender and forbearing with me. Your heart has been my home all my life. I will work, beg, suffer for you—I will die for you—O, how willingly, if need be—but that—O, father, you do not know what it is that you ask!"

He did not speak, but a moan broke uncontrollably from his lips, as he rested his head upon her shoulder. The struggle in her heart sent dark, shadowy waves across her face. Could she—could she?

"Father," she whispered, hurriedly. "Let me go now. I will see you again, answer you to-morrow." And she left him.

He could not see her face in the gathering darkness, only a glimpse of something white, but he felt the quivering of her lips as she bent to kiss him, and reached out his arms to embrace her, but she was gone.

"Heaven pity me!" The words came like a wail from her lips. She was alone in her chamber, flung prostrate upon a low couch, with her face hid in the cushions. The sound of the rustling foliage of the garden, and the chirping of the insects, came in through the open window with the damp, evening breeze, and the pale light of the rising moon filled the room with a soft radiance, but she was unconscious of everything but her misery. The house was so quiet that the sound of a footfall crossing the hall below fell upon her ear, and aroused her to a momentary interest. She heard a door open, the library door, and then a voice uttered a few words of common-place greeting. She remembered it well, and sprang to her feet with a desperate, insane thought of flight. But the door closed, the house was still again, and she was calmer.

She crossed the room listlessly and drew back the curtain of the window. The scene without was beautiful. The white moonlight lay broadly

on the garden, turning to silver the tops of the trees, and making the little lake beyond look like a great, white pearl. Gazing earnestly downwards she saw a tall, shadowy figure standing beneath the shade of the old elm. With a low cry she sprang from the room, and a moment after stood beside her lover.

"Come at last, my treasure," cried Mark Winchester, folding her in his arms. She remained leaning passively against his breast, while he pressed passionate kisses upon her forehead, cheeks and lips.

"Why have you made me wait so long, darling?" he said, softly, and taking both her slender hands in one of his, he carried them to his lips. "Why how cold you are—how you tremble!" he continued, as she clung to him. "What is the matter, May?"

"I waited because I dreaded to meet you, Mark."

"Why? What do you mean?"

And brokenly through her tears and sobs she told him all. He did not speak or stir while she was talking, and when she had finished there was a long silence. She lacked courage to say more, he would not ask. She repeated the last words: "And to-morrow I must give him my answer." Still he did not speak.

She looked up at him. In the dim light she could see his rigid, agonized face, white lips and gleaming eyes. She stole her arms about his neck and drew his forehead down to her lips.

"Speak to me, Mark; say that you do not blame me."

He knew then that she had decided, and what that decision was.

"And you will leave me, May, and marry that old man?"

"Heaven pity me, Mark, for I shall. I will become his wife, and I will be true and faithful to him, for he will be kind to me. You will hear of me thus, and when you do, remember my words, Mark, that you have my heart."

"I will remember, May. God help us both, for I shall never forget you. They shall bury me with this upon my heart." And he drew a tress of soft, brown hair from his bosom.

For a moment more—one little, precious moment—he held her against his heart, and then kissed her, put her gently from him, and was gone.

For a moment she stood alone under the trees, with clasped hands and face upraised to the quiet sky, and then she turned and walked silently towards the house. A light from the library window streamed down on her, and as she looked up, she saw the shadow of a bowed, human figure fall across the curtain.

"Father, you are saved," she murmured.

A hand was laid suddenly on her arm, and she started with a low cry.

"Good evening, Miss May," said Colonel Leighton. "I have been seeking you."

She bowed, and stood silently before him with a calm, downcast face.

"I have been talking with your father," he continued, carelessly pulling a rose from a bush near them. "He tells me that you have promised to think of my proposal and let us know what your decision is, to-morrow. Is there anything I can say which will influence you to form your conclusion in my favor?"

"You cannot say anything which will influence me in the least, Colonel Leighton. As my father has said, you shall have my answer to-morrow."

He glanced up at the young face, so sad in its calm dignity, and then looked down at his fingers again, which were busied in tearing to pieces the blossom he held, and allowing the crimson petals to fall at his feet, as if they were fragments of the heart he was breaking. In the long silence that followed she glanced up at him once with the thought of flinging herself upon his mercy by giving him her confidence, but the stern expression of his face repelled her.

"Miss May," he said, suddenly, "you are averse to this marriage."

His tone aided in rendering his words an assertion. She was startled, but replied quietly:

"Do you think so?"

"I must be blind if I would think otherwise," he continued, with sudden energy. "May Warren, do you know that you hate me? That you would die rather than become my wife, were it not for your father's sake?"

Before she realized what she was doing, the monosyllable "yes," slipped from her lips.

"And in doing this, do you realize how you would wrong us both?"

She was silent.

"It shall never be. I will never call you my wife, knowing that you do not love me—that your heart is not in my keeping. I will not tell you of my hopes, how I have dreamed that my last days would be my happiest ones, it would not interest you. Now I have only to say that you are as free as if I had never seen your sweet face."

He paused for a reply, but she made none. Bewildered by her position, she did not know what to say.

"I know that I have only myself to reproach," he went on. "My motive in offering your father my assistance was a purely selfish one. The con-

sequences are just upon me. I had no thought of the long years during which he had been my true and faithful friend, but cruelly took advantage of his position to gain my own ends. Yes, it is 'just upon me.'"

There was a bitterness in his tone, a despondency in his attitude, that greatly changed his accustomed, dignified composure of manner. Half unconscious of what she did, only sensible of the pity she felt for him, the young girl put her hand upon his arm and said, softly:

"Forgive me."

"Forgive me, rather, my child," he said, gently, taking the little hand of one of his, "for the misery I have caused you. I should have known that our paths in life could never be one. But good night, I will not detain you."

She did not shrink from him as he bent down to kiss her forehead, with his last words. He stepped aside to allow her free passage to the house, but she did not move.

"You are thinking of your father," he said.

"Do not be distressed on his account. Remember me in your prayers to-night, and sleep sweetly. *It is all I ask.*"

He did not wait to hear her fervent "God bless you!" or witness her burst of joyful tears, but quickly left her.

The morning sunshine streamed broadly into the apartment of old Mr. Warren, where he lay in the heavy sleep of physical and mental exhaustion. The forenoon was far advanced when a servant roused him, informing him that Colonel Leighton waited in the library. Making a hasty toilet, the old man left his chamber and went to meet his friend. The gentlemen met cordially, and Colonel Leighton immediately requested that May might be sent for. They waited but a few minutes before the door swung noiselessly open, and, wearing a fleecy, white morning robe, the young girl entered. At a motion from her father she seated herself upon a low seat at his feet, and then glanced up with a confiding smile at Colonel Leighton, who stood leaning against the mantel, with an expression of face half sad, half admiring.

"We are waiting for your answer, May," said Mr. Warren, quietly.

"I will leave the matter entirely at Colonel Leighton's disposal," she replied.

The old man glanced perplexedly from her to his friend. Colonel Leighton stepped forward.

"My old friend, James Warren," he said. "I met your daughter last night, and talked with her. I discovered with what feelings she regarded a marriage with me, and cannot allow the sacrifice she would make for your sake. I will



never marry her—she is free. And now I have your pardon to ask for the unmanly way in which I have taken advantage of your embarrassment, and came so near destroying the happiness of your child. Every power of mine shall be exerted to its utmost to relieve you, and all the reward I ask is, the knowledge that you and May do not despise me. Nay, nay, no thanks. I deserve rather to be scorned for the part I have acted. But I have one favor to ask, old friend. Will you allow me to choose a husband for your daughter?"

"You have my full and free permission," replied Mr. Warren, smiling through his tears. "But I hope you will be more successful in your choice than I have been."

"Never fear," said the colonel, with a glance at May. Flinging open a door that led to another apartment, he called, "Now, my boy," and Mark Winchester sprang into the room.

"Behold your future son-in-law," said Colonel Leighton. And ere the old man could comprehend the scene, the young couple knelt for his blessing. But at a motion from his friend he gave it willingly, and never were a happier party.

Through the interposition of his friend, Mr. Warren was saved from ruin, and his daughter made happy. When May that morning asked for a solution to the problem of his knowledge of Mark, he replied: "I did not wait half an hour in the garden to no purpose, little one." And she understood that he had overheard her conversation with her lover. Through his influence Mark's talents as an artist became known to the world, and when a few years after he became a popular painter, and a wealthy man, he had a little son named Edwin Leighton Winchester. What other proof of the young people's gratitude could he wish?

#### THE STOMACH AND ITS CRAVINGS.

In the diseases produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhoea, the patient's stomach often craves for, and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was invented for the sick, and especially for such sick. These are fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, or of bacon, suet, cheese, butter, milk. These cases I have seen, not by ones, nor by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right, and the book was wrong. The articles craved for in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids. There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeling. Women's digestion is generally slower.—*Florence Nightingale.*

Where's the child that does not understand tears?

[ORIGINAL.]

## TOPSY AND I.

BY AGNES D. MERWIN.

"WELL, Belle, child, I suppose my wilful little pet must have her own way; she always does make her father say 'yes,' when he ought to say 'no,' so away with you, madcap."

I needed no second bidding—wild girl that I was—but making a mock curtsy to my grave sire, I danced off through the long hall, ran up stairs, and in a few minutes came down equipped for my ride.

Little Topsy was as wild a pony as was known for many a mile round—and as pretty too; jet black, with a long, wavy mane and a large, spirited eye. I had been lotting on having a ride with her many a day, but my father and brothers had always exclaimed against such a proceeding. But this morning I had commenced the siege with the determination to have my will, and had proved the truth of the old proverb by gaining it. I had not so easily, however, overcome the objections of my staid brother Mike, a most obstinate young man, by the way, who never would let even me (whom every one else thought at liberty to do as I pleased) get the better of his reason and judgment.

This same brother of mine, with a will that seemed determined as my own, was the first person I met on descending from the "upper regions." Placing himself directly in my way, he commenced the attack with, "Now, Belle!"

"Well, Mike."

With great dignity. "What do you mean by risking your neck on that wild pony, that nobody but I can ride, when you never were on horseback but twice before in your life?"

"Well, Michael, I shall be glad to give you the information you desire. I'm going because I want a good time, and Topsy, if she is named rightly, will like one too."

"Yes, Belle, I don't doubt she'll have a nice time, but I protest—"

What his protestation would have been was involved in mystery—he was interrupted by finding my hand over his mouth.

"No use protesting, Mike—Topsy and I are wilful this morning, so please content yourself."

As I spoke these audacious words, I stood on the middle steps of a flight of stairs. Mike retained the dignified attitude and countenance he had chosen, and never moved an inch. Seeing his determination, I made a low bow, and with one bound reached the hall door. Another, and I stood beside my brother Joe in the yard, who

was putting the last touch to the equipments of my "bonnie steed." Joe looked up at my father, who was leaning on his axe, with a glance of suppressed fun.

"Well, child," said the latter, "after such a leap as that, I think Topsy will not endanger you much if she does leap a few stone-walls."

"Belle," said Joe, "didn't you say you were going through Burton Forest?"

"Yes."

"You know they say it is haunted, even in the daytime?"

I sprang to the saddle before he could help me.

"Never fear, Joe, Topsy and I are not acquainted with any goblins, and I shan't have you to introduce them; so I think they won't trouble us any."

So saying I dashed off. Topsy seemed bent on good behaviour. She trotted on quite soberly for some time, but not satisfied with this, I urged her to go faster. She quickened her pace to a canter. All this was very well, but Topsy knew she had me all to herself now, and she had her ideas of a good time as well as myself. Moreover Topsy felt her dignity slighted that I had not shown more timidity in her presence. She turned her head round to me, and there was a sly expression in her eye I didn't quite like. It was quite convenient for her purpose that there happened to be a stone in the way which she could pretend to be frightened at—quite so.

She did not fail to take advantage of it, and I found myself dashing through Burton Forest at an alarming rate. But if Topsy thought she could get rid of me so easily, she found herself mistaken. I was not at all pleased with the idea of having her leave me in such a gloomy place, for I was certain I should have a fit of the blues if she did. I could not stop her by entreaties or checks; so becoming very affectionate, I threw my arms around her neck, thinking she would be pleased with my confiding disposition, and deign to accommodate her pace to my desires. But Topsy was too bright for me. She was alike immovable to threats, entreaties, or caresses. The trees went by me like so many locomotives, and Topsy was evidently determined they should not exceed her in speed. But whatever was the cause of her hurry, and however desirous she was of arriving at the place of her destination (of which she had left me in blissful ignorance), disappointment was her fate.

Just as I had concluded to abandon myself to my fortune, and began to think that fortune was to "go all day and to go all night," Topsy and I were astonished by coming to a sudden halt—the cause of which was a hand placed upon her

bridle. Notwithstanding the extreme obstinacy I had displayed in clinging so tenaciously to her before, Topsy's wishes were now fulfilled, in one respect at least. The violence of the shock I received in the suddenness of our interruption, threw me from my saddle. I found myself all at once seated in the midst of a mud-puddle, and picking myself up in haste, I left one shoe in the mire. My riding-cap falling off also, took my comb with it, and enhanced the elegance of my position. The skirt of my dress was also literally covered with mud. The first thing I noticed was Topsy, who stood looking at me with an expression which was certainly very exultant, and I verily believe to this day, that she was very grateful to the person who stayed her course for my overthrow.

From Topsy, my eye fell on the person who had dared to place himself before that wilful animal. If I had been nervous, timid, or superstitious, I should have fainted, or shown some other equally sensible signs of feeling at the sight that met my eye. As it was, my only sensations were those of surprise,—then amusement, at the ludicrousness of the scene. Before me, or rather before Topsy, stood a tall figure wrapped in a long black robe, fastened so as to conceal the lower part of its face, with its hat drawn closely down over its forehead, and to complete the mystification of its appearance, a black veil of crape fell from under its hat upon its shoulders. Standing directly in my path, in the midst of a dark wood, it was silent. Perhaps it thought that silence might awe me into fear. But this being (whether ghost, goblin, or conjuror, I did not comprehend) certainly found itself totally mistaken. We were an odd assemblage—a girl, a pony, and a ghost, in the middle of a mud-puddle!

But politeness compelled me to acknowledge my gratitude (I don't mean for my fall) to this person, whether man or goblin, as my preserver. But how should I address him? Would it be polite to call him a ghost? Now I didn't believe in ghosts, as I have before stated. But what this nondescript biped before me was, was entirely beyond my comprehension. But it would not do to stand eyeing him in that suspicious way any longer, so I made a desperate effort.

"Mr. Ghost," I commenced, but there I stopped; for the figure moved quickly but noiselessly towards me, and I felt its eye fixed steadily on me. I didn't mean to have been a bit frightened—but my heart would begin to beat quite fast just then. "Mr. Ghost," commenced I. Suddenly I felt a cold hand placed on mine. It—this ghost, goblin, or whatever you may call it,

stood so near me I could have felt its hot breath—only ghosts are not supposed to have any. But I was fully determined, that come what would, not all the ghosts in ghostdom, nor all the goblins in the misty land of goblins, should frighten me—and whatever were the state of Topsy's nerves, she never would "fess" that she had the least idea of the meaning of the word "frighten" at that moment. I drew my hand resolutely away from his ghostship, with a polite bow: "Excuse me, Mr. Ghost," said I, "but you are really too cold to shake hands with comfortably."

The goblin moved a little nearer, its cold hand seized mine again, its sable robe touched my dress—tall, grim, dark, it stood beside me in its immovable silence. I stepped back a little, and endeavored to release my hand, but vainly. Was it in human nature that I should stand utterly fearless in that lonely forest with that nameless thing beside me?

I felt a dim, chilly horror creeping over me, a dizziness seized my dizzy head, and for the first time in my life, I realized the power of fear.

Reader, Belle Graham the dauntless, nearly lost her right to her title then. But, kind reader, did you ever hear of a ghost who had a cold? Alas! alas! for the fallen romance of my adventure! While grim Horror placed her mask upon my brow, my ear was greeted by a tremendous sneeze! Now we may well imagine that the damp air of ghostdom might give any inhabitant in it a cold—but this sneeze was by no means a ghost-like sneeze—not at all sepulchral, but a real, *bona fide*, lusty sneeze. I lifted my eyes suddenly to its face, and leaned eagerly forward. Then the old wood echoed a great shout of laughter, and as I pulled off cap and veil from the head of my brother Mike, I sprang upon the back of Topsy, saying:

"Belle Graham is still the dauntless, Mike, and the ghosts must in future feel that they are completely foiled!"

#### COMMERCE.

Commerce is the teacher of civilization. Threads of thought, lessons of human advancement and human policy are spun at cotton-mills, and shipped to instruct and civilize the heathen. With a cotton shirt, the native Indian enrobes himself with lessons, although for a time he may have no knowledge of their influence. The cotton tree—we speak it not irreverently—might be cultivated as the Tree of Knowledge—*Jerold*.

#### A SIMILE.

The rainbow tints, how beautiful they,  
And yet how transient is their stay!  
Awhile the varied colors bright  
Remain, then vanish from our sight.  
Thus earthly joys dissolve; be sure  
In heaven alone true joys endure—*E. Hull*.

#### DIAMOND CUTTING DIAMOND.

Signor Dandini was a foreign refugee living somewhere in London, but his precise address was a secret which several of his creditors strove in vain to discover. The signor picked up a living by translating documents from foreign languages for different houses in the city. One day a letter arrived, addressed to the signor at one of these houses, stating that if he would call on the next Thursday at two o'clock, at the office of Smith & Co., solicitors, they would be happy to arrange with him about a translation which would probably bring him in a pretty considerable sum. The signor was in a dilemma. The pretty considerable sum would be most acceptable, of course, but then he had a strong objection to throwing himself in the way of unknown solicitors. However, at the time appointed, a foreign-looking individual presented himself at the office of Messrs. Smith, and handed in the letter addressed by that highly-respectable firm to Signor Dandini. "I have received this letter," said he, with a strong German accent. "Ah, to be sure, said the principal, 'Signor Dandini!'" The foreign-looking individual bowed. "Ah, my dear sir," continued Smith, smiling, "the fact is, I am sorry to have been compelled to have recourse to a little stratagem, but not knowing your address, we had no other means of getting at you—I have to serve you with this writ." The foreigner did not seem in the least surprised. He answered—"Hah, yes, mein dear sir. But we had recourse to one little stratagem too. I am not Dandini. I am one friend of his. He was afraid of this—so asked me to come and see about your letter. Good morning, mein dear sir."—*London Herald*.

#### GIRLS, DON'T DO IT.

In "Advice to Young Women" occurs the following: "There is a practice quite prevalent among young ladies of the present day, which we are old-fashioned enough to consider very improper. We allude to giving daguerreotypes of themselves to young men who are merely acquaintances. We consider it indelicate in the highest degree. We are astonished that any young girl should sell herself as cheap as this. With an accepted lover, it is of course all right. Even in this case, the likeness should be returned, if the engagement should by any misunderstanding cease. If this little paragraph should meet the eye of any girl about to give her daguerreotype to any gentleman acquaintance, let her know that the remarks made by young men when together, concerning what is on her part a piece of ignorance or imprudence, would, if she heard them, cause her cheeks to crimson with anger and shame. 'Were it a sister of ours,' we have often said, with a flashing eye—'were it a sister of ours!' But that not being the case, we give this advice to anybody's sister who needs it, most anxiously desiring that she should at all times preserve her dignity and self-respect."

A person who will borrow money of you without promptly repaying it, would, if he had a good chance, steal your money without the thought of repaying it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Trial of Ruth Linly's Life.

BY DELIA S. CARLETON.

Yes, she loved him. She realized it for the first time in her life, as she stood before him that bright May morning, holding her white hands clasped in his, and feeling the tender gaze of his hazel eyes upon her face. She had known him so long, and her intercourse with him had been so intimate, that the idea of analyzing her feelings towards him, and defining their exact relationship to each other, had never occurred to her. But looking deep into her own heart, she found that a strong and perfect love for Richard Vane had found a place there, and flourished as happily as violets in a May soil. The consciousness of this brought a soft flush to her cheek, and the heavily-fringed lids of her eyes drooped slowly.

"Look up, Ruth—speak to me!" cried her companion, impetuously. "Tell me that you love me—that you will be my wife!"

His wife! How her heart thrilled, as he uttered the words! Those strong, protecting arms always around her, that faithful breast evermore her resting-place, that noble heart devoted to her happiness! It was very sweet to think of, and a tremulous smile of pleasure flickered about her lips, but the next instant her whole face was shadowed by a thought so intensely sorrowful as to quench the light in her soft brown eyes, and curve to an expression of grief the ripe redness of her lips. She put her hands before her face, and shrank from him. A picture of her childhood appeared before her—a drunken father, a heart-broken mother, herself shrinking in passionate shame from the pitying gaze of strangers. Her mother's last words, "God save you from such a fate as mine has been!" rang in her ears. And then she could remember, only too plainly, the painful death of her parents, and her adoption by a rich aunt. And since. Her cheek flushed, and tears sprang to her soft eyes, as she remembered the indignities that had been heaped upon her ever since. Taunting words, insults and slights had been her daily portion for the last five years. The face of her lover clouded as he watched her:

"Dear Ruth," he said, at last, "what is the matter? If you do not love me, tell me so. Your pale face distresses me."

She looked up. "Richard, I do love you. My prayer is, that you may sometime realize how well; but while you raise the wine-cup to your lips, I can never be your wife."

"Ruth, dear child!"

He stood looking at her in amazement.

"Why, Ruth!" he cried, "what do you fear?"

"You would not ask that question, Richard, if your childhood had been like mine."

"But you do not think I will ever become a drunkard?" he said, surprisedly. "You have more faith in me than to believe that?"

For a moment she was silent. Then she said, simply and firmly:

"I cannot trust my happiness in your keeping, Richard, while you drink wine."

He regarded her for a moment with an expression of surprise and annoyance, but the calm gaze of the eyes she lifted to his face, disarmed him of his anger, and he said:

"I do not see how you can reasonably entertain this idea, Ruth, as regards me. You have never seen me affected by wine in your life, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for she suddenly grasped his arm, and cried:

"Look, look!—a year ago he drank no more than you do."

Staggering through the heavy mud of the road which the window overlooked, was a young man. His dark hair fell in tangled masses about his unshaven, haggard face, and the eyes, once beautiful, shone out from beneath them wild and bloodshot. His intemperance had not yet reduced him to apparent poverty, but the splashes of mud upon his neat dress made the sight more pitiful than if he had been clothed in rags. Reeling and staggering he forced his way, while the lovers observed him. Ruth's eyes were filled with compassionate tears, and Richard looked pale and shocked.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "George Allen!"

Ruth put out her hands to him.

"O, Richard, Richard!—take the lesson home!"

With sudden, characteristic impulsiveness, he said, in a low, awed tone:

"I will never allow a drop of intoxicating liquor to pass my lips again, God helping me!"

"Bless you, bless you, Richard! Now I can trust you." And she wept out her heart's fullness upon his shoulder.

Strengthened by her love, she met patiently the tirade of her aunt, when that good lady discovered that it was her poor niece and not her dashing eldest daughter that Richard Vane wanted. But their schemes had failed, and they were forced to console themselves as best they might. Ruth and Richard were quietly married, and left immediately for their home, in the suburbs of a neighboring city. And how happy and contented they were! Nothing could have



been more charming than the rooms of the pretty cottage, after they had been arranged by Ruth's own hand; and how pretty she looked tripping through them in her neat home-dress. What a jewel of a wife she proved! What capital dinners she would invent, and with what dainty grace preside at them;—how perfect was every arrangement of the little house over which she held control. When Richard came home from the office, weary with his day's work, he was always sure of a cheerful welcome. He could see the flutter of her white dress among the shrubbery far down the road, as she waited for him at the gate of the little garden. Then, the long, quiet evenings, so full of heartfelt happiness. Yea, the present was very bright, and Ruth, trusting in her husband's word, never dreamed of change.

Richard came home one evening moody and out of temper. Distressed and grieved, Ruth sought for the cause. In answer to her gentle inquiries, he replied that he had joined a sailing-party that morning, had been upon the water all day, and was tired. She waited upon him at supper, noting his flushed face and want of appetite. He retired immediately upon rising from the table, and when she sought her chamber a few hours after, he lay in a heavy sleep.

Not a word of the evening's occurrence was uttered the next morning, but when Ruth kissed him good-by at the hall-door, after breakfast, she looked searchingly into his eyes. His lids drooped quickly, and he hurried away. Over her sewing that day, Ruth shed many bitter tears. But it all seemed like a troubled dream that night when he came home as usual, and sat down to his supper pleasant and cheerful, and Ruth grew hopeful again, and dismissed the fears that had tormented her all day.

Summer passed away, and Thanksgiving day came. The young couple were invited to spend the day at Richard's father's house. Ruth giving up the plan of having a quiet dinner at home, which would have been her choice, yielded to her husband's wishes and accompanied him thither. But she received a shock that blanched her lips and cheeks white as ashes, on perceiving that at the dinner-table, Richard drank wine with his companion. Quietly she bowed her head, and none knew of the terrible pang at her heart.

When at home she spoke to him gently of his broken vow. With a look of annoyance he answered her lightly, and tried to waive the subject. Earnestly and tenderly she tried to rouse him to a sense of his danger, but without effect. None but herself and a pitying God knew of the agonized tears she shed for him in secret, or of the

prayers she put up in his behalf. It became no uncommon thing for him to return at night with his breath tainted by something stronger than wine. The evenings that had once been so pleasantly spent, finally became periods of distress—Ruth bent silently over her sewing, fashioning dainty garments—and Richard lying moodily silent, or asleep upon the sofa.

One night she waited for him long past the usual hour. The clock struck seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, successively, but he did not come, and she paced the floor in painful suspense, listening with a heavily beating heart to every sound. At last she heard the clang of the garden gate, as it closed, and then heavy, uneven steps upon the walk. Terrified and pale, she waited till the parlor door was flung open, and her husband entered, and flung himself into a chair, unable to stand steadily.

"Get me some supper," he said, roughly; "and don't stand there, looking as white as a sheet. What are you staring at, Ruth?"

"O, Richard!"

He gained his feet and staggered towards her.

"Why don't you mind me?" he asked, angrily. "Do you hear?" And he grasped her arm.

In her agony she endeavored frantically to free herself, but with sudden rage, he struck her down, and blows from his clenched hand fell upon her defenceless form. With sudden, desperate strength, she escaped from him, and screaming wildly fled. Down the long road she ran, and away over the fields and meadows, neither knowing nor caring whither she went. She grew dizzy at last, and fell heavily, nor knew anything more, until she opened her eyes in a chamber, where she lay upon a bed, with a kind-faced woman and a physician beside her. It was only for an instant that she realized her situation, for she grew delirious, and called wildly for her husband. At last they placed the light form of a little babe in her arms, and after a moment's hesitation, she clasped it close to her breast, and closed her eyes peacefully. When she opened them again the infant was gone, and she could not know that it rested, waxen and still, upon its little coffin bed.

For days she lay passively quiet upon her pillows, her dark eyes wandering restlessly about the apartment, but speaking to no one. But she was carefully nursed, and gradually grew stronger and better, and one morning asked where she was. The good woman who attended her, told her kindly that she was at the house of Farmer Ward, and that they had found her, in the gray light of early morning, lying like one dead, at

their gate, and had taken her in and nursed her, in their godlike charity, nor asked who she was nor whither she came. And Ruth, gently detaining the kind hand that smoothed her hair, laid her cheek softly upon it, with a caressing motion, while her grateful tears moistened the brown fingers. Then she asked for her baby, and as gently as possible, good Mrs. Ward told her that it was dead—that it had never breathed. A spasm of pain crossed her face, ere she hid it for an instant, but the next moment she murmured: "God's will be done—it is better so." And thinking it right, she gave her kind nurse and hostess her confidence, and the good woman wept with her.

"I can never go back to him," Ruth said, firmly, as she finished her story. "And now will you help me to find a way in which I can support myself?"

Mrs. Ward, her kind heart filled with sympathy for her pale, young guest, took the matter in hand, and by the time Ruth was able to travel, she had procured her a situation as teacher, in a small town a few miles distant. With the good woman's assistance, she went thither, and commenced her new life. She met with trials at first, but she found friends, and made herself a home among them. Her scholars grew to love her devotedly, and gradually her life became comparatively peaceful and easy. Seeing daily her sweet, cheerful face, none dreamed of the passionate tears she shed in the still darkness of night, over her ruined hopes, or how she grieved over a little blossom that had been plucked from her baby's grave and sent her.

She was sitting alone in her chamber, some two years after her entrance into the place, and busied with her sewing, when the door was opened and her landlady entered.

"Miss Linly," said the good woman. (Ruth had taken her maiden name.) "I wish you would put down that sewing and take a little rest. You have worked on it steadily all day. What in the world is it?"

"A frock for Widow Halden's little boy," replied Ruth, holding it up. "I am indeed very tired, but must work a while longer, for it is to be Willie's birthday present, and I must carry it to him in the morning."

"Well, I wouldn't kill myself 'pears to me," said little Mrs. Hall, energetically. "Come, put it away, and I will help you finish it in the morning. I want you to go to the lecture with husband and me, this evening."

After some inducement Ruth was persuaded to put her work aside, and accompany the kind people who had sought her pleasure. Half an

hour afterwards they entered the hall, which was densely crowded. When she was seated, Ruth looked around. Everybody appeared very much excited and animated, and from the throng rose the murmur of hundreds of voices.

"Who was the lecturer? Why were the people so excited?" she wonderingly asked of her companions.

"The speaker was a very popular temperance lecturer. Vane was his name," Mr. Hall replied, and then turned away to speak to a friend. Ruth turned deathly white, while her heart bounded wildly. She did not dare to think. The lights danced before her eyes, and her brain whirled giddily. She felt, for she could not raise her eyes, that two figures were advancing to the front of the platform, and then she heard the voice of an old resident of the place, a clergyman, introducing the speaker to the audience.

"Mr. Richard Vane."

She heard those words, and those only. To her the hall suddenly became dark, and she sank back heavily in her seat. No one noticed her, for the clear, fine tones of the speaker suddenly broke the silence, and the great crowd was as still as if in a death trance. When she realized her situation, again, the hall was quite still. The lecturer had ceased speaking, and stood erect upon the platform; before the worshipping crowd, while all around her were the faces of weeping men and women. She rose from her seat and tottered dizzily forward.

Richard Vane looked up suddenly, with a thrilling heart. Beside him, and before the wondering throng of people, stood a slender figure with pale, upraised face. An instant more, and he opened his arms, and sobbing, Ruth flung herself upon her husband's breast.

For a moment the astonished crowd was silent, but when they comprehended the scene, they burst into a round of cheers that made the building tremble. Suddenly an aged clergyman with flowing white hair, stepped forward, and when the people stayed their huzzas, he laid his trembling hands upon the bowed heads of the reunited couple, and said, solemnly:

"Those whom God has joined together, let not wine put asunder."

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#### FAREWELL.

Farewell! but never from my heart  
Shall time thine image blot:  
The dreams of other days depart,  
Thou shalt not be forgot.

And never in the suppliant sigh,  
Poured forth to Him who rules the sky,  
Shall my own name be breathed on high,  
And thine remembered not.—ANONYMOUS.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO CARRIE.

BY ADKLE.

I ask for thee a gem more rare  
Than those in famed Golconda's mine;  
'Tis not to sparkle in thy hair,  
Or on thy stainless breast to shine.  
Ah, no, 'tis not for outward show,  
This precious jewel I would crave;  
It is to keep thy spirit pure,  
And from all inward ill to save!

A mother's is the purest love  
The human heart can ever know;  
May she be spared to shield thy youth,  
May God this priceless boon bestow!  
She'll teach thy footsteps e'er to tread  
Within the path that Jesus trod:  
O, mayst thou feel the matchless power  
Of Jesus' love—beloved of God!

[ORIGINAL.]

## WILDMOSS HEATH:

—OR,—

## THE MAGISTRATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE CABIN ON THE HEATH.

THE wind moaned dismally over Wildmoor Heath—moaningly, wailingly, scattering the loose leaves about among the tangled gorse, and then sending them in fantastic clouds over the dreary common. It was a lonely spot right there, with but few of the paths beaten which led among the prickly shrubs unevenly winding to the little hamlet but dimly seen beyond, nestling upon the side of the hill; and one unacquainted with the paths, where frequently the tangled grasses had grown over them, would have found much difficulty in reaching Woodheath, as the village beyond was called.

As far as the eye could reach upon this lonely common, a picture of strange desolation met the view, perhaps the more noticeable from the fact of the cosy village being directly in sight, with its busy sounds carried directly over the moor as evening closed and the lights began to flash forth from more than one of the hillside cottages, over the thousand acres of flat lowlands lying contiguous to the village, with their level surface covered with scrub brush, tangled vines, and crisp gorse.

There was but one building upon the whole of

Wildmoor Heath, and that could scarcely be dignified by that name. It was a cabin, only one story high, and built in a hollow of the Heath; its roof was thatched with straw, moss, and a singular combination of twigs and dried brush, while upon each side of this primitive structure were erected sheds, which were scarcely in better condition than their more imposing companion, and which now shook and trembled as the force of the wind took them, as it reached their frail sides with its gathering strength, and made them totter, as though about to fall.

Old "Boss" Cranmere, as he was called, lived here with his aged wife, and we must now introduce the reader to them, as they sat before the fire in their hovel, and give some notice of their curious lives and history; that is, as much as we know of it, but which we can promise is in the the main correct.

Old Boss Cranmere had not always inhabited this desolate looking cottage, nor had he always lived on the dreary heath, but there had been a time when he was young and strong and hopeful, although it would be difficult to find any relics of either his youth or strength or hope, as he sat doubled up before the blazing twigs, uttering querulous complaints to the bent crone, his wife, at his side. There had been a time when old "Boss" Cranmere was "Richard Cranmere, Superintendent of Woodheath Factory,"—but O, that was so long ago, it is bewildering to think of it. There had been a time when his wife was blooming and fair, and proud as the superintendent's wife, when she stiffened out her neat gingham gown and shook her brown curls archly, as the secretary of the corporation came "all the way up fro' Lunnon" to look after the accounts and moneys—but that, too, was so many years ago that we almost question if the dame herself could recollect it now.

Ah well! sorrow and misfortune will follow the best of us through this life, and to be sure, Richard Cranmere and his wife had their share, and had Richard been one of those tough, strong-willed creatures, who seem to pluck up more courage as troubles thicken around them, who knows but what he might have been "Boss" Cranmere at the factory at Woodheath, instead of a shivering old man, nursing his thin shanks and abusing his "gude wife" before the fireplace in this hovel on Wildmoor Heath? But Dick was not able to cope with his troubles, especially when he was accused of using some of the factory's money by that secretary who everybody said was a "snivelling sneak," and who believed it was only done because Dame Cranmere would always box his ears and tell

he husband when the aforesaid sneak attempted to kiss her. However, Dick received notice to appear at the corporation's office in London, and although he made things straight about the money, his troubles upset him so, that he tried to forget them in a way that many a better soul has tried before now—that was, by frequenting the village beer-shop a little too often. The consequence was that Dick Cranmere was discharged from his situation, and went rapidly down hill from bad to worse. And it was doubly hard now, for their two children, a boy and a girl, had to be taken care of.

It would be useless to follow step by step Dick's downfall. It was but the history which, alas, we are all acquainted with—first, misfortune, then rum, then ruin!—and notwithstanding his poor wife slaved to keep things from going to pieces, and to clothe her poor little Rob and Kitty comfortably and decently, things *did* go to pieces after all, and Rob and Kitty went in rags. First, Boss worked in the mill, then he hired out for a year in the uplands, then he cut down wood, then went to join fishing, and some said smuggling parties on the coast, and at last, as the “childer” grew up, Bob, a remarkably handsome, dark-browed lad, and Kitty, a blithesome, golden-haired little witch, the Boss had sunk so low that none would employ him, and he became a vagrant and a wanderer. Alas! what a fearful power one man has to drag a whole family into wretchedness.

But the worst blow of all was yet to fall. Yes, the worst. When Rob Cranmere was about fourteen years of age, he ran away from his home of sorrow and strife, and shipped. Nothing had been heard of him from that time, and the old man seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the dark gulf of misery, and his wife became a sorrowing, stricken woman. Their sole comfort now was their daughter; we might almost say their sole support; and as each summer passed over the head of Kitty Cranmere, she became more beautiful; but as it seemed, the sole link which bound them to the earth, or to the slightest of earth's blessings was to be severed. So it happened that when their daughter reached the age of sixteen, and was beautiful as an angel,—yes, and might have been the angel to have reclaimed her parents from the sins and weaknesses of the dark past, she fled from her home with an itinerant player, a man of notorious bad character, and she was lost—lost to them forever.

It was five years this very night, since their daughter had fled from Woodheath, and as each year passed, old Boss Cranmere got deeper and deeper into the quagmire of trouble and poverty,

until now the hovel on the heath was their home, and what coarse food they ate was hardly earned by what assistance old Cranmere could render the fishermen upon the coast, which was distant about two miles. Upon this dismal autumn evening the unfortunate couple had broken their loaf of common brown bread and supped their allowance of goat's milk, and were huddled closely by the fire, which shed but a feeble glow of light over the ricketty table in the room, and the rough stools upon which they were seated—Boss and his wife—their poorly clad forms shivering once in a while, as the strong, searching blast found entrance in a hundred chinks of the crazy old hut.

The old man seemed to be lost in thought, and passed his bony, skinny hands in an agitated, nervous way over his haggard features and across the stubbled gray beard which had been allowed to grow upon his face; and his wife rocked back and forth before the fire, sighing fretfully, and drawing an old worn pea-jacket tightly around her narrow shoulders. At last Boss spoke—his voice was cracked and husky: “Know'st what day 'tis, an' noight, ole woman?” he asked.

“Nay, Oi doant, nor care. One day's as bad's anither wi' us. Oi kenna tak toime to reckon our trouble by t' munt, nor t' hour,” was the reply, in a complaining tone.

“Nay, nay, ole woman, thee wouldst na' be sulky if ye reckon 'tis five years gone this moanin', windy noight, when Kitty left us—”

“Ah, Kitty—Kitty!” sobbed the old woman, rocking herself more violently, and the tears trickling down her wasted, wrinkled features. Ah! 'tis a very sad sight to see the aged weeping, for we all feel powerless to comfort such grief.

“Kitty! Kitty!” murmured the old man, in woful accents, as he gazed steadily into the fire.

“Five years this noight! Ah, Kitty, Kitty, darlin', ye've broke yer poor mither's heart!”

“What a comfort to ha' her wi' us now,” soliloquized Boss, as if not hearing what his wife was saying.

“She'll ne'er cum back t' Woodheath, Richard, ne'er. Ye druv her awa' wi' yer blows an' drunken curses, an' it sarved ye roight that she fled awa'—it sarved ye roight.” And the wife poured out her plaint bitterly to the old man. He did not resent it now in words, he seemed to feel how true was her accusation; but when she spoke the last syllable, he put forth his bony hand and laid it upon her lap, and said, in a broken voice:

“Doan't, doan't, wife. God knows Oi've been a curse foriver, an' cramped yer gude workin' hands, an' 'bittered yer ole loife, an' may-be,



may-be sent the boy—*Reb-awa*' to his death, but doan't say *her* too—*her*—"

And he gulped the last syllable out while his voice was choked with sobs. Poor Boss, those tears must have washed out many of your crimes in the sight of merciful Heaven! But the moment his tears began to flow, his wife pressed his hard hands within her own, and she wept more freely to think her hard, bitter words had given her "ole man" pain. And while thus they were consoling each other, and those tears of penitence were flowing, the old man whispered to his wife:

"If this ole body was only young agin."

And she sighed deeply. "Yes, daddy, only young agin."

And how many, looking through the dark years of a misspent life, utter in agony of soul, "Only young again! Only young again!"

The wind was wailing mournfully as ever, the dry chips and twigs were sent like miniature battering-rams against the sides of the little cabin, and in the lull the heavy surging and dull roaring of the sea could be heard from afar. The old couple sat there before the dying embers, nursing in fancy all the thoughts which sweetly clustered around their straying daughter, picturing her as she was in her blitheome, happy childhood, her glowing, blushing, dangerous maidenhood—when her beauty met the eye of him who allured her from her home, if not of plenty and happiness, at least of honor. Every little expression of hers, her bright, saucy words, merry laugh and springing step was well remembered—ah, so well remembered! It was not strange they spoke not.

The wind swept over Wildmoor Heath with greater fury, and seemed to meet midway a tempest gale from the sea, which hurled it back again to surge and sigh and break in a dirge-like chorus around the cabin of Boss Cranmere, and when it lulled it only seemed to gather strength and sweep around the hut with the whirl and sound of mighty demons. It was a dreadful night; but the occupants of the cabin, immersed as they were in their deep grief, did not seem to hear the mighty troubled sighs; but soon they would be brought to a recollection of the storm. For during a lull, when one of those brief delays and calmness occurs in gales, which is to be succeeded by the fury of the gathering wind, there came a wailing, beseeching cry from out the depths of the storm to Boss Cranmere and his wife, as they sat there in the rapidly dimming light—a cry which seemed to come from a human being in great distress, piercing in its anguish, despairing in its energy, as though a last effort should be made to procure help for the dying.

As quickly as though youthful blood still bounded in their veins, Boss and his wife rose up from their places when they heard that cry. They instinctively looked at each other, and the woman's hand was clasped more tightly in the man's horny palm, listening eagerly for that sound, that startling cry to be again uttered, but the wind sobbed on, its cadences were broken, but no cry of a perishing soul was heard.

"Didst hear the voice, wife?" asked Boss.

"Plain as I see thee, daddy, but it could na' ha' been—"

"It wur Kitty's cry, wife, or her sperrit ha' called to us, but Oi wull gwa out and scour t' heath a bit," interrupted the old man, solemnly, as he strode towards the door.

He reached the door, but scarcely had he touched the wooden latch, ere the force of the wind drove it back against the rude partition with a bang, and the same cry near at hand saluted the twain. But the cry was feeble, and seemed struggling to gasp forth its wail above the rushing wind. In a moment Boss was out in the darkness. It had now begun to rain, and he was soon lost to the old woman, who stood pale and trembling in the doorway, but she sunk down to the floor almost fainting, as Boss Cranmere dragged a form into the cabin and up to the fireplace. But no sooner had the old woman gazed upon the dripping figure, with the long, golden hair hanging in a dank mass over her face, and beheld the thin features so well known, than she almost shrieked:

"Kitty, my chile! O, Kitty!" And threw her old arms around the fainting form.

But there was a feeble cry, an infant's voice, from beneath the old cloak enveloping her, and the poor young mother could only gasp:

"Fayther!"—than she swooned exhausted on the floor of Boss Cranmere's cabin.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CRUEL MAGISTRATE.

THE spacious mansion of Mr. Hugh Hardcastle was situated in the most elegant part of Woodheath, and Mr. Hugh Hardcastle himself was considered the most wealthy gentleman in all those parts, but candor compels us to state that the real character of Mr. Hugh Hardcastle, Gentleman and Magistrate, was a compound of meanness, pomposity and petty arrogance. He was overbearing in his habits, and having sprung from a very low station in life, was of course very proud, and held up his head above the old gentry of the uplands, whose families were centuries old. He, supposing with a plebeian's weakness,

that pounds, shillings and pence were the only criteria by which real excellence should be judged. Had his ignorance and foolish pride of purse been confined within such limits that there would have been no danger of injury or oppression to the body politic, we should have had no occasion to immortalize Mr. Hugh Hardcastle, by a mention in these columns of his name, but unfortunately he was a magistrate, and his power was often arbitrarily exercised for the oppression of those whom the strong arm of the law should have protected. Mr. Hugh Hardcastle was proud of his name, proud of his estates, and especially proud of his beautiful and queenly daughter Edith Hardcastle.

And this last pride was certainly excusable, for none about Woodheath disputed the claims of the little peacock beauty, Edith Hardcastle to the rank of *belle*. She was but seventeen, and already her black eyes had made captive all the youth of the village, and the little syren knew so well how to practise her arts, that she left all hoping and despairing in the same hour by her piquant coquetry. She was almost mistress of her father's household, owing to the fact of her mother's being an invalid and scarcely ever leaving her own rooms, and she made as many enemies of the servants by her childish absolutism as friends amongst them by her generous freaks. But it was chiefly upon her father that her influence was most perceptible. That pompous, arrogant mass of ignorance and pride melted down beneath the softening influence of the child, into a very commonplace, doting, affectionate father, who could deny his little pet nothing which his money or his influence could procure for her. He might come into his library from his "Hall of Justice," as he termed a room set apart for his magisterial sittings, angry and inflamed from the brave impudence of some smuggler whom he had just sentenced, and in a moment find he had forgotten his trials by laughing heartily at some hoydenish freak of his daughter Edith.

The love for his daughter was the one redeeming trait in the character of Hugh Hardcastle, for the whole country round he was detested for his hatred of the people, and his undue severity upon any of the working-class when brought before him.

About two mornings after the return of Kitty Cranmere to the hovel on the heath, which we have described to our readers in the last chapter, Hugh Hardcastle was holding his magistrate's court in his private "Hall of Justice," and there was a motley crowd at the trial,—and we grieve to write it—but Kitty Cranmere was the prisoner

at the bar, and she was accused of stealing the old cloak which had encircled her wasted form upon that bitter night on the moor; and she was also accused of stealing some silver pieces from an old woman who had harbored her in Woodheath, the day before she returned to her sorrowing parents.

It formed a strange picture—Hugh Hardcastle sitting, fat and powerful on his stuffed chair, behind his ominous desk, whereon were the dockets, various loose papers, a constable's mace, and a few thumbled law books. A brutal-looking fellow, gaunt and muscular, with hair cropped close, and quick ferret eyes, jerking and glancing quick fire over the muttering crowd around the frail prisoner, was the constable who had made the arrest at Boss Cranmere's, on Wildmoor Heath. Kitty, leaning upon a little railing in front of the magistrate's desk, looking as though she would faint each instant, while her poor old mother was huddled upon the floor at her feet, holding her baby tightly in her old arms, and rocking backwards and forwards, moaning mournfully and brokenly. By his daughter's side stood old Boss Cranmere, and many a lusty man whose checked shirt was rolled up over a brawny arm looked pityingly on the broken old man whom they recollected when they were little factory boys as "Superintendent Cranmere."

Boss stood by Kitty, his arms hanging down by his side and his hands tightly clenched; his tearless eyes upon the ground, and ever and anon his lips would quiver, his whole frame would shake, and then people knew how old Boss was taking it. Around this sad group the factory men and boys were standing with eager faces, gazing upon the hard eyes and firm mouth of the magistrate, while the mill girls with sad, pale faces and dye-stained arms, who mingled with the curious crowd in the background, murmured many a heartfelt, "God help her, puir thing!"

"Silence! Call the witness," was the order in an impatient tone from Hugh Hardcastle.

An old woman came forward, who identified Kitty as the young woman who had come to her house three nights before, and who looked so thin and pale, and seemed so tired with her crying infant, that she let her stop there. The next evening she missed her when she came home "fro' t' mill, and wi' her t' silver i' t' bag in t' cupboard."

Poor Kitty hung her head. Alas! she was guilty! She was dying, and anxious to reach her parents' home, were that even a hovel—she took the money to buy her starving infant nourishment, and took the cloak to wrap around its shivering form. But what had the law to do

with a starving creature? She must suffer!—The constable testified to the arrest on Wildmoor Heath, and that Kitty had confessed her crime to him when he took her in charge. The lines grew firmer around Hugh Hardcastle's mouth, the dark gray eyes shot out a colder light upon the feeble prisoner, the wailing of the old mother was more frequent and painful to hear.

"What have you to say, Kitty Cranmere?" asked the magistrate.

"O nothin' yer honor, on'y Oi wur starvin'," she stammered forth, her weak voice musical even with her sobs.

"Ha! always the excuse of you beggars and strollers. Do ye think ye are to be let off wi' that excuse here?"

God help her, if she ever thought to be let off from the cruel grip of such a merciless justice!

"Nay, nay," was her answer. "But, O, yer honor"—and she knelt over to him across the railings with her thin hands clasped when she said it—"t' little baby wur starvin' an' perishin' wi, t' cold, an' I took it t' save its life, pair child, for Oi doan't care for moine Oi knows." And she sunk upon the railing's broad top weeping hysterically.

Here, a dusty-looking man stepped forward from the crowd and addressed the magistrate.

"Yes, yer honor, it be true what the choild says; she bo't t' bread wi' t' money."

"Stand back! Who asked for your testimony, William Croes?" angrily spoke Hugh Hardcastle, a heavy frown distorting his features. And the burly, honest baker slunk abashed into the crowd, and the brows of more than one of those working-men grew black.

"O, Mr. Hardcastle, spare the child! Spare Kitty for on'y once, yer honor! She wur starvin'. Did na' ye hear the choild?" And old Boss stretched forth his thin, bony hands to the magistrate, supplicating him for mercy.

"Silence, I say!" thundered Hardcastle. "Take that old beggar out, officer!"

And the constable laid hold of old Boss, and notwithstanding his struggles, dragged him through the threatening crowd towards the door, the old woman his wife shrieking in her shrill tones, and poor Kitty feebly beseeching them to spare the old man. But the brutal officer dragged him along as though he was some animal about being led to the slaughter. They had nearly reached the door, Hugh Hardcastle watching the ejection with an ominous satisfaction, when there was a great stir about the back of the crowd. An athletic young man pushed the people from each side of him as though he was walking through water, the element dividing as he ad-

vanced. He neared the old man who was choking in the constable's brutal grasp. Old Boss saw him coming and faltered out his name—

"Rob—"

"Fayther!" cried the handsome youth, as he sprang towards him, the sympathetic crowd making way rapidly. With one blow, which descended with the dull sound of the huge hammer upon piles, the constable was felled like an ox bleeding to the earth, and old Boss Cranmere was locked in his son Rob's arms, while the people murmured a sort of subdued applause. Hugh Hardcastle jumped from his seat, the whole ferocity of his nature exhibited in his face, which was black with passion.

"Arrest that man!"

Not a soul in that room stirred to execute his order, but as he jumped into the crowd to execute it himself, the men sullenly formed a line in front, and Rob Cranmere led his old father out of the door; but before he went, he turned towards the magistrate and shouted defiance to him, as he said:

"Hugh Hardcastle, if ye hurt a hair of moi sister's head, Oi will be revenged upon you—Oi will, as sure as there's a God in heaven!"

"Arrest that man, some of ye! Twenty pounds for his body!" the magistrate shouted, as he tried to make his way through the solid crowd. But as the men now gave way, and clustered around the stunned constable, Rob and his father had gone, and the pleading eyes of his daughter Edith looked into those of Hugh Hardcastle. She had entered by a side door upon hearing the tumult, and now clung around his neck. His face softened; but when she urged:

"Let her go, dear father—let the poor woman go this once."

"No—by Heaven, no!" he replied, hoarse with passion. "And ye shall all pay for this, ye skulking hounds, to brave the law and allow a man to escape. And the beggar, the thief, shall be sent to prison this hour—this moment!"

He went up to where she lay. The old woman had thrown herself upon the body of her child, and was wailing loudly. Alas, she was dead! Poor Kitty Cranmere! these last scenes had been too much for her, the tension was too great upon the cords of life, and they had snapped—poor Kitty!

### CHAPTER III.

#### CONFESSIONS.—AN ELOPEMENT.

THE little hovel stood no longer on Wildmoor Heath, the long, coarse grass was growing up through the cracks of the boards which tumbled



upon that spot where the cabin stood, the toads hopped under the shelter of the ruins, and snails fattened in the dampness underneath the crumbling logs. It was a beautiful night some six months after the occurrences we have narrated, when a man made his way from the coast towards the ruined cabin, and the figure of a woman attended by a companion, sought the same direction from Woodheath. It may be strange to tell it, dear reader, but life's realities are often very strange, and that man approaching the hut was Rob Cranmere, who was coming to meet his love, Edith Hardcastle. Nay, start not, if it be a strange fact, and a most strange trysting-place. The history of that love's awakening would take up a greater space than we have at our command, so a synopsis of the events which led to this meeting must suffice.

After the death of poor Kitty Cranmere in the house of Hugh Hardcastle, old Boss Cranmere and his wife disappeared from the neighborhood entirely, and it was supposed they had been taken away and provided for by Rob, and the painful circumstances almost died out from the minds of all the witnesses of that dreadful occurrence, until at length Rob showed himself in Woodheath boldly and defiantly, seemed to have plenty of money, dressed well, and was soon on the best of terms with everybody.

Edith Hardcastle, the spoiled pet and vain beauty, rode often out upon horseback, sometimes far amongst the hills back of Woodheath. Usually she was accompanied by a servant, but sometimes her caprice would decide that she should be left at home. Upon one of these lonely excursions the handsome Rob met her when she was in considerable danger from her horse becoming frightened, and rescued her from great peril. Struck with the romance of her situation, and perhaps her giddy head being turned by Rob's beauty, she took it into her head to encourage this piece of wandering humanity to make love to her; which was done so perfectly, that she found her happiness involved in the consent of her proud father to her marriage, and which, knowing it to be impossible that such consent would ever be given, led to many sweet, stolen interviews of which the present could be counted as one.

Upon this particular occasion, it was decided that Edith was to request the consent of her parent to her marriage with Rob—which, upon his refusal, was to be followed by an elopement. The foolish girl, mildly in love with the adventurous Cranmere, considered that her father's overweening affection for her would in a short time secure her pardon. And she looked forth

to the future hopefully, while her lover pressed his farewell kisses upon her lips that night by the old cabin ruin.

The next day she clung around her father's neck, beguiling him into a tender mood, when she intended speaking to him of her darling life-project.

"Father, dear, your little Edith is a woman now, you know. You must not call me your 'little fairy' now, for see, I lack but little of your own height," laughed she gaily, and with charming *audacity*.

"Well, what does the woman want now, that has ever been denied to the 'little fairy'?" he asked, "for I am sure you are about begging something very expensive of me. Come, come, what is it?" And he twined her long, rich hair over his heavy fingers caressingly.

"Yes, dear father, it is a very expensive gift I want. Will you promise not to be angry when I tell you what it is?"

"No, no. What is it?"

"A husband," she whispered, softly, in his ear.

Had an earthquake suddenly shook the mansion to its foundation, Hugh Hardcastle could scarcely have seemed more surprised. But he managed to stammer forth: "A what?"

"Husband," confidently, on the part of his darling Edith.

A smile lingered around the mouth of the grim magistrate now, for he thought he perceived which way his daughter's thoughts had been wandering; he thought of young Guy Laskervale, whom he considered had been paying some attention to his daughter, and he fancied he was about to have a confidential communication upon the state of his daughter's preferences.

"Well, who shall it be?" he said.

"Promise not to be angry," with her finger up warningly to him.

"O yes. Go on," he said, impatiently, and wondering at so much mystery.

"Rob Cranmere!"

Her father gave her one startled look, to see if this was not a playful jest; then, when he saw her earnest eyes awaiting his answer, the blood rushed from his face leaving it pale as ashes, and every muscle of his hard countenance seemed to grow rigid as iron.

"Edith, answer me, what do ye mean?"

His voice was calm, with a sort of deadly calmness though, and she felt now what a dreadful ordeal she would have to pass through. But when a woman loves, she is willing to suffer for that one upon whom she has placed her affections, and Edith's love had rapidly developed what of her father's strength of nature she possessed.

So through her tears she confessed her love for Rob Cranmere—how they had met; how good and noble and kind he was—his only drawback was his poverty—ah, that was a crime in her noble father's eyes—how she had sworn to be his wife come good or evil, etc.

It was strange that such a towering rage as Hugh Hardcastle was in, he should have listened to the end of her recital; but he did. When she had finished, he threw her from him as though she was a viper and had stung him. O, little did poor Edith know the power of her father's scathing words until that moment, little did she guess the bitter curses which would be launched upon her head.

"Marry him—marry him, if ye like, and ye can both rot in poverty together. Nay, I will not even let you marry, for I would strangle you first, and cut out his black heart besides! For shame, ye minion, to go out o' nights to meet a smuggling scoundrel, and then dare whisper his name in my ears, to bring him here as your husband!" And he sunk upon a chair almost exhausted by his fury, while poor Edith could only cry:

"O, I father, father, do not curse me! I cannot bear it—O, I cannot!"

And then his scathing words would be poured forth faster and faster upon her, until she could bear no more, and fell fainting, while he strode from the room, still fuming and cursing.

The next day Edith Hardcastle escaped from her father's house and joined Rob Cranmere. Then Woodheath was alive, the country was scoured for miles around to get a trace of the fugitives, but no sign of their flight was visible. The ocean leaves no mark whereby pursuit can be successful.

Now was the change visible in Hugh Hardcastle. It would have been good for him could he have shed a tear. No, his eyes were dry—but O, how his heart was overflowing with the bitter waters of the worst affliction. However much a man of iron Hugh Hardcastle had been in dealing with the world, he had ever been gentle with her. The softest down was too hard for her dainty, childish form to repose upon; the richest silks, with matchless rainbow colors, were all too harsh and colorless to envelope her dear shape; the warmest, glossiest furs were all too scant and cold to keep the chill winds from her dear body.

No, no, you had been a hard man to all the world beside, but to her—to her— Might not this be Heaven's retribution, Hugh Hardcastle? Do you remember the poor, crushed girl who plead to thee for mercy in vain—poor Kitty Cranmere, who only stole the warmth of an old

cloak, and kept the wolf away a few hours by the larceny of the money to buy a loaf of bread? Might it not be retribution? Think of it! But there was a heavier blow yet to fall. Yes, Heaven is often severe, but (we have that sweet faith) just—always just.

Six years had passed since the flight of Edith Hardcastle from her father's house—nearly seven years since the death of poor suffering Kitty Cranmere. Hugh Hardcastle was still magistrate at Woodheath, but he was a broken-spirited man, infirm in health, but colder, harder and more unpopular than when we knew him to sit in his "Hall of Justice." There was no execration too heavy to pour upon the head of the magistrate by the poor denizens of Woodheath. But his wealth kept him in his position, and still he seemed to take a savage delight in the misery of his fellows. Every man who was brought before him was haunted like a guilty being, until (as in a majority of cases) he was proven so. He seemed to look upon all the world as natural enemies, and he sat in his room like a hungry wolf in a den, anxious to give a fatal bag to any victims who might venture within the dangerous precincts.

Hugh Hardcastle was now, this warm day in the latter part of August, called into his office to try a band of gipseys, and put them out of the way of committing further thefts and annoyances upon the good people of Woodheath and its vicinity. There were several women huddled together, their dusky beauty set off by gaily-colored dresses, and quantities of common jewelry upon their persons, while the dark-browed, thick-set men awaited their fate with that unconcern which characterizes all of the wandering tribes. This band had come down from the hills amongst the lowlands, and the beauty of the women, and skilful jugglery of the men had made them quite popular, until they began to steal and drink, making "the night hideous" with their drunken brawls, and thus the aid of the constables had been at last invoked to get the entire band up before Hugh Hardcastle, who, the people were convinced, would soon remove them out of the neighborhood. The charges against them were vagrancy and theft. All of the cases had been disposed of, with the exception of a couple of the men and one woman, who sat cowering in the corner, and with whom a swarthy, ill-looking man seemed to be expostulating. This woman was charged with arson, and the magistrate told her to "stand up."

The woman tottered forward toward the desk, a sort of ragged cloak thrown over her shoulders

and head. The witness gave in his evidence to the magistrate, who listened attentively to the recital. He accused the prisoner with setting fire to his shedding, because he would not allow her to tell his fortune, and refused to "cross her palm with silver," and concluded by saying he did not wish any harm to the poor creature, who really seemed civil enough, only he did not wish to be troubled with them any longer tramping through his property.

"Take those rags off your face, woman!" sternly ordered the justice, when the complainant's recital was finished.

There was no answer. The woman seemed to be trembling and sobbing, but she made no motion to obey the order of the magistrate.

"Do you hear?" he repeated sternly.

The woman made two or three attempts to pull away the faded covering, and at last seemed to accomplish it by a desperate jerk. And when she removed it, her head fell upon her breast and tears flowed thick and fast and fell upon the floor. The other women and the men were now gathered around, and one of the men who had been remonstrating with her in the corner, plucked her sleeve and whispered threateningly:

"You're a fool! Speak, I say, or ye'll rue it."

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"You'll never know it," replied the woman, between her sobs.

Hugh Hardcastle arose, his anger was getting aroused—he was impatient.

"Raise up your head, will you, you strolling thief! Don't act your modesty here, it won't save ye, depend on that!"

And with these hard words the woman lifted up her head as though his cruelty had stung her, lifted up her head quickly, proudly, and she blushed deeply. You could see it, though her skin was painted and stained, but the cheating juice of the walnut had not robbed her flesh of all its pearly whiteness. The woman was young and might have been very handsome, but the features looked hard and pinched, and the eyes had an uneasy glitter in them which robbed them of half their beauty.

"Give me your name!" again demanded the justice, peremptorily.

"Corilla," she answered.

"None of your gipsy aliases, I say. Give me your name."

"Edith."

Ah, how Hugh Hardcastle trembled when that name was pronounced! His violence had all left him; he sank into his seat trembling, while the woman had to be supported by one of her companions.

"Edith!" said Hugh Hardcastle. It sounded like a hollow echo of her own pronunciation.

"Yes, Edith Hardcastle my name was before I left your house, father!" And the woman now burst up to the railing to meet the startled gaze of the magistrate.

He but looked into the face of the woman before him, a mighty groan escaped from him, and he fell back as one dead, the blood streaming from his mouth, and rapidly crimsoning his linen and clothes. The shock had been too great. Edith Hardcastle returned, but how? A wandering gipsy branded as a thief. The magistrate had burst a blood-vessel, and before assistance reached him he was dead.

Kitty Cranmere, was not this retribution?

And this is the story which is yet told at Woodheath about the poor people who lived on Wildmoss Moor, and the sad history of Edith Hardcastle. But what became of her, poor gipsy Edith? None ever knew after her father's death where she wandered, or how she died.

#### A MARRIAGE DILEMMA.

Some short time back a gentleman was united to a lovely and accomplished lady at a village near Cambridge (Eng.) All passed off pleasantly enough—the bride and bridegroom were on their wedding tour, when, *mirabile dictu!* it was discovered that the marriage had been an illegal one, and that the clergyman was probably liable to severe penalties for performing the ceremony. The bridegroom had never thought of providing a license, the clergyman never thought to inquire for it. So here were two persons married without either bans or license, and entirely contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. Here was a dilemma! What was to be done? At the end of three days a special messenger was sent after the happy couple. Their wedding tour was arrested, and back they were brought, when the ceremony was again performed in the presence of the important little document, the absence of which had been productive of much mischief, and the travellers resumed their tour, their sudden and unexpected return being known to very few persons. ~~Notwithstanding the false~~ start, let us hope that the journey through life may be a pleasant one.—*Cambridge Independent.*

#### TEMPER AND THE VOICE.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a catlike quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.—*Mordaunt.*

## UNDER THE LEAVES.

BY ALBERT LARINGTON.

Of have I walked these woodland paths,  
Without the blest foreknowing  
That underneath the withered leaves  
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away  
The types of autumn's splendor,  
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers—  
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet souls, with lips of bloom,  
Outvying in their beauty  
The pearly tints of ocean shells,  
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,  
With love's divine foreknowing  
That where man sees but withered leaves,  
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE REDEEMED.

BY ETTA WESTON.

"Yes, Marion, though he had sounded the lowest depths of sin, if a kindly voice and a friendly hand could call him back to manliness and truth, mine should not be withheld."

"Even if the touch should bring pollution?"

"That only can pollute which defiles the soul."

"So yours should be the hand and voice to welcome back this devotee of sin, though all the world should scorn such voluntary contamination? What if by this ultra benevolence of yours, Edith, character and friends be lost?"

"What if a deathless human soul be lost? Dear Marion, did I know of one human heart, though wretched from its own guilt, and gathering the harvest sown by its own evil ways alone, did that degraded but immortal soul yearn for its lost purity and truth—did it cast one longing glance upward from its depths of misery and crime towards its father's house, my hand should beckon, my voice should cheer, though all the world pass by on the other side."

"And you would sacrifice all this, dear Edith, in the uncertain hope of bringing back perhaps one child of sin—one, the gold of whose better nature is so encrusted by the dross of an erring life, that your highest efforts could only smooth away the canker and the rust, still leaving it embedded hopelessly in the baser metal of habit, and its natural proneness to sin."

"He that sows the diamonds in the solid rock,

and scatters the pearls in the depths of the sea, can see the quenchless spark of immortality, though buried in the darkness of human guilt. He who wept tears of blood in the garden of Gethsemane, whose sacred lips gave the divine command, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' who promised paradise to the repentant thief, he is my Master, Marion, and has he not said, 'If ye love me keep my commandments?'"

The fair speaker had risen in her earnestness from her seat beside her companion, and turning partly round, revealed to the young man who was standing unnoticed a short distance from them, a face so pure and serene in its expression, that he involuntarily stepped back with an air of reverence and humility, as if some higher presence were suddenly revealed to him. And so indeed it was, for in the little scene with which our story opens, were pictured strangely divergent paths of human life.

The three were whiling away a dull November afternoon in the public picture-gallery of one of our large cities. The faces of this little group were striking in an eminent degree, though as unlike in expression as were their apparent habits of dress and deportment. The two whose voices had arrested the careless steps of him who unknown to them had entered the saloon, were seated before a Magdalen by Guido, and the face, with its wondrous though mournful beauty, had suggested the conversation which the reader has already heard in part.

They were speaking of those erring and forsaken ones, cast out for some discovered guilt, less perhaps, than many a concealed sin still feasting in the heart of some favorite of fortune—and the rules of action toward the outcast and forlorn as prescribed by the two speakers, were as diverse as the faces that were glowing in the earnestness of their animated discussion. The rich tones of Marion Lee, clear, but cold as the false arguments she uttered, pleaded strongly for the dignity of social position—the fear of contamination from contact with the fallen and degraded. And as the picture of their shame rose before her mental eyes, she involuntarily gathered her rich robes about her, and threw back the beautiful head, gazing with a half-derisive smile in the clear eyes of Edith Graham, looking so earnestly in her own.

Edith, with one delicate hand pressed close upon her bosom, as was her wont, the other held lovingly towards her friend, had spoken her allegiance to her Divine Master with a low and earnest emphasis, which told, in the very distinctness of her utterance, the firmness of principle and purpose of one whose hopes and aims go up



beyond the stars. Her face was very beautiful. The brow was low, but broad and prominent, and the graceful curve of the white temples harmonized in sweetness and serenity with the firm yet delicate mouth. The eyes, whose wondrous beauty spread a glorious illumination over the whole countenance, were of that undefinable tint that seems to change with every passing thought. The brows and lashes were of jetty blackness, though the hair was of a warm chestnut hue, shining where the light fell across it, like threads of burnished gold. It was drawn smoothly away from the temples, and was woven around the back of the small yet beautifully formed head, in a net-work of rich and massive braids, in strong contrast with the heavy locks that graced like a coronet the white forehead of Marion Lee. A sense of harmony seemed to pervade her whole presence—a completeness of symmetry that was to the eye what melody is to the ear, as if the fullness of her beauty was but the outward correspondence of her inner life.

In strange contrast with the calm serenity of Edith Graham, was the pale, half-averted face of the young man, who stood unnoticed behind them. He had entered with so quiet a step, that his presence was unobserved by the two occupants of the large saloon. Pausing before the "Returning Prodigal," a picture that seemed to possess for him a wonderful fascination, he stood with a sad, despairing gaze, his head slightly bowed, and his arms folded tightly across his breast, and with such an air of sorrowful abstraction, that he seemed utterly unconscious of all surrounding objects. But the tones of Edith Graham, in her plea for the guilty and forlorn, had fallen on his ear like a voice from heaven, and the breathless earnestness with which he listened, told how like food to the famishing were the words of that noble girl.

The face turned so eagerly towards the speaker, far surpassed in its power of fascination the beautiful creations of art that graced the walls around him. But like a cloud darkening some landscape of glorious beauty, there rested on the pale but handsome features a deep and settled gloom. The restlessness of the large and mournful eyes, and the deep lines about the lips, told of familiarity with unhealthy excitement, and long years of dissipation. Yet amid all these marks of evil there was stamped upon the whole countenance a longing, wistful look, mingled with a half-defiant expression, which could not fail to tell the fearful warfare of the soul within. Philip Reide was gifted with wonderful talent, and a noble, but erratic nature, full of impulse and waywardness, such as the world calls genius.

Orphaned in infancy, and the inheritor of vast wealth, his life had been one of self-will and the indulgence of every whim and caprice that so impressive a nature could dictate. A childhood thus sown with the seeds of evil and self-gratification, could not fail to reach a sad fruition in his manhood. Yet through all this, his innate nobility of soul, like pure gold, shone through the dross of habit, and the results of such fearful training in youth. He had early perfected himself by foreign study and close application in his profession as an artist, and in a city remote from that in which our story opens, had won a name honored by those of older and wider reputation. This course was the more laudable, from the fact that it was the gratification of his own elevated aims and inclinations, rather than the necessity of labor, which lent the zeal which had marked his whole career. Gifted with those brilliant powers of fascination which render their possessor so desirable a companion to the devotees of pleasure, he had fallen by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, from his high position, to the terrible destiny of the drunkard.

To those who have watched the fearful progress of these gifted ones through their temptation, who have seen the struggles of the wretched, yet yielding soul; have listened to their solemn pledges in their hours of shame, sorrow and remorse, there is no need to tell the slow misery of years that found Philip Reide where we have presented him to the reader's eye. When the fearful revelation of his bondage broke upon his haughty soul, when he knew it was the smile of a fiend that glowed in the red wine, and could not choose but worship, then began that terrible warfare through which he struggled miserably, hopelessly, through many dreadful years. Lost to his friends, penniless, despairing, without one kindly voice to strengthen him in better moments, meeting the cold, derisive stare of a pitiless world, he was a careless, reckless wanderer. Yet through all his misery and shame, the true refinement of his nature withheld him from those lower vices which are frequently the vile concomitants of the drunkard's course. His was not the constant intoxication of the beastly debauchee, day succeeding day in senseless inebriety, but in an evil hour the dreadful craving would come upon him, to be followed by weeks and months of terrible remorse. It was thus when he had wrestled as for life with the fiend within, when the burning, maddening thirst was haunting his every step, that following his still earnest love for the beautiful, he had hoped to lose his wretched consciousness in the glorious visions of the ideal.

Standing thus before the "Returning Prodigal," all the misery of his fallen soul came crowding before his mental eye like the imagery of some fearful dream. "Forsaken and degraded, alone and tempted"—such was the cry of anguish and desolation that went up from the inner life of Philip Reide. Was it strange then, that the words of Edith Graham held breath and pulses still, or that her face shone like that of an angel? Little dreamed the noble girl, as her rich yet simple robes swept by him, that the thin, haggard face, so near, and yet in truth so far off, would fain have stooped to kiss the hem of her garment. From that time a new light seemed to dawn on Philip Reide, for the desponding heart could see even in the darkest hour of his temptation, when the fiend whispered that despairing heart-cry of years, "Forsaken and degraded, alone and tempted," the calm face of Edith Graham, and hear her earnest tones pleading for the forlorn and sinful—pleading for him, for was he not forlorn indeed? Daily he waited in that public gallery, watching and hoping for her presence. She came frequently and lingered long, passing in and out among the crowd, with a careless, unobtrusive eye, so absorbed was she by her love of art. Remote from her, yet conscious of her every look and motion, Philip Reide would recall again and again, while gazing on her beautiful face, those words of strength and cheer, and though he would have died rather than ask her sympathy, yet the consciousness that her pure lips could pray for such as he, that dearer to her than name or favor were the longings and strong wrestlings of the fallen soul, armed him with a sure defence against the tempter's power.

There were days of agonizing struggles, and nights of weary wrestling with the fiend within. There were times, when battling with all the force of his better nature against the fierce temptation, even beyond the long midnight, when the pulse of the great city grew still, that he had walked to and fro with a weary tread before the home of Edith Graham, watching the lights from its many windows with as strong a gaze as if they were indeed beacons to warn, or rays of glory to illumine the path of him—that lonely traveller who had set his face heavenward, strengthened and sustained by the kindly words of sympathy, uttered and forgotten by one, who like her Divine Master went about doing good. Little dreamed the fair girl in the warm glow of her beautiful home, whose music was the kindly tones of loving hearts, of the wanderer, sorely tempted and beset, so far removed in all the outward life, content to gather strength in the great

temptation, from even the consciousness of her near presence.

Those only who have passed from such wretchedness as his, to a reformed and amended life, can tell of the slow torture of months—nay, even years, that lie between that misery and manhood. Strange discipline for a heart starving and pining for some dear companionship, to watch through weary days and months and years, longing, as the desolate soul alone can, for the friendly voice and kindly hand of Edith Graham, ready to go forth in recognition of the returning prodigal, yet in the keen anguish of his sensitive soul waiting still in self-distrust, till the world again should honor his manliness and truth. There were vague, wild hopes in the heart of Philip Reide—wild in truth, for must not months, perhaps years intervene, before he might dare to lift his eyes to hers in mutual recognition?

He knew she had never loved, for with all the keenness of his artist vision, he had read in the calm depths of her beautiful eyes no trace of passion so prone to speak from brow and lip. Her face had been his study. Not a change in its expression but had graven itself upon his memory. Thus passed a twelve-month, and in the elegant habitude of the Public Gallery of B—Street, none would dream of the haggard, wistful face of just one year before. Mingling easily among the crowd, he had gradually come to be regarded as a true lover of art, and his just yet unobtrusive criticism, evincing a highly cultivated taste, had won for him too the reputation of a connoisseur. It would be strange if so striking a face and figure should fall unnoticed on the eye of Edith Graham, but by a singular perversity of either chance or purpose on his part, they had never met, though many a glance of either approval of her own suggestive thoughts, or a questioning look of her beautiful face at some original criticism of his own, told there was a recognition of mutual tastes and appreciation, without the formal words of introduction. More than a year subsequent to the opening of our story the devotees of art were warmed to the height of enthusiasm and curiosity, by the appearance in the favorite gallery of a striking and beautiful painting. It was not the mere depths of its exquisite coloring, or the delicate outlines and grouping of the figures, but the moral of the picture, the deep and fearful allegory that seemed looking out from its every light and shadow, arrested the eye of every truly appreciative taste, as much as its singularity of title; and the wonderful portraiture of its principal figure. On a narrow but soothing stream, whose waters were ragged with locks of foam and

boiling whirlpools, rushing madly over quicksands and between gaping rocks, yet at times swaying with a sleepy and stagnant flow amid rank and noisome weeds, but whose current at last leaped with a quick mad rush of blackness and darkness into a very pit of gloom. At the verge lay a frail and shattered boat, its carved and gilded sides were broken and stained, its rudder gone, oarless and without a sail. Before it and hovering over the cataract that impelled it on from out the clouds and darkness, looked the hideous phantoms of suicide, remorse and despair. On the shores of either side were figures calmly watching the terror-stricken voyager in the wrecked and shattered bark, some coolly calculating with a practised eye the distance between him and destruction; some with their rich robes drawn carefully backward from the brink, lest the foul spray might begrim their garments; some with the hateful laugh of derision; none to help in all that group—none save one. On the farthest point of land that stretched forward, even to the very edge of the precipice, stood a beautiful female crowned with the asphodel, while the purity of her robe in contrast with the black clouds and blacker water, rendered her face as the face of an angel. While with one hand she pointed upward to the halo of light that encircled her alone, with the other she had cast her mantle of the rainbow hue of hope forward over the flood, still holding it firmly, while the frightened voyager grasped its shining folds, as she drew the frail bark backward from the horrid verge.

It needed no second glance to tell the friends and admirers of Edith Graham, that the face of this beautiful figure was a just and perfect reproduction of her own. But whence came it—where was the likeness obtained—who was the artist? But no solution came to the wondering questioner. As Edith Graham stood before the picture, thus beholding herself transfigured to a more than human helper, what strange surmises passed through her throbbing brain. How her heart leaped forward in longing for the recognition of that other soul, thus sounding the interior depths of her own. More eagerly than for any other voice, did she watch for the words of Philip Reide, for whom she had long learned to look in their favorite haunt, now known to her simply as Mr. Reide, yet approved and admired by her sincere soul above all others, though he evidently avoided speaking, while he ever lingered in her presence. Standing in a group of those whose tastes and judgment had long learned to conform to his, he surveyed the painting calmly, and with apparently all lack of enthusi-

asm, and turned away, carelessly remarking on its artistic execution, or some equally trifling point.

Edith Graham was bitterly disappointed. She had looked to him for a response to her own strange conflict of surprise and admiration, and it was cruel thus to turn from it with so cold a word. Little did she dream of the beating heart, and the lip that dared not breathe, lest its quivering muscles should tell the story that his hand had wrought, and his whole soul had gone out in its beautiful creation. The picture was not for sale, and after a time was withdrawn from the saloon, quietly and mysteriously to the earthen ones. A few months later and Philip Reide had opened an artist's studio in B— Street, much to the surprise of his friends and acquaintances, who had never dreamed of him as an artist. But the beauty of his productions and the exquisite coloring of his pictures, had already called to his room the lovers of all that is beautiful and true in art, for his were ever those holier creations, which in their ideal loveliness never fail to recognise the Author of all beauty. Most especially had he attracted by his success in portraiture Edith Graham, and pleading with her own heart that this was her strongest inducement in employing him, she had most readily persuaded herself to gratify the long denied request of her friends with her portrait. The sittings she resolved should be entirely unknown to them, thus affording them an agreeable surprise, and exempering herself from all idle curiosity—while, had the gentle girl subjected herself to her usual strict self-examination, she would surely have found another and deeper motive, underlying all the reasoning with which she had pleased herself.

On a cold February afternoon, her coachman set her down at Number 24, E— Street. Tremblingly she ascended the steps, and secretly scolded her poor heart for its unwonted pulses. She was glad, however, to find no one but the lad in waiting, who, on account of the extreme cold, and insufficient warmth of the outer saloon, graciously admitted her to the warm and inner sanctum. She hesitated on its threshold with a half-timid step, lest she was treading on enchanted ground, for on the tasteful walls were evidently such favorites of his creative pencil, as had never been desecrated by the eyes of idle curiosity or criticism. She would have denied herself so privileged a place in the absence of its proprietor, but assured by the kind attendant, she seated herself, resolving to employ this enforced leisure in the true enjoyment of the many beautiful attractions of the room; for so refined a taste as

Edith Graham's, it was filled with beauty. With true woman's curiosity, she speculated at length on a picture, or rather the outline or semblance of such, but carefully protected from curious eyes by a rich drapery, and hanging where fell the choicest light, and evidently always in range of the artist's vision. She had several times resolved to go, deferring the object of her visit till another time, but as many times turned back, persuading herself that so long and cold a drive ought to effect something towards her proposed plan. Attracted by a favorite volume upon the table, where it had evidently fallen from a familiar hand, she took the book, from which, as she lifted it from the table, something slipped heavily from its gilded leaves into the folds of her dress. Hastily raising it, what was her surprise in discovering her own miniature in exquisite painting on ivory.

In the midst of her astonishment and confusion, she looked quickly up, only to increase her embarrassment at seeing before her the thoughtful face of Philip Reide. Bowing easily, he raised the book that had dropped from her lap, and replacing it carelessly on the table, proceeded at once, with the inherent tact of a refined nature, to restore her lost confidence. Though her pale cheek burned with an unwonted glow, so naturally did he glide into an easy interchange of expression, that bewildered as was the usually placid Edith, she yielded with a sort of fascination to his kindly consideration for her embarrassment, till her own innate refinement and grace at last triumphed, and she made known her errand with her usual womanly dignity.

The sittings were necessarily long and frequent (at least so said the painter), and Philip Reide longed for a pencil of sunbeams, as the beautiful face grew on the canvass before him. Conversation, too, was absolutely indispensable, as the artist of course must seek in every possible way, her true expression. To Philip Reide it was indeed a labor of love, for before him, daily revealing new depths of inward purity and grace, was indeed his guardian angel. Many times did her words of earnest pleading for the erring, her warm defence of all things good and true, bring back to the "redeemed," for such indeed he was, the day of their first meeting.

Shuddering with horror at the remembrance, the pallor of his face and the expression of pain that passed across his noble features, could not escape the watchful glance of Edith. There was a strange enigma in that elegant studio to the frank nature of that high-minded girl, and as months went by and the picture was not completed, she scarce knew why, and would not ask

herself, Edith Graham grew to the strong, sweet consciousness that she loved and was beloved, though not a word or breath had told so strange a tale.

One cold November day, just two years from the dull afternoon on which our story opens, Edith Graham entered the studio of Philip Reide for the last sitting. The portrait was finished; only a few touches could prolong a labor so dear to the heart and hand of the artist. Suddenly throwing aside his pencil, he bent earnestly towards her, while his face grew very pale, he said, in a trembling, hurried tone:

"Miss Graham, you have frankly given most just and valuable criticism and suggestions on all my creations, why have you never asked a glimpse at yonder painting?"

"Indeed," she said, "my woman's eyes have sought very wistfully, but I should deem it sacrilege to ask a single glance from idle curiosity, at aught so sacredly guarded from careless eyes."

"Miss Graham," said he, "shall I lead you to the picture? It holds the dearest face to me on earth, and," he continued, looking down on the fair hand that was trembling on his arm, "what may seem to you but a strange and tearful allegory, is to me a terrible reality."

Raising the heavy drapery, he waited an instant for the lifting of Edith's glance, fastened, as by some invisible power at her feet. 'Twas but an instant, and the radiant and wondering light that flooded her beautiful face as she looked upward, was in strange contrast with the lines of suffering that were gathered about the mouth of Philip Reide. Standing there before the "Redeemed," he told her all, sobbing in his strong manhood, even as a little child, sketching its shadows in all their blackness, he bent to the upturned face of his earnest listener with an imploring, yet searching glance, as if to read any response, whether of pity or scorn, that might cloud the light of her clear eyes, and when he knelt before her, asking in sad simplicity, for a share in her remembrance and her sympathies, in return for the great love of his amended life, the noble girl leaned forward, and pressing her lips to the pale forehead of Philip Reide, said:

"Henceforth crown me not with asphodel, but with the blessing of thy love, to fade not, alter not, even when we shall in truth walk with THE REDEEMED."

#### THE INTELLECT STRENGTHENED BY STUDY.

Every task thou dost  
Brings strength and capability to act.  
He who doth climb the difficult mountain's top,  
Will the next day outstrip an idler man.  
Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse:  
In books, which, though they freeze thy wit awhile,  
Will knit thee, if the end, with wisdom.—PACORA.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ADDIE'S ESCORT.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MISS ADDIE CHANDLER, the merriest, prettiest little sprite in the whole world—was, to use a somewhat inelegant term, in “a peck of trouble.” To have seen her as she fidgetted about, first into the ladies’ room (she was waiting in the depot to take the first northern train), then out upon the platform, looking and staring about this way and that, her brows knitted, and her little mouth drawn out of shape—to have seen her, I say, one would have thought the fate of empires rested upon her delicate shoulders, so troubled did she look.

“What shall I do, Mr. Morris?” she asked, running against an elderly gentleman, who answered her in a way that showed he was not ignorant of the nature of her grievances.

“I do not know, Miss Addie, I am sure. I have looked about in every direction, but I cannot find anybody to whose care I could feel warranted in entrusting you. When the train comes in I will speak to the conductor.”

“I’m so afraid you cannot find any one. If it wasn’t for my baggage, I wouldn’t care. But we have to change cars so many times, and in the night, too. O, I’m sure, Mr. Morris, by to-morrow morning I shan’t know whether I’m myself or a hand-box!”

“But if I can’t find an escort, will you wait a week longer, as you first thought of doing?”

“No. I must see Longbrook to-morrow, at any rate, escort or no escort—and yet, O dear!”

Mr. Morris smiled. In all his life, he thought, he had never seen such a strange, perverse, contradictory little piece of womanhood. He came near saying as much in words, in spite of his dignity (he was a teacher in the school where Miss Addie Chandler had graduated the week before, and from which she was just then going), but at that moment a familiar face in the crowd attracted his attention, and making his excuses to Miss Addie, he left her and sprang across the platform. He did not return to the young lady until five minutes before the cars started, and then he had the pleasure of informing her that he had met with a friend, who was going quite the same way with herself, and who would be pleased to take charge of her. Addie clapped her hands for joy, in spite of the fact that the gentleman who was to accompany her was waiting at Mr. Morris’s elbow to be presented.

“O, I am so glad!” she said, again and again, without giving good Mr. Morris a chance to put

in a “word-edgescape.” To be sure, Miss Addie Chandler had quite forgotten herself, that was proved beyond a doubt by her confused manner, and the way her face crimsoned when her teacher said to her a little sternly, looking her full in the face at the time:

“Miss Chandler, allow me to present to you Mr. Havens.”

Addie returned the gentleman’s salutation, and made an attempt to say something (she afterwards declared she could not tell what, Mr. Morris frightened her so with his big eyes), but all that could be heard of her pretty speech, was the name with which she concluded it, “*Mr. Hazen!*”

Mr. Morris was about to correct her, by saying it was Mr. Havens, not Hazen—when the gentleman, giving him a sly, half-roguish glance, telegraphed to him to remain silent. And without questioning his motive, though he was puzzled somewhat, the good man complied with his request. In three minutes more their adieux were spoken, and the great northern train swept out of the city. (In parentheses let me say to you, reader, that Mr. Morris looked relieved as he saw it go.)

En route for Longbrook. It seemed to Addie Chandler that she could never stand it in the world until she got home, her heart and head were so full. As Mr. Havens handed her to a seat in the cars, she was resolved to be very dignified and polite the whole of the journey, to make up for her apparent rudeness at the depot, and after glancing over the gentleman’s face and figure (he was a very fine-looking man, Mr. Frank Havens), as he seated himself by her side, she doubly resolved that she would out Turveydrop Turveydrop in deportment. She would be as prim and proper as could be, she would.

But O, dear little Addie Chandler, that was a long, long way to Longbrook, and you had a rattling tongue in your girlish head; how did you think you could live so long without being your own, bright, merry little self? Strange Addie!

So, for three hours Addie sat back in her seat and was dignified, to the evident disquiet of her companion. True, she amused herself in the somewhat girlish way of admiring Mr. Hazen’s (she called him so) whiskers, and speculating as to who he was and where he was going; and then she turned her head away from him, perhaps to give him a chance at studying her face (it was as sweet as a wild rose.) Whatever her object was, at any rate it resulted in this, with an attempt to start a conversation.

“You reside at Longbrook, Miss Chandler, I think Mr. Morris told me?” he said.



"Yes, sir; or, at least my connections reside there. It has been but a year since my father purchased his place there, and I have not been home in the meantime."

"Then you cannot tell whether you like it or not?"

"Yes, I can tell—I do not like it!"

"Strange!" said Mr. Havens, smiling. "Pray why not?"

Addie smiled. Something in her smile betokened that she was not quite sure it was right for her to tell a stranger why she disliked Longbrook. He noticed her hesitancy, and went on in the easiest way in the world with the remark:

"There are some very pleasant people in Longbrook, I believe. I have a friend who resides there."

Addie shrugged her shoulders.

"O, I don't doubt that there are some pleasant people there; it would be strange if there were not; and yet, if I can trust my senses, there are some very un-pleasant ones, too!"

"And yet you have never been there?" queried the gentleman, looking into her bright, piquant face with an interested smile.

"No, but I know enough about Longbrook to know that it holds one (at least) old curmudgeon, and I don't know how many more."

"Indeed!" he said, laughing heartily.

He was very much amused. How he wished she would tell him about it! It was lucky for Mr. Havens that his wish looked out from his eyes. Had he ventured to speak it, little Miss Addie Chandler would have betaken herself to her dignity again. But he was a quick reader of human hearts and faces, and so he allowed her to take her own course without word or suggestion.

And dear me, how the child rattled on! For her life's sake, she could not help talking to Mr. Havens as though she had known him for years.

She told him about her school, about her music and drawing, her French, and lastly about her school compositions—how she disliked to write them when she was obliged to, and then, when they were not wanted, how fast her words would come. It seemed as if she never could stop writing!

"Do you ever write verses?"

The long lashes drooped low upon the crimson cheek, and the small white teeth were dented into the cherry lip.

"I try to sometimes, but the gentleman (the old fogey, I mean) at Longbrook assured sister Fannie that I didn't make out much."

There rested the whole truth in a nutshell—Miss Addie's dislike for her father's new place!

As it flashed across Mr. Havens's mind, an interested observer would have said perhaps, that a corresponding expression was visible upon his face. But he said, looking down upon her flushed features:

"Pray tell me, Miss Chandler, whom this offender may be?"

How strange it was that the young girl was so destitute of caution! But she answered as readily as need be:

"A Mr.—Mr.—(his name sounds something like yours) Mr. *Havens*, I believe—and you are Mr. *Hazen*!"

The gentleman bowed. A very suspicious color was creeping up from his cheeks to his forehead.

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Hazen, this crusty old bachelor—so Fan said he was—abused me most shockingly. If I could only have sent him a challenge through an enterprising second, why he would have been whizzing around here without his head some months ago. But as it is, he is a marked man, as they say in stories—perhaps I'll shoot him yet!"

"Very possible," replied Mr. Havens, smiling.

"But the best of all is," Addie went on, "that I sent him a Valentine last February, and made it as provoking as I could. I'd really like to know what he thought of the verses in that!"

Foolish, foolish Addie Chandler, why didn't you look into your companion's face just then? What an expression of countenance he had on! Did you think because he turned away and hid his face in his handkerchief and coughed and hemmed that he was afflicted with a bronchial difficulty, did you, Addie? Did you think he was trying to answer you, and was distressed because he could not find his voice? Pshaw, Addie!

"I believe I never wrote a letter home, or at least, I have not since he abused my poetry, without giving the gentlemanly critic a little stab with my pen. Ah, Mr. Hazen, I'll have him yet!" she continued, in high glee.

"In all good truth, I hope that you may!" the gentleman answered, seriously.

"How he sympathizes with me!" thought Addie, "and what a dear, kind person he is!"

"But truly, though," she went on to say, "I am intending to thank him for his kindness, if I can without father or mother knowing anything about it. I shall call on Mr. Havens in a quiet, unostentatious manner, and tell him how many mortifications his sweeping denouncement of my little poem has saved me; that but for that, I should have issued this very summer, a ten-volume romance, a folio volume of my poems,

besides three or four pamphlets of sermons and prose essays. Why, he'll believe every word that I tell him!"

Addie—Addie Chandler, why *didn't* you look into your companion's face? You would have thought he was in a high fever, or that he was ill of the measles, and they had just "come out," to use a phrase familiar to nurses. But you lost all that.

In this lively way the night came on, and in the meantime Addie grew tired and sleepy. She thought she should never be able to get along until morning, she was so terribly tired and sleepy. Try as best she would to keep awake, her head nodded off in this direction and that, and then back again. Mr. Havens offered her his shoulder for a pillow, but no, she thanked him, she could keep awake. It was a pitiable kind of waking for the poor child—from his heart Mr. Havens pitied her. But at last with a faint "I can't help it," she dropped her head upon his shoulder, and in a moment was off to the land of dreams.

"What a pretty, sweet face she had!" thought Mr. Havens as he watched her sleeping. Her complexion was as fair and fresh as a babe's, and her soft, wavy hair drooping low over her white temples, was like a cloud of gold!"

Kind, thoughtful Mr. Havens! How the cars jostled and jolted the beautiful sleeper just then! It would tire his arm considerably, to be sure, to put it around her, but there was no other way, and Frank Havens was not the man to think of himself when a friend was to be served!—I repeat it—kind Mr. Havens!

The morning sun shone into the car windows before Addie awakened. When she came fully to her senses, she gave a start of surprise at her situation, which, together with the blush which accompanied it, seemed highly amusing to Mr. Havens. But of course he was too wise to venture the first remark upon the occasion, so that in good time the young lady quite recovered from her shock, and was as laughing and gay as ever.

"I suppose your first thought will be for your critic, after you have rested from your journey, Miss Chandler," remarked Mr. Havens, as they stood together at the depot at Longbrook.

"I don't know," she answered, laughing; "what is best?"

The question was a naive one. It was asked in such a pretty, childlike way, and with such a womanly deference of manner withal, that he was completely charmed.

"In two years more what a sweet woman she will be!" he said, to himself. But to Addie, he

made answer in a soft tone, as he looked into her face: "Do just as you please about it, dear!"

The "dear" was involuntary on his part, and so was the quick glance and crimsoned cheeks on hers. An embarrassing silence might have followed, but at that moment Mr. Chandler's carriage drove up, and glancing out of the window, Addie saw her sister Fannie alighting from it. Her first thought was (after she had kissed her sister until she was nearly breathless, and been kissed in return till her lips felt as though they were blistered), for Mr. Hazen, whom, for his kindness to her, she wished in some way to repay.

"A gentleman took charge of me from C—; he was so kind and gentlemanly, that I am greatly his debtor. Come this way and let me present you. His name is Hazen!"

"My sister, Miss Chandler, Mr. Hazen," commenced Addie, with a blush.

"I am happy indeed, to make your acquaintance, Mr. *Havens*," bursting into a fit of merriment that was more hearty than elegant. "Dear me," Addie!"

What did it mean? Poor Addie looked first from her sister to her escort, but she could make but little from their laughter. At last, a bright thought struck her. What a dull thing she had been!

"Are you Mr. *Havens*,—my critic?" she asked, going up to the supposed Mr. Hazen.

"Mr. Havens, most certainly, Miss Addie; and your critic if you'll but keep to the resolve you made yesterday in the cars," he added in a lower tone.

"To a part of it I will, most emphatically," she answered. "I shall not allow you to escape."

"I shall not make the attempt," he replied, in an insinuating tone, which greatly added to Miss Addie's confusion.

But what is the use for me to say more, unless it be that Mr. Frank Havens, the "curmudgeon" and "critic" commenced his wooing in good earnest? It was a very short one, considering what a staid, dignified bachelor he had always been. But fact is stranger than fiction they say, and in just three months from the time that he journeyed with Miss Addie as Mr. *Hazen*, he started off on a tour with her as *Mrs. Havens*! So Addie kept her promise of the cars, that "she would have him yet!"

#### RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, however defended,  
But has one vacant chair.—LONGFELLOW.

(ORIGINAL.)

## MY REQUIREMENT.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I long for one congenial heart  
My thoughts to always share;  
A faithful breast to lean upon  
When overcome with care.

A heart that I can call my own  
Amid earth's busy throng;  
One that will never fear to chide  
Me when I'm in the wrong.

O, with a fond and faithful heart,  
One full of sympathy,  
A paradise below, I ween,  
This earth to me would be.

And when I tire of worldly joys,  
And seek a purer rest,  
I'd love to lay my weary head  
Upon that faithful breast.

O, is there not a heart to speak  
To me in love's own tone?—  
Or am I doomed to tread this life  
Obscure, unloved, alone?

(ORIGINAL.)

## OUR FRONT ROOM.

BY A. M. LOVERING.

MARTHA and I sat planning together through the whole long April afternoon; a part of the time with tears in our eyes (for we were not rich, and money came grudgingly to us), and a part of the time with our faces radiant with smiles. Planning how this little debt could be paid, how that obligation could be liquidated, and how such a sum of money could be made to go a great ways, and lastly, but not leastly, how we could manage to furnish our "front room." This last may seem very strange to you, reader, and even while writing it now, I cannot refrain from indulging in a little quiet, happy smile. But I'll explain how it was.

"Martha and I were not sisters, only friends, though I doubt if sisters often live as harmoniously together as did we. We were but laborers, mere working-girls (so the lofty part of humanity would have dubbed us, I suppose), in the little city, upon which we could look as we sat there and talked together. We were of those who must, to be happy, have a home, somewhere; a little sacred place, or sanctuary, where the great breath of the world cannot sweep desecratingly in. So, in a plain little house, out of the town, we rented rooms, and made ourselves

as comfortable and happy as we could in a domicile of our making.

We should have got along finely (no, that is not the word for it, since at the worst we were well enough); at any rate we should have had things in much better fashion, and much more to our tastes, had not Martha been obliged to send a great share of her earnings to a sick brother.

This was why we had to plan so much, and out of three demands for as many dollars wisely judge which was the strongest. All the winter we had talked of furnishing our "front room," until it had got to be a sort of joke between us. Any event which we were anticipating with doubt in the future, was placed on a level with the great one of our front-room-furnishing. I was to be married when that was fitted out, Martha would say, which meant that I should live an old maid all my life.

But this afternoon, in particular, as the sun burned so warm and summer-like in the sky, and the April breezes carried a smell of the hills upon their invisible wings, we were more than ever in earnest about the little bird's nest of a place which we had wanted so long.

"There's the carpet!" Martha said, crossing her arms upon my lap and looking up into my face. "Let me see how much did you say that would cost?"

"Twenty yards at sixty cents per yard—\$12.00, Martha."

"Dear me, how much! Then the curtains, plain white ones will do. If we could only have lace! They look so like white mist, but then we can't, so the plain ones will have to do."

"Then we want a table," I suggested.

"Yes, but not a mirror. I don't care to see my face any oftener than I can help. Nor does any one, that I know of beside you."

The last was spoken a little bitterly. I knew what that meant, because I knew how much of a woman Martha was, and how, in her true heart, she was cramping all the beautiful romance of her young life, not allowing it the first ray of sunshiny hope to warm itself in. I took her face between my two hands, and raised it up so that the dying light could fall upon it. What a sweet, dear face it was, with its thoughtful gray eyes, purely oval outline, and pleasant, firm mouth! Pushing back the heavy, dark hair from her forehead, I said:

"I'm sure you do not mean what you say, dear!"

"Yes, I do every word of it, every word of it, Thessy! (my name was Theresa, and she petted it to suit herself), and now I think of it, what a rare thing it is in this world to be poor, but in-

telligent! Did you ever have anybody say such a thing to you?"

I put my hand over her mouth (her cruel, little teeth were bruising the velvet of her lips), and shook my head slowly. In the soft twilight I could see how widely open her eyes were thrown, and how they gleamed and flashed like two beautiful stars!

"Never mind that, Martha, let us think about our room. What a dear place it will be! We had talked of the carpet curtains and tables. What else do we want—O, chairs!"

She did not answer me, but dropped her head upon my lap. I thought it would be wise in me not to notice it, so I went on talking.

"Yes chairs—not many, because our room is small. I've been thinking that we can buy the frames and fix them up to suit ourselves. You could embroider them beautifully, Martha!"

"Yes," she said, without raising her head.

"Then we want some pictures. We will have that little pencil sketch of yours framed, for me, I like it so much!"

"Yes, and if we could only buy that landscape painting that we saw yesterday. I mean the one where the water goes dashing down from a hillside, with a glimmer of sunlight upon its white bosom, and where the mountains lie linked along together, in the background, growing dimmer and mistier in the distance, until it seems as though the last was but a cloud from the soft heart of summer, melting away against the grand arch of blue! Mr. Preston thinks it is beautiful!"

"Yes, and so it is, sweet, but it costs a great deal. But the face that we liked so much. That would do!"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I'd like it better if it wasn't so quiet and soft in its expression. I believe, after all, that I don't like these passionless faces. I don't care how calm the features are, if the soul will but pour its intense light out from the eyes. I don't care that the face should be a perfect one, either, so that it has a strong, deep look, as though at times it could throw out to the enrapt beholder the whole wide, inner life, throbbing itself onward to the music of the one great Master-hand. No, I don't want that face. But you can have it, Tessy!"

"No, we will find something else to agree upon. I don't care a very great deal for that. How fine it will be, won't it? Then we will have the mantel-shelf covered over with little knick-knacks, and the windows, do you remember?"

"O, yes, the morning-glory vines will nearly cover them. I like that the best of all because

the scent of the flowers will bring the murmuring bees to us. Dear, dear! how can we wait! Then perhaps we shall have a—"

"Canary?" I suggested, seeing that she hesitated.

"At least he said he should have to bring us one," she answered, unconsciously nestling her head down in my lap.

She did not need to say more. I knew well enough who "*he*" was.

"Is your heart beating very fast, Martha?" I asked playfully. "I have an idea that it always makes itself remarkably busy while we are talking of a certain somebody. But listen a moment; I thought I heard some one in the hall. If we have had a listener, they have been well entertained, without doubt. Let me go for a light—we won't sit in the dark any longer."

"Wait a little while, Tessy. Let's talk a few minutes longer, I can't bear to have a light just yet. Tell me before you get one, how long you actually think it will be before we can fix our nest?"

"O, five weeks, unless we get the fairies to help us."

"Fairies will help us as much as any one, I take it," she answered, while I raised her head from my knee and went after a lamp. When the light was procured, I found a number of little chores that waited to be done, so I went about the house, and watched her as she sat by the low window looking eagerly out into the darkness.

I knew well enough for whom she watched and waited, and I smiled, a little quiet smile to myself, while I thought how poorly her separate actions agreed upon this one subject. When Rufus Preston was near her, she was as cool and unbending as a queen. She criticised him as though the right was hers, and tormented him continually in her quiet way with her sharp, pointed sarcasms. Once in a while she would be herself before him it is true, but not often. For the momentary glimpse that she gave him of her heart she drew the bolts and bars a thousand times stronger than ever. And he was as unreadable as was she. But this evening I knew, instinctively that she longed for his presence, although she did not tell me so. I knew, too, that all day she had been glad to see the hours fly by, because each one, in its going, brought the time of his calling nearer. But she waited in vain for him; he did not come, and the city bells chimed out the hour of nine. As she heard them she arose from her seat by the window, with a sad, half-cynical expression upon her face, and came towards me.

"Well?" I said, smiling.

She looked me in the face, and through her eyes her heart told me freely of her secret. I thought then that her face was like the ideal picture of which she had spoken.

"Never mind," I continued, "there is another evening, Martha."

"And I do not care for that," she answered, coloring. "I am glad everything is just as it is—that I am poor and plain, and that—"

"Mr. Preston is handsome and rich," I suggested.

"Yes, anything. For being foolish we women deserve to suffer, Theesy. Don't let us say anything more about it, ever. I'll put the whole subject in a straight-jacket—let the light go out, and—that is all, dear."

Saying this, Martha took the lamp and together we went to our chamber; I to sleep, she to lie with eyes wide-starting into the darkness—to hear the city clocks toll for the hours as they died, and to feel what perhaps few women feel in life (because few are as strong and true as was she), that if this one delicious cup of joy should pass from her lips, she should never find strength of heart to taste another. In all life there was but one draught of nectar for her to sip.

The night died away at last, and the sun came up red and misty from the east, and with its rising life grew active again. We went into the city, Martha and I, to remain through the day (we were milliners and the time was a busy one for us), and took our dinners with us. We talked a little of our room as we walked to town, but it seemed as far off as ever, the day when it should be fitted up to our liking. Dear, dear! it was so hard getting anything ahead, after all, and we had been trying the best we knew for months.

It was quite late that night when we went home. Afar off the shadows were dusky upon the hills, and the tracks of the day were faint and dim in the west. How beautiful it was—I don't know why I should remember it so plainly, but it seems to me that I shall never forget it. We did not speak of our front room through the evening, and did not go into it once to speculate upon the position of such a piece of furniture (imaginary of course), or the hanging of such a picture, as we had done evening after evening since the spring had come. But in the morning, after we had eaten our breakfast, I said to Martha, putting my arm about her waist:

"We must just take a look at our parlor before we go down town."

So we went into it together.

Goodness me! how we screamed as we threw open the door! How in all the world had such

a sudden transformation been brought about! I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was awake. *Our room was furnished!* Upon the floor there was a handsome carpet, which looked, for all the world, like a beautiful bed of flowers. In one corner a little damask-covered sofa was nestled, while to match it, about the room were scattered chairs and ottomans. At the windows there hung long, fleecy-white curtains, and upon the walls was the picture of the dashing water, and dim hills, together with the ideal face and a delicate crayon sketch. Under the mirror (for there was one), was a table, and upon the table was a little writing-desk with a slip of paper hanging out from the side. Martha grasped it, while breathlessly we read:

"The desk is for Martha, the mirror for Theresa."

Martha's face flushed crimson, and she exclaimed, the first words that either of us had spoken since we entered the room:

"What can this mean!"

"The fairies," I answered, laughing. "But whose is the hand-writing? is it familiar to you?"

Martha shook her head. She was taking a peep into the little pearl-lined desk.

"Who could have done this?" she murmured.

"Sure enough, who could?" I answered.

"Mr. Preston wouldn't do such a thing would he?" I added, laughingly.

"I hope not, I'm certain!" she replied, pushing the desk away from her. (Privately speaking, reader, I think Martha had taken a sort of heroic pleasure, the night before, in giving up every thought of the future connected with Mr. Preston. She did not relish the idea of taking her hopes out of their graves as bright and strong as ever.)

"And why?" I queried, a little roguishly.

"Of course if he *did* do all those, which I must doubt somewhat, he did it for somebody; and since it could not be for you, it must have been for me, you know? You ought to be as happy as a bird, Martha!"

She did not quite fancy my way of reasoning, so she turned her head away. Suddenly she said:

"What can it mean about the mirror, Theesy! Do you remember what I said last night? O, dear, if—"

She clasped her hands over her eyes and retreated to the farthest corner of the room.

"Some one *did* hear you, I know they did. Don't you know I heard a noise in the hall, and our door was open all the evening. I guess Mr. Preston came, after all, but I take it that he played the eaves-dropper."



"Eaves-dropper, Theresa? was that what you were saying?" said a voice, just at my elbow. "Mr. Preston!" I exclaimed. "We shall have to get our landlord (we hired the house, with another small family, of him) to nail up our back door so that people can't sly in upon us in this way. Never mind, your presence is quite acceptable. Come and see Martha's present."

He was not expecting this, and so colored like a bashful girl, as I pointed him to the desk.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I asked. "But my gift is the mirror yonder. I take it that that means something."

(At this Martha came round at my elbow and gave me a sly nudge.)

"Where do you suppose all these things came from?" I queried, biting my lips to repress my laughter.

"From the upholsterer's, I'll venture."

"O, I didn't doubt that. But how did they come here?"

"It must be that some one brought them!"

"In—deed!" I exclaimed, taking breath. "I do not need to question you any farther. You have told us more than we were certain of, before. We weren't sure that they were brought, even."

He laughed, and glanced at Martha. I was quite sure, then, he wanted me to leave the room.

"I don't think Martha is very well pleased with them," I continued.

"Why, Theresa!" she ejaculated, looking up reproachfully. "How could you say that!"

"You want more mirrors, you know you do, sweet!" I answered. "By the way, Mr. Preston, shouldn't you think Martha would have sense enough to leave the room? She knows as well as she wants to that you have something to say to me."

By the way that Mr. Preston and Martha colored, I knew that I had expressed their thoughts perfectly. But I did not care to go in a hurry. So I staid awhile longer. When I went, perhaps I played eaves-dropper, and then again perhaps I didn't. But certainly I have a distinct impression of hearing Mr. Preston say a great many fine things to somebody (I suppose it was to Martha), and of hearing her answer in a low, soft tone, that he was dearer than anybody in the world to her (the deceitful thing, she had always declared the same to me); and then I have a confused idea of seeing a door suddenly opened, and—who was it that ran as fast as their feet could fly to get out of sight? and who didn't succeed? And who was married that fall, in that same front room?

Ask Mr. Preston and Martha!

#### THE SPANISH GAMBLER.

The following is published in several of the journals as a letter from Hamburg: "A Spanish gentleman, one of the boldest players ever seen, keeps the bankers at the gaming-tables in the utmost alarm. He plays the maximum stake nearly every time, and has so far won 1,500,000*f*. One of the directors of the bank has just returned from Paris, bringing a sum of two millions to increase the resources of the bank. Immediately after his arrival, a notice was posted up at the Cursaal, stating that the bank at rouge-et-noir would, for the future, consist of 300,000*f*., instead of 200,000*f*., and that the maximum stake for each player would be 12,000*f*. instead of 8000*f*. People go in crowds from Frankfort to witness the daring and coolness of this intrepid gamester, who braves such a formidable bank, and has given his word as a Castilian, that he will play till he has ruined it, or been ruined himself."—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

#### BOUGHT FRIENDSHIP.

"Purchase not friends with gifts; for when thou ceasest to give, such friends will cease to love thee," is an old proverb which a friend of ours felt the full force of the other day. Some years ago, while in prosperity, he formed the acquaintance of a young lady of intelligence and refinement on whom he showered presents without number and without regard to cost. She in turn professed the most ardent attachment, and the result was an engagement. Reverses recently came, when Mr. — and his presents ceased. Shortly his inamorata sent him a note stating that as she was about to be married to another, it was time that the foolish flirtation carried on between herself and — should cease. The successful rival is reported to be very wealthy. Poor — is hesitating between suicide and a whaling voyage.—*New York Express*.

#### KISSING.

Dr. Holmes says of kissing; "The memory of a kiss that Margaret of Scotland gave to Alain Chatier, has lasted four hundred years, and put into the head of many an ill-favored poet whether Victoria or Eugene would do as much by him, if she happened to pass him when he was asleep. And have we ever forgotten that the fresh cheek of young John Milton tingled under the lips of some high-born Italian beauty, who, I believe, did not think to leave her card by the side of the slumbering youth, but has bequeathed the memory of her pretty deed to all coming time? The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer."

#### HISTORY

Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!  
Smart planet in the universe of deeds!  
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds  
Along the pebbled shore of memory!  
Many old rotten timbered boats there be  
Upon thy vaporous bosom magnified  
To godly vessels; many a sail of pride,  
And golden-keeled, is left unlaunched and dry.

KEATS.

(ORIGINAL.)

## HAROLD:

—OR,—

THE FALSE FRIEND!  
A TALE OF BOSTON.

BY M. H. MACNAMARA.

"IMPRISONED! Accused of murder! Good God, what fearful calamity is this!"

The words were uttered, in a tone of exquisite anguish, by a gray-haired man who stood in the centre of a richly-furnished apartment of a large mansion situated in the very heart of the city of Boston.

The old man's hands were clasped wildly before him; his lips tightly compressed, and his whole appearance denoting intense and painful agitation. Before him stood an officer of the law. He seemed but little affected at the personification of terrible grief at his side. Experience in his profession had hardened his heart, and what he now beheld was, to him, but an ordinary event of life.

The officer had just brought intelligence that the son of Benjamin Harris, the old man above mentioned, had been arrested upon a charge of murder, perpetrated under peculiar circumstances, and in a manner that left but little doubt of the guilt of the prisoner.

Mr. Harris walked the room for a moment with an uneven step; and at length, having somewhat calmed his agitation, he turned to the officer, and, in a broken voice, requested him to give the details of the terrible catastrophe. The officer did so, and the following is the substance of his narrative:

Edward Harris had, at an early hour the evening before, entered a certain gambling hell of the city, and there he encountered a most notorious gamester, with whom Harris, not knowing his character, at once commenced to play. Their game continued for some hours, until at last Harris detected his opponent at cheating, and boldly accused him of the fact; this the latter stoutly denied, and, upon the former reiterating his assertion, the latter boldly declared him a liar. Harris sprang to his feet, and with one blow of his fist, he felled the false gamester to the ground.

With muttered curses the latter arose and darting upon Harris, sought to pull him down. He was evaded, however, and Harris again struck him. The latter then seemed suddenly to recover his self-possession, and with a triumphant laugh proclaimed that he *had* cheated, and ended by

saying that his opponent might make the best of it. He then departed from the place. Edward Harris was heard to say in the gambling-house that he would "fix him yet." The clock struck two a few moments afterwards, and Harris departed.

The next that was known of him, he was found bending over the body of his murdered opponent, and his clothes saturated with blood. The watchman who discovered him declared that he had heard a low shriek, and that, as soon as possible, he had reached the spot and found Harris as above described. There seemed a strong probability of the young man's guilt, from the fact that he had lost a large sum of money to the murdered man; that he had threatened him, and followed him out shortly after his departure.

When arrested, Harris coolly stated his entire innocence, and said, that the same shriek which had attracted the attention of the watchman, called him to the spot, and that, arriving but a few moments before, he was detected in an examination of the man's wound, and arrested in that position.

Such were the circumstances under which Edward Harris was arrested; and, to even the most unprejudiced and dispassionate observer, there seemed a strong probability of guilt.

When the officer left Mr. Harris, he carried the message to his son, that he would shortly visit him in his prison; not, however, before he had engaged the most eminent legal talent that money could command.

Mr. Harris then seizing the bell rope, summoned a servant.

"John, is my nephew in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call him hither."

In a few moments the door opened, and a young man entered the apartment. He was a tall, finely built man, of about twenty-five or six years of age. His face was swarthy and of oval cast, with hair suiting his complexion, thrown back from a full and intellectual forehead. His features were nearly faultless in mould, his teeth, large, white and brilliant. But his dark eyes beamed with haughty and passionate fire, mingled with a sinister gleam, which, added to the disdainful curl of the lip, gave to his face an expression akin to treachery. In his motions he was nervously rapid, retaining one position scarcely an instant. He was dressed faultlessly in a suit of black clothes, and came into the room with a short, quick step.

"You sent for me, uncle—"

"Yes, yes, to communicate fearful tidings! Your cousin is in prison, charged with murder!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young man, with a sudden start, while the sinister glance came, with a transient flash, to his eyes. "Good heavens, has it come to this?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the old man, in a voice of anguish. "Reckless of character, of life, and spurning my advice, and defying my control, he has given himself up to wild licentiousness and mad dissipation, until at last the prison impedes his further progress!"

"I had feared that some disaster would overtake him, but, great God! I had never expected so terrible a finale as this. My poor, unfortunate cousin!" And the young man buried his face in his hands and seemed to give way to passionate grief.

Mr. Harris gazed on him for a few moments with a look of deep sympathy, seemingly forgetful of his own sorrow and misfortune; and then going up to him, he placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder, saying:

"Come, Harold, you take the blow too deeply to heart. Come, my kind boy, let us take measures for his safety!"

"You speak well, uncle, this is no time for grief; I am glad that you bear up so bravely. I cannot believe that my poor cousin is guilty! With all his faults he would never, never conceive, much less execute so terrible a crime as this!"

"Ay, with all his faults my poor boy is innocent of this. I believe it, and God knows it!"

When Harold lifted his face from his hands, no tears were visible; but his face was flushed, and his dark eyes strangely gleaming.

But buried in his own sad thoughts the old man noticed not the peculiar expression of his face, but hurrying on his outer garments, he and his nephew left the mansion.

Edward Harris, who now stood accused of the terrible crime of murder, was a young man about twenty-three years of age. In appearance he was the opposite of his cousin, Harold Stanly. He was of a tall and graceful figure; dark blue eyes, and brown, curling hair, with dignified and intellectual features. The expression of his face was manly and candid, and such as would win the confidence of every student of human nature. He was open and generous to a fault. The only child of his father, he had been spoiled by over-indulgence, and naturally of a quick, impulsive temperament, he could ill brook control. Early in life he was his own master, and over his actions his father seldom or ever attempted control.

His father, one of the most prominent of Boston merchants, with nearly a million of money,

never stinted his allowance, but was always ready to gratify his whims, for he loved him with a deep and fervent affection.

The coming of Harold Stanly, whose mother died long before he had attained his majority, gave an impetus to the extravagant desires of Edward, and his cousin it was who first introduced him, as it were, to the realities of life; under a garb of friendship and generosity, Harold Stanly covered a corrupt and deceitful heart. He lured Edward on, step by step, until at last he was initiated into the darkest mysteries of city life. He it was who first introduced young Harris to a gambling hell; and who, when the latter, bound by his passion for play, turned about and hypocritically expostulated with him on the folly of his course; but not until he had convinced himself that, for the time, Edward was under the baneful control of his own passions.

With his artful ways and seeming steadiness of disposition, Harold Stanly had entwined himself about the heart of his uncle, until at length, the latter thought him a model youth, and placed in him the utmost confidence.

When Mr. Harris mourned over the folly and extravagance of his son, the point would be taken up by Harold, who would cheer the old man with the hope that Edward would one day give up his evil ways, and become a staid and exemplary man.

Edward never suspected the dark, designing nature of his false cousin; busied in seeking the gratifications of his own passions, and naturally of an unsuspicious temperament, he never imagined that such a thing as falsehood and deceit could be nourished in a heart so nearly related to his own.

But a deep scheme lay beyond all this. It was no ordinary one. Harold was actuated in his course, not so much by ill will or hatred to Edward, as by a determined intention of superseding him in the good graces of his father; to make himself his heir; and, failing in this, he would not scruple to proceed to the direst extremities. Time passed on: But all the folly and waywardness of Edward could not alienate the affection of his father. The latter expostulated with his son; he threatened, and implored; all in vain—yet the old man loved him still. Harold Stanly at last became convinced that he could never achieve his desire by waiting for such an event; then he determined on another course—dark and consummate villain that he was—what that course was will soon be plainly evident to the reader.

In the boudoir of a splendid mansion, standing

in a fashionable quarter of the city, was seated a young and divinely beautiful woman. Her dark and lustrous tresses hung down upon shoulders pure as Parian marble. Her dark, lustrous eyes, beaming with pensive sweetness, were bent upon her embroidery, and her ripe, red lips were slightly parting, and her full round cheeks tinged with the rare beauty of the full blown rose. She was a being of more than ordinary beauty. Her heart shone out from the liquid depths of her large and handsome eyes; and her smile was brighter than a sunbeam of a June morning. Rarely beautiful, she sat, ever and anon slightly lifting her head, as if listening for an approaching footstep. This beautiful being was Marion Lee, the beloved of Edward Harris. They had met under peculiar circumstances, at one of the fashionable watering places. Marion with some friends was out upon the river, and more than a mile distant from the shore, when the yacht in which she was, by some mismanagement was suddenly overturned. Edward was passing them in a small sail boat which he occupied alone, and seeing the catastrophe, he tacked about, and lowering his sail rapidly, he cast out his anchor; and, seeing one of the lady passengers of the yacht—there were but two—floating down with the current, he sprang into the sea, and swam rapidly towards her, while the rest of the passengers, three in number, remained clinging to the boat. He reached her as she was sinking for the second time, and, grasping her securely with one arm, he made towards his boat, but ere he reached it, another yacht appeared upon the scene and he was lifted with his nearly senseless burden aboard.

From that moment a warm and fervent attachment sprang up between them, and ere three months had passed over their heads they were affianced. Marion loved Edward with a most devoted affection. But a period was approaching which was to test the strength of that love most cruelly.

Marion was recalling this sweet reminiscence, with a fluttering heart, when the door opened, and the name of Horace Stanly was announced.

He entered, and bowing gracefully, he said:

"Miss Marion, I would not intrude my presence upon you at such an early hour, did I not come on a sad and imperative mission!"

"You are welcome, sir; but what has occurred that is so important, that you speak so formally?"

"I came on behalf of my unfortunate cousin."

"Heavens! What has happened? Is Edward ill! Speak, speak, in heaven's name!"

And Marion darted from her seat, clasped her hands and looked upon the dark face of Harold, with a wild gaze of entreaty. The sin-

ister gleam was in his eye, and he seemed gloat-  
ing over the suspense in which he held her. At last he said:

"No, Edward is not ill, on the contrary he is in the best of health—"

"Thank God!" cried Marion, gratefully, as she sank into a seat.

"I repeat," continued Harold, "that he is in the best of health—but he is in prison."

"In prison!" muttered Marion, confounded.

"Yes, in prison!" repeated Harold, harshly.

"And for what?" asked Marion, recovering somewhat her composure.

"For murder!" answered Harold, with ill-disguised triumph.

"For murder!" shrieked Marion, springing wildly to her feet; "for murder—O, God, it cannot, cannot be!" And the poor maiden clasped her hands, while to her face came an expression of most unutterable woe.

"Yes, for murder, committed last night. And he is guilty, for he was found bending over the body of his victim!"

"'Tis false, 'tis false! My Edward would never, never be guilty of so foul a crime! 'Tis the work of some wicked enemy! 'Tis false!"

And the eyes of Marion Lee flashed proudly, and her fine form was drawn to its full height, and her breast heaved with indignant emotion. The eyes of Harold quailed before her proud glance, and a tremor passed through him as she cried: "'Tis the work of some wicked enemy!"

"I pray Heaven that he may be innocent; but the proof is terribly conclusive. His career for the past two months has not been creditable to him—he is a notorious gambler, a libertine—"

"Peace, sir! Speak not of Edward Harris thus to me! It is enough for me to know that he is in prison! I know his faults, and I know his virtues. I know, for my heart tells me, that he is innocent!" And Marion moved proudly from the room.

"By Jove, she's a noble woman! I'd risk my life to win her, and *I will!*" And Harold Stanly left the house.

In a narrow cell, containing nothing but an iron bed, on which was laid a hard mattress, a chair and a table, sat Edward Harris. His dark locks were dishevelled, his fine face pale, and marked with traces of suffering and anxious thought and his head was resting languidly on his open palm. His past life rose before him like a drama. And he shuddered as his follies passed in review before his conscience-stricken gaze.

It was the first time for years that he had ever pondered upon the folly of his career; and now

as he thought, he felt himself visited with just punishment. His aged and indulgent father had just left his prison; his presence had touched Edward to the heart, and he bitterly regretted that he had ever given the old man cause for sorrow; and, in his innermost soul, he determined that should he pass safely through the trying ordeal, his future life should atone for the follies of the past.

Buried in his mournful reflections, he scarcely noticed the opening of his prison door, and it was not until a soft white hand was laid upon his brow, that he noticed the presence of a visitor. He looked up.

"Marion!"

"Edward!"

A moment more and they were clasped wildly in each other's arms.

"Marion, dearest, do you love me still, do you believe me innocent? O, God, this is too much joy!"

"Yes, Edward, you are the same to me as ever—yes, my poor Edward, I believe you innocent, as firmly as I believe in God!"

"Heaven bless you, Marion! I fear not now to face the charge!"

"Fear not, Edward. God in his own good time will make your innocence apparent."

"Ay, Marion, that God whom I have so long forgotten, whose laws I have so often broken, is now my only dependence. I am involved in a strange and intricate web. A powerful chain of evidence is against me, and it is only with God's aid that I can substantiate my innocence."

"It is our best and highest trust," said Marion.

Thus conversing, an hour passed rapidly away and Marion at length departed. Her maid awaited her outside the cell door, and in company they left the prison.

The events related in the foregoing chapters were enacted many years ago. We must now leave the fashionable quarter of the city, and pass to that purlieu of crime and wretchedness, Ann Street, now North Street, somewhat more refined.

In one of the dismal and wretched caverns of the place, we now find ourselves. The stone walls were mildewed with moisture, and the sickening smell of bad tobacco and worse liquor greets the nostrils, and the dense, close atmosphere is nearly overpowering. A number of men and women are scattered throughout the cellar, engaged with cards, pipes and rum. Bacchanalian songs are being sang by men whose throats are hoarse from the constant friction of fire-water; and loud laughter, and obscure jokes, are being bandied about, and all is noise, riot and confusion.

At a rickety table in one corner of the dismal place are seated three men. One of them, wrapped in a heavy cloak and fur cap, the broad visor of which nearly concealed his face, was earnestly engaged in conversation, and his whispered tones and the fashionable shape of his garments proclaimed that his position in society but ill accorded with his present place or company.

"Did you have much trouble in securing the lady, or did she fall quietly into the trap?"

"Not much, the night was dark, and we muffled her head before she could cry Pills! The team was handy, and we slipped her in, and in a few minutes we had the gal tight and sound in old Wilson's crib," replied one of the men in answer to the cloaked stranger.

"She's a tough un, Bob, aint she? An' cool as a cucumber," cried the last speaker's companion, pulling fiercely at his long, black, bristling beard.

"She is that, cuss her! She called the pair on us villains and scoundrels, and said as how she'd fix us—didn't cry one bit, though!"

"Well so much for that point, my plans are working right—"

"Yes, we's done your work well; so, now, come down with the dimes, this ere city's gettin' hot, and we must *trayvel*!"

"That's the talk! We wants double money," cried the man with the beard.

"I wont dispute but the job was done well; but the sum which you demand is much more than we agreed upon," replied the stranger.

"Well wot if it is?" cried one of the desperadoes. "You'll make your fortin by the operation. Men wont risk their necks now-a-days for nothin'. So down with the dust, or we'll blow!"

"That's so, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the other.

"And wot's more," continued the first speaker, "we run awful risk; for when we laid the chap out, a watchman, and that ere Harris you wants be rid off, came down on our heels and we on'y 'scaped by the skin o' our teeth!"

"Just so *eggsactly*," cried his companion, who was content to endorse the assertions of his pal.

"Well, well," replied the cloaked stranger, carelessly, "we will not dispute the matter further—here's the money." And pulling a well stuffed wallet from his pocket, he took out a large roll of bills, and handed them to the villains, who carefully counted and divided them.

"Has yer got that ere Harris all right, d'ye think, sur?" said one of the villains, as he crammed his money into a belt which he pulled from his breast.

"Yes," cried the stranger, in a tone of exultation, "no earthly power can save him now!"



The stranger now arose, and whispering to one of the men, he was about to move away followed by the latter, but his cloak, catching about his chair, was dragged down from his face and he stood revealed, *Harold Stanly!* With a muttered curse, he wrapped his cloak again about him, and followed by the man passed down to a distant end of the cavern.

They then passed up a narrow flight of steps, and in a moment more found themselves in a long, narrow entry, lighted by a large oil lamp; they moved down this passage for a few yards, and at last paused before a door. Here the man took a key from his pocket, which he handed to Stanly, and then, with a sinister grin, he wished him luck, and departed for the place where he had left his brother ruffian. Harold Stanly, placing the key in the lock, turned back the bolt, opened the door, and found himself face to face with *Marion Lee!*

Let us return for a few moments to the cavern. Louder and more boisterous grew the noise, as the potent fire-water reached the brains of the revelers. Some of them, overcome with drink, dropped helplessly to the floor, others, maddened by its terrible influence, danced wildly around, shouting and shrieking, until they, too, fell senseless to the ground. But the two villains who had received the money from Stanly, paid no heed to the noise; but sat at a table with their bottle before them, deeply absorbed in play.

At times they would dispute, and then their blasphemies were terrible to listen to. But they played on, each seeking to relieve the other of his share of the spoils. At last, the one called Bob, who took a second place in the conversation with Harold, won nearly all his companion's money, and was now gloating over the pile as it lay before him on the table. The eyes of the other were flashing with drunken rage. An instant he looked upon his companion with a deadly glare, and then sprang upon him with a demon's fury, and plunged a knife deep into his breast!

With a cry of pain and fear, the latter staggered to the door and then rushed out into the street. He cried wildly for help, and in a few moments a crowd had collected about him, and a couple of watchmen, attracted by the noise, came hurriedly to the spot, and in a short time he was taken to the hospital. His treacherous comrade effected his escape.

We left Harold Stanly, standing in the presence of Marion Lee. She looked upon Stanly for a moment with much indignation. That he was the author of her present misfortune she was

well aware, having gleaned the knowledge from the conversation of the ruffians who had forcibly carried her away. The eyes of the accomplished villain fell before her flashing gaze; but recovering himself, he forced a sneer to his lips and said:

"I have caged you at last, my lady bird! You who have scorned my love, for the love of a boy! I had sworn long ago to possess you—and I have kept my word!"

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for my present confinement! I had suspected you were a villain, Harold Stanly—but never the deep villain that you have proved! *Perhaps your villainy is greater than even I dare imagine!*" said Marion, significantly.

"What, woman?" cried Harold, whose face had suddenly grown deadly pale. "Do you dare to insinuate—"

"I insinuate nothing, sir—but I suspect much!"

"Suspect what you please, then, I care not! I have you safe—you are mine, mine! More than mine a few hours hence, when your boy lover will be swinging on the gallows!" cried Harold, fiercely.

A shiver ran through the frame of Marion, and her face became a shade paler, but she faltered not when she said:

"My trust is in God, Harold Stanly; the innocence of Edward Harris will be made manifest, to the confusion of his enemies—and that he has enemies, my present position amply proves!"

"Yes, yes! I am his enemy! The deadliest he has ever had—I hate him as fiercely as I love you, you, madam, who have scorned and trampled on my heart!" cried Harold Stanly, as he strode rapidly up and down the apartment.

"Ha! I thought as much! It is through your villanous machinations that he is now in prison—my own heart and your base actions tell me so."

"You are right!" cried Harold, boldly, as he paused before the dauntless Marion. "What more do you know, or wish to know?"

"No more! Keep your dark secrets within the recesses of your own bad heart. You will repent these confessions by-and-by."

"Fear not, madam, you will never breathe them! I shall make it a sacred duty with you to keep them. I battle for a purpose!"

"Ay, and a dark, foul one!" said Marion, contemptuously.

The eyes of the villain were flashing with rage, but he was somewhat awed by the dignified and determined position of Marion Lee, whom, when he first entered the apartment, he had expected to see, spiritless and in tears.

"I shall leave you for a time Marion Lee!

But when next I see you, I shall make you repent your language. Remember!"

And without waiting for an answer, he turned about and left the room, locking the door carefully after him. He then left the house by a secret passage.

Upon his departure Marion cast herself upon a lounge, and gave way to tears. The courage which upheld her in the presence of the villain Stanly, now entirely deserted her. At length, recovering her composure, she threw herself upon her knees and prayed long and fervently.

The merchant, Benjamin Harris, sat alone in his study. His face was pale and wan. Greatly had he changed the last few days. The lines about his mouth were deeper, his brow more furrowed, and an expression of helpless sorrow rested like a cloud on his countenance. At times he would heave a deep sigh and gaze mournfully about him, as though searching for the form of his imprisoned son.

He had done all he could for his boy, but he felt he had little to hope for. The evidence against him was powerful, and, so far as circumstantial evidence could be, conclusive. But he hoped against hope. He had another cause for sorrow. The mysterious disappearance of Marion Lee. Her family was thrown into the profoundest misery. Search had been made for her everywhere, but no tidings of her could be had. Her disappearance was kept a secret from Edward, and Mr. Harris, who loved her as his own child, was nearly broken-hearted at this accumulation of misfortunes.

"While he sat thus, buried in his great grief, the door of his study was opened, and a servant announced, "Dr. Barton!"

A fine, portly gentleman entered the room, his fat, handsome face shining with satisfaction; and walking quickly over to Mr. Harris, he grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"My poor friend, I've great good news! Don't move, now, pray don't! Keep cool!"

And the good doctor, brimming full of excitement himself, sat down and wiped the dew from his brow, and endeavored to calm himself with a pinch of snuff.

"There is no good news for me, doctor, I fear, said the old merchant, sadly, "my poor boy—"

"That's it, sir, that's it—it's all right—now don't get excited, pray don't—Edward's innocent—full confession—villain dying—told all—now keep cool—pray do—here 'tis!"

While the kind-hearted doctor was giving vent to his thoughts in fits and starts, he had been fumbling in his pocket, and he now laid before Mr.

Harris a folded manuscript, which the latter eagerly snatched and read. As he ran on, the face of the poor merchant gradually brightened, and soon a look of joy illuminated his whole countenance, and, when he had concluded, he cast it down, clasped his hands gratefully, and sank tearfully on his knees and thanked God.

The good doctor laughed, rubbed his hands, snuffed eagerly, wiped his eyes and kept murmuring "good, good!"

He had brought a confession, which he had taken down at the request of a dying man in the hospital; the man who had been so treacherously attacked and stabbed by his comrade in the cavern. The substance of the confession said, that Harold Stanly had hired himself—the dying man—and another, to watch Edward Harris, and to involve him in some difficulty which would eventually get him out of the way. That they had followed Edward into the gambling house on the night of the murder, and were witnesses to his trouble with the gambler—heard the threat of Harris to "fix him," and knowing that Edward must take the same road home, they followed the gambler from the place, attacked and robbed him, and left him dead on the ground. That they had seen Harris from a distant hiding place, leave the gambling house, and stoop over the body of the dead man; and it said, furthermore, that if the watchman had not so suddenly appeared, they would have seized Harris for the murder.

The confession also told of the abduction of Marion Lee, and her place of imprisonment. The confession was taken down in the presence of a number of witnesses, and shortly afterwards the man died.

It was placed before the proper authorities and shortly afterward Edward Harris was liberated. The police in company with Edward, old Mr. Harris, and Mr. Lee, went down to Ann Street, broke into the place where Marion was confined, and found the brave-hearted girl upon her knees, and in tears.

In a moment Edward was at her side. She looked up, and with a joyful cry was clasped in his arms. He kissed the poor maiden's cheek, but her face was cold. She had swooned upon his breast. When she returned to consciousness she found herself at home, and by her side him to whom she had, through all his trials, proved so faithful, Edward Harris.

Marion and Edward were united a few weeks afterwards—a joyful ending to all their sorrows.

Nothing was heard of Harold Stanly, but it was rumored that, on the discovery of his villany, he had entered the army and fell, bravely fighting, at the memorable storming of Vera Cruz.

[CONTINUED.]

## THE RIVAL PILOTS:

—OR,—

## THE MAID OF THE RAPIDS.

## A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY HERMAN BOLIVAR.

At a steamboat landing in one of the beautiful towns on the St. Lawrence, there lay the large and magnificent steamer Brockville, early one evening, just ready to start upon her course down the river. The shrill roar of the escape pipes, the busy movements of the crew, the arrival of passengers and freight, and the hurried voices of command, inquiry and adieu, all served to form a scene the most indifferent observer could not have beheld without interest, in the gathering twilight of that coming night.

For there is in the simplest embarkation something of the melancholy and uncertainty which belongs to the last great voyage of every human being. The flags may wave, and the streamers float proudly from the masthead, and the sun may shine, and the deep waters scarcely ripple as they kiss the shores, but we know that all our hopes of a prosperous and happy passage may be wrecked in an hour, so little has man, with all his wonderful works, yet achieved towards taking his destiny from the most minute and continual providences of God.

Among the last of the passengers coming aboard of the Brockville on the trip to which we now refer, was a young lady, scarcely seventeen years of age, and of such angelic beauty and grace that every eye resting upon her followed her movements with delight. She was the only child of the wealthy Colonel Ridout, of Montreal, one of the largest steamboat owners of the St. Lawrence, and was now returning to her splendid home, attended by a single maid. Often had Ada been up and down the mighty stream, with her father, and well had she treasured up the intricate turns and windings of the channel amid its rapids and its thousand islands, as we shall soon have occasion to reveal.

For a moment, as Ada Ridout came in over the planks, she bent a quick and searching glance upon the faces of the passengers clustered on the guards. This glance sufficiently attested that she was in hopes of seeing some familiar countenance among them, and a look of disappointment flitted over her lovely face, as she turned away in the direction of the ladies' cabin.

"Walter is not here, something evil has happened!" she could have been heard to whisper to

her maid, in quick and gasping tones. "He said he would certainly come down in the Brockville, this very trip, and meet me as I came aboard, but I do not see him!"

Again the expectant girl came to a halt, looking around upon the faces presented to her view, but no sign of recognition appeared on her features or in her eyes. It was evident that her Walter was not there.

"It's too bad," said the maid. "But these men never have any regard for the feelings of us women—"

"Hush, Hetty," interrupted Ada, as tears dimmed her eyes. "Walter would have kept his promise if he had been able to do so. I feel that a terrible calamity has happened. Some enemy who knew of his—of our approaching marriage—ha!" and she started, as her eyes rested upon a person who was just then coming aboard, "that man, again! Let us hasten to the cabin!"

But ere the poor girl could make her way through the surrounding crowd, the object of her dread and dislike advanced to her side, laying his hand as roughly as boldly upon her arm, and saying:

"How d'ye do, Miss Ada? I'm glad to see you agin, you may be sure!"

He was one of the two pilots of the boat. The maiden turned towards him with such a look of scorn and disgust that he momentarily quailed beneath it. But there was a something infernal, for all that, in the expression resting on his hangedog visage, and something which Ada felt and feared had some reference to her missing lover.

"You have seen him?" she gasped.

"You kin think so, miss," was his reply. "P'r'aps he was here a little while ago, comin' down the river to meet you, 'eording to 'greement. Only he might have gone overboard a little suddenly—through somebody's aid—so that he ain't likely to come to your sweet arms jist at present—that's all!"

"Fiend, you've murdered him! I will have you arrested!"

"Softly, miss. You wont do nothing o' the kind. I'm the only chap that can pilot a boat down the Lachine Rapids on sich a night as this 'ere one that's comin', you know, and you wouldn't be so cruel as to keep all these peoples a-waitin' here till morning, in course not. Besides, you know that I was only a-joking! I dare say your doll 'll turn up all right in good season. In any case, you know, there must be proof, miss, proof before you can do much in a legal line, and what is the proof agin me? Supposing, now, jist for fun; supposing I'd put a feller I didn't like out of the way, by fetchin' him

one on the guards and droppin' him overboard—"

Ada threw up her arms in such a way as to check the ruffian's speech, unable to hear more. With a low cry of anguish, and a countenance pale as death, she reeled into the arms of her maid, and was slowly conducted away towards the ladies' cabin.

"Gone, gone!" she moaned. "My dear Walter has been killed by that fiend! O, God, have mercy upon me! And those pilots, did you see them both, Hetty? This man and the one looking down the companion way a moment ago, both deadly enemies of mine, while professing to be my lovers, and each regarding the other as a rival. Alas, alas, it's wicked, Hetty, but I wish these two wretches would now kill each other on my sole account, I do!"

The maid smiled through her sympathetic tears, and said a great many cheering things to her mistress, declaring that Walter Norwood was young and strong, wary of people he did not like, and sure to take good care of himself if only for her sake—that God is merciful to those who truly love, and that Walter would come out safe in the end, whatever his present peril, and everything else her simple and faithful heart could suggest. More than that, in order to keep her mistress from brooding over her sorrow, Hetty asked her to narrate how the two pilots had cultivated her acquaintance while she was passing to and fro on the river, how they had presumed to ask her hand in marriage, how they had been rejected, how they had both sworn to be revenged, and had become her most wicked and dangerous foes, as well as foes of each other. Thus the mistress and maid conversed about the past, and commenced taking counsel for the future, while a sinister occurrence was preparing between the two pilots, as we shall now duly record.

The first of them, the one we have seen coming aboard of the steamer, on ascending to the upper deck, found himself in the vicinity of his co-laborer and his supposed rival. He had been ashore, taking a number of drams at a liquor-booth on the wharf, and had come off with a flushed face, a lowering brow and bloodshot eyes, all now attesting that he was ready for any deed of violence and blood. Both he and his conferees were men of middle age, brawny-armed and broad-shouldered, rude and rough in disposition, besides having enough of lawless selfishness and unholy passion to seek possession of the colonel's beautiful child. Both professed to have had such a cause of hatred against the father as to answer for any wrong they might show Miss Ada, and so each had resolved in his own base heart that

the first fortunate hour should place her irrevocably in his power.

As the two pilots, after meeting on the upper deck, turned away towards the wheel-house, their eyes met in a cold and malignant glance of bitterness and rivalry.

"Now that the youngster is out o' the way!" said the one we have seen addressing Ada, "the girl shall be mine!"

"No, curse you," was the response, "she shall be mine!"

These brief words were uttered so plainly and determinedly as to be an electric spark applied to all their long-slumbering hate. For a moment they seemed about to rush upon each other, tearing and destroying, like two fierce bloodhounds, but the sharp voice of the captain broke the spell of violence, and they retreated sullenly to their post of duty.

The last box of freight was trundled aboard of the steamer, the last passenger arrived, the fastenings were cast off, the mighty engines commenced their labors, and the Brockville darted away on her flight down the river.

For three hours, and until the arrival of the steamer at the first of the Lachine Rapids, nothing of importance occurred. True, the captain had heard the pilots swearing and recriminating each other at intervals, though not violently enough to forbid a hope that they would get quiet. But, about the time when the Brockville began to feel the force of the rapids, it became evident that something was going wrong in the wheel-house, she veering first one way and then the other, abruptly altering her course several points from the true one, and momentarily threatening to run against some one of the many sanken rocks clustered beside the narrow channel.

"Thunder! what means all this?" inquired the honest captain (who was a new and inexperienced commander) of his clerk, as he started up in his office.

"The pilots must be drunk!" was the reply, as both prepared to visit the wheel-house.

"A fight, they're having a rough and tumble, the pilots are, and the boy's steering," cried somebody on the upper deck. "Look out, there, somebody do something, or we shall be brought up standing!"

Be the trouble whatever it might, it was now plain that trouble had arisen in the wheel-house, or that some accident had happened to the steering apparatus, a general panic almost instantly sped throughout the steamer. A score of men, among them the captain, made their way to the scene of disturbance, when loud and savage cries

and oaths were heard proceeding from the pilots, showing that they were engaged in a deadly struggle.

"Stop them!" cried the captain.

"Shoot them!" said somebody else, and a score of voices made confusion of the attempt to suggest a proper relief.

In the meanwhile the steamer was steering so crazily, and so abruptly poking her nose to the right and left from the only safe channel, that every one familiar with the perils of the rapids seemed paralyzed with horror.

The next instant, amid a volley of oaths, threats, and sounds of a sanguinary encounter, the two combatants, covered with blood, and locked in a furious embrace, reeled out of the wheel-house, still fighting and cursing, the two presenting a most terrible and repulsive picture of the worst passions of man.

But not an instant had Captain Butters to gaze upon the fearful scene. With a crash which shook her timbers to the keel, the huge steamer had been hurled against a sunken rock, and was now going head on towards a black and jagged ledge of rocks just showing itself above the spray and foam dashing so wildly around it.

"Help here, all of you!" cried the captain, as he sprang to the assistance of the pilot-apprentice, a mere boy on his third or fourth trip. "Hard up, hard up! There, so—so! Now meet her. Steady, boy, steady!" And the course of the steamer was sufficiently altered to clear the craggy point, and send her back towards the channel.

"Now for you," was then heard in thunder tones from one of the pilots, the words resounding above the fearful roar of the rapids. "There's your place, my hearty, in yonder foaming abyss! Look there!"

Like lightning the steamer had been plunging down the Upper Chutes, quivering and crashing on its mad way, and now close ahead of her was seen, through the darkness, the Grand Rapids, rushing and spouting, leaping and tumbling, boiling like a vast cauldron, and roaring like a thousand tornadoes.

"There's your next landing, my beauty, ha, ha!" repeated the most powerful of the two ruffians, as both, mangled and bleeding, and still clasped in that deadly embrace, drew nearer and nearer to the steamer's larboard side. "We'll see who has the fair Lady Ada now—ha, ha!"

With one desperate effort, as the Brockville entered upon the dangerous passage, jarring and quivering, amidst the wild roar of the waters, the speaker raised his antagonist bodily in his

strong arms, and sought to hurl him into the foaming abyss. But the latter exerted all of his strength, and the struggle was prolonged for a moment, during which Captain Butters rushed towards the infuriated men, frantically wringing his hands, and crying in agonized tones:

"The Grand Chute! the Grand Chute! I cannot pass it, and the boy knows nothing of the channel. For God's sake, men, give over this foolishness, or the steamer and all of us will be lost. Back to your duty this minute, or it will be too late!"

One moment the combatants had passed, glaring at each other, but only to seize one another again in a more determined grasp, ere the words of the commander were concluded. There followed an interval of fearful exertion on the part of each of the pilots—a shower of oaths and curses, partly lost in the roar of the waters, a hasty rush towards the steamer's side, a wild cry of triumph from one of the desperate wretches, and a moan of despair from the other—and the next moment both went splashing down into the boiling waters, just forward of the wheel, and almost instantly vanished from view forever!

"Lost, lost!" cried Captain Butters, in the voice of a madman, as he rushed frantically here and there. "I know nothing of the channel, in this darkness! We can never pass the Grand Chute!"

And yet how madly that huge fabric was still sweeping on!

"Lost, lost!" repeated a score of horror-stricken voices, in tones ascending wild and high above the roar of the rapids. "A minute more, and we shall be dashed to pieces! For God's sake, is there no one here who can pilot as down?"

Echo was the only reply, as the steamer still swept on with a velocity terrible to feel and to behold.

"There, there! Look at those rocks, that sea of foam shining through the darkness! Heaven have mercy upon our souls now! Help, help!"

Even while these despairing cries were ringing out on the air, a form of more than regal beauty had emerged from the ladies' cabin and hastily, yet gracefully, taken its way to the upper deck. With a night glass grasped firmly in one hand, while the other shook back her jetty curls, and her eyes swept the river and the shores, and took in at a glance the perilous situation of the steamer, Miss Ada looked so courageous and commanding in that moment, that her appearance was hailed as gladly as would have been an omen in the heavens.



"Bear a hand here, half a dozen of you," she cried, in clear and ringing tones, as she bounded to the wheel. "Lively, my hearties, or we are lost!"

The order was instantly obeyed.

"So, so," and she placed her own fair hands to the wheel. "Keep her so—steady, steady!"

Like a very angel did the brave girl appear to the affrighted souls beside her, as she drew a rough pilot coat around her fair shoulders, and calmly gave her orders, amidst the clank of the laboring engines, the roar of the rapids, the shrill notes of the escaping steam, and the voices of hope and thanksgiving on every hand, from many a throat going up a hearty "Thank God! thank God!"

But the peril was not yet passed. Beyond all the dangers the Brockville had encountered, there still remained the greatest of all, the passage of the Grand Chute of the Rapids. Here the bottom and sides of the channel are very jagged, and it is so narrow that a little deviation to the right or left must prove fatal. To the usual shadows of the night was now being added those of a coming snow storm, and the thick mantle of darkness had already thrown its folds so deeply over the scene, that the shores and the rushing waters looked ghostly and indistinct in its gloom.

But the steamer, under the watchful guidance of the maiden pilot, still continued to speed safely on. Peril after peril was passed in rapid succession; black and jagged cliffs left behind; leaping and thundering rapids swiftly traversed; and now the roar of the last chute began to fall chillingly upon the ears of the passengers and crew.

"One peril more," cried a rough voyager, whose form would have been seen to tremble but for the darkness of the hour. "It's that which will use us up, my boys! No mere girl like that can pilot us through the Grand Chute on such a night as this 'ere! Better to ease the engines, and drift gently down to our doom, my boys. Heavens!"

This last exclamation was caused by the ringing of the bell for the engineer to put on more steam. A score of other interjections arose, but the order was obeyed. More furiously clanked the engines, and swifter sped the steamer down the narrow channel, till it seemed as if the shores were flying past with the lightness and unreality of mere mists.

"Heavens!" repeated the voyager, clinging to the bulwarks and peering over the side. "Twenty miles an hour, if a single inch! W-h-e-w! And yet see how calmly and steadily that little angel holds her to it! See how erect she stands!

And see how boldly and confidently she sweeps the channel with her glass! Thunder and lightning—"

Again the voyager suddenly broke off his remarks with an excited exclamation, while the glass fell crashing to the deck from the maiden's hands, and many a voice again gave utterance to a cry of despair.

The cause of this new excitement was visible at a glance. It was seen, just as the steamer reached the middle of the Grand Chute, that a steamer was below the rapids! The glow of her furnace fires coming through the gloom, with a blood-red hue to every eye, while the roar of her escaping steam came stunningly upon every ear.

"My God! We are done for now!" cried the voyager. "What, another ring for more speed? Surely, that little dare-devil can't have seen the vessels below!"

But the eyes of Ada Ridout had seen and comprehended all at a glance. She knew that the commander of the steamer below the rapids had not expected that any one would dare to descend them on such a night, and had accordingly consented to take in tow a couple of schooners which had been disabled in descending, and was just making fast to them. The three vessels were therefore huddled, not exactly in the channel, but close beside it, so near that the slightest swerve of the Brockville would destroy them and herself.

Miss Ridout had realized all the facts in one brief instant, and again rang the bell for more speed. Like some fabulous monster that mighty thing of fire and of noise glowed and thundered down the narrow channel, amid the first puffs of the coming snow storm, the wild strife of the waters, the excited exclamations of her passengers and crew, and the still more agonized cries proceeding from the decks of the helpless vessels below.

On one side were the tall and jagged cliffs, rearing themselves high above the sunken rocks which formed the shore of the river, while on the other lay those helpless vessels, every moment surging out from the shore towards the channel, between the two appearing a narrow and boiling tide of water, as the only avenue of the steamer's escape from an instant and fearful destruction.

On swept the Brockville, like some huge bird, strongly and steadily in its terrible speed, for there was not only a pilot's knowledge, but a woman's noble heroism presiding at the wheel. Down the foaming chute, with a flashing and a roaring almost unearthly in its wildness, sped the endangered steamer, and soon she was within

her length of the clustered vessels below, now in an awful silence waiting their doom.

"Port!" came in a smothered cry from one of them, as a raking glance showed that a collision of the steamers was inevitable, at the end of that dangerous passage, so much had the freighter surged out into the channel. "You are running us down!"

Not a word escaped the maiden's lips, as she measured the distance between the rocks on the one side, and the freighter on the other, and took an exact middle course between them. A moment of anxious suspense succeeded, an interval of freezing silence, and then, seemingly a volcanic monster of life amid all that strife and motion around her, the Brockville, with a single wild crash, sped past the stranger, carrying away its larboard wheelhouse and part of the wheel, but with no especial injury to either of the hulls.

A wild cry of wonder, of admiration and joy, arose from more than two hundred throats, as the maiden pilot rang the bell for the engines to cease working, the huge fabric trembling a moment in the surges, then passing into the clear water below the rapids, becoming perfectly safe!

"Three times three for the maid of the Rapids!" cried the voyager, dancing joyfully around the deck, and the cheers were given with a will.

And then, as all eyes were turned towards the stranger steamer, a boat was seen pushing off from her, bearing two men who came aboard of the Brockville. The first was Walter Norwood, the lover of our heroine, and the other her father, both of whom had been prevented from joining her as intended by reasons we need not record.

A week after this happy re-union, in one of those fine old mansions on Bayard Street, Montreal, there was a joyous union of fates and fortunes which endures to this day. The portrait of the maid of the Rapids hangs in the *Académie des Arts*, in that city, but is not more likely to perpetuate her heroism than the grateful remembrance of those scores of souls whom she rescued from destruction on that awful night when she became a fatal bone of contention to the RIVAL PILOTS.

#### OUR COAL-FIELDS.

Professor Rogers, after showing the areas and solid contents of the various known coal-fields, estimates that, at the present rate of consumption (100,000,000 of tons per annum), the coal-fields of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for 8164 years. If the consumption were doubled, viz., 200,000,000 of tons, the great Appalachian field would meet the strain for 6937 1-2 years. If it were quadrupled, viz., 400,000,000, the productive coal-fields of North America would suffice for the world's supply for 10,000 years yet.

#### A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident actually occurred on board of a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-of-war's man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until he learned to run aloft. The poor fellow's legs and arms trembled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman captain for God's sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder, and harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust. His clothes were rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, "Lay on, boatswain's mate!"

With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the pennant which streamed from the masthead. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came up to see him—his cries and cruel treatment had already enlisted their sympathy, and, if possible, had increased their hatred of the captain.

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the *cat*, properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive that the boy might destroy himself, and the circumstance be used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelty had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not to be seen speaking to one another—it was a flogging offence; even at night spies passed under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter-deck, occasionally casting their eyes aloft, but were as silent as the men. Still the boy clung to the masthead, playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below. Tired with gazing aloft, the captain sung out through the speaking-trumpet, "Down from aloft! Down!"

The boy sprang upon the truck at a bound, and raising himself erect, waved his cap around his head; then, stretching his arms out, gave a wild, laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet, expecting to see the boy dashed in pieces on deck; but when clear of the shade of the sails, he saw him sliding along the main royal stay towards the foretopgallant masthead, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the masthead in safety, and then descended along the top-gallant backstay hand-over-hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at the mouth and nose; his eyes seemed starting out of his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions, staining it with the blood which

still trickled from his back. He was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his bodily health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night, the fiercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them—he did as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, "Away aloft," he was off, and never paused until he reached the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and, in the course of a year, sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillared columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge nor pleasure could be traced to its stolid outline. His eyes stared at everything without appearing to see, and, when he spoke, there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain's mate, he ran up the main rigging, screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he had performed the first evolution, which had made him a maniac.

As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be docked and refitted. The captain, availing himself of the leisure, was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth-deck among the men, who cursed him and all his kin. His servant came on board of the hulk where the men were lodged, the evening when the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening and where? The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about his business.

That night, while the captain was undressing, he was seized by the throat and dragged to the bridal bed. "Look, fair lady, on me," said Crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you. Look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason; I hold him within the grasp of death, at the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me, poor Crazy Joe! and of the hell to which I send you! Die, wretch, die!"

When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found lying alongside of the bridal bed; but the maniac who killed him was

never recognized afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitement passed away. The lady stated at the time, and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with the right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she attempted to raise an alarm. His face was pale and deathlike, his eyes started, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description—death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alliance.—*London Nautical Magazine.*

#### AFRICAN VILLAGERS.

In well nigh every village we saw men spinning cotton, while others were weaving it into strong cloth, in looms of very simple construction. Both spinning and weaving are very tedious processes. They are all anxious to trade. The women were often up all night, grinding their corn to sell to us. One village we passed without halting. The inhabitants followed us, calling upon our guide to return to trade with them. As a last argument they shouted, "Are we to have it said that white people came to our country and we did not see them?" They are by no means teetotallers. Large quantities of beer are manufactured by them, and they are as fond of it as our people are of whiskey. The chief of a village almost always presented us with a pot of beer. We passed a village one day, and saw a large party of men sitting smoking in the public square, who did not seem at all communicative. After resting a little under a tree a short distance from them, they sent us a calabash of beer to see if we were friends, which was to be manifested by our partaking of it. We saw many partially intoxicated people—tipsy chiefs—and even members of the learned professions get "a little elevated at times." A native doctor, with his cupping-horn hanging round his neck, who had evidently been making some deep porations, came out and scolded us severely—"Is this the way you enter a man's village, without sending him word that you are coming?" Entering a hut, he came out staggering under a large pot of beer.—*Mr. Charles Livingston (in a letter to Mr. William Logan, Glasgow.)*

#### AGE.

What is age  
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease  
For all men's wearied miseries!—and to rob  
That of her ornament, it is accursed  
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,  
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.

MESSINGER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A WELCOME TO SPRING.

BY LILIAN BOWEN.

Whose breath is this, stealing along on the gales?  
 Whose sigh is this, coming from flower-lighted vales?  
 Gentle Spring!

Whose odors are these, like the twilight rain  
 On the jasmine flowers that cover the plain?  
 Thine, gentle Spring!

Who lightens the fangs on our northern pine?  
 Who gives the pale gems to the Mayflower vine?  
 Gentle Spring!

Who glides o'er the moss with an emerald hue?  
 Who wakes the young violets starry and blue?  
 Thou, gentle Spring!

Who hangs the long tassels o'er birchen trees gay?  
 Who breathes through the tamarack boughs in their play?  
 Gentle Spring!

Who calls the bright flowers of crimson and gold,  
 O'er the gnarled maple boughs all mossy and old?  
 Thou, gentle Spring!

Who blows on the willow buds silvered with down,  
 And tinted leaves start from their coverings brown?  
 Gentle Spring!

Who calls up the odors dark green and rank,  
 And the blue flags gay from the meadows dank?  
 Thou, gentle Spring!

All hail! thou 'st awakened the rannel and stream,  
 Brought birds, and flowers, and sunshine gleam,  
 Lovely Spring!

The herds are leaping on a thousand hills,  
 Trampling down flowers by the winding rills:  
 Hail, gentle Spring!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FALSE ORACLE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

SEVERAL years ago, not long after the Frenchman Daguerre astonished the world by the production of his *sun pictures*, and when dollars were given as freely as cents are now-a-days for a daguerreotype with not half the embellishment and finish of the plainest which now appear in the show-cases at every street-corner—two young persons might have been seen—not riding on horseback down a steep hill—but emerging from the shop of an itinerant daguerreotypist, who had temporarily set up his tent in the most fashionable part of one of the most populous towns in the interior of the Province of Ulster, in the North of Ireland. Of course they had been to have their portraits taken in the new style, which had caused so much wonder and excitement, that some superstitious people declared that the practice was uncanny, and that its professors invoked the aid of the evil one, to enable them to work such miracles.

A brief record of the conversation that passed between the youthful couple, will enable the reader to understand the positions in which they stood towards each other, after which I will proceed with my story.

"It's wonderful—astounding!" exclaimed the young woman—young lady, I *should* say, for her manners, voice and attire all showed that she belonged to the upper crust of society—"Do you think the likeness good, Edward?"

"Very good indeed, Emily, only not half handsome enough," was the reply of the youth, who was attired in a sort of naval uniform, only in place of the crown and anchor which appear on the navy button, the device on those which ornamented the young sailor's coat-sleeves was a lion rampant, in heraldic parlance, above a single fowl-anchor. "Not half handsome enough," he repeated. "One might imagine you were stationed in the maintop of an Indianman, on the lookout for land. You seem to be gazing into vacant space, and the expression of the features is too thoughtful."

"It is my fault, Edward," said the young girl. "I did look thoughtful—I cannot help thinking of your approaching departure. Have you thought of what we were speaking about last night? It is not yet too late. What need have you to go to sea? Edward, dear, I have a strange presentiment of forthcoming evil. Don't sail on this voyage, for my sake, Edward?"

"I must, Emily," responded the young man. "I should be ashamed to resign my appointment at the last moment, and you know the Mozambique sails ten days from to-day. My resignation would be attributed to cowardice, I should become the laughing-stock of my friends and shipmates, and you would not wish that. I shall return in twelve months, and then you know you are to become my wife, and I promise to give up the sea forever. Is it not sufficient," he laughingly added, "that I voluntarily give up the profession I love so well, for the sake of such a little thing as you, whom I love so much better? Would you have me break my promise to the captain, and expose myself to ridicule and contempt, without having any reason to give for my fickleness?"

"Not so, Edward," replied the young woman, "you know I would not; but I don't know why, I never felt so in my life before when you were about to sail—but now, something within me seems to forebode approaching evil. I shall be wretched all the time you are away. I shall dream of storms and shipwrecks, and every time the wind blows heavy, I shall fancy you are exposed to its fury, and in a position of peril. I

wish there was no such thing as the sea. I cannot conceive how any one who is not obliged to follow it for a livelihood, can take delight in passing day after day in the midst of discomfort and peril. To me it is inexplicable."

The young man laughed merrily.

"Emily, you little coward," he said, "you deserve to be indicted for libel, for giving the sea such a character. Why, you never saw salt water in your life. I am going to sail for the East Indies, and sometimes the sea during such a voyage is smooth as a mill-pond, and the wind so light that it would scarcely move one of your own long, silken tresses. Come, cheer up. Let us look forward to the happiness that awaits us on my return. You have not told me what you think of my portrait."

"It is very like you," said the young woman. "The smile upon your lips is so natural! I shall often look upon it while you are absent, and fancy you are present in your own person."

"Not oftener than I shall look at your picture," returned the young man, "though I wish it did not look so sad. Emily," he continued, smiling at the conceit, "an idea has just struck me, by which you may learn to overcome your foolish fears. Look at the portrait every day, and as long as it appears happy and smiling as it does now, believe that I am also well and happy."

"I will," replied the young woman, smiling in spite of herself at the notion; "but," she added, "should sickness or trouble overtake you, I am afraid the portrait would prove a false oracle."

Edward S—— and Emily G—— (the story I am about to relate, is true in regard to its main facts, and therefore I shall not give the full names, since the relatives and friends of both are still living), had known each other from childhood. Edward S—— was an orphan, whose parents had died when he was an infant, leaving him heir to a large property, and in charge of a guardian, until he completed his twenty-first year. At the period when my story opens, he still lacked six months of that age. As a mere child he had possessed an irresistible desire to go to sea, and at the age of fifteen his guardian had, at his own earnest request, exerted his influence to obtain for him an appointment as midshipman in the Honorable East India Company's service, in which service he had already risen to the rank of second mate, a position at that period as honorable and much more lucrative than that of an officer of the corresponding rank in the royal navy. He, as well as Emily, was a native of a large city in the interior of Ireland, and thus it happened, as he had expressed himself, that Emily had never seen the sea.

The parents of Emily G—— were living, and in wealthy circumstances. They were aware of the young man's partiality to their daughter, and had given their consent to the marriage of the young couple, as soon as Emily had completed her eighteenth year—she was at this period just seventeen—on condition that the young man should quit the sea-service, and settle down on his estate, which adjoined their own.

It would be futile to attempt to explain the causes which tend to a reciprocity of affection between two young people of opposite sexes. There is something within us which attracts us to those who possess the qualities which we feel conscious we most lack. As a general rule we seem to like contrasts, either in our love or hate. No two persons could be more unlike, mentally or physically, than Edward S—— and Emily G——. Edward was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered, light-haired, blue-eyed, muscular, yet withal, handsome young fellow, who laughed at the idea of fear, and who would at any time have volunteered to lead a forlorn hope by land or sea, for the mere excitement of the thing. Morally, he was straight-forward, honest and impetuous, but as devoid of anything like sentiment as it were possible for a youth of fair education and good family, used in early life to refined society, to be. What could have led him to love Emily—and, to tell the truth, he almost worshipped her—puzzled everybody; for Emily, though a very pretty girl, was slight and delicate, silent and reserved, and, as most young men of her acquaintance said, cold, impassive and immobile, possessing none of those little sympathetic enthusiasms so charming in her sex. Her complexion was a clear olive, her eyes dark, and her hair thick, wavy, and black as night—but those large, dreamy eyes of hers, though actually cast down and curtained beneath her long, silky eyelashes, were, when her feelings were awakened, full of inexpressible tenderness. I have known her, when listening to a tale of woe, to sit silent and apparently heedless, while the young girls of her acquaintance were loud in their exclamations of sympathy. I have seen little subscriptions got up, impromptu, to assist some poor creature recently widowed; some laborer lamed by accident, and having a wife and children dependant upon him for support; or some poor orphaned child; and all bestowed their dole with looks of tender pity. Emily would seem to draw within herself, and give nothing—not even a kind word—and her friends thought her heartless! But the next day, or if the case were pressing, the same night, while those who had been profuse with sympathies and liberal in



donations, which after all were unfelt by them, Emily might have been found, a patient watcher by the bedside of the sufferer, seeing that not only he or she, as the case might be, should want for nothing that money or the gentlest sympathy could provide, but that the children dependent upon them should lack no necessity or comfort. I have known her to sit up night after night by the bedside of a poor sufferer of her own sex, not only dispensing earthly comfort, but praying for her and with her, and thinking no privation too great for her so long as it could afford her bodily or mental relief. And from these missions of angelic—no, of pure womanly love—she would return by stealth, fearful lest her charity should be known and blazoned forth before the world. This was the young girl whom her companions called heartless; this was she who had given to the handsome young sailor lad a love as fond and true and unselfish as was his for her.

Singular presentiments come over us all sometimes, for which we can in no way account. As I have said, Emily G—— had never seen the sea in her life; but her imagination, probably kindled by reading in early life of some terrible calamity at sea, had pictured the ocean as a place of eternal storm, of waves rolling mountain high, and never in a state of quitude; of dreariness and desolation in its wide expanse, and of shipwreck and death on its rockbound shores, and something whispered to her that her betrothed lover would surely meet with some terrible mishap, if, indeed, he ever returned to her, if he proceeded on this *last* voyage.

Had her parents not resolutely insisted upon her waiting until she had completed her eighteenth year, before they would give their consent to her marriage, she would have overcome the reserve of innocent maidenhood, and have offered at once to become Edward's wife, if then he would have consented to remain at home. Once she told him this in innocent confidence, and the young man had tenderly replied:

"That indeed would be a temptation too strong to resist, dear Emily; but, alas, neither my guardian nor your parents would consent to such a plan."

So the day drew near when Edward was to leave Ireland and rejoin his ship in the East India docks, in London. He bade good-by to Emily and her only sister, a child of ten years of age, with forced calmness, for though he dreaded no unforeseen evil, her low spirits had naturally a depressing effect upon him. But he assumed a gaiety he did not feel, and, like most people who have little but what is practical in their nature, be-

ing pleased with the poetic ideas which had seized him when conversing about the daguerreotype, he said, as he gave her a farewell kiss:

"Remember, Emily, darling, I leave a talisman behind me. Look daily at my portrait, and so long as it smiles upon you, be sure that I am well and happy as I can be when absent from you; and believe that I shall carry your portraits in my bosom and study it at every moment of leisure."

Emily's little sister came to bid farewell to her favorite Edward. It only wanted a fortnight to her birthday, when she was to give a grand child's party.

"I am sorry, Carry, that I can't accept your kind invitation to your party," he said, as he lifted the child in his arms and kissed her; "but I give my birthday present beforehand." And he presented the little girl with a doll and baby-house, and bade her be a good child and take care of Emily in his absence, and he would bring her a handsome present from India.

He set forth for London, and two days after his arrival the Indiaman sailed.

Emily, with all her dreamy thoughtfulness, was not given to superstition, yet—we all *will* do such silly things—she felt as if there was some reality in what Edward had jestingly said respecting his portrait, and day after day, and every hour in the day, she gazed upon the daguerreotype, and felt a secret comfort in the handsome, smiling, cheery aspect of her absent lover.

A week had elapsed since the departure of the Mozambique, and the day was at hand when little Carry was to give her child's party to commemorate the attainment of her tenth birthday. The children of all the gentry for miles around were invited, and many of the children of the more respectable of the tenants also received invitations. It was to be quite a grand affair, and Emily was so much occupied in assisting her mother to prepare for this occasion, that she had little time to brood over her grief at Edward's absence. It was a fortunate thing in that regard, that the party was to come off at this particular time.

The day before the party was to meet, Counsellor Darcey, Edward's guardian, who being a friend of the G——s, had received and accepted an invitation to attend, was sitting at breakfast, enjoying the perusal of the morning paper, just fresh and damp from the press. Naturally the departure of his ward on a long voyage only a few days before, drew his attention to the shipping intelligence; and in the hope of seeing some notification that the Mozambique had been spoken by some vessel inward bound, off the

Lands-end, or in the Chops of the Channel, he turned to the columns appropriated to furnishing such intelligence. Suddenly the hand which held the newspaper dropped on his knees, and he let fall the dry toast with which he was toying in the other hand, while the exclamation—

"Good God! can it be true? Poor boy—poor boy!" escaped his lips.

The little paragraph which caused the discomfort, ran as follows:

"SHOCKING INTELLIGENCE!—We regret to report the sad intelligence received by the barque *Eleanor*, of Bristol, arrived at Portsmouth, homeward bound from Jamaica, of the supposed total loss by fire of the Honorable East India Company's ship *Mozambique*. The *Mozambique*, it will be recollected, sailed from the Downs on Monday night last, for Bombay, Calcutta, and Canton, with a cargo of immense value, and several passengers for Bombay. The *Eleanor* saw a large vessel answering the description of the *Mozambique* in every particular, entirely enveloped in a sheet of flame which reached the height of her royal-mast-heads, on Thursday, at midnight. Bore down to her as closely as possible without imperilling the safety of the barque; but while lying to at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the magazine of the burning vessel exploded, blowing her to fragments. Several timbers of large size were hurled aloft, apparently to twice the height of a ship's mast-heads, and fell so near the *Eleanor* as to risk that vessel's safety. After the explosion the master of the *Eleanor* hove to, and lay off and on near the scene of the explosion till daylight, in hopes to save such of the crew or passengers as might have taken to the boats for safety. But though the weather was fine and the sea very smooth, no sign of a boat was seen. It is feared that every soul on board the unfortunate vessel perished. At noon, on Friday, conceiving it useless to remain longer searching for those who it was hoped might have escaped with their lives, the master of the *Eleanor* made sail and came to anchor in Portsmouth roads, on Saturday, at ten o'clock, A. M."

"Poor boy—poor boy!—poor creatures! Ah, poor Emily!" Counsellor Darcey sat perfectly still, as if paralyzed, the newspaper still resting on his knees, his breakfast unheeded, repeating in parrot-like manner these and similar exclamations. Suddenly a faint gleam of hope enlivened his features. He raised the newspaper again to re-peruse the paragraph.

"It may not have been the *Mozambique*, after all," he said. "The paragraph says a large vessel resembling the *Mozambique*. All Company's ships are much alike, and three have sailed for India within the fortnight. The wind has hung at the southwest, too. None of them could have more than got clear of the channel."

This faint, and it must be confessed, somewhat selfish hope—for, like most people in such circum-

stances, Mr. Darcey thought more of the one life of his young ward and favorite, than of those of the whole three ships' crews and passengers besides—was soon dashed to the ground, for lower down in the same column, he read the following *addendum*:

"It is ascertained that the *Indiaman* seen on fire, and seen afterward to explode, by the master and crew of the *Eleanor*, and supposed to have been the *Mozambique*, as recorded above, was indeed that magnificent vessel. Late on Saturday, the pilot-boat *Skimmer* of the Seas came into Portsmouth, and reports having picked up several pieces of charred and floating wreck, among them a washboard and a ship's fire-bucket, having the words '*Mozambique of London*' painted thereon. The crew of the pilot-boat fell in with no boats or rafts from the burnt vessel, though she was cruising near and over the ground for twenty-four hours, and the reflection of the flames and the noise of the explosion were seen and heard on board. We fear it is too true that every soul on board the ill-fated *Indiaman* has perished."

Again Mr. Darcey dropped the paper on his knee and repeated to himself: "How shocking!" Then he began to consider how best to act.

"I am to start by the mail for A—," he soliloquized, "at ten, P. M. To-night is Carry's party, and I have promised to attend. It seems a cruel mockery to allow the party to proceed under these terrible circumstances, for every grown person and child who will be there knows poor Edward S—. I have no mind to go, and yet it is better that I should. They won't hear the news to-night, but to-morrow it will be in the A— Semi-weekly Journal, which the G—s take. Poor little Emily! should she chance to come upon it suddenly, it will kill her instantly—she'll drop as if she were shot! I know her well. O dear! O dear! what a shocking thing! Still, there is hope. There is always hope until the certainty is known. Boats have been known to put off from burning vessels, and have not been seen or heard of for a week. Of course, they'd get as far from the burning ship as possible, anticipating the explosion. Had I best go down and hint the possibility of an accident quietly to Emily—choosing my time, and by degrees—and after assuring her that there may be hope, tell her all? Or is it best to leave her to find it out herself? The first plan is the better of the two, though I don't like the task; but, as I have said, if she sees it suddenly, without previous preparation, it will kill her, poor child! Perhaps they may have already heard of it, though that's not likely. I'll go at any rate. Dear me, dear me, how shocking! 'In the midst of life we are in death.' 'Man that is born

of woman hath but a short time to live.' 'Though the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, he is cut down'—no that's not it—besides, Edward wasn't wicked, as human nature goes."

And thus soliloquizing, intermingling somewhat garbled, but what he considered appropriate texts of scripture, the good natured but somewhat eccentric counsellor rang for his servant, and retiring to his dressing-room, commenced to make preparations for his sad journey—his anticipated pleasure turned to anxiety and pain.

All was gaiety and pleasing enjoyment at the seat of Patrick G——, Esq., near the city of A——, county Armagh, when Counsellor Darcey, who had alighted from the stage at a cross-road, half a mile from the dwelling, entered the house. Many of the young folks had already arrived, some of the youngest accompanied by nursery-maids, and every few minutes a fresh carriage stopped at the gate of the park, and discharged a happy juvenile band. Invitations had been issued to sixty children, and, as many were accompanied by their parents, these, with the nurses and other guests, raised the number to considerably over a hundred. Every conceivable plan had been adopted to provide for the entertainment of the juveniles, both in and out of doors. Swings had been erected in the park; ball-alleys had been formed; kites, hoops, bats and balls, leaping-poles—in fact, everything that could be thought of, had been provided in profusion. Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees, to be lighted at night; a miniature stage had been erected and scenery hired for the occasion, from the theatre at A——. Nothing that it was thought would afford pleasure and variety of entertainment to the children was wanting, while indoors a large hall had been prepared for dancing, and a band of music hired. There was also a large room appropriated for the display of a huge magic-lantern, the exhibition of which was to close the festival; and, as many of the children had never seen a magic-lantern, this spectacle was looked forward to with a kind of awful curiosity.

The supper tables were abundantly supplied with dainties and fruits of every description and amply garlanded with flowers. Such a juvenile entertainment had never been heard of in the neighborhood before, and the grown folks were almost as much excited as the little ones. The park had the appearance of a fair-ground. Servants were bustling about in all directions, and amidst them were seen Mrs. G—— and Emily, as busy as bees, issuing orders and superintending the various preparations going forward.

Counsellor Darcey was very fond of children, and at another time he would have entered heart and soul into the spirit of the thing. Now all these preparations for pleasure only increased his anxiety and sadness, and yet he thought it advisable, for the present, to disguise his apprehensions and heart-burnings. He was speedily pressed, with Mr. G—— and other gentlemen, into the ladies' service, and sad as he was at heart, was soon as busy as those around him.

"Ah," he sighed, "as yet they have heard nothing, poor creatures! Poor Emily, little does she anticipate the sad tidings in store for her! But I will not spoil the party. 'Sufficient for the hour is the evil thereof.' I will say nothing till I speak to Emily alone, at night."

Emily had grieved sorely over the departure of her lover, and scarcely an hour had passed that she had not "consulted her oracle," as she called it; slipping away to her own room to look at Edward's portrait on each occasion, with a kind of feverish apprehension lest she should find the smile had faded away from the well-formed lips. For though she laughed at the superstition, and knew it was folly, she really had attached an involuntary importance to Edward's playful remark. Have we not all of us been as foolish at one time or other of our lives?

But the portrait had smiled as cheerfully and lovingly as ever, and now to-day she was so busy that her cheerfulness had returned, and perhaps for the first time since Edward had left, she had, for a few moments at a time forgotten him. The counsellor sighed bitterly as he watched her flitting to and fro, stopping now and then for a few moments to greet some new arrival, or to caress some little favorite, and thought how soon her renewed cheerfulness would be changed into sorrow and distress, if, indeed, nothing worse occurred. If Edward had really perished, he feared the worst! The entertainments began. The air resounded with the joyous shouts and the merry laughter of the children. Each distinct amusement was brought into requisition by one party or another, and before dark the tea-table was spread upon the lawn, and all partook of the good fare provided for them. Then the Chinese lanterns were lighted, and the house was lit up at the same time. Those who chose to remain out of doors, amused themselves there; those who preferred dancing or indoor amusements adjourned into the house, and soon some scores of little feet were keeping time to the music of the band, while the older folks, unable to resist the temptation, formed sets of quadrilles, or polkaed among themselves. Even the counsellor found himself compelled to dance with Emily, in

order to conceal his low spirits, which had already caused much comment. As yet he had not been able to raise his courage sufficiently to hint anything to his young favorite, though he had more than once advanced towards her with that intention, but the words he intended to utter stuck in his throat. His was, perhaps, the only heavy heart in that large and happy assemblage.

And now the crowning entertainment of the evening, the exhibition of the magic-lantern, was to take place. The room was darkened, with the sole exception of the smallest possible jet of gas. The darkness increased the mystery, and even added to the terror felt by some of the younger children. A large sheet on which to reflect the figures, was drawn across the farther end of the apartment, and chairs and forms were closely ranged, for all who desired to witness the performance to seat themselves upon.

While these preparations were being made, Emily, for the first time since morning, stole up stairs, in order to have a peep at Edward's portrait. Her conscience seemed to reproach her for having allowed anything to cause her to forget, even for a few hours, him, whom her imagination pictured as battling with continuous storms and tempests, and all sorts of perils—the more terrible because she was so perfectly ignorant of the sea and all belonging to it, save what she had learned by reading, or had heard from Edward—and without any intention of alarming her, Edward, like most sailors, old or young, when called upon to relate his experience on the salt sea-wave, had been prone to tell stories of old ocean in its wrath and might, rather than in its more smiling moods, and, perhaps, in order to add to the dramatic effect, and increase the wonder of his auditors, to "draw the long bow," and indulge somewhat in exaggeration.

The visage of the hearty, handsome, blue-eyed, curly-haired sailor, gaily attired in the uniform of the Honorable East India Company's marine, looked happy and smiling as ever, and after pressing her lips to it, Emily restored it to its hiding-place, and returned to her company. Her short absence had, however, been remarked, and as her engagement to Edward, and her possession of his daguerreotype was no secret, she was rallied upon the cause of her leaving the room.

Reserved and retiring as she was by nature, she was not one to be ashamed of her love, or to pretend indifference, coyness or prudery, when once she had given her heart into her lover's keeping, and with a charming blush, which made her look truly beautiful, she confessed to the object of her visit. As I have said, nearly every one present had known Edward &—, though a good many

of the grown people who had come from a distance, had not seen the young man since he entered the company's service.

A desire was expressed to see the portrait, and Emily readily consenting, brought it down stairs, and with a mixture of diffidence and pride, exhibited it to her friends. Most recognized the features, all admired the portrait—and while a group of persons were still looking at it, the whole party were summoned to see the magic-lantern. The fears of the younger children soon gave way to loud mirth, as one after another, the grotesque, highly-colored figures were passed in review across the white sheet which served for a disc. Mr. Darcey had watched an opportunity to seat himself by the side of Emily, quite in the rear of the rest of the company, for he could not find it in his heart to witness the color fly from her cheek, and at the least, anxiety and alarm take the place of her innocent joyousness; yet, time was passing away apace. The morrow would bring the dreaded newspaper, and with it the shock which the counsellor wished to deaden, and at the same time inspire the poor girl with hope that Edward had escaped in one of the boats and was safe, and would soon be heard from, or perhaps would return to his home. He knew nothing of Emily's singular presentiment of evil, or he would have found the difficulty of his position enhanced. As it was, there was no time to lose; the company would soon disperse; so he, somewhat coward-like, chose the darkness of the room, and the abstraction of the host and guests, to give her the hint he desired.

The young man to whom the magic-lantern belonged, had exhausted most of his more comic figures and scenes, and he now requested the musicians to play soft music, and as the strains arose, an expanse of ocean beneath a bright blue sky appeared on the disc, and presently a ship was seen with all sail set, gliding gracefully over the blue water. Then the music changed to harsh, discordant strains—for a moment there was a blank, and then appeared another ship, dismasted and with torn sails, tossed madly to and fro on the stormy billows, while overhead the lightning flashed—and the music gave forth sounds in imitation of squalls of wind, rain and thunder. Emily trembled and shuddered as she gazed. Mr. Darcey noticed her alarm, and forbore as yet to speak.

Again there was a blank, and the next moment, to the accompaniment of a mournful wail from the music, there passed slowly across the disc a scene representing a portion of rocky sea-coast. The heavens were again bright, the sun shining, and the sea calm; but close to the

rocks lay portions of wreck, and on the sandy beach, partially immersed in the water, were seen the bodies of drowned men, their pale faces upturned to the bright sky.

"O, this is horrible!" exclaimed Emily, with a shudder.

"It is but a fancy picture," said Mr. Darcey. "Shipwrecks are rare, and the sea in low latitudes is more often calm, and the sky bright, as in the first scene, than stormy and canopied by clouds."

"Now prepare—prepare—prepare to see a ghost," said the young man, in charge of the magic-lantern. Some of the children uttered screams, more of affected than real terror, and others laughed and bade the ghost "Come on."

A ludicrous scene representing a parcel of country bumpkins flying in terror from one of their comrades, who had wrapped himself in a sheet, and had hoisted above his head a huge scooped turnip, into which a candle had been stuck, which reflected on the face of the turnip the outlines of human features, passed across the disc. The laughter was loud and long—there was little of the terrible in this ghostly exhibition. Emily laughed with the rest, and Mr. Darcey took this opportunity of speaking to her in relation to the subject which had been uppermost in his mind all day.

"Would you be very much frightened, Miss Emily," he commenced, "if you were to hear something which might sound to you like bad news?"

Her alarm took the turn he anticipated immediately. She seized his arm, and in a tone of piteous terror, cried out:

"O, Mr. Darcey, you would speak of Edward! Ah, that scene!—the storm, the shipwreck, the drowned men! Edward has been wrecked. Tell me—tell me all! I felt, I knew that evil was hovering over us!"

"You are mistaken, dear Emily," said the counsellor. "I do not know that harm has happened to Edward, and—and—there are other dangers to be met with at sea, besides shipwreck."

"O, tell me—tell me—he is drowned—he is dead—tell me! Do not—O do not keep me in suspense!" cried the agonized girl.

"I have not said—I do not know that Edward has suffered harm," replied Mr. Darcey. "To be sure, an accident is reported, but—"

"Prepare—prepare to see a second ghost," cried the young man, who guided the magic-lantern, assuming a sepulchral tone of voice.

Mr. Darcey was hesitating how, after all, he should hint to Emily the possibility of accident having happened to her lover, and at the same time inspire her with hope, when the outlines of

a gigantic human head began to show themselves on the disc, gradually becoming more distinct, till the ghastly, pallid features were clearly visible. A sense of terror affected all who gazed upon it. And now, as it appeared perfectly distinct, Carry gave utterance to a scream, and said:

"O, it is Edward—it is Edward!"

Others immediately recognized the features, Mr. Darcey among the rest. The head was larger than life; it was of gigantic size. The complexion was pale as marble, and the features were slightly distorted, but they were unmistakably those of Edward S—.

Counsellor Darcey said afterwards, that at that moment he felt assured in his own mind that Edward had really perished, although he could not account for the strange apparition on the disc. But there was other matter to call the attention of all from the mummery of the magic-lantern. On seeing the terrific figure which represented the features of her lover, pale and distorted in the agonies of death, immediately after Mr. Darcey had uttered his warning words, Emily had arisen from her seat, and stood for a moment erect and rigid as a statue. Then, with a fearful shriek which long rung in the ears of those who heard it, she fell senseless, lifeless to the floor. All was confusion and consternation. The lights were turned on, and sympathizing spectators gathered around the lifeless form of the poor girl, who was lifted from the floor and carried to a sofa. The young man who had conducted the magic-lantern, came forward with the rest.

"I am very, very sorry," he said. "I meant no harm. It was intended as a joke. I did not anticipate this. I thought to amuse, and perhaps for a moment to terrify the company by exhibiting the reflection of Edward S—'s daguerreotype on the disc. I took it up unperceived, and placed it in the slide of the lantern—I never expected this."

His explanations were, however, unheeded. All were too busy in endeavoring to resuscitate the unfortunate Emily. But their endeavors were useless. She lay rigid and motionless—a slight palpitation of the heart alone told that she was not dead. The lately happy party dispersed, all save one or two intimate friends, and two physicians, who were among the guests. All through the night Emily lay in this condition, showing no signs of returning animation.

In the morning the expected newspaper came and brought the intelligence of the burning and explosion of the *Indiaman*, but long before that Mr. Darcey had told the sorrowful story, and though the cause of the strange apparition was

known to have been the unpardonable practical joking of a comparative stranger, all who heard the story were fully impressed with the belief that the young sailor had perished.

Throughout the day Emily lay in the same condition. The physicians shook their heads and said that the poor girl's nerves had received such a shock that her vital system was destroyed. It was not likely that she would ever recover. The distress of her parents may be conceived; but the counsellor, much as he loved and pitied her, thought secretly that it was perhaps all for the best. If she awoke to consciousness and heard the intelligence of the loss of the Indian-man, he was satisfied that a relapse would occur, and death ensue.

So passed the dismal day, but just at nightfall a carriage drove up the avenue and stopped at the door. There came a ring at the bell. The door was opened by a servant, and the next moment all present in the room where Emily lay, started at the appearance of what they believed to be Edward's ghost. But it was no ghost, it was the young man himself! He had escaped in one of the boats from the burning ship, with most of the passengers and crew. As a matter involving their own safety, they had got as quickly as they could, as far as possible from the burning wreck, anticipating the explosion. The wind and current had carried them over toward the French coast, and two days elapsed ere they were able to make a port in the British Channel. Fearing the effect of the intelligence on Emily, Edward had immediately started for Ireland, but he only arrived to find her whom he loved dearer than life, already, as it were, in the cold embrace of death. His own feelings I dare not attempt to describe. I leave this to the imagination of my readers. He stood, too much agonized with grief to shed a tear, over the couch of the unconscious girl, who since the fatal shock had not shown the faintest sign of returning animation. Only once, as he held her cold hand, he raised his voice in a wail of intense grief and called her by name. To the surprise of every one, she opened her eyes, and recognizing her lover, smiled with an expression of ineffable joy.

"Emily!" he cried again—"Emily, speak, love—speak, my own darling. Say that you know me—that you will recover for my sake!"

The lips of the dying girl moved tremulously, but for some moments no words were audible. Edward bent his head and placed his ear close to her lips. Then he heard her murmur:

"Edward, dearest, my love, my husband, you did not expect me so soon, but I could not live on earth without you."

The lips ceased to move. There was a slight convulsive tremor of the frame, and the spirit of the loving girl passed away to Him who gave it! Then Edward gave full vent to the long-suppressed grief which was consuming him, and throwing himself upon the bosom of the pale corpse, beautiful in death, he wept long and loud, tears of the bitterest anguish!

From that hour he was a changed man, his once high spirits had departed forever. He quitted the Honorable Company's service, and took up his abode on his estate, contiguous to that of Mr. G——. But he avoided all society, and appeared to have retained no feelings in common with his fellow-men. Day after day he might have been seen, in all weather, lingering for hours in moody silence, over the tomb of his betrothed in A—— churchyard.

At length this life of inactivity became insupportable, and the death he really prayed for would not come. At this period, Sir John Franklin was on the eve of sailing on his last fatal expedition to the Arctic seas. Edward subscribed liberally to the expenses of the expedition, and sought and obtained an appointment as a volunteer officer in the *Erebus*, commanded by the gallant and lamented Sir John Franklin in person.

The expedition sailed, and long ere now the unhappy youth has found the death he craved for in the dreary region of eternal frost, with the rest of the noble band of heroes who perished in the performance of their duties, uncheered by the applause of their fellow-men—dying slowly of starvation one by one, with none to whisper hope or comfort—their corpses left to bleach uninterred, on the spot where they fell to earth and breathed their last breath, their only solace the consciousness that they had died doing their duty to the last! Let us hope, if disembodied spirits are permitted in another world to recognize those whom they loved on earth, that Edward and Emily have met to part no more.

The other day I saw the name of the young sailor honorably mentioned in Captain McClintock's narrative. It recalled the facts I have narrated to my memory, and that is the reason why I have written this touching story.

#### THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the waves of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.—Hood.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

A youthful Indian maiden strayed  
In a lone forest wild;  
And there in nature's solitude  
Her darker hours beguiled.

For sorrow o'er her lonely path  
Its darkened shadows flung;  
And in a sweet and plaintive tone,  
Her own wild lay she sung:

"My father has to battle gone,  
And left me weeping here;  
Alas, no tender mother's voice  
Is heard my grief to cheer!

"But the Great Spirit will protect  
And guide my orphan child!"  
'Twas thus he spoke, in mournful tones,  
And accents sweetly mild.

"I decked him with his wampum belt,  
And wrought his moccasins, too;  
While many a day his boat lay moored  
Within the still bayou.

"He lingered but to bless his child—  
The dearest tie on earth;  
What most could soothe or charm him here  
Was my own childish mirth.

"In hope and fear I bade adieu  
To thee, my darling friend;  
And ever in my daily prayer  
Thy name shall sweetly blend.

"And when thy wanderings all are o'er,  
Thou 'lt seek, with faithful love,  
The image of thy dark-eyed queen,  
Who dwells in realms above."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BROKEN WILL.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

JAMES ROBBINS was old, and dying. Even the rich must lay aside their costly velvet, leave their urgent business, close their eyes upon their merchandize, their broad lands, their yellow gold, and yield to the grim messenger, willing or unwilling. Squire Robbins had found little time to relieve the poor, attend the sick, read his Bible; too busy had he been earning and laying up riches upon earth, but he was obliged to find time to die.

Not that he was miserly or ungenerous; far from it, he was esteemed kind enough in his hurried business way—but he was dying now, so the neighbors said, and shook their heads, while

the physician hinted to him the necessity of his making his will, and the clergyman warned him to make his peace with Heaven.

The family of Squire Robbins consisted of himself and two children, a son of twenty-five, and a daughter perhaps twenty-one years of age, his wife having been dead many years. These two children were in the room when the physician warned the old man he had but a few more hours to live. The son gazed coldly and carelessly from the window, and tapped his foot restlessly upon the velvet carpet, while the daughter busied her face in her hands and wept.

"Don't play the hypocrite, Em," said Harvey Robbins, turning to his sister with a lowering cloud upon his brow, and in a voice perfectly audible to the dying man—then adding in a lower tone, "If you'd tell the truth, you'd say you are as glad as I, that—"

"What, Harvey?" and the girl's clear earnest eyes were raised wonderingly, questioningly, to the young man's face.

"Glad of what?" she repeated, for her brother hesitated.

"That we shall soon be our own master and mistress, since you are so dull to understand; that we will be at liberty to go and come, when we please; and more than all that we shall have the pleasure of spending that which the old man has been so long laying up for our especial use, this many years."

"O, Harvey!"

There was genuine sorrow, anguish, in the girl's voice.

"O, Harvey, to talk so of our poor dear father."

"Might as well say it, as to think it," muttered Harvey Robbins, doggedly.

"But you surely—surely do not think such a thing as that?" questioned Emily, the tears starting afresh down her cheeks.

"O, you're very innocent, Lady Em!" sneered the young man, "you know your fingers ache as well as mine to get possession of the old man's property, only you are too hypocritical to tell the blunt, unpolished truth as I do!"

"You are unkind, Harvey," replied the sister, sadly, again burying her face in her hands. "God judges between us. He knows you have misjudged me."

"Humph!"

Harvey Robbins yawned, and then arose and left the room; the physician gave a few directions to Emily, and then followed the young man down stairs; the two met in a small private apartment on the first floor. Harvey Robbins, after bidding the physician be seated, locked the door, produced two cigars, gave one to Dr. Ryan,

and hit the other himself, gave two or three whiffs, and then said, in a low and guarded voice:

"What do you think, doctor?"

"That he cannot possibly last but a few hours, until midnight I should say at the furthest, and this is—let me see—two o'clock, P. M.?"

"Yes," replied the young man, consulting his gold repeater.

"Has your father made his will?" asked the physician, a little anxiously.

"Yes."

"When?"

"This forenoon at half-past ten, I put him off as long as I could, but—"

"What?"

"He sent unknown to me for an attorney and witnesses, and made the will in spite of my teeth."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how it stands—in whose favor it is made?" questioned the physician, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"No."

"You're a fool, Harvey Robbins," hissed the other from between his shut teeth, "you'll slip out of your rightful property after all, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Where will be the five thousand I am to receive?"

"Perhaps you can guess as well as I," replied the young man, carelessly.

"You are insulting!" said Dr. Ryan, his face crimsoning; "for the part I have taken in this transaction, I was to receive five thousand dollars."

"I have not disputed it—but if I lose, of course you will. Of course you will, doctor, and all you can do will be either to extricate me from the difficulty, and thereby ensure yourself the reward I promised you, or—"

"What?"

"I shall find means to accomplish my ends without you, and I shall pay you nothing, not a red copper, Dr. Ryan!"

"You would fear to defraud me in that manner, Harvey Robbins," returned the other, growing pale with rage.

"Fear?" questioned the young man, snapping his fingers—"fear, Dr. Ryan, not *that*, you are far more in *my* power than I in *yours*!"

For a few moments neither spoke, the physician bowed his head upon his folded hands in thought. Harvey Robbins puffed away at his cigar, perfectly cool and unconcerned; finally the former said in a conciliatory tone:

"Then what do you purpose to do?"

"What I do is my own business, Dr. Ryan."

"O, certainly—certainly."

"You may come in to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. I shall have breakfasted by that time, and then no doubt I shall be prepared to plan a little with you—still then, good afternoon, Dr. Ryan," and the young man opened the door, and bowed the physician from the room.

Harvey Robbins closed the door, and paced slowly up and down the elegant room, with a lowering brow, and a cold, cruel look in his eyes—"Dr. Ryan was right," he said, "I was a fool." Then he went up to the room where his father lay dying. Emily sat near him holding one wrinkled hand in one of her own, and with the other she smoothed the gray damp hair back from the furrowed brow.

"Let me come here, Em," said Harvey, touching his sister upon the shoulder. "I wish you'd go away a few minutes, I want to talk with the old man alone."

"Can I do anything for you, father?" asked the girl, stooping and kissing the white lips of the sufferer.

"Only a sip of water, Emily."

A glass of that cooling and refreshing beverage was held to his lips by the same hand that had smoothed his pillow, and supplied his wants during his entire sickness; for Emily had allowed no stranger to perform these acts of kindness for her sick parent, *love* could so much better suggest and carry out. For more than a week, night and day, this devoted girl had watched over her dying father, regardless of her own weariness—forgetful that her own health was far from good, and that she was growing very pale, and weak, from the constant confinement.

"I have a few words to say to you, father," said the young man, after his sister had left the room; "a few questions to ask you."

The sick man pressed his hands over his eyes, and waited for his son to continue.

"You made your will to-day?"

"Yes," replied the old man, faintly.

"May I ask in whose favor?"

A sudden flush of animation passed over the pale shrunken face, and there was strength and energy in the voice that replied:

"You have been an undutiful son to me, Harvey Robbins; you have brought my gray hairs down to the grave in sorrow; in return for all my kindness to you, you have requited me by disobedience and disrespect, and not one acre of my broad lands, not an eagle of my gold, not the slightest hold on this old homestead will you ever possess. I do not fear to tell you this, Har-

vey Robbins, take the dollar the law allows you, and buy a rope to hang yourself, I care not?"

The old man sank back upon his pillow exhausted.

"And you have made your will to that effect?" asked the son, his black serpent-like eyes glowing and scintillating, his voice hard and cold in its tone. "You have made a will to that effect? Who then, may I ask, is to be your heir or heiress?"

"I might question your right to ask this, Harvey Robbins—but I will tell you; your sister Emily, but for whose tender care I should have lacked for every comfort, *she* is my heiress—and I do not fear to tell you so."

"And I do not fear to tell you such a will can never stand," replied Harvey, a dark, wicked smile illuminating his countenance. "I shall break that will, miserable, old man—I swear it to you—"

"You will?" cried Squire Robbins, energetically, "you will? dare to tell me that again, and I will curse you, bone, blood, sinew; curse you, body and soul, for time, and for eternity!"

For a moment the young man stood irresolute; he did not reply, and the dying man continued:

"The will *shall* stand! dare to break it after I am dead, and as I hope for heaven, I will haunt you until your dying day! I will give you misery and anguish of mind and body, day and night—I will make your friends your enemies—your own kindred shall turn from you. I will haunt your dreams, your waking nights—beware, Harvey Robbins, beware!"

"And I dare your power!" cried the young man, scornfully. "The dead cannot affect the living, change your will or destroy it, or by the powers that be—"

"Then be the curse upon your own head, Harvey Robbins, a curse upon your life, your riches, your dearest hopes—a father's dying curse it is, take it, you have called it down upon your own head!"

*That night Squire Robbins died.*

The next morning Dr. Ryan called according to agreement, and was closeted with Harvey Robbins for an hour in private consultation. At the close of the conference the former departed with a look of satisfied determination; the latter sought his sister whom he found in her dressing-room, and addressed her with more of brotherly tenderness in his tone than he had used for many years.

"I am sorry to see you looking so sad and ill, Em."

The poor girl was indeed looking weary and wan; there were dark heavy semi-circles beneath

her eyes—eyes that were large and unnaturally bright, while her face was very pale, except the spot of crimson that glowed in the centre of either cheek. To her brother's greeting, she replied with a sad smile, and made room for him on the sofa by her side.

"I have been talking with Dr. Ryan," began the young man at length, looking searchingly into the girl's innocent face with his wicked black eyes.

"Have you?" replied the sister, abstractedly.

"Yes—shall I tell you what he said in regard to father's illness?"

"What was it, Harvey?"

"You know Dr. Ryan graduated from one of the first medical colleges at the east?" queried Harvey Robbins, noting closely the expression of the girl's countenance as he spoke.

"Yes."

"Is a skillful practitioner?"

"Termed such, I believe."

"With an experience of some five years?" pursued Harvey, watching his sister's every expression.

"Well?"

"You were satisfied everything was done for our dear father that could be done, Em?" asked the young man, his great black eyes still gazing intently into the girl's face.

"What do you mean, Harvey?" And Emily Robbins worked her hands together uneasily.

"Simply this, Em, that I want to know if you have perfect confidence in Dr. Ryan?"

"Why, yes, of course I have; but what makes you ask, Harvey?"

"Simply this; that Dr. Ryan has informed me of something I had not guessed before, something that at first quite startled me. He did not give me the English name of the disease which he discovered had affected our father, and as I am unacquainted with Latin, I cannot give the name he did. Enough, Em, that if he had lived, he would have been a maniac the rest of his life."

"How very dreadful!" shuddered the girl.

"Yes, indeed. He informed me also that this disease has been working in his system for months, perhaps years, and that he has not been in his right mind, that is to say perfectly sane, during his entire illness."

"And why does he think so?" asked Emily, raising her brown, earnest eyes to her brother's sober face.

"I'm sure I don't know; I never studied medicine, Em, you are aware, and come to think of it, don't you think father appeared rather out of his right mind before he died, especially the last few days?"

"Perhaps he did. Some of the time he talked very curious," said Emily, meditatively.

"Yes, I recollect he did—very strange in fact. Don't you think so, Em?"

"Come to think of it, I don't know but that he did."

"He said a great many things calculated to injure the feelings of the neighbors. Once in particular I remember—you were not in the room, I believe—he fairly ordered some visitors from the apartment. I felt very badly, of course, but what could I do?" said Harvey, falsely.

"Did he really—poor father?" sighed Emily, tears filling her eyes.

"And considering all this, I have thought it would be as well for it to be understood he was out of his right mind during his recent illness, as that was of course the case, and it will save the feelings of a great many whom he almost insulted, for no one could be heartless enough to bear ill-will towards an insane man—you understand, dear Em?"

"Yes."

"And it would be as well for you to mention it while speaking of his illness to any one, that he was delirious most of the time, for as Dr. Ryan says that was the case, of course it must have been."

Emily was a good, kind-hearted girl, and she took but a surface view of things. She did not dream that beneath her brother's words there lay a deep, cunning design in the end to destroy her. She only understood the meaning of her brother's words, not the motive which prompted them.

In due time, the funeral of Squire Robbins took place. It was a grand affair, for neither trouble nor expense were spared upon the occasion, and the overwhelming sorrow of the two young mourners, Harvey Robbins in particular, was noted by those who were present.

"What filial affection!" said the neighbors to each other.

"What an affecting scene—a son weeping so bitterly over a father's remains!" remarked the clergyman.

Harvey Robbins played his part well. Even his sister was a stranger to the extent of his hypocrisy; and yet, as the young man gazed down into the dead face for the last time, had as he was, conscience whispered reprovingly, and his father's curse sounded in his ears like a prophecy, "I will haunt you until your dying day! You shall have misery of mind and of body, both day and night, a curse that will be upon your life, your riches, your dearest hopes—a father's dying curse, Harvey Robbins; you have called it upon your own head!"

It is not necessary for the development of our story that we should minutely describe the days intervening between the funeral of Squire Robbins and the reading of the will, in due time, in open court. Enough to say that the validity of the will of the deceased was contested on the ground of the insanity of Squire Robbins during his illness, to which Dr. Ryan gave in his medical testimony, and as it was not disputed after a formal trial, the will was pronounced null, and the property was equally divided between Harvey Robbins and his sister Emily.

With the curse of a dying father ringing in his ears, the young man rejoiced in his good fortune, as he termed it, and in his secret heart set about a new plan, by which he hoped to come in possession of not only *half* but the *whole* of his father's property. And now follows the strangest part of our story:

One evening Dr. Ryan and Harvey Robbins were closeted in private consultation—the former came at dusk, and did not leave until after eleven o'clock, P. M.

The next morning at breakfast, Emily did not appear. Mrs. Elmer the housekeeper, fearing she was ill, sought her room, but found it vacant, but a note was upon the table, sealed and directed to any one who might desire to read it. And thus the note ran:

"When you read this note I shall be no more. Ever since my father's death an uncontrollable melancholy has been stealing over me, and my existence has become a burden. I am tired of living, and I seek rest in that long sleep that knows no awakening. Farewell.

"EMILY ROBBINS."

Of course the whole neighborhood was aroused, and started out upon a search for the unhappy girl, dead or alive. Mrs. Elmer testified that she had noticed Emily had of late appeared greatly depressed, and that she feared her grief had or soon would overpower her reason, and she believed that had been the case. She said also that she appeared rather more cheerful than usual the evening before her disappearance, that she chatted pleasantly with her brother and Dr. Ryan at the tea-table, at eight o'clock, P. M., retired to her room at nine, complaining of feeling slightly indisposed; that she (the housekeeper) retired to rest between nine and ten o'clock, and slept soundly until five A. M. This was all she knew concerning the subject.

Harvey appeared overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his sister, offered a large reward for the recovery of her remains, if she had indeed committed self-destruction, and himself headed a large company of neighbors, who sought for the unhappy girl.

A bonnet was recognized as belonging to Emily Robbins, a light scarf, and a glove with her name marked in it, and a small shawl she had often been seen to wear, were found upon the bank of a narrow, rapid river, a mile or so distant from the Robbins mansion. The river was dragged, but the body of the girl was not found. The general impression was, that in a fit of melancholy she had committed suicide by throwing herself into the river, and after a time the search was given up, and otherwise than as a very sad circumstance the affair was forgotten. The Robbins estate lay some mile or mile and a half from the village of Glenvale—a pretty little village, by the way. The mansion was of dry limestone, two stories high, surrounded by grounds artistically laid out, and the broad meadow lands, fine orchard and fields of waving grain, excited the envy of farmers for miles around. Harvey superintended the management of the farm, and had expressed his determination never to see the old homestead sold; but soon after his sister's mysterious disappearance, he changed his mind, and declaring that he had lost all taste for farming, wished to sell out or lease the place for a number of years, as he desired to travel for some length of time. A purchaser or tenant, however, to suit the young man did not offer himself, and Harvey, although he appeared to be settling into a morbid melancholy, did not find an opportunity of seeking a change of place and scenery, as he evidently wished to do. It was in harvesting time, and he was needed to overlook the work and direct the hands. Harvey Robbins grew pale and nervous; he was evidently laboring under some kind of mental depression, but what, could not be guessed, unless it were the loss of his father and sister. Some said that insanity was hereditary in the family, that his father had died insane—his sister in a fit of madness had ended her own life, and that Harvey would no doubt sooner or later become a raving maniac.

A year had scarcely elapsed since the decease of Squire Robbins, and the curse was beginning its work! Harvey Robbins grew paler as the cool months advanced. His black eyes had a wild, strange gleam in them, and he could not be induced to be out after dark under any circumstance whatever. The least noise frightened him—he started at his own shadow—at the reflection of his face in the mirror, and in his sleep he would groan and cry out in such a manner as to alarm the housekeeper and servants, whose rooms were on the same floor with his own. The cause of Harvey Robbins's strange conduct was attributed to his affliction at the loss of his

father and sister, and when questioned in regard to his unusual actions, he would shiver, turn pale, and give no answer whatever.

"Did you hear anything—any unusual noise last night in the hall, Mrs. Elmer?" he asked of the housekeeper, one morning.

"La, no," replied the old lady, "did you?"

Harvey did not reply, only turned a shade paler, and arose to leave the room, when a servant met him and informed him that Dr. Ryan was in the parlor and wished to see him. This was the first time Harvey had met his friend the physician since his sister's mysterious disappearance, for Dr. Ryan had been absent from the village. He gasped rather than said, as they met:

"You back again, Ryan?"

"Yes."

"For what? I thought never to have beheld your face again—but it is well enough."

Harvey Robbins locked the door, and then drew a chair close to Dr. Robbins's side.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

"About what? Talk plainly, so I can understand you."

"About Emily," whispered the young man, grasping Dr. Ryan's arm and gazing earnestly into his face.

"She is dead."

"You swear this to me, Ryan?"

The physician turned uneasily from his interrogator—"Why do you ask?"

"Do you swear to me she is dead? Answer me!"

"Yes."

Harvey Robbins's face grew very white. "The property is all mine now," he said.

"Except the portion you are to pay to me; that is what I have come to you for. Give me what you owe me, and I'll never trouble you again."

"How much is it, Ryan?"

"The little sum of a thousand or so, I believe. But you are looking miserable enough with all your property, Harvey."

"Yes, hang it! I'll tell you the truth of it, doctor, I'm under a curse—the curse of a dead father, and it crushes me down day and night. I don't believe there is peace for me again in this world, and most surely none in the next."

"And why?"

Harvey Robbins arose from his chair, went to the door, opened it, saw that there were no listeners, closed and locked it again. Then he paced the room several times with his hands pressed upon his forehead, groaned heavily once or twice, and then resumed his seat.

"I'll tell you all about it, doctor," he said, at

length, removing his hands from his face, and speaking in a low, hurried, and excited manner. "Perhaps I shall feel better to tell some one, than keep all hidden in my own heart. Ryan, I shall die if there is not a change soon. *I am haunted to death!*"

It was the young man's manner and tone, more than his words, that checked the sneering laugh Dr. Ryan was about giving utterance to.

"How?"

"Every way. It commenced the very night after I had commenced the contestation of the old man's will. You remember the night perhaps; it was dark and stormy, the worst night of the season, in fact. You remember it, Ryan?"

"Perhaps I do—yes, I attended old Harmon Locker—disease of the lungs. I remember the night because of its blackness. But go on, Harvey."

"Well, you remember it. Let me see where I was. O yes, I recollect now—I was saying the night was very stormy—I was in my room alone, and I could not sleep, though I was in bed, for I kept thinking, thinking of the old man's curse, and how he had threatened to haunt me till the latest day of my life, if I ever contested that will. So I could not sleep, and there I lay listening to the winds, and the sleet as it dashed against the windows, and to the old clock in the hall—for, in spite of the storm, I could hear its "tick, tick," as plain as I can hear it now if I listen. I heard the old clock strike ten. An hour afterwards—it seemed an age—it sounded eleven. I arose from the bed, lit a candle and tried to read. Failing in this, I walked the floor for a while, then blew out the light and threw myself upon the bed. Then I arose again and lit the candle. The darkness seemed to oppress me, to choke, or suffocate me—I must have light. Again the clock struck. I counted every stroke and there were *thirteen!* I heard every one distinctly."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. Then I listened, and by-and-by I heard a tramp, tramp, tramp, and a noise that sounded like the clanking of a heavy chain upon the stairs. Nearer and nearer it came, and finally stopped directly in front of my chamber door. I heard it."

"All imagination," said Dr. Ryan, insolently.

"No, it was *not* imagination. Do you take me for a fool, Ryan? I tell you it was not imagination. I heard the clock and the tramp just as plain as I ever heard anything in my life. I lay and listened until I heard it stop in front of my chamber; then there came a thundering

knock at my door; that seemed to jar the whole house; then I heard the clanking of the chain again, and—"

"What?"

"I did not believe in ghostly visitations, but somehow I thought of Marley's ghost, and almost expected to see a wierd, airy, transparent spirit come in through the keyhole; but after a moment's reflection, I regained my courage, sprang from my bed and dashed out into the hall. Nothing was to be seen—all was still and quiet. I went down stairs and looked at the clock. The time was ten minutes past twelve! The outer door was locked, and everything as usual. I went back to my room, threw myself upon my bed, and then again I heard in the hall the tramping and the clanking. I tell you, Ryan, it was terrible!"

Harvey Robbins shuddered.

"That was the beginning, but not the end. I tell you, Ryan, since then I have not enjoyed one night of undisturbed sleep. Sometimes I awake with a sensation of choking, or suffocation; at other times I see lights dancing across the room in the midnight darkness. I hear steps about my chamber—steps sometimes too heavy, and then too light for a mortal. In the daytime I seem to see faces, white, dead ones, just like the old man's as it looked in the coffin—such faces peep over my shoulder, and I hear strange voices whenever I am alone. I have not had one hour of peace and happiness—not one. I am, I have been ever since that will was broken—haunted!"

Harvey Robbins concluded with a shudder.

"I have not told you all," continued the young man. "Since the disappearance of Emily I have been more tormented than ever; I have dreamed of her, and waking, I have heard her voice as plainly as I hear my own. Last night—" Harvey Robbins paused.

"What of last night?" questioned Dr. Ryan.

"Last night I heard steps all along the hall, up stairs and then down, up stairs and down. I could not sleep—how could I? And then, in the darkness I heard my door open; then I felt rather than heard something moving about the room; then I had a consciousness of a cold hand passing over my face—ah, so cold, so icy cold—then, I do believe I fainted, for, for a long time I knew no more. When I did return to my senses, the clock struck three, and it could not have been more than eleven when it came first. How long I lay shivering with terror after I half awoke to consciousness, I cannot tell. The moonlight streamed in at the window, and there, where I could see perfectly distinctly,



stood—*Emily!*—ah, so white—so very deathly white, her sad eyes looking straight into my face—O, Ryan, it was no dream, and you say she is dead!”

For a moment the young man paused, buried his face in his hands, and then groaned aloud; then he arose from his chair and paced the room several times hurriedly, excitedly; finally he went to the mantel-shelf, bowed his head upon it over his folded hands, and said, in a voice hoarse and tremulous:

“Yes, I saw her!”

Dr. Ryan was not unmoved during the young man's recital; his face rapidly changed its expression and color, and his foot tapped the carpet nervously.

“And what then?” he asked, after waiting a time for Harvey to continue his narrative.

The young man shuddered.

“You do not believe in spiritual manifestations,” he said at length.

“And what if I do not?”

“Then I need not tell you any more; I have said too much already. Forget what I have said, Ryan—forget it. I am nearly wild—but I heard her voice as plain as you hear mine now—‘Murderer! murderer! my father's murderer!’ Yes, I heard her say that, and her dead eyes looked into mine—so cold and stony—and then she left the room, and all the rest of the night I lay and trembled and trembled—But what ails you, Ryan?”

The young physician was paling and trembling.

“Nothing.”

“Yes there is—but listen! did you hear nothing? I thought I detected a step in the entry.” And Harvey Robbins arose and opening the door, glanced out into the hall; but seeing no one, he returned and resumed the conversation.

“How did Emily die?” he asked, hoarsely.

Dr. Ryan turned from his interrogator.

“I must go,” he said. “There is a little account between us, I believe. The night I performed that last matter of business for you, I was promised—”

Before Dr. Ryan had time to conclude his sentence, steps were heard in the hall, and the next moment the door was burst open and a sheriff, accompanied by several other men, entered the room, followed by Mrs. Elmer the housekeeper. The two young men turned pale, and tremblingly attempted to escape; but this they were prevented from doing, and were arrested in due form for the murder of Squire Robbins.

Driven to desperation, Harvey Robbins made

a full confession; and Dr. Ryan, seeing that concealment was useless, did the same. They were both afterwards convicted upon their own evidence, and sentenced to the penitentiary.

It seems that Harvey Robbins, disliking the restraint of his father's presence, and coveting the possession of his broad lands and yellow gold, had bribed Dr. Ryan to administer poison to his father in such a manner as to excite no suspicions, and afterwards to swear in court to his father's insanity at the time of making his will. Afterwards, wishing to possess the whole of the Robbins estate, Harvey Robbins employed his confederate to despatch Emily. He himself drugged her tea the night of her disappearance, wrote the note which purported to have been from the unhappy girl, and assisted Dr. Ryan to convey her, in her insensibility, from her room to the physician's carriage which was in waiting.

The plan was to consign her to the cold waters in her unconsciousness; but Dr. Ryan, having been smitten with the charms of the young girl, conceived the idea of sparing her life and reserving her for a fate far worse than death.

In a fit of drunken insanity, one day, Dr. Ryan revealed his intentions in regard to herself, and the part taken by himself and her brother in her father's death, to the poor girl, who took the first opportunity presented and escaped from her captor.

It was the night before the arrest of the young men that she arrived at her native village, and it was Emily Robbins in the body, rather than in the spirit, who visited Harvey as he himself related. Making herself known to the housekeeper, she remained secreted, wishing to wait for the coming of Dr. Ryan, as she doubted not he would sooner or later. She is married now, and is the mother of several blooming children, and leads a happy life in the old family mansion.

As for Dr. Ryan, he is still an inmate of the penitentiary—his term of years not half expired—but it is of Harvey Robbins we would speak in conclusion:

“I saw him,” said a friend, speaking to me one day, “I saw him as I was passing through the prison—a wild-eyed, pale, emaciated-looking being—pointed out to me by the keeper as one tormented by some great mental suffering. He said that this man would pace his cell almost distractedly nights, scarcely ever sleeping, and when he did, crying out as if in the most acute bodily misery, and remarked that he had often thought him a more fit subject for a lunatic asylum, than a State prison.”

There is more I have heard of Harvey Rob-

bins—that he died, a short time since, in the greatest physical and mental anguish, crying out:

“Haunted! haunted! a dead father’s curse has been visited upon me! It crushes me even now, down, down, DOWN!”

We may add that all the mysterious and ghostly visitations experienced by Harvey Robbins, before the arrest, were easily accounted for from natural causes, viz., the trickery of a juvenile servant in the family. Yet many there are who to this day believe the old house to be haunted, and relate to wondering listeners, in a more marvellous but less truthful manner than ours, the story of the *dead man’s curse*.

#### DON’T FRET.

This is a world of ups and downs, of crosses and contradictions. Every day turns up something to disturb the equanimity of one’s temper. But it is worse than useless to fret. Fretting is like a caustic applied to a sore. It inflames but never cures. A fretful spirit is never happy, and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, then, if the world goes wrong, and it does that pretty often, don’t fret. If a man cheats, and then laughs at you for a verdant one, make the best of it and keep cool. Fretting will only make a bad thing worse. If you break your leg, or find your favorite seat at the lyceum occupied; if the stage upsets, or the cars leave you behind; if the cook spoils your dinner, or the thick-headed servant mis-delivers an important message; if “the dear image of its beautiful mother” repays your caresses by thrusting its tiny fingers into your plate of soup and wiping them on your “snow-white” shirt bosom; if banks fail and States repudiate, keep your temper. Repeat the alphabet, read the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, do and say anything, “lovely and of good report,” but as you value quietness of mind and the good temper of others, don’t fret. It is marvellous how much good nature and patience will do towards curing the ills to which flesh and spirit are heirs.—*Salem Observer*.

#### THE COST OF AN ARGUMENT.

Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.’s arguments, said:

“You are really too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things—I will not stay in the same coach with you,” and accordingly got down and left him.

Richardson halloed out triumphantly after him: “Ah, you’re beat, you’re beat!” nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled, that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan’s three hours’ coaching.—*Moore’s Diary*.

#### NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered, gave the following history of his literary habits:—Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, “When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?” I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: “I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself, for, if he do too much to-day, the re-action of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and the various business of life; and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time, do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about.”—*London Examiner*.

#### WOULDN’T KNOW IT.

A certain Sunday school teacher was, in the practice of taking up a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and his box received scores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toyman. He was not a little surprised, however, one Sunday, to find a bank-bill crushed in among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his classmates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift. “Didn’t you know that this bill was good for nothing?” said the teacher. “Yes,” answered the boy. “Then what did you put it in the box for?” “I didn’t s’pose the little heathen would know the difference, and so it would be just as good for them.”—*Knickerbocker*.

#### ANALYSIS OF WINE.

A chemist of New York, by a recent analysis, found a bottle of champagne to contain one quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead, and in sixteen samples of so-called Port, Sherry and Madeira wines, was found everything but grape juice. The following astonishing receipt for making port wine, is taken from an English book: “To 12 galls. of port add 6 galls. of rectified spirit, 3 galls. of brandy, 42 galls. of firm rough cider, and red sanderswood or budbear to color the mixture.”

#### CONSCIENCE.

Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

SHAKESPEARE.

## The florist.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.—MILTON.

### How to succeed with the Rose.

To succeed well with this flower the ground should be trrenched two feet deep, and enriched with good manure. For the finer sorts of perpetuals six or eight inches of small stones may be advantageously thrown into the bottom of the bed, to drain off the surplus moisture. Without such drainage the plants will not grow and bloom satisfactorily, and, unless the soil is naturally quite dry, they will die in winter. During the growing season the ground should be kept loose and free from weeds; and in dry weather an occasional watering of soap-suds, or weak guano-water, will have a beneficial effect. In the fall the beds should be covered with several inches of manure, to serve as a winter protection for the roots, and for the enrichment of the soil; the manure may be forked into the ground in the spring.

### The Sensitive Plant.

There is no annual which we cultivate that excites so lively an interest as the  *Mimosa sensitiva*. The peculiarity of the plant consists in its shrinking up or drooping at the touch, or even if blown on with the breath, which is the more singular, as the gentle winds of heaven have no effect. By light touches with a small stick each leaflet will close, independent of the rest; a harder touch will cause all the leaves and footstalk together, or in succession, to close up and droop as if dead, and so on, of the whole plant. The cause of this singular property has never been discovered. It is one of the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom. It is perfectly easy to raise.

### Dahlias.

It may well be said that the subjects connected with the garden are inexhaustible, like the notes in music—different combinations are as fresh as they would have been before the millions of tunes now extant were composed. So it is with flowers, every season produces some novelty. A few years back, and in the recollection of many, the dahlia was introduced—a single flower, of velvet-like texture, with only half a dozen petals. For years we had no double ones of any color. But when they, among a succession of seedlings, began to give now and then a species of double flower, by saving seeds from them we were not long without perfectly double, full flowers. There are now any number of beautiful blossoms.

### Erysimum.

Hedge Mustard. Most of the kinds are weedy plants, generally biennials, and seldom grown in gardens. One species, *E. Perofskianum*, is an annual, with dark orange flowers, and since 1838, when it was first introduced, has become a favorite from its beauty. These plants grow best in sandy peat, mixed with a little loam. They are quite hardy, and very showy.

### To save frozen House-Plants.

When plants are found to have been frozen during the night, they should not be removed to a warm place, but on the contrary, they should be dipped in cold water, and set in some cool place where they will not freeze, and also in the dark. They will then have a chance to recover, if not completely dead.

### Flower-Plants in Pots.

Many persons find it more difficult to keep their pot-plants in summer than in winter. And the principal cause of this is, allowing the soil in the pots to become too dry before they are watered, owing to the sun striking against the sides of the pots and scorching the roots; for when they are injured by drought, their roots usually decay on the application of water. When a plant appears sickly, it should be taken out of the pot, and its roots examined, and all that are decayed should be cut off; the plant should then be re-potted in fresh soil, and kept a little moist, but not too wet, and, if not much injured, it will soon recover. When plants are kept too wet, or in too damp a situation, worms are apt to get at their roots and injure them. If the plants are small, they may be taken out, and the worms picked out of them, and the plants replaced. If the plants are too large to permit that, the worms may be got out with lime water, applying it two or three times, in a clean state.

### The Tuberose.

The tuberose has long whitish green leaves, with the flower stem from four to five feet high, terminating in a sparse spike of white flowers of a very powerful fragrance. The double kind only should be grown, as the single, though equally fragrant, is not near so beautiful.

"The tuberose, with her silver light,  
That in the gardens of Malay  
Is called the mistress of the night,  
So like a bride, scented and bright,  
She comes out when the sun's away."

### Pansies.

The qualities of a good pansy are size, roundness, thickness of the petal, evenness of edges and color. Prepare ground by the middle of June—select deep moist soil if possible. Put on six inches cow manure and three inches of sand, dig deep, and incorporate these dressings thoroughly with the soil. Then plant one foot apart. After planted draw up sand round each plant in the form of a saucer. This, and frequent waterings with mild liquid manure will ensure good pansies.

### Diosma.

Cape shrubs, with hair-like roots, which require to be grown in pots in a greenhouse, or in a room, in sandy peat, well drained and frequently watered. They have a very peculiar smell, which some persons like, and which remains on the gloves or any article of dress which may have touched the plant for a long time. The Hottentot belles are said to use it as a perfume. The plants have heath-like leaves, and small but pretty flowers; they are propagated by cuttings, which root freely in sand under glass.

### Flower-Stems.

Flower-stems should always be cut with a knife, and never with scissors, as the tubes will not draw up the water, if they are bruised and lacerated, and partly closed. Two or three drops of camphor in every ounce of milk-warm water, will often restore faded flowers, as it does a fainting person.

### Francoa.

Handsome plants, most of which may be treated either as annuals or perennials, and may always be raised from the seed. They are nearly hardy, and will grow in any common garden soil. *F. remota*, with white flowers, is generally kept in the greenhouse, and will not admit of being treated as an annual.

## Curious Matters.

### Curious Fire.

The coach carrying the mail from Lock Haven to Tyrone, Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, recently took fire between Lock Haven and Bellefonte, and was entirely consumed, together with the mails and the baggage belonging to the passengers. The accident occurred through the negligence of one of the passengers throwing a lighted match into the straw in the bottom of the coach. In an instant everything was enveloped in flames. It was with difficulty that the passengers escaped from the stage unhurt—and to make matters worse, the horses took fright and ran. Before they could be stopped the coach was so much burned that neither mails nor baggage could be saved. It was fortunate that no ladies were on board, as they could not have been rescued, the flames spread so rapidly. We doubt whether there is a similar accident on record.

### Rare Bird.

A beautiful bird known as the White Heron (*Ardea Canadensis*), was shot at or near the pond in West Brookfield, recently. They are common on Long Island, and are called by the gamers, "White Pike." They frequent the salt marshes, mud-flats and sand-bars, in search of crabs, lizards and worms—which, with aquatic plants, furnish their subsistence. They usually visit Massachusetts late in the spring or in the summer. Wilson found them breeding among the branches of the red cedars of Somers Beach, on the coast of Cape May, some trees having three or four nests, built of sticks, each containing three eggs, of a pale, greenish-blue color, being an inch and three-fourths in length, and deemed a table luxury. The bird migrates to the South in September.

### A queer Character.

A grocer woman died recently in Glasgow, Scotland, at the age of eighty-one, who left a fortune of £28,000, collected from earnings from a small shop which she had rented for about forty years. She was never married, and studiously avoided paring with a single farthing that she could avoid. She bequeathed the sum in £4 annuities to destitute people of good moral character, who are natives of, and have lived in, the Gorbals parish of Glasgow forty years, and who have attained the age of 65 years. As the parish is small, but few claimants can exist. She left nothing to any of her relations.

### Singular Discovery.

The California papers notice the discovery of the fossil remains of a large sized whale, in Santa Cruz, in that State. It was found embedded in chalk rock, about 12 feet below the surface. The upper strata of chalk is covered with soil varying from one to two feet in thickness. No part of the whale, except the vertebrae, retains its original shape, it having become so identified with the surrounding rock as to be almost indistinguishable. Some portions of the vertebrae, however, are in quite a good state of preservation.

### Wonderful Dexterity.

The Albany Journal says that Hesakiah Dubois, who is about eighteen years of age, and now confined in the penitentiary, makes daily forty-three pairs of brogans with apparent ease. The person who saw him on the bench at work, says "that he appeared to blow the pegs from his mouth into the shoe, and never made a miss while he was looking at him."

### Awful Alternative.

The last will of a queer old miser, who has just died, is much talked of at Vienna. He cut off all his nearest relatives, and made a very distant one, an extremely handsome young girl, sole heiress of his considerable property. So far there is nothing extraordinary; but there is a condition added to it. The testator was a hunchback, and had a club-foot, which defects probably had obstructed many attempts of his to marry. He has made it, therefore, a condition, *sine qua non*, that the heiress is to get the property only when she marries a man shaped as he was. She is, besides, to live in a convent three months in each year, to pray for his soul. The heirs-at-law have attacked this odd last will, on the plea that when it was made the testator must evidently have been mad. As there is, however, no equity jurisdiction in Austria, they may find their task not an easy one.

### Curious Formation.

In a limestone quarry, in Scotland, a cave comparatively uniform in breadth, but very irregular in height, has been brought to notice, the chief objects of interest being the stalactites which cover the sides and roof, some of them in shapes which arrest the attention of the spectator. One has the form of a human skull, another bears an exact semblance to a horse's jaw-bone, while a little further on one is struck by the appearance of a complete set of organ-pipes. In other places the sides and roof look as if they had been carved by some sculptor of remarkable skill but erratic genius; and as the visitor proceeds this changes, and on looking up the place resembles an arched passage richly hung with drapery. The explorations so far have only extended some forty or fifty yards.

### A curious Case.

The reporter of the Memphis Avalanche was present, recently, at the disinterment of the body of a young lady, who had been buried more than five years. The body was enclosed in a metallic case, which, when opened, revealed the following singular phenomena:—The body was in an excellent state of preservation—the hair, particularly, was very lifelike; and, what was more astonishing, a full-blown camellia japonica, which some affectionate hand had twined in the tresses of the hair, was remarkably fresh looking—the leaves retaining their soft, greenish hue to perfection.

### Strange Accident.

At Buffalo a Mr. Lohouse and his wife had been away from home during the day. On their return they found the house full of gas, which had escaped in some way. Mr. L., without suspecting danger, lighted a match, and a terrific explosion instantly occurred, blowing out the windows in the building and shattering it in a serious manner, and even blowing out the windows in buildings across the street. Mr. Lohouse was badly injured, though not fatally. The explosion made a report like heavy artillery, and startled the whole city.

### Singular Incident.

A daughter of Mr. Meredith, who resides near Ludlow, England, recently met her death from the following incident:—Returning from Ludlow, and finding her lip much chapped from the wind, she applied some tallow to it, which is supposed to have contained some poisonous matter, or fat that had been much decomposed. Her lip shortly afterward began to swell, and increased every day for a week, when she expired in the greatest agony.

### Remarkable Incident.

A curious circumstance occurred on a Central Railroad freight train. The train was drawn by the locomotive "Ledyard," W. W. Rogers, engineer. About four miles west of Batavia, while the train was running at good speed, suddenly a crash occurred forward, and the head light was extinguished. After the first surprise subsided, Mr. R. directed his fireman to go and re-light the lamp, but subsequently concluded to wait till he arrived at Alden, for fear an accident might occur to the man. On reaching the latter place, a wild pigeon was found inside the lantern, dying. It had a broken wing, and was otherwise injured. The glass in front, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, had a hole broken through it just large enough to allow the bird to enter; and the appearance of the aperture was similar to that usually made when a rifle ball is shot through glass. It is supposed that the train encountered a flock of pigeons, and that one of them, dazzled by the powerful light of the head lamp, dashed at it, and was caught as above related.

### A Dog's Tale.

A Mr. Esler, of the Johnson Reef, Australia, recently went overland to Adelaide, taking with him his brother's dog. On arriving the dog appeared ill at ease; he determined to see if he would return, and accordingly wrote a letter to his brother, and wrapping it up, tied it to the dog's neck, which then started. A letter was then posted to the brother, which read as follows:—"Dear brother—Arrived here safely. For further particulars see dog." This was, of course, perfectly unintelligible to him; but the day after receiving the letter, the dog arrived with his "further particulars" round his neck. After his journey of six hundred miles he did not appear much fatigued, but seemed overjoyed at regaining his own town again.

### An eccentric Will.

A curious will case has just been decided after a long trial in the Superior Court at Norwich, Ct. The will of Stiles Park, disposing of property amounting to \$34,000, contained a provision that none of the money should be applied in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, to the support or for the benefit of any religious teacher, society, church or denomination, on condition of reverting the property to the Retreat for the Insane, in Hartford, for the support of the insane poor. The validity of the will was sustained.

### An ancient Watch.

Mr. Solomon True, of Freeport, Me., has a watch and chain which have been in the possession of his family for two hundred and five years. The watch is silver-cased, with a silver face, and appears to have been manufactured by "Robbins, London." There is a watch-paper inside the case of "Joseph Lovis, Watchmaker, at the sign of the Gold Watch, Fish Street, Portland." Lovis probably repaired the watch the last time it had anything done to it. It is an antique-looking thing, and a high price has been refused for it.

### Old Wedding-Cake.

The Elmira Press says there is an elderly lady residing in that place, who has in her possession the remains of a piece of her own wedding-cake, which she has preserved for over forty years! It is wrapped in the same piece of paper that was put around it to "dream by" on the night of her wedding. There is also some writing on it, but its age has so obliterated it, that its chirography is scarcely perceptible.

### The Shirt-Tree.

The accounts of travellers have made us well acquainted with the "bread-tree," but it remained for the indefatigable Humboldt to discover, in the wilds of South America, a tree which produces ready-made shirts. We copy this account of this tree:—"We saw on the slope of the Cerra Duida," says M. Humboldt, "shirt trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. The bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear three shirts of marins in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and ruanoes of cotton which are so common in New Granada, at Quito, and in Peru."

### A Gipsy Queen.

A tribe of gipseys, numbering between three and four hundred, was lately encamped at Forest Grove, near Cleveland. The Herald says:—"This is the tribe, the death of whose king, Stanley, has attracted so much notice. Lady Stanley, wife of the late king, is a superb looking woman. She is tall and majestic in appearance, with regular and really beautiful features, and converses fluently in half a dozen different languages. She is with the tribe lately encamped at Forest Grove, as are also her sisters, two dark-eyed gipsy beauties. The appointments of the tribe are extensive, embracing some fifty horses, a large number of baggage-wagons, tents, etc."

### The oldest Belgian Book.

A book connected with the history of Arras was lately sold by auction at Cologne. It is the treaty concluded at Arras on the 8th of April, 1483, by which Charles VIII. repairs part of the disasters inflicted on the Artesian capital by the violence of Louis XI. This treaty, which is found in all diplomatic collections, and has been published many times, was sold on the present occasion for 480 francs. It consists of twelve pages only, but is valuable as being the first book printed at Ghent. The book hitherto supposed to be the first was published in September, 1488; but that now disposed of, as appears from a note on the back, appeared in April of that year.

### Yellow Bees.

At the last meeting of the British Apian Society, Mr. Tegetmeier, the honorable secretary, stated that the *apis ligustica*, or yellow Ligurian bee, had been recently introduced with success into England, and also into Germany and America. It is regarded as a more valuable species than the ordinary honey-bee (*apis mellifica*). It is singular that a species that has been known and preferred since the time of Virgil, who, in the fourth book of the Georgics, described the best bees of a golden color, should only recently have been diffused over Europe.

### An eccentric Character.

The Marquis de la Cousseaye, who died lately at his villa, near Paris, bequeathed a sum of fifty thousand francs to the commune of Enghien upon trust, to pay the interest thereof to some well-conducted girl for her marriage portion—but upon this condition, that the maiden to be annually elected shall, in the month of May, place a garland upon the testator's tomb with one hand while she receives her fortune with the other.

## The Housewife.

### To stew a Breast of Veal.

Cut it in pieces, and put it into a pot with a bunch of sweet herbs, a small piece of bacon, a little mace, and a few black peppercorns, salt, and one or two onions, and as much water as will cover it; let it stew well over a slow fire; boil some peas and lettuce by themselves, and, when the veal is stewed enough, strain the liquor from it, and put it into a stewpan with part of the liquor, the peas, lettuce and a piece of butter, and let them stew again; thicken with the yolks of two or three eggs and a little flour.

### Victoria Pudding.

Pound two ounces of orange-peel with one of bitter almonds. Put it on the fire in a brass pan with an English pint of sweet milk; stir till it boils five minutes. Pour through a fine drainer, add half a pint of cream, stir occasionally till nearly cold. Have a quarter of a pound of ground white sugar beat up with six eggs. Mix all together. Butter and ornament a mould with raisins, pour in the pudding, steam two hours. Serve with a custard and sweetmeats round it.

### Snow Pudding.

Dissolve half of a small package of gelatine in half a pint of water; add a pound of ground white sugar, the juice of four lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Beat all up till very light and spongy, then pour into a mould. When wanted, turn into a crystal dish, and serve with a custard round it made of the yolks of two eggs.

### South Carolina Johnny Cake.

Half a pint of boiled rice or hominy, two eggs, one table-spoonful of butter, a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter; spread on an oaken board, and bake before a hot fire; when nicely baked on one side, turn, and bake the other; cut through the centre, and butter well. It pays for the trouble.

### For removing Mildew and Iron-Mould.

When the clothes are washed and ready to boil, pin a few leaves of the common Jamestown weed on the moulded part, and boil as usual. If the article is badly mildewed, throw a handful of leaves in the bottom of the kettle; lay the soiled part next to them. When rinsed, they will be clear from defect.

### Bakers' Yeast.

Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water; take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk-warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour; and half a pint of brewers' yeast to work it.

### Soda Biscuits.

One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little carbonate of soda, one gill of new milk or two eggs. Mix well; then roll out until it is about half an inch thick, and cut with a tin into small cakes. Bake in a quick oven.

### Method of fixing French Pastry.

This pastry is fixed by white of egg. A veil is formed over the whole by white of egg and white sugar boiled briskly, stirred when it has boiled, and poured over while in a froth.

### Yule Cake.

Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, and put in the sugar. Stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and pounded cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour take the yolks of the eggs, and work them two or three at a time; and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow, quite ready to work in. As the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the whites gradually, then add the orange-peel, lemon and citron, cut in fine strips, and the currants, which must be mixed in well with the sweet almonds; then add the sifted flour and the glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop in a hot oven for three hours, and put twelve sheets of paper under it, to keep it from burning.

### Luncheon Cake.

Take of white flour, one pound; bi-carbonate of soda, two drachms; sugar, three ounces; butter, three ounces; sour buttermilk, half a pint, or ten ounces. Mix as above, and bake in a quick oven, in a tin, one hour. Or, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, half a pound of currants or raisins, three eggs, half a pint of warm milk, one spoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in the butter well with the flour and sugar, add currants and soda, then the eggs and milk, well mixed; bake it two hours in a slow oven. This is a very good receipt, and the cakes keep fresh and nice for a fortnight.

### Beef Collops.

Take some beef that is tender and free from skin, cut it into small thin pieces, hack it with a knife; then butter a stewpan, and put in as much beef as will cover the pan, with a little onion, some cucumber cut small, and salt and pepper; put it over a quick fire, and give it two or three tosses about; two or three minutes will do them; add a little flour, butter and water to the stewpan, after taking the collops out, to make your gravy. Garnish, if approved, with pickles.

### To make Orange Pudding.

Put six ounces of fresh butter and eight ounces of lump sugar, pounded, in a mortar. Then grate in the rind of a Seville orange; beat the whole well together, and as you do this, gradually add eight eggs, well beaten and strained. Scrape a hard apple, and mix it with the other ingredients. Put paste at the bottom of the dish, put in the mixture, and then put over it cross-bars of paste. Half an hour will be sufficient to bake it.

### Snow Pudding.

Dissolve half of a sixpenny package of gelatine in half a pint of water; add a pound of ground white sugar, the juice of four lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Beat all up till very light and spongy, then pour into a mould. When wanted, turn into a crystal dish, and serve with a custard round it made of the yolks of the eggs.

### Blanc-Mange.

Boil one ounce and a half of isinglass, the thin rind of a lemon, and some loaf sugar in a quart of good new milk, stirring it frequently till the isinglass is all dissolved; cleanse it through a piece of muslin, and when nearly cold, add half a pint of sherry and brandy.



**Whipped Syllabubs.**

Stir gently one pint of scalded cream the same way until it becomes smooth and thick, but not to let it curdle; then add, while stirring, four ounces of loaf sugar rolled and sifted, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two, two glasses of sherry wine, and, finally, the whites of three eggs beaten to a high froth with a small pine whisk. Fill your glasses, and having left some syllabub in your bowl to raise the requisite froth for the tops of your filled glasses, begin and whisk it well, taking off every bubble as it rises with a teaspoon, placing it on the glass, and continuing to raise a pyramid of bubbles on each till enough to complete the light appearance. Syllabubs should always be made the day before they are to be eaten, and form a very pretty addition to the supper table.

**Apple Custard.**

Peel, cut and core a dozen large apples, which put into an earthen-lined saucepan, with a small teaspoonful of cold water; as they heat bruise to a pulp, sweeten with moist sugar to taste, and grate amongst it the peel of one lemon; when cold, press the fruit hard into a pie dish, and pour over it a pint of thick custard made with the best part of the core, a pint of new milk, four eggs well beaten, yolks and whites together, and two ounces of loaf sugar to sweeten; place the dish in a moderate oven, and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the size. This is a most delicious and sweet dish.

**Arrowroot Pudding.**

Take two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot and two quarts of fresh milk; mix the arrowroot with a small portion of the milk, and when the remaining part of the milk has boiled, add it to the former; when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, three ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, and a little grated nutmeg. Stir the ingredients well together, turn them into a buttered dish, and bake for a quarter of an hour.

**To cook Shad.**

With iron the shad should never come in contact. A piece of planed plank, two feet long and one foot wide, with a skewer to impale the fish upon it, are all the culinary implements required. A fire of glowing coals, in front of which the shad is placed, gives you a shad cooked as shad should be. Apicius himself could desire nothing more delicious.

**German Method of keeping Cucumbers.**

Pare and slice (as for table), sprinkle well with salt, in which leave the cucumbers twenty-four hours; strain the liquor well off, and pack in jars, a thick layer of cucumber and then salt alternately; tie close, and when wanted for use take out the quantity required. Rinse in fresh water, and dress as usual, pepper, vinegar, etc.

**To make Cream.**

Beat up two eggs with a tablespoonful of cold milk; have ready half a pint of milk boiling hot, to be poured gradually on the eggs, stirring all the time; pour backwards and forwards in the saucepan. If not sufficiently thickened, place on the fire for a moment, but be careful it does not boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

**Rock Cakes.**

Beat well two eggs, and then add one pound of crushed lump sugar, and let it stand for an hour; then add nine ounces of flour and a few drops of the essence of almonds. Bake in a slow oven.

**Tipsey Cake.**

Cut a small savory cake in slices, put them into a basin, and pour some white wine and a little rum over. Let it soak for a few hours, put into a dish, and serve with some custard round. It may be decorated with a few blanched almonds, or whipped cream and fruit. Or it may be made with small sponge cakes, by soaking them in some white wine in which some currant jelly has been dissolved. Take twelve of them, stale. Soak them well, put them in a dish, cover them with jam or jelly, and thus make four layers, decorating the top with cut preserved fruit. Dish with custard or whipped cream around.

**Another Recipe.**

Pour a pint of marmala over a sponge cake, let it stand till thoroughly moistened. Blanch and cut in strips half an ounce of sweet almonds, stick them in the cake; lay round it some ratafias. Pour over the whole a custard, made as follows:—Boil in a pint of milk, with a bay-leaf, bit of cinnamon, and loaf sugar to taste. Mix a tablespoonful of ground rice in a teaspoonful of cold milk; beat in the yolks of three eggs; gradually mix it with the boiling milk; strain, and stir it over a clear fire till thick; it must not boil. When cold, add two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and pour over the cake.

**Rock Biscuits.**

Five yolks and two whites of eggs, beat half an hour with a wooden spoon; add one pound of lump sugar, bruised, not very fine, and beat with the eggs; then add one pound of flour and a few caraway seeds. Mix all well together. Put it with a fork on the tins, making it look as rough as possible. Bake them in a quick oven.

**To detect Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.**

Put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper be present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

**Stye on the Eyelid.**

Put a teaspoonful of black tea in a small bag; pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the stye will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is sure to remove it.

**Cambridge Pudding.**

Two ounces of loaf-sugar pounded, two ounces of fine flour, two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two, and half a pint of new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, and mix the whole together. Put it in tencups, and bake half an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

**Receipt for Burns.**

Lay a thick plaster of soft soap on the burn; renew it constantly during half an hour, or a shorter time, until the heat is drawn out. It should be applied as soon as possible. The wound will heal in a few days.

**Block Biscuits.**

Half a pound of butter beaten up to a cream, half a pound of ground rice, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, four eggs, and a little sal volatile.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### VOLUME TWELVE.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, we commence the *twelfth* volume of the work. Its continued and increasing popularity leaves us nothing to desire as it regards its success, but as our list of subscribers grows larger and larger each month, we strive by increased liberality and care to merit the extended patronage which the work has received. That it is valued even for preservation we know very well from the thousands of volumes which we are called upon to bind up for our patrons. We placed the rate of binding, per volume, at the low price of *thirty-eight cents*, because we desired to make it an object for our friends to preserve the Magazine. In renewing subscriptions for the Magazine, our patrons will please remember that we send *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* and *The Welcome Guest* (the largest weekly journal in the country), together, for \$2 50 a year.

**ACQUIRING WEALTH.**—Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of frugality and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and whosoever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

**A FALSTAFF.**—An immoderate drinker of lager beer died lately in Baltimore, weighing 460 pounds. Ten years ago, he weighed but 150 pounds. It is probable that he tested his body's power of expansion to the utmost, and then expired like the frog in the fable, who sought to emulate the ox.

**TRUE CHARITY.**—All noble natures are hopeful. It is a remarkable fact, that the purest people are the most charitable people.

**WORK AND NO WORK.**—Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.

### OFFENSIVE MOTTO.

In an article in *Blackwood*, on the rejoicing which took place in celebration of the short peace concluded between England and France in 1800, the following characteristic anecdote occurs: In the evening London was illuminated, and looked as brilliant as lights and transparencies could make it. An odd incident during the day, however, showed of what tetchy materials a great populace is made. Otto, the French resident, in preparing his house for the illumination, had hung in its front a characteristic motto, in colored lamps, consisting of three words, "France, Concord, England." A party of sailors, who had rambled through the streets to see the preparations for the night, could not bring their tongues to relish this juxtaposition, which they read as if it were—"France *conquered* England." The mob gathered, and were of the same opinion. Jack began to talk loud, and to speak of the motto as a national insult. Fortunately, however, before the latter could proceed to breaking windows, or perhaps worse, some of the envoy's servants informed their master of the equivocal nature of his motto. The obnoxious word was changed accordingly, and the illumination in the evening (which was most splendid) displayed the motto, "France, Peace, England."

**THE WEED.**—The Emperor of Austria is not a member of the anti-tobacco society, for he is encouraging the cultivation of the weed in all of his provinces.

**EFFECT OF CONTROVERSY.**—People that change their religion from reading books of controversy, are not so much converted as outwitted.

**LOSS OF SWEETS.**—Several sugar estates in the valley of Trinidad, Cuba, have been burned over. Loss estimated at half a million.

**FAST WORK.**—In the California pony express, 1800 miles is passed over in ten days, through an unbroken country.

**BARNUM AT QUAKERDOM.**—It is said that Mr. Barnum will open a museum in Philadelphia next winter.

## COURT COSTUMES.

The subject of the dress of our American representatives at foreign courts, has recently been revived by a resolution of the United States Senate and a reply of the President transmitting an official correspondence relating to it. Prior to 1853, our ministers and other diplomatic agents were wont to comply with the customs of the courts to which they were accredited, and to wear the dress prescribed for official receptions—usually a sort of uniform coat, chapeau, sword, dress pumps with buckles, etc.; a costume, by the way, not a whit more dashing and extravagant than those worn by the fathers of our republic in the days of Washington. But on this side of the water a hue and cry was raised about the wearing of this uniform. It was called a "livery," an insult to free-born American citizens, a "degrading badge of servility," etc., etc.; and such was the popular feeling about this trivial matter, that the late Mr. Marcy, when Secretary of State, issued a somewhat famous circular, dated June 1, 1853, in which our foreign ministers, charges, secretaries of legation, etc., were recommended to appear at court "in the simple dress of an American citizen." It appears that this order was construed in various ways by our diplomatic servants abroad. Some continued the old official uniform; others strictly obeyed the circular, and clothed themselves in the deep black which is the popular garb of the American citizen, worn alike at bridal, funerals, Fourth of Julys and other festive occasions, while others again invented "stunning" costumes not known in any military or civil service. We know one gentleman who allowed himself to be presented at the French court (that was in Louis Philippe's time, and years before the circular) in a long-waisted black frock coat radiant with brass eagle buttons, yellow gauntlets, a cavalry sabre, a tall chapeau with a red artillery plume, aiguillettes, epaulettes and brass spurs. His only claim to any uniform, by the way, was that he had been chaplain to a militia regiment.

"The simple garb of an American citizen" strikes us as being too indefinite; for American citizens dress in a variety of ways, and as our diplomatic representatives come from all parts of the republic, if they followed local fashions, they would create, occasionally, no little astonishment in European courts. For instance, the "simple dress of an American citizen" who happens to be a California miner is a slouched hat, a red shirt, and India rubber boots reaching half way up his thighs. Mose of the Bowery, who thinks himself as good as the President, wears a red shirt, a white hat with a weed on it, trousers

tucked into his boots, and his coat thrown gracefully over the left arm. A fringed hunting-shirt, leggings and moccasins, are the habitual wear of many an American citizen. Other American citizens wear Panama hats, and luxuriate in cool, white linen coats and pantaloons. Other American citizens, again, are fond of pepper-and-salt coats, shawl-pattern waistcoats and checker-board peg-tops. But the usual full-dress suit worn by the gentlemen of our older Atlantic cities, and we presume that is the standard of diplomatic dress, happens to be, as Mr. Buchanan remarks, "exactly that of the upper court servants in England," so that the American minister at St. James's, if he follow the suggestions of the circular, would present precisely the same external appearance as her majesty's flunkies.

In our view, the outcry raised about our ministers abroad wearing a court dress, is "much ado about nothing." We are of opinion that a foreign sovereign has just as much a right to prescribe the costume of his visitors, as a private gentleman has to regulate the details of a party he gives. A protest against the attire usual at any court, and worn alike by all who appear at it, strikes us as absurdly snobbish. We think there are better ways of exhibiting American independence than by the cut and color of a coat, and the hue and form of a pair of pantaloons; and if a man's nationality is shown in every other way, let us not consider him an outlaw and a traitor, if he is willing to hold a chapeau under his arm, or wear a sword at his side, when it is usual for other gentlemen holding the same official position to do so.

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**A GENTLE HINT.**—Don't undertake to write skim-milk poetry when you feel a little disposed towards enthusiasm. Go and do a kind action, or speak an encouraging word to somebody, if the feeling must have vent. Depend upon it, you'll be better satisfied afterward.

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**AN INTELLIGENT CHILD.**—At an examination in the primary department of a Pittsfield school, the listeners were "brought down" by the answer of a juvenile, when asked of what use whales were. One little miss replied that they were "good for hooped skirts!"

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**WONDERFUL.**—A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing. Give us his name, and we'll make him President of the United States.

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**NEW OBJECTS.**—The mind requires constant enriching by new objects, as the land needs fertilizers. Without replenishing, the intellect withers.

**DU CHAILLU AND THE GORILLA.**

Those of our readers who have seen the skeleton of the full-grown male gorilla in School Street, will readily plead guilty to a disinclination to meet a live one in a lonely place. How Du Chaillu raised one of those skeletons he tells us in his journal: "Gambo and I rose early this morning, rather discouraged, as we had spent the two preceding days looking in vain for the gorilla. We had seen their tracks, but nothing of them. Before leaving our encampment, which was simply made with a few branches scattered on the ground, on which we slept during the night, we resolved to spend the day in the ravines of the mountains, where we intended to hunt the gorilla. Gambo made great preparations. He cut his hands in many places, in order to let the blood run freely; afterward he rubbed them with some charmed powder, which was to make his hands sure if called to shoot; he painted his body, and covered himself with his war fetiches. As for me, I was dressed in my usual hunting costume, made of dark blue cloth. I blackened my face and hands, in order not to be easily seen; and was, as usual, very careful in loading my gun, in order that it should not miss fire. We spent the greater part of the day in the midst of these impenetrable forests. At last we met, near a spring, tracks of a gorilla which had just left. His footprints were very large, and we foresaw that we would soon have to encounter a most formidable animal. We were not mistaken, for after a while we were startled by the tremendous roar of the monster. At our approach he raised himself erect, beat with his powerful hands his tremendous chest, and advanced boldly toward us, looking with his fiery eyes straight into our faces, as if to bid us defiance. He showed us at the same time, his powerful teeth. There was no time to be lost. We levelled our guns at the monster together and fired. He fell to the ground, uttering a tremendous groan, and was soon a lifeless corpse."

**TERRIBLE.**—We dread the political squabble to come off between now and the Presidential election. It will be worse than the late international prize fight.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—The Press says the present population of Philadelphia, counting none but those who actually sleep within the municipal limits, exceeds 650,000.

**ENGLAND.**—England ought to be called the Great Water-Power, for she claims to be the mistress of the seas.

**EARLY METHODIST MINISTERS.**

The early ministers of the Methodist church were restricted in their salary to sixty-four dollars a year, which was to include all presents and marriage fees, and out of which they were to provide their own horses, saddles, clothing and books. Marriage was discouraged amongst them, as their official duties required their whole time. Of Bishop Asbury, Mr. Milburn says: "With all respect to Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Channing, and all other eminent and pre-eminent men of New England—I have read them all, and knew some of them—I think that Francis Asbury, the first superintendent and bishop of our Methodist church, was the most renowned and redoubtable soldier of the Cross that ever advanced the standard of the Lord upon this continent. Yet you will not find his name in a single history of the United States, that I know of; and it is a burning shame that it is so. He travelled for fifty years, on horseback, from Maine to Georgia, and from Massachusetts to the Far West, as population extended, journeying in that time, as was computed, about three hundred thousand miles. He had the care of all the churches; was preaching instant in season and out of season; was laboring indefatigably with the young men to inspire and stimulate them; winning back the lost, and bringing amorphous elements into harmony, in a church, which, when he began with it in 1771, numbered probably not fifty members, and which, when he was an old man—he died in 1816—numbered, white and black, from Maine to California, and from far Northwestern Oregon to sunny Southern Florida, nearly a million of members."

**GOOD WIVES.**—There is nothing men like to write about better than good wives. This is reasonable enough, for there is nothing, certainly, in which mankind are more interested. "A good wife," says one, "is to a man wisdom and courage, and hope and endurance."

**HAPPINESS.**—It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

**MINNESOTA.**—More than double the usual number of acres have been sown with wheat this year in Minnesota, we see it stated.

**A QUESTION.**—A waggish fellow asks if a trade-wind is the same thing as a financial storm?

## THE FIRST DEBT.

Admiral Jervis, of the British Navy, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent, in telling the story of his early struggles, speaks, among other things, of his determination to keep out of debt: "My father had a large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds sterling at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station (at sea) I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and, having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill, and from that time to this have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. It is easy for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution to avoid incurring the first obligation, but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second, and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course—debt follows debt, as lie follows lie.

**LITERARY HABITS.**—Schiller, during his hours of composition, kept at his side a bottle of champagne, or Rhenish wine, or a cup of strong coffee. Horace Walpole wrote usually from ten to two o'clock at night, always having strong coffee by him. Sir William Jones drank a great deal of coffee to support him in his nocturnal studies.

**EASY TO LEARN.**—The Chinese language contains only 42,713 characters, and a knowledge of about one-tenth of these is sufficient to enable Chinese works to be understood. The rather startling proposition is advanced that the Chinese is as clear as the easiest of the modern languages.

**A FACT.**—If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.

## AMATEUR SAILORS.

We have often felt some little nervous trepidation in sailing on our bay, when we have accepted the invitation of some amateur salt of our acquaintance to take a trip among the islands, and have been seduced into his craft, by the natty and 'shipshepe' appearance of our friend's "togs," the rake of his tarpaulin, the breadth of his blue shirt collar, the multitude of his buttons, the tie of his cravat, and above all the professional seasoning of his discourse. Always eschew an amateur who talks about his "tarry toplichts," and "mizzen to' g'ant eyebrows." Be sure he knows nothing of the rocks and sandbars, is perfectly innocent of the mysteries of "tacking," and unconsciously courts a capsize by "belaying his sheets taut" in a gale, and refusing to "luff" even if the wind "blew great guns." What then must be the danger of the crew of a line-of-battle ship when a crowned head undertakes to play the tar, and that crowned head an autocratic sovereign? That these things be, the following case in point illustrates.

It is stated in a recent work upon Russia, that the late emperor on visiting the ship of the line "Russia," while on the stocks, thought there was not sufficient room to walk about, and accordingly commanded the space to be enlarged, even enforcing his opinion against competent judges. Consequently this vessel is the worst sailer in the whole Russian navy, and is very seldom employed. When he took it into his head to command the movements of a ship, which he did almost every time he went to sea, the captain of the vessel took care always to keep behind him, in order, by counter signals, to prevent the strict execution of his majesty's orders, which would inevitably have led to the loss of the ship and its august passenger.

**A POMOLOGICAL CONGRESS.**—A grand display will be made by the fruit-growers of the United States, on the 12th of September next, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the United States Pomological Congress, which will assemble in that city at that time. Some of the most eminent fruit-growers of the country are concerned in this enterprise.

**A TRUTH.**—You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

**POETRY.**—"Building the lofty rhyme," has been explained to be writing verses in a garret.

## PREDICTED DEATHS.

In all ages, astrologers, fortune-tellers, diviners and the like, have ministered to the passion of mankind for prying into futurity, by undertaking to foretell the hour and the manner of death of certain individuals, and history is full of the records of the accomplishment of such prophecies. In many of these cases, there is little doubt that the prediction has been forged after the event, in others that the death has been produced by the prophecy, that is, the victim dwelt upon the prediction till imagination destroyed him, while in yet other cases the seer or prophet made a lucky guess. For, although accomplished prophecies are faithfully recorded, unaccomplished prophecies are forgotten, and the ratio of the former to the latter is probably as one to a million. Yet such is the superstition and credulity of mankind, that probably not one in a thousand could listen to a prediction of his death by an ignorant, strolling gipsy without a secret terror. We remember in our boyhood hearing an old lady tell the story of a girl of whom a certain fortune-teller predicted that she should die at noon on a certain day. On that day she was out shopping, and was in the act of leaving a store in Province House Row, when the bell of the Old South struck the hour of twelve she fell dead upon the sidewalk. Supposing this story to be authentic, it may be supposed that the prediction of death, acting on a nervous and excitable temperament, produced the result. Let us cite a few cases of predicted deaths.

"In the autumn of the year 913," says the Russian historian, Nestor, "Oleg, Grand-Duke of Russia, bethought himself of a horse which he had sent to be kept, but which he had ceased to ride. This came about because, one day, seeing a sorcerer, he said to him, 'How am I to die?' And the enchanter or sorcerer had answered him, 'Prince, this horse that you love, and on which you are riding, will be the cause of your death.' Oleg trembled, said to himself, 'I will neither ride him nor see him any more.' He accordingly ordered a servant to feed him, but never to bring the horse before him. Some years passed without his seeing him, until the war against the Greeks. On his return to Kief, and five years after the prediction, he thought of the horse, which, according to the soothsayer's declaration, was to be the cause of his death. He sent for his old groom, and said to him, 'What has become of the horse I gave you to feed and take care of?' The latter answered, 'He is dead.' Oleg then began to mock the prophet, reproaching him with his ignorance, and said, 'All that these sorcerers predict is false.

My horse is dead and I am still living.' And he had a horse saddled and rode forth to see the bones; and when he had reached the place where the bones and the carcass lay, he dismounted, and said, 'There is the beast that was to cause my death.' Thereupon he gave the skull a push with his foot; but immediately a serpent came out of his head, and stung his foot and inflicted a grievous wound of which he died."

When Alvaro de Luna, the celebrated minister and favorite of John II., King of Castile, was beheaded, July 5, 1452, "the rumor spread," says the historian, Mariano, "and it was commonly reported that Don Alvaro, having consulted a certain astrologer on his destiny, the latter said that he would die at *Cadahaleo*; he did not then understand that *cadahaleo* signified a scaffold, and that he would lose his head there; but he thought it meant a little town of that name which he owned in the kingdom of Toledo and which he was never willing to enter.

The responses of the classic oracles were worded with such ambiguity that however the event turned out, their reputation was saved. Thus the famous response of the oracle to Pyrrhus, "Thou shalt go; thou shalt return. Never in battle shalt thou perish." Trusting to this prophecy, Pyrrhus went boldly into the campaign and perished; the oracle claiming to have predicted, "Thou shalt go; thou shalt return never. In battle shalt thou perish." Here a mistake in punctuation put a "period" to poor Pyrrhus's career.

When James I., King of Scotland, hated by the nobility whose arrogance he labored to repress, was repairing to Perth, in 1437, while a conspiracy laid by Robert Grahame was organizing against him, a Highland woman tried to prevent him from entering the city, and predicted he would perish if he persisted in his resolution. James was struck with these words, which tallied with a prophecy according to which a king would be killed in Scotland that year; but, without attaching much importance to it, he said laughingly, to one of his knights, who was surnamed the "King of Love," "Well, one of us is to die this year, for we are the only two kings in Scotland." Still the event justified the prediction, and James was assassinated on the 20th of February.

The deaths of several princes have been predicted in different ways. Philip le Bel and Clement V. were, it is said, summoned to the bar of God by the Templars whom the King of France had with the consent of the pope, doomed to perish at the stake, and both actually died in 1314.



"In 1312," says Mariana, "Ferdinand IV., king of Castile, caused to be arrested two brothers, Don Pedro and Don Juan de Carvajal, who were accused of having assassinated a lord of the House of Benevides, at Valencia, as they were leaving the palace. It was not certainly known who the assassins were; many persons were suspected of the deed, and withal thoroughly examining whether the suspicion was well or ill-founded, they were treated in their prison with the extremest rigor; but finally the two brothers Carvajal suffered for all the rest. In vain did they repel the charge; no attention was paid to the reasons they alleged in the defence; they were declared guilty of leze-majesty, and as such condemned to death, without having been judicially convicted, and without having made any confession. They were sentenced to be thrown from the top of a steep rock near Martos, without any one daring to speak in their favor, for the king was intractable in his anger when the offence was recent. As the two brothers were led to punishment, they declared with a loud voice that they died innocent, calling on heaven, earth and God himself to witness their innocence, and saying that, since the king was deaf to their just complaints, they appealed to the tribunal of the sovereign judge before whom they cited King Ferdinand to appear in thirty days. At first little attention was paid to these words, but what happened afterwards, either by chance or otherwise, awakened profound reflection. The death of the king was attributed to excessive eating, gluttony being a common failing of his; but others regarded it a just punishment for the execution of the Carvajals, the more so since exactly thirty days elapsed from their execution to the king's death; hence it comes that he was called 'Don Ferdinand the Summoned.'"

**A STEADY GOER.**—An old lady was asked by a parson to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," she replied; "and I don't care anything about your nominations; for my part, I hold on to the old meetin'-house."

**A PHENOMENON.**—A Scotch girl, with two distinct noses, lately passed through Detroit on her way west. How she escaped Barnum, is a miracle.

**AN AMERICAN DUCHESS.**—The Duchess of Leeds is one of the grand-daughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

**MEXICO.**—A severe drought is prevailing in Northern Mexico.

#### FACTS FOR PARENTS.

A number of physicians, practising in New York and in Brooklyn, having "compared notes," have come to the conclusion that one leading cause of the great mortality among children arises from their being left too much to the care of servants. It has been observed that children who are taken care of by their parents—undressed and put to bed by them, and by them dressed in the morning, and kept under a loving mother's eye during the day—are, as a general thing, far more healthy, good-tempered and intelligent than such as are left almost exclusively to the care of servants. In addition to this, it must be remembered that most of the accidents which happen to children, whereby they are seriously injured, and sometimes crippled, maimed or rendered idiotic, occur through the negligence of those in whose care they are left by unthinking or unloving parents. Parents who love their children would do well to give these statements their earnest consideration; for, if they are true, the facts on which they are predicated lie at the very basis of domestic well-being and happiness.

**"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."**—An old but true saying, as shown in the instance of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, now acknowledged to be the remedy *par excellence* for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat, influenza, and last, but by no means least, consumption. Years of steady trial have placed this remarkable medicine in a position rarely attained by any patent compound, and it has become an article of household necessity everywhere. Buy none unless it has the written signature of "I. Butts" upon the wrapper, which is always the case with the genuine.

**OLD VOLUMES.**—Any person having old volumes of books injured, torn or defaced, can have them rendered as firm and perfect as when new, by handing or sending them in to our office. Bound and returned in one week. Persons out of the city can hand their packages, with directions enclosed, to the express, and be equally well served.

**GOING DOWN.**—A St. Louis market report states that "whiskey has a downward tendency." Whiskey always has a "downward tendency" when toppers get hold of it.

**NEW PAPER.**—An American weekly journal is to be started in London, and contributed to by American gentlemen, political and commercial in its character.

## Foreign Miscellany.

An American bar-room has been opened at Hakodadi, Japan. Bowie-knives will come next.

The English language has of late become a compulsory branch of education in the public schools in Norway.

Peace has at last been established in Venezuela, and that government has effected a loan of \$1,000,000 in England.

The Cunard Company intend in June next to resume regular sailings to New York with their screw fleet, and will then, in addition to goods, carry all classes of passengers.

The editor of a satirical journal of Turin has been condemned to two months' imprisonment and a fine for publishing disgraceful articles against the Emperor of the French.

The Morocco traders with Timbuctoo do a profitable business. In return for goods valued at a million and a half of dollars they get productions worth eighteen millions.

Macaulay's death has given a sudden impetus to the demand for his works in England, and the publishers there are busily engaged in satisfying this demand.

A machine for weaving by means of electro-magnetism, invented by Mr. Bonelli, was on exhibition in London. Most important advantages, and great saving in time and money, are predicted from it.

Lord John Russell lately stated in the House of Commons that the government was exerting all its power to stop the trade in coolies between China and Cuba, and had opened negotiations with Spain on the subject.

The English scandal-mongers says that the young Prince of Wales is coming to Canada to escape the consequences of injudicious promises made to a lady, Clara Vane. She is about to commence a suit against him, it is said.

The twelfth session of the Congress of Learned Societies has been opened in Paris. The congress is composed of 150 delegates, representing the academies and learned or agricultural societies from various parts of France.

The Emperor of France has decided on two military expeditions which are to set out, one from Algeria and the other from Senegal, to proceed to Timbuctoo, where they are to unite. A large sum has been placed to the credit of the Minister of War to defray the expenses.

One of the leading London papers says that the Armstrong battery, sent to China, has been so unskillfully shipped as to be useless, or nearly so. This mishap is made the vehicle of a strong attack on the government, whose administrative skill, it is contended, has in no wise been improved since the disasters in the Crimea.

Two Swedish ladies, the teacher, Miss Henrietta Cortegren, and the singer, Miss Sarah Magnus, have received travelling stipends from the King of Sweden to the amount of 1000 reichsthalers each, in order to continue their studies abroad. The first named of these ladies is especially to acquire knowledge in the different countries of Europe on the best methods of female instruction.

The Empress Eugenie lately appeared at a fancy ball as an oyster-girl, dispensing bivalves.

An interesting medallion of Kirke White, by Chantry, has recently been added to the National Portrait Gallery.

The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg contains 29,569 volumes written by foreigners about Russia.

The majority of the female inmates of the famous insane asylum, known as the Bethlehem Hospital in England, is said to be by a recent writer, either governesses or maid servants.

The latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish gentleman who, in order to raise the wind whereby to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassments, got his life insured for a large amount and then drowned himself.

The pulpit in which Jeremy Taylor used to preach is now in the library of the Bishop of Down and Connor, at the Palace, Holywood, having been placed there by his lordship's predecessor, Bishop Mant.

In the district of Erris county, Mayo, Ireland, twenty thousand people are said to be in a state of absolute destitution, and the able-bodied of both sexes are running for their lives from the famine-stricken locality.

The magnificent ball which the Empress Eugenie gave in the Duchess d'Albe's palace in Paris cost a lively figure. The decorations alone required \$30,000. The empress does right to progress during her juvenility.

It is announced that among the petitioners for annexation to France at Nice are the Jewish fraternity, on account, as they say, of "complete civil equality, without distinction of creed," guaranteed by the French constitution.

**ENGLISH SEWING-MACHINES.**—It appears that no fewer than two hundred patents for the manufacture of sewing-machines in Great Britain have been taken out, but that not more than twenty have been brought into use, and that only eight firms are now making the article.

All told, there are, large and small, some thirty-five opera-houses, theatres and hippodromes in the city of Paris, with its 1,250,000 inhabitants. In the city of London, with about 3,000,000 inhabitants, there are twenty-seven similar places of amusement.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 5000 receivers of stolen goods, 15,000 gamblers, 25,000 beggars, 30,000 drunkards, 180,000 habitual gin-drinkers, 150,000 persons subsisting on profligacy, and 50,000 thieves. This would make an interesting colony; fancy the state of society that would exist in a city occupied exclusively by this list.

The Emperor Napoleon has approved the model of a gunboat, constructed on a system to be propelled without steam, and has ordered boats to be built on this plan. The power intended to be substituted for steam, is hot air. It will produce as much rapidity, and be far more economical than steam. It is calculated that the yearly saving in the cost of fuel for the French navy, will be about 80,000,000 francs.

## Record of the Times.

The debt of the city of Hartford, Conn., exceeds \$1,100,000.

The cost of delivering letters from the New York post-office was \$97,000 last year.

There are at this moment more persons profitably employed throughout the United States than at any previous date in the history of the country.

Two rowdies arrested in Philadelphia for being engaged in a prize fight, have been sentenced to two years' hard labor in the Penitentiary.

The Governor of Virginia gets \$5000 annually, and his term of office lasts for four years. He has also a fine house furnished rent free.

The public sales of land, 2,700,000 acres, will take place in Kansas in August and September, and in Nebraska, more than four and a third millions, in August.

The Mormons are to receive a reinforcement of nearly six hundred persons from England. Most of these are recruits from England and Scotland.

Scrofula among children, a medical authority informs us, often proceeds from the habit of sleeping with the head covered with the bed-clothes.

The Pennsylvania papers say that already two hundred oil wells have been found in that State, and that speculation is increasing with each newly discovered deposit.

The Madison (Wisconsin) Argus says that the number of mortgages upon farms to railroad companies in that State is 4500, the average of the mortgages is \$1200, and the total amount is \$5,400,000.

A New Orleans surgeon complains through the newspapers that he has been in attendance at fifteen duels where nobody was hurt. The thrust and parry is the style there, and hot-blooded youths are skilful.

Coal has been discovered near the Cascades, and also on Mill Creek, about twenty miles from Salem, Oregon. At the latter place the vein discovered was eight feet thick, and the coal of good quality.

There is a noble organization of true women in Philadelphia, who, under the name of the Rosine Association, have, during the twelve years of their existence, rescued and restored to their friends 684 of the fallen of their own sex. This has all been accomplished unostentatiously and as a labor of love.

Professor Greenough of New Orleans has succeeded, after much investigation, in impregnating common burning fluid, or camphene, with carbonic acid gas, as a neutralizing agent, which, leaving the inflammable nature of the fluid unchanged, makes it unexplosive, and consequently harmless.

A block of silver ore, estimated to weigh five hundred pounds, has been taken out solid from a new mine discovered by the Stone surveying party, as a contribution to the Washington Monument, Mr. White, the sutler at Fort Buchanan, having generously offered to defray the entire cost of transportation.

A company with \$200,000 is to test thoroughly Mr. Fawkes's new steam plough.

It is estimated that \$100,000 were bet on the Philadelphia mayoralty election.

One New York store sells 100 pounds of snuff daily to female "dippers." Faugh!

Hillsboro' County, New Hampshire, is said to be the richest county in that State.

A Frenchman wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

The Jews are raising funds for the erection of a hospital, at Cincinnati, for widows and orphans. The sum required is \$30,000.

It is settled now that the capitol of California will not be removed to San Francisco, but will remain at Sacramento.

An old boot buyer lately purchased a pair of boots of a Northampton lady, for twelve cents, and afterwards sold them to her husband for half a dollar.

A western editor has placed over his marriages, a cut representing a large trap, sprung, with this motto: "The trap down—another nunny hammer caught."

The Magdalen Benevolent Society in New York reports, that since the establishment of the asylum in 1833, eleven hundred fallen women have been gathered to that institution and saved from their shame.

The Middleborough Gazette estimates that there are now in Middleborough 3000 acres of woodland more than there were in the year 1800, and still the old fields are coming in to pines more rapidly than ever.

The Northampton Gazette says that a couple from a neighboring town were recently married at a hotel there, and after the ceremony the landlord was tendered twenty-five cents for the use of his house, and the clergyman fifty cents for his services.

The largest circulation of any one bank in the United States is that of the Citizens' Bank, New Orleans, viz., \$5,535,000. Others in that State have large issues, viz., Bank of Louisiana, \$1,065,000; State Bank, \$2,898,000; Canal Bank, \$1,623,000.

The people of Davenport, Iowa, were beautifully "taken in" recently, by a young man who pretended to be a cousin of William B. Astor, of New York, and to be possessed of untold wealth, but they were not "done for," because they found him out before he got hold of any of the large purchases which he made on forged drafts.

General Miles, of New Orleans, was recently robbed of a set of diamonds worth \$10,000, by a servant girl, who ran away and secreted herself. Her hiding place was discovered, and she was arrested; but the girl says she gave the diamonds to two free negroes, and they are probably irretrievably lost to the general.

The Bennington Banner says that John Sherman, in Pownal, Vt., had born to him, on the day he completed his seventieth year, a son, and he called his name Levi; and on the same day were born unto him a grandson and great grandson, the parents at the time residing in three different States. All three of the boys are living now.

## Merry-Making.

A splendid ear but a very poor voice, as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

When an actor "brings down the house," where does he take it to?"

What people may be supposed to have iron nerves?—the Castilians. (*Cast steel 'uns.*)

A cobbler ought to become a perfect man before he dies, for he is all the while *a-mending*.

The wind is responsible for many an unlucky blow.

What is the best to prevent old maids from despairing?—pairing.

Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer.

Poverty is, in some countries, merely an inability to make one's mark.

The Queen of Spain, when she reviews her troops, treats them to cigars; of course they are bound to *back* her quarrels.

Why is a tender-hearted person like a house-keeper with little furniture? Because he is easily *moved*.

The mischievous winking of a beautiful coquette, from under a smart hood, Prentice thinks is a pleasant kind of hood-winking.

To "see as far into a millstone as the man who picks it," requires you to weigh every barrel of flour you purchase.

Simkins remarked that money is a great lever in the affairs of mankind. "A very great *lever* indeed," replied Blinks; "I never can keep it."

Flour is an article well enough in its sphere, but we deprecate the rubbing of it on ladies' faces.

Why is a cannon ball on a level plain like a lump of baker's dough? Because when *fired* it generally ends in a roll.

A man in Monson, upwards of seventy five years of age, has a third set of front teeth growing. Some *gum* about that.

A live lobster is a perfect puzzle, which can only be *red*, "inwardly digested," and fully solved after it is dead.

"I have learned this profound truth," said Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness."

Mrs. Partington thinks the pillows of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American eagle. The superintendents of the United States Mint are investigating the matter.

A man was offered a glass of soda-water, the other day, but he rejected it with great indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water *bilting* hot?"

It is said of the French ladies, that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows who have lost their husbands, practise attitudes of despair before a looking glass.

The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business than being raised by it.

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are, the better they crack.

One of our contemporaries says he "dropped a remark." Had he better advertise for it?

A hungry man does right well to eat the egg; for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

There is a firm in Boston who rejoice in the names of Salmon and Ham.

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

How is it that *lasting* buttons have to be renewed so often?

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

He who asks no questions at all, is queer; but he who asks many questions, is the *querist*.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? Because it is always on the Spree.

Things bought at "great bargains," are mostly parted with afterwards at "a tremendous sacrifice."

A practical joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

What means of conveyance by land, and what by sea, are ladies fondest of? Busses and smacks.

Laughing after dinner is a better "stomachic" to promote digestion, than cheese, champagne or pills.

A hermit prefers always to be "left alone," but as for us, we would rather be "left a fortune."

Why is a man paying his note at the bank like a father going to see his children? Ans.—Because he meets his responsibilities.

There is a man in Totnes so witty, that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

One of our political parties is getting up clubs all over the State. We suggest that the opposition get up Shillelahs, and beat them.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

"Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, madam; I have heard the Dead March in *Sail*."

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BOSTON.

# A NAUTICAL DICTIONARY.



High (tied) Tide.



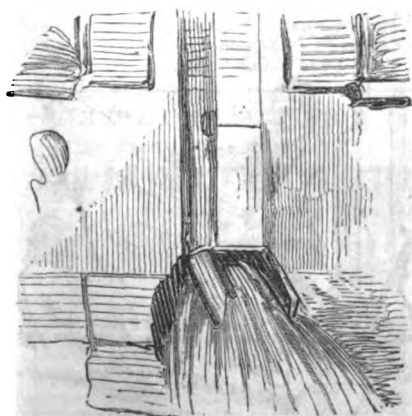
Taking a Pilot.



A Light-House.



A Fishing-Smack.

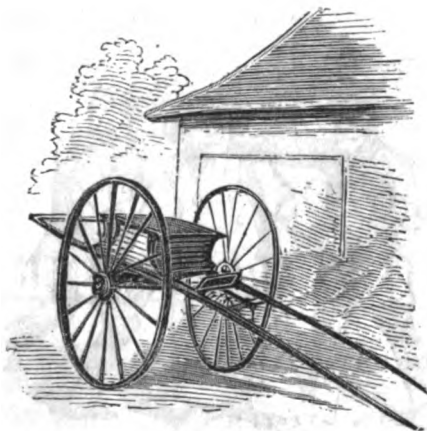


A Water-Spout.



Breakers Ahead.

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**Keeping the Log.**



**Clinging to the Shrouds.**



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 2.

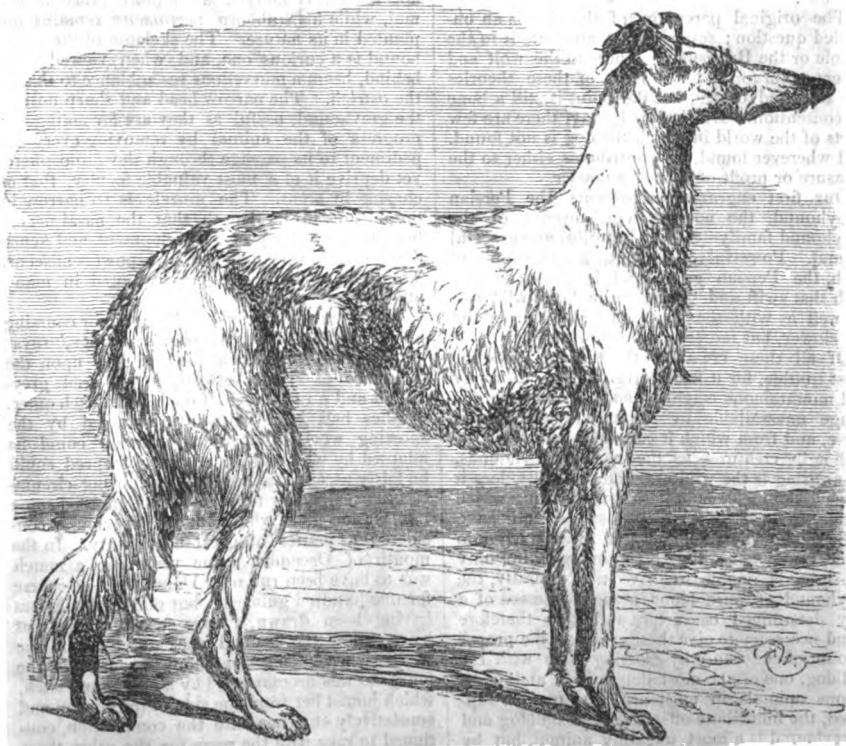
BOSTON, AUGUST, 1860.

WHOLE No. 68.

## A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

If it were necessary to give a reason for devoting a dozen pages of our Magazine, and as many engravings, to the subject of domesticated dogs, we need only quote the words of Sir Walter Scott—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—as authority for the importance of our theme: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He

hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity." Pope, too, says—"Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." We might, indeed, embroider our text with a thousand quotations from distinguished authors, all eulogizing the important services of dogs, and



PERSIAN GREYHOUND.



KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

their admirable qualities. The theme is a prolific one.

The original parentage of the dog is an unsettled question; some writers attribute it to the Dhole or the Buansuah; others to the wolf and others again to the fox. Each of these theories has warm advocates, but the point is still a bone of contention. Be that as it may, there are few parts of the world in which the dog is not found, and wherever found, he contributes either to the pleasure or profit of man, his master.

Our first engraving represents the Persian Greyhound, the noblest representative of the greyhound family—a truly beautiful and graceful animal. Powerful of jaw, quick and supple of limb, the Persian greyhound is chosen to cope with that swift and daring animal, the wild ass, as well as with the no less rapid antelope, and the slower, but more dangerous, wild boar.

Of all these creatures, the wild ass gives the most trouble, for it instinctively keeps to rocky and mountainous neighborhoods, which afford a refuge unassailable by the sure-footed Persian horse, and from which it can only be driven by such agile creatures as the native greyhounds. So untiring is the wild ass, and so boldly does it traverse the rocky mountain spurs among which it loves to dwell, that a single ass is so agile as to baffle the best hounds, and get away fairly into cover, from whence the greyhound, working only by sight, is unable to drive it. Naturally, the greyhound of pure blood is not possessed of a very determined character, and it is therefore found necessary to give these creatures the proper amount of endurance by crossing them with the bull-dog, one of the most determined and courageous animals in existence. As may be supposed, the immediate offspring of a bulldog and a greyhound is a most ungainly animal, but by continually crossing with the pure greyhound,

the outward shape of the thick and sturdy bulldog is entirely merged in the more graceful animal, while his stubborn pertinacity remains implanted in its nature. The skeleton of the greyhound is a curious one, and when viewed from behind, bears a marvellous resemblance to that of the ostrich. The narrow head and sharp nose of the greyhound, useful as they are for aiding the progress of the animal by removing every impediment to its passage through the atmosphere, yet deprive it of a most valuable faculty, that of chasing by scent. The muzzle is so narrow in proportion to its length, that the nasal nerves have no room for proper development, and hence the animal is very deficient in its powers of scent. The same circumstance may be noted in many other animals.

In England the greyhound is used for coursing hares. Jesse, in his "Anecdotes of Dogs," says:

"Various have been the opinions upon the difference of speed between a well-bred greyhound and a race-horse, if opposed to each other. Wishes had been frequently indulged by the sporting world, that some criterion could be adopted by which the superiority of speed could be fairly ascertained, when the following circumstance accidentally took place, and afforded some information upon what had been previously considered a matter of great uncertainty. In the month of December, some years ago, a match was to have been run over Doncaster race-course for one hundred guineas; but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that by running the ground she might ensure the wager, when having run about one mile in the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, which joined her from the side of the course, and emulatively entering into the competition, continued to race with the mare for the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, and afford-

ing an excellent treat to the field by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance-post, five to four was betted in favor of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any person might have taken his choice from five to ten: the mare, however, had the advantage of a head at the termination of the course.

"The courage and spirit of these dogs is very great. A greyhound ran a hare single-handed and raced her so hard, that, not having time to run through an opening at the bottom of some paling, she and the greyhound made a spring at the same moment at the top of the pales. The dog seized her at the instant she reached it, and in the momentary struggle he slipped between two broken pales, each of which ran into the top of his thighs. In this situation he hung till the horsemen came up, when, to their great surprise, he had the hare fast in his mouth, which was taken from him before he could be released.

"I saw a hare coursed on the Brighton Downs some years ago by two celebrated greyhounds. Such was the length of the course, some of it up very steep hills, that the hare fell dead before the dogs, who were so exhausted that they only reached to within six feet of her. This was one of the severest courses ever witnessed.

"On another occasion, two dogs ran a hare for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the coursing party. After a considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the former had touched the hare. Mr. Daniel, in his 'Rural Sports,' states that a brace of greyhounds, in Lincolnshire, ran a hare from her seat to where she was killed, a distance, measuring straight, of upwards of four miles, in twelve minutes. During the course there was a good number of turns,

which must have very considerably increased the space gone over. The hare ran till she died before the greyhounds touched her.

"In the year 1798, a brace of greyhounds, the property of Mr. Courtall of Carlisle, coursed a hare from the Swift, near that city, and killed her at Clemmell, seven miles distant. Both greyhounds were so exhausted, that unless the aid of medical men, who happened to be on the spot, had been immediately given, they would have died, and it was with difficulty they were recovered."

The King Charles Spaniel takes its name from the merry monarch, Charles II. of England, who took great delight in these delicate and playful little creatures, and used to walk in Hyde Park, surrounded by a host of them. It is a very small animal, as a really fine specimen ought not to exceed six or seven pounds in weight. Some of the most valuable King Charles Spaniels weigh as little as five pounds, or even less. These little creatures have been trained to search for and put up game after the manner of their larger relatives, the springers and cockers, but they cannot endure severe exercise, or long-continued exertion, and ought only to be employed on very limited territory. On one occasion, one of these little dogs was the means of saving the life of his mistress.

"About the year 1800, Mrs. Osburn, who lived a few miles out of London, went to town to receive a large sum of money granted her by Parliament for discovering a lithontrypic medicine. She received the money, and returned back with it in her own carriage to the country, without anything particular happening to her on the road. It was evening when she arrived at home; and being fatigued with her journey, she retired early to rest. On her stepping into bed, she was somewhat surprised at the importunities of a small



FOX TERRIER DOG.



SPANIEL.

King Charles's dog, which was a great pet, and always slept in her bedchamber. He became exceedingly troublesome, and kept pulling the bedclothes with all his strength. She chid him repeatedly, and in an angry tone of voice desired him to lie still, that she might go to sleep. The dog, however, still persisted in his efforts, and kept pulling the bedclothes; and at length leaped on the bed, and endeavored with the most determined perseverance to pull off the bedclothes. Mrs. Osburn then conceived there must be some extraordinary cause for this unusual conduct on the part of her dog, and leaped out of bed; and being a lady of some courage, put on her petticoat, and placed a brace of pistols by her side, which she had always ready loaded in a closet adjoining her bed-room, and proceeded down stairs. When she had reached the first landing-place, she saw her coachman coming down the private staircase, which led to the servants' rooms, with a lighted candle in his hand, and full dressed. Suspecting his intentions were bad, and with heroic presence of mind, she presented one of her pistols, and threatened to lodge the contents of it in him, unless he returned to bed forthwith. Subdued by her determined courage, he quietly and silently obeyed. She then went into a back-parlor, when she heard a distant whispering of voices; she approached the window, and threw it up, and fired one of her pistols out of it, in the direction from which the noise proceeded. Everything became silent, and not a whisper was to be heard. After looking through the different rooms on the lower floor, and finding all right, she proceeded to bed and secured the door, and nothing further occurred that night. Next morning she arose at an early hour, went into the garden, and in the direction which she had fired the preceding night she discovered drops of blood, which she traced to the other end of the garden. This left no doubt on her mind

of what had been intended. Thinking it imprudent to keep so large a sum of money in her house, she ordered her carriage to drive to town, where she deposited her cash. She then repaired to the house of Sir John Fielding, and related to him the whole affair, who advised her to part with her coachman immediately, and that he would investigate the matter, and, if possible, discover and convict the offenders. But the parties concerned in this affair were never discovered; for the mere fact of the coachman being found coming down the stair was not sufficient to implicate him, although there were strong grounds of suspicion. Thus, by the instinct and fidelity of this little animal, was robbery, and most likely murder, prevented."

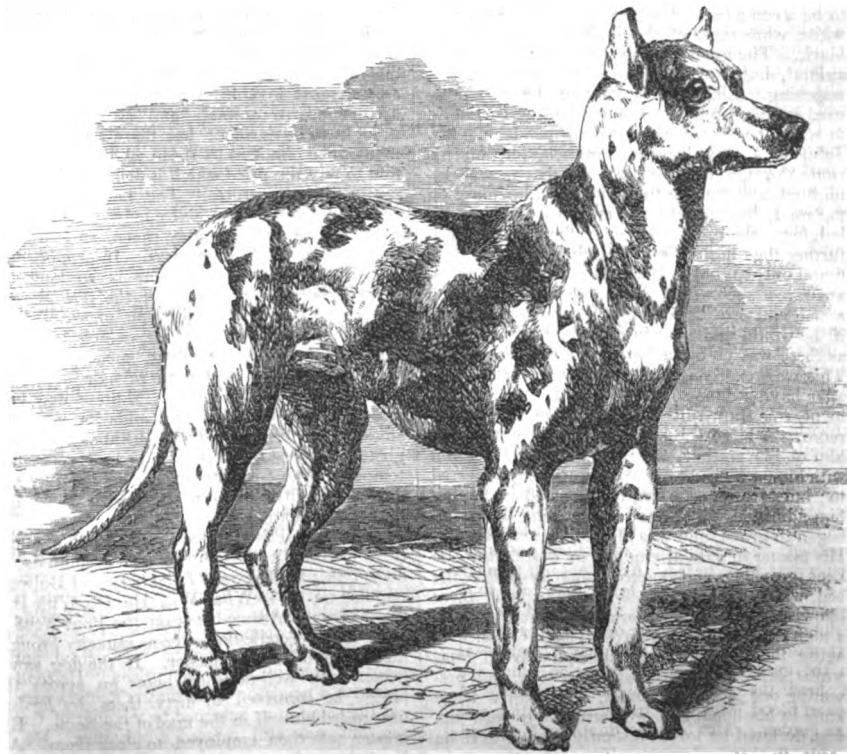
The Pomeranian Fox Dog, of which we present a good engraving, is much fancied as a house-dog and companion. It is very intelligent in its character, and its long white fur and bushy tail give it quite a distinguished appearance, of which the animal seems to be thoroughly aware. Sometimes the coat of this animal is a cream color, and very rarely is deep black. The pure white, however, seems to be the favorite. It is a lively little creature, and makes an excellent companion in a country walk.

The Spaniel is a favorite dog with sportsmen, and is a beautiful and intelligent creature. The following old, but interesting anecdote of the spaniel, is taken from Daniel's "Rural Sports:" "A few days before the overthrow of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal had condemned M. R——, an upright magistrate and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. His faithful dog, a spaniel, was with him when he was seized, but was not suffered to enter the prison. He took refuge with a neighbor of his master's, and every day at the same hour returned to the door of the prison, but was still refused admittance. He,

however, uniformly passed some time there, and his unremitting fidelity won upon the porter, and the dog was allowed to enter. The meeting may be better imagined than described. The jailor, however, fearful for himself, carried the dog out of the prison; but he returned the next morning, and was regularly admitted on each day afterwards. When the day of sentence arrived, the dog, notwithstanding the guards, penetrated into the hall, where he lay crouched between the legs of his master. Again, at the hour of execution, the faithful dog is there: the knife of the guillotine falls—he will not leave the lifeless and headless body. The first night, the next day, and the second night, his absence alarmed his new patron, who, guessing whither he had retired, sought him, and found him stretched upon his master's grave. From this time, for three months, every morning the mourner returned to his prison merely to receive food, and then again retreated to the grave. At length he refused food, his patience seemed exhausted, and with temporary strength, supplied by his long-trying and unexhausted affection, for twenty-four hours he was observed to employ his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served. His powers, however, here gave way; he shrieked in his struggles, and at length ceased to breathe, with his last look turned upon the grave."

Jesse says: "The late Reverend Mr. Cor-

sellis, of Wivenhoe, in Essex, had an old game-keeper who had reared a spaniel, which became his constant companion, day and night. Whenever the keeper appeared, Dash was close behind him, and was of infinite use in his master's nocturnal excursions. The game at night was never regarded, although in the day no spaniel could find it in better style, or in a greater quantity. If at night, however, a strange foot entered the covert, Dash, by a significant whine, informed his master that an enemy was abroad, and thus many poachers have been detected. After many years of friendly companionship, the keeper was seized with a disease which terminated in death. Whilst the slow but fatal progress of his disorder allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps; and when nature was nearly exhausted, and he took to his bed, the faithful animal unweariedly attended at the foot of it. When he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay on the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he could be induced to eat any food; and though after the burial he was caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room where his old master died. Here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave. At the end, however, of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shown him, the poor, faithful animal died, a victim of grief for the loss of his master."



DANISH DOG.



MALTESE DOG.

Buffon was of opinion that the Danish Dog, which is chiefly found in Denmark, Russia, and Northern Germany, is only the *Matin* (the usual sheep-dog of France) transported into a northern latitude. The color of this dog is generally white, marked all over his body with black spots and patches, in general larger than those of the Dalmatian, of which some have supposed him to be a congener. His ears are for the most part white, while those of the Dalmatian are usually black. The great Danish dog is a fine sprightly animal, but is of little use either for sporting or watching. Like the Dalmatian, he is chiefly used in this country as an attendant on carriages, to which he forms an elegant appendage. Mr. Johnson, a traveller from Manchester, on his route through Scotland on horseback, was benighted, and coming to a small public house on the road, he thought it better to take up his lodgings there, if possible, than to proceed further that night. On entering the house, he found only an old woman, who, to his inquiries, answered she would accommodate him with a bed, and provide for the horse in a small shed, if he would assist her in carrying hay and litter, as there was no other person then in the house. This was readily agreed to by Mr. Johnson, who, after having done so, and taken a little refreshment, was shown by the old woman to his bedroom. A large Danish dog, which accompanied him on his journey, offered to go up to the room with him, which the old woman strongly objected to; but Mr. Johnson firmly persisted in having him admitted. The dog, on entering the room, began to growl, and was altogether very unruly. His master in vain attempted to quiet him—he kept growling and looking angrily under the bed, which induced Mr. Johnson to look there likewise, when, to his utter astonishment, he saw a man concealed at the further end. On encouraging the dog, he sprang immediately at him, whilst Mr. Johnson seized his pistols, and presenting one at the stranger, who had a large knife in his hand, and was struggling with the dog, declared he would instantly shoot him if he made further resistance. The man then sub-

mitted to be bound, and acknowledged that his intention was to rob and murder Mr. Johnson, which was thus providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of his faithful dog. Mr. Johnson, after securely binding the man and fastening the door, went (accompanied by his dog) to the shed where his horse was left, which he instantly mounted, and escaped without injury to the next town, where he gave to a magistrate a full account of the murderous attempt, and the culprit was taken into custody and afterwards executed. A gamekeeper belonging to the castle of Holstein (in Denmark), returned one evening from a long and fatiguing chase, and deposited the game in the larder, without being aware that he had locked up his dog at the same time.

Business of importance unexpectedly called him away immediately afterwards, and he did not return for five days, when, mindful of his game, he went to the larder, and beheld his dog stretched dead at the door. The gamekeeper stood extremely affected; but what were his sensations, when he saw on the table eleven brace of partridges and five grouse, untouched? This admiration increased his grief, when he found the poor dog had suffered starvation, rather than transgress his duty.

The Maltese Dog, as its name implies, was originally brought from Malta. It is the prettiest and most lovable of all tiny pet dogs. It is a very scarce animal, and at one time was thought to be extinct; but there are still specimens to be obtained by those who have no objection to pay the price which is demanded for these pretty little creatures. The hair of this tiny creature is very long, extremely silky, and almost unique in its glossy sheen, so beautifully fine as to resemble spun glass. In proportion to the size of the animal, the fur is so long that when it is in rapid movement, the real shape is altogether lost in the streaming mass of flossy hair. One of these animals, which barely exceeds three pounds in weight, measures no less than fifteen inches in length of hair across the shoulders. The tail of the Maltese dog curls strongly over the back, and adds its wealth of silken fur to the already superfluous torrent of glistening tresses. It is a lively and very good-tempered little creature, endearing itself by sundry curious little ways to those with whom it is brought in contact.

Every one is familiar with the Poodle, one of the most intelligent and teachable of animals. A dog of this kind is one of the heroes of Bulwer's popular novel—"What Will He Do With It?" Jesse says: "A shoe-black on the Pont Neuf at Paris had a poodle-dog, whose sagacity brought no small profit to his master. If the dog saw a person with well-polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to dirty them, by having first rolled himself in the mud of the Seine. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had suffered more than

ones from the annoyance of having his boots dirtied by a dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit. He was so much pleased with the animal's sagacity, that he purchased him at a high price and conveyed him to London. On arriving there, he was confined to the house till he appeared perfectly satisfied with his new master and his new situation. He at last, however, contrived to escape, and made his way back to Paris, where he rejoined his old master, and resumed his former occupation. I was at Paris some years ago, where this anecdote was related to me, and it is now published in the records of the French Institute."

The Newfoundland Dog, delineated in one of our engravings, is a truly noble animal. When we reflect on the docility of the Newfoundland dog, his affectionate disposition, his aptitude in receiving instruction, and his instantaneous sense of impending danger, we shall no longer wonder at his being called the friend of his master, whom he is at all times ready to defend at the risk of his own life. How noble is his appearance, and at the same time how serene is his countenance! No animal, perhaps, can show more real courage than this dog. His perseverance in what he undertakes is so great, that he never relinquishes an attempt which has been enjoined on him as long as there is a chance of success. We allude more particularly to storms at sea and consequent shipwreck, when his services, his courage, and indefatigable exertions, have been truly wonderful. Numerous persons have been saved from a watery grave by these dogs, and ropes have been conveyed by them from a sinking ship to the shore amidst foaming billows, by which means whole crews have been saved from destruction. Their feet are particularly well adapted to enable them to swim, being webbed very much like those of a duck, and they are at all times ready to plunge into the water to save a human being from drowning. Some dogs delight in following a fox, others in hunting the hare, or killing vermin. The delight of the Newfoundland dog appears to be in the preservation of the lives of the human race. A story is related, on good authority, of one of these dogs being in the habit, when he saw persons swimming in the Seine at Paris, of seizing them and bringing them to the shore. In the immediate neighborhood of Windsor, England, a servant was saved from drowning by a Newfoundland dog, who seized him by the collar of his coat when he was al-

most exhausted, and brought him to the banks, where some of the family were assembled watching with great anxiety the exertions of the noble animal.

The English Pointer is a capital sporting dog. While it possesses a sufficiently wide muzzle to permit the development of the olfactory nerves, its limbs are so light and wiry that it can mate almost any dog in speed. Indeed, some of these animals are known to equal a slow greyhound in point of swiftness. This quality is specially useful, because it permits the sportsman to walk forward, at a moderate pace, while his dogs are beating over the field to his right and left. The sagacious animals are so obedient to the voice and gesture of their master, and are so well trained to act with each other, that at a wave of the hand they will separate, one going to the right and the other to the left, and so traverse the entire field in a series of "tacks," to speak nautically, crossing each other regularly in front of the sportsman as he walks forward. When either of them scents a bird, he stops suddenly, arresting even his foot as it is raised in the air, his head thrust forward, his body and limbs fixed, and his tail stretched straight out behind him. This attitude is termed a "point," and on account of this peculiar mode of indicating game, the animal is termed the "pointer." The dogs are so trained that when one of them comes to a point he is backed by his companion, so as to avoid the disturbance of more game than is necessary for the purpose of the sportsman. It is a matter of some difficulty to teach their lesson rightly, for the dogs are quite as liable to error through their over-anxiety to please their master as through sluggishness or carelessness. Such dogs are very provoking in the field, for they will come to a point at almost every strange odor that crosses their nostrils, and so will stand

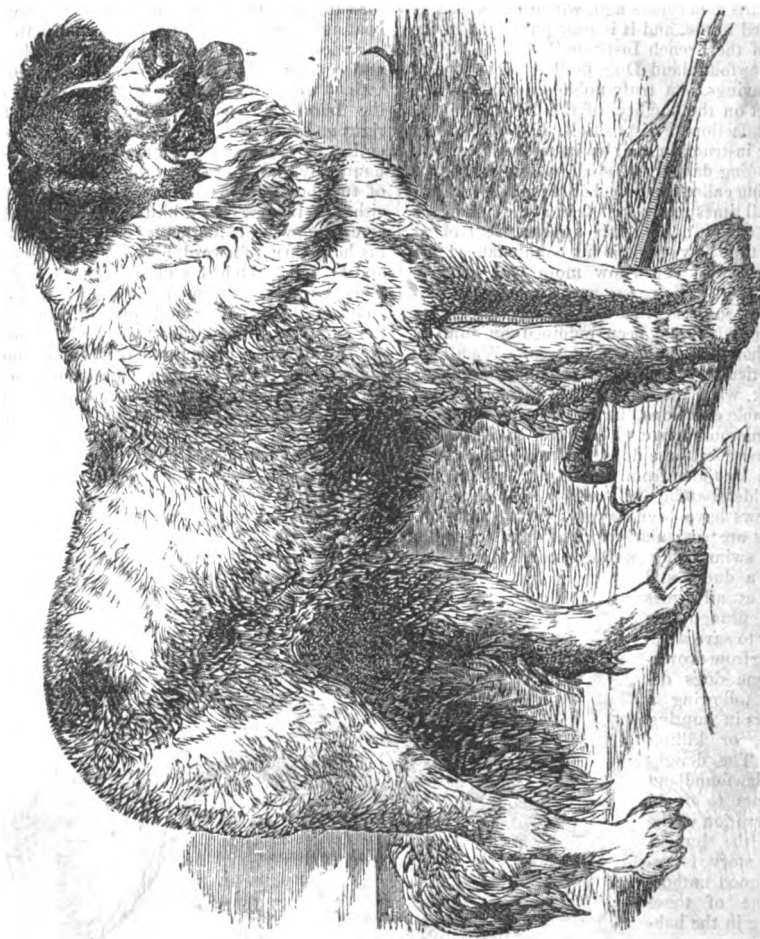


POODLE.



at pigs, sparrows, cats, or any other creature that may come in their way, and will hold so firmly to their "point" that they cannot be induced to move, except by compulsory means. This extreme excitability seems to be caused by too close adherence to the same stock in breeding, and is set right by a judicious admixture with another family. According to "Stonehenge," the marks of a good pointer are as follows: "A moderately large head, wide rather than long, with a high forehead and an intelligent eye, of medium size.

the greyhound, and the depth in the back ribs being proportionably greater than in that dog. The tail, or 'stern,' as it is technically called, is strong at the root, but, suddenly diminishing, it becomes very fine, and then continues nearly of the same size to within two inches of the tip, where it goes off to a point, looking as sharp as the sting of a wasp, and giving the whole very much the appearance of that part of the insect, but magnified as a matter of course. This peculiar shape of the stern characterizes the breed,



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Muzzle broad, with its outline square in front, not receding as in the hound. Flews (*i. e.* the overhanging lips) manifestly present, but not pendent. The head should be well set on the neck, with a peculiar form at the junction only seen in the pointer. The neck itself should be long, convex in its upper outline, without any tendency to a dewlap or a ruff, as the loose skin covered with long hair round the neck is called. The body is of good length, with a strong loin, wide hips, and rather arched ribs, the chest being well let down, but not in a hatchet shape as in

and its absence shows a cross with the hound or some other dog." The author then proceeds to recommend long, slanting, but muscular shoulder-blades, a long upper arm, a very low elbow, and a short fore-arm. The feet must be round and strong, and padded with a thick sole, the knee strong, and the ankle of full size. The color is of comparatively small importance, but ought, if possible, to be white, so that the animal may be visible while beating among heather, clover, or turnips. Black or liver-colored dogs are very handsome to the eye, but often cause

much trouble to the sportsman, on account of the difficulty of distinguishing them among the herbage. White dogs, with lemon-colored heads, are the favorites of this author.

The Esquimaux Dogs are extremely like the gray wolves of the Arctic circle in form and color, and nearly equal to them in size. To the Esquimaux Indians the services of this animal are invaluable. He assists them to hunt the bear, the reindeer, and the seal; in summer, while attending his master in the chase, he carries a

and the length of his body from the back of the head to the commencement of the tail, is two feet three inches. His coat is long and furry, and is sometimes brindled, sometimes of a dingy red, sometimes black and white, and sometimes almost wholly black. The manner in which the sledge is drawn by these animals is thus described by Captain Parry: "When drawing a sledge the dogs have a simple harness of deer or seal skin, going round the neck by one bight, and another for each of the fore legs, with a single thong



ENGLISH POINTER.

weight of thirty pounds; in winter he is yoked to a sledge, and conveys his master over the trackless snows. Several of them drawing together will convey five or six persons, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and will travel sixty miles in a day. In winter he is scantily fed, and roughly treated, yet his fidelity remains unshaken. The Esquimaux dog does not bark. In appearance he comes nearest to the shepherd's dog and the wolf dog. His ears are short and erect, and his bushy tail curves elegantly over his back. His average stature is one foot ten inches,

leading over the back, and attached to the sledge as a trace. Though they appear, at first sight, to be huddled together without regard to regularity, there is, in fact, some considerable attention paid to their arrangement, particularly in the selection of a dog with a very peculiar spirit and sagacity, who is allowed, by a longer trace, to precede the rest as leader, and to whom, in turning to the right or left, the driver usually addresses himself. The choice is made without regard to age or sex, and the rest of the dogs take precedence according to their training or



ESQUIMAUX DOG.

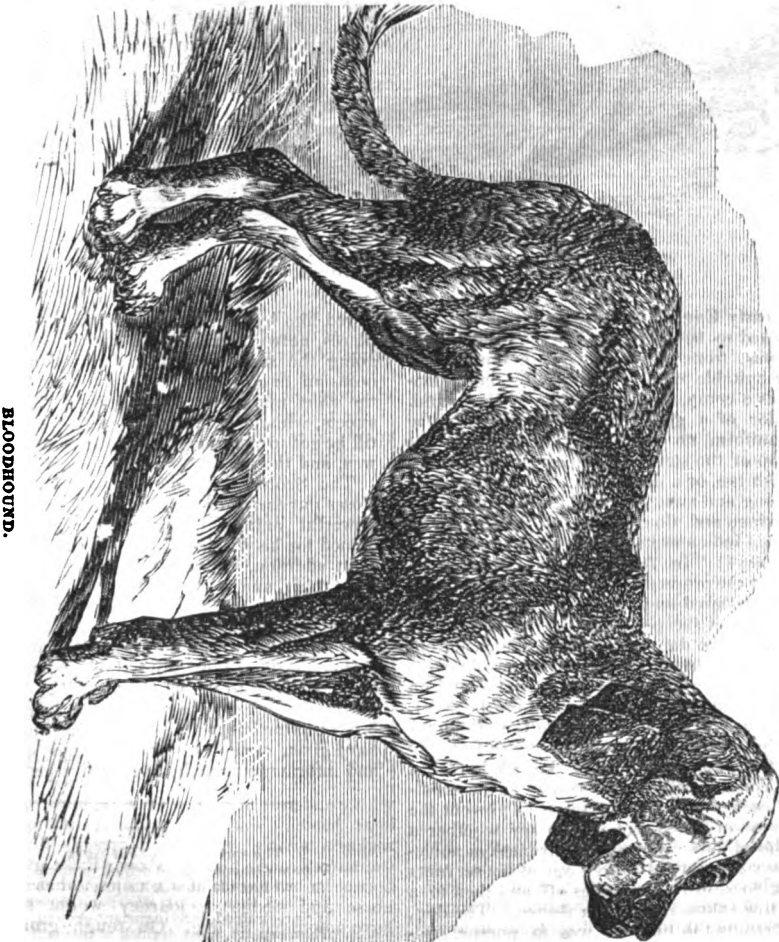
sagacity, the least effective being put nearest the sledge. The leader is usually from eighteen to twenty feet from the forepart of the sledge, and the hindmost dog about half the distance; so that when ten or twelve are running together, several are nearly abreast of each other. The driver sits quite low on the fore part of the sledge, with his feet overhanging the snow on one side, and having in his hand a whip, of which the handle is plaited a little way down to stiffen it, and give it a spring, on which much of its use depends; and that which composes the lash is chewed by the women, to make it flexible in frosty weather. The men acquire, from their youth, considerable expertness in the use of this whip, the lash of which is left to trail along the ground by the side of the sledge, and with which they can inflict a very severe blow on any dog at pleasure. Though the dogs are kept in training entirely by fear of the whip, and, indeed, without it, they would soon have their own way, its immediate effect is always detrimental to the draught of the sledge; for not only does the individual that is struck draw back, and slacken his trace, but generally turns upon his next neighbor, and this passing on to the next, occasions a general divergency, accompanied by the usual yelping and showing of the teeth. The dogs then come together again by degrees, and the draught of the sledge is accelerated; but even at the best of times, by this rude mode of draught, the traces of one third of the dogs form an angle

of thirty or forty degrees on each side of the direction in which the sledge is advancing. Another great inconvenience attending the Esquimaux method of putting the dogs to, besides that of not employing their strength to the best advantage, is the constant entanglement of some of the traces, by the dogs repeatedly doubling under from side to side to avoid the whip; so that after running a few miles the traces always require to be taken off and cleared. In directing the sledge, the whip acts no very essential part, the driver for this purpose using certain words, as the carters do with us, to make the dogs turn more to the right or left. To these a good leader attends with admirable precision, especially if his own name be repeated at the same time, looking behind over his shoulder with great earnestness, as if listening to the directions of the driver. On a beaten track, or even where a single foot or sledge mark is occasionally discernible, there is not the slightest trouble in guiding the dogs; for even in the darkest night, and in the heaviest snow-drift, there is little or no danger of their losing the road, the leader keeping his nose near the ground, and directing the rest with wonderful sagacity. Where, however, there is no beaten track, the best driver among them makes a terrible circuitous course, as all the Esquimaux roads plainly show; these generally occupying an extent of six miles, when with a horse and sledge the journey would scarcely have amounted to five. On rough ground, as

among hummocks of ice, the sledge would be frequently overturned, or altogether stopped, if the driver did not repeatedly get off, and by lifting or drawing it on one side, steer clear of those accidents. At all times, indeed, except on a smooth and well-made road, he is pretty constantly employed thus with his feet, which renders the driving of one of these vehicles by no means a pleasant or easy task. When the driver wishes to stop the sledge, he calls out, 'Wo, woa,' exactly as our carters do, but the attention paid to this command depends altogether on his ability to enforce it. Six or seven dogs will draw from eight to ten hundred weight, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, for several hours together; and will easily, even under these circumstances, perform a journey of fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow and ice."

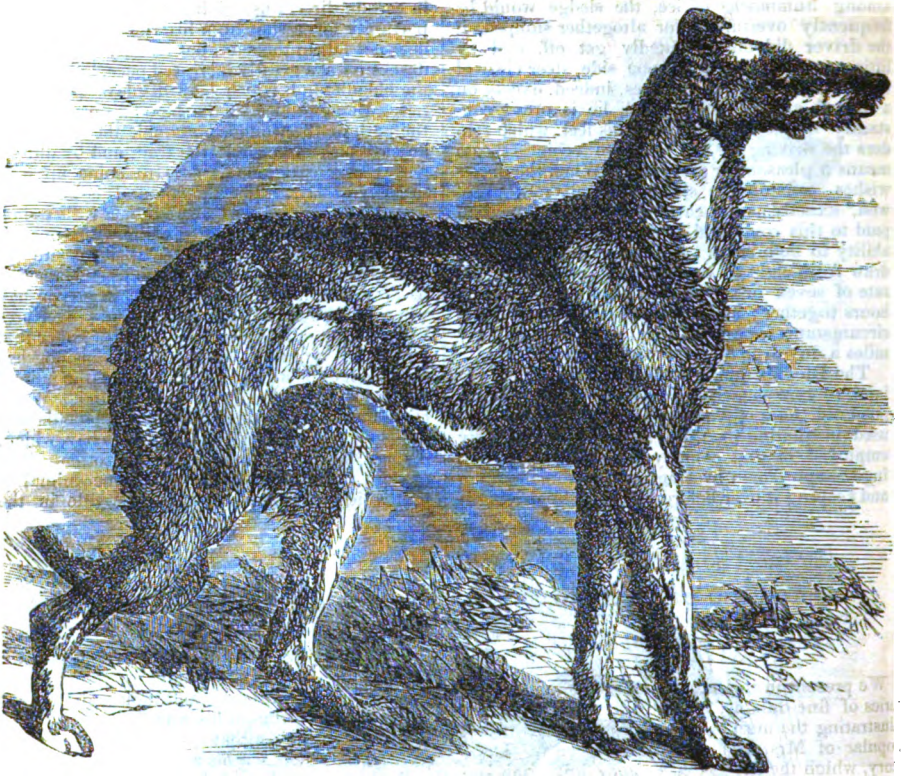
The Bloodhound is a noble and intelligent animal, of rare sagacity in tracking a foe. In the good old times of "merry England," they were used in hunting men, but now they are chiefly employed in that country in deer-shooting, aiding the sportsman by singling out some animal, and keeping it ever before him, and by driving it

in certain directions, giving to its master an opportunity for a shot from his rifle. Should the deer not fall to the shot, but be only wounded, it dashes off at a greatly increased pace, followed by the bloodhound, which here displays his qualities. Being guided by the blood-drops that stud the path of the wounded animal, the hound has an easy task in keeping the trail, and by dint of persevering exertions is sure to come up with his prey at last. The bloodhound is generally irascible in temper, and therefore a rather dangerous animal to be meddled with by any one excepting its owner. So fierce is its desire for blood, and so utterly is it excited when it reaches its prey, that it will often keep its master at bay when he approaches, and receive his overtures with such unmistakable indications of anger that he will not venture to approach until his dog has satisfied its appetite on the carcase of the animal which it has brought to the ground. When fairly on the track of the deer, the bloodhound utters a peculiar, long, loud, and deep bay, which, if once heard, will never be forgotten. The modern bloodhound is not the same animal as that which was known by the same title in the



BLOODHOUND.





SCOTCH GREYHOUND.

days of early English history, the breed of which is supposed to be extinct. The ancient bloodhound was, from all accounts, an animal of extremely irritable temper, and therefore more dangerous as a companion than the modern hound. The color of a good bloodhound ought to be nearly uniform, no white being permitted, except on the tip of the stern. The prevailing tints are a blackish tan, or a deep fawn. The tail of this dog is long and sweeping, and by certain expressive wavings and flourishings of that member, the animal indicates its success or failure.

Jesse says: "In 1803, the Thrapston Association for the prosecution of felons in Northamptonshire, procured and trained a bloodhound for the detection of sheep-stealers. In order to prove the utility of the dog, a man was despatched from a spot where a great concourse of people were assembled, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and an hour afterwards the hound was laid on the scent. After a chase of an hour and a half, the hound found him secreted in a tree many miles from the place of starting. The very knowledge that farmers could readily have recourse to the assistance of such a dog, would serve to prevent the commission of much crime. To try whether a young bloodhound was well instructed, a nobleman (says Mr. Boyle) caused one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market-town three miles from thence. The dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, fol-

lowed him by the scent to the above-mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of people going the same road, and of travellers that had occasion to cross it. When the hound came to the chief market-town, he passed through the streets, without noticing any of the people there, till he got to the house where the man he sought was, and there found him in an upper room."

The Scotch Greyhound, a picture of which closes our series of illustrations, is a noble and powerful animal, of great fleetness and highly valued for his services in the hunting-field.

In addition, likewise, to the beauty, elegance, high spirit, and speed of the greyhound, may be mentioned his mild and affectionate disposition, as well as his fidelity and attachment to those who treat him with kindness. We might give many anecdotes illustrating these and many other traits, especial to the whole dog tribe, but all of our readers are familiar with such facts, and we bring this article to a close, believing that we have given enough to furnish a topic of interest and information worthy of attentive perusal.

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#### CRUELTY.

The spring-time of our years  
Is soon dishonored and defiled in most  
By budding ill, that ask a prudent hand  
To check them. But, alas, none sooner shoot,  
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth  
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all!—Cowper.



BERNARDO DEL CARPIO SUING TO THE KING.

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

We present in this number of the Magazine a series of fine designs, executed expressly for us, illustrating the most striking points in this most popular of Mrs. Hemans's lyrical poems. The story, which the poetess has made immortal, is thrilling and touching. Bernardo del Carpio, a renowned Spanish chieftain, had made frantic efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count of Saldana, who had been kept in prison by Alfonso, king of Asturias, almost from the hour of Bernardo's birth. Bernardo made war upon the crown with such success, that the leading nobles urged upon the king to compromise the matter. Alfonso agreed to restore the count to his son on condition of the latter surrendering the fortresses and prisoners he had taken—and the champion faithfully fulfilled his part of the contract. He rode forth to meet his father—the ballad informs us of the result. The early chronicles and romances leave us entirely in the dark with regard to the ultimate fate of Bernardo. Our artist has sketched five designs—the first, representing Bernardo appealing to the king to release his father; the second, showing him on his way to meet the count; the third, the unhappy discovery of the truth; and the fourth, the champion bringing the king and his victim face to face; and the last, the tomb of Count Saldana. The drawings are full of spirit, and the engravings beautifully executed.

The warrior bowed his crested head  
And tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free  
His long-imprisoned sire.  
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys,  
I bring my captive train,

I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord,  
O, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,  
A ransomed man this day;  
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I  
Will meet him on his way."  
Then lightly rose that loyal son,  
And bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in rest,  
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they passed,  
There came a glittering band,  
With one that 'midst them stately rode,  
As a leader in the land.

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there  
In very truth is he—  
The father whom thy faithful heart  
Hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,  
His cheek's blood came and went;  
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,  
And there dismounting bent.  
A lowly knee on earth he bent,  
His father's hand he took—  
What was there in his touch that all  
His fiery spirit shook?

The hand was cold—a frozen thing—  
It dropped from his like lead;  
He looked up to the face above—  
The face was of the dead!  
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—  
The brow was fixed and white;  
He met at last his father's eyes,  
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;  
But who could paint that gaze?  
They hushed their very hearts that saw  
Its terror and amaze.

They might have chained him as before  
That stony form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm,  
And from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low,  
And wept like childhood then:  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
The tears of warlike men!  
He thought of all his glorious hopes,  
And all his young renown—  
He flung the falchion from his side,  
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands  
His darkly mournful brow,  
"No more—there is no more," he said,  
"To lift the sword for now.

And sternly set them face to face—  
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,  
My father's hand to kiss?  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,  
And tell me what is this!  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—  
Give answer, where are they?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,  
Send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—  
Be still, keep down thine ire—  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak:  
This earth is *not* my sire!  
Give me back him for whom I strove,  
For whom my blood was shed;



BERNARDO RIDING TO MEET HIS FATHER.

My king is false, my hope betrayed,  
My father—O, the worth,  
The glory and the loveliness  
Are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved,  
My sire! beside thee yet,  
I would that *there* our kindred blood  
On Spain's free soil had met;  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,  
For thee my fields were won—  
And thou hast perished in thy chains,  
As though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more,  
He seized the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wildered looks  
Of all the courtier train;  
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,  
The rearing war horse led,

Thou canst not—and a king? His dust  
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell;  
Upon the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,  
Then turned from that sad place:  
His hope was crushed, his after-fate  
Untold in martial strain—  
His banner led the spears no more  
Amidst the hills of Spain.

The smallest natural magnets generally possess the greatest proportion of attractive power. The magnet worn by Sir Isaac Newton in his ring, weighed only three grains; yet it was able to take up 746 grains, or nearly 250 times its own weight, whereas magnets above two pounds seldom lift more than five or six times their weight.



## BEAU BRUMMELL.

Brummell contrived, like the duke, to pass some five months of every year in the very best country houses in England. The Dukes of Bedford, Beaufort, Devonshire, Dorset and Rutland, were especially gratified by his condescending to visit them—he, the grandson of the London confectioner! He had little taste for rural sports, though he shot well and was a good show-rider. Hunting he did not care for, alleging that a man got nothing for it except having his boots and garments splashed. Even in the field he wore a white neckcloth, and his boot-tops were white, the brown color being discharged by oxalic acid, after which they were sponged with champagne.

At a time when it was fashionable for a nobleman belonging to the four-in-hand club, to wear the dress and affect the manner of a stage-coachman, Brummell made a dead set against the Squire Westerns species, natural or artificial; and when he objected to some country squires being admitted into Watier's club, justified his exclusiveness by declaring that their boots always smelt of bad blacking and the stable.

In London, so great was Brummell's ascendancy in society before he was twenty-five years old, whenever the fashionable journals gave an account of a ball or rout, always put his name first in the list of untitled guests. He was the dictator of fashion, retaining his power by frequent exercise of his strong power of satire. At one of these parties, where the young daughter of a duke appeared for the first time, her *chaperon* said, "You see that gentleman next to the door? If he should speak to us, endeavor to make a favorable impression. That is Mr. Brummell, whose smile or sneer can make or unmake your position in society."

He prided himself on saying rude things. Dining with a gentleman who vulgarly boasted of his wine and its high price, Brummell refused his glass when the servant brought him the bottle

a second time, with—"No, thank you, I don't take cider."

Another time, in a country house, where his host piqued himself upon disliking French wines, which Brummell greatly affected, he was saluted with, "Don't take that thin claret, but have some of this old port." The Beau exclaimed: "Port?—O, I remember now—a dark, intoxicating fluid, much drank by the lower classes!" Assuredly, had Brummell lived in our day, he would have had his nose pulled, if he were thus impertinent.

Once he dined in the city, to the wonder of those who knew how exclusive he was, and said: "Yes, the man wanted me to bring him into notice, and I desired him to give a dinner, to which I invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others." He was asked how the party went off. "Very well—only for one *mal-a-propos*—the man who gave the dinner positively had the assurance to seat himself at the table with us."

Another time, speaking of a city millionaire, said, "Ungrateful wretch! Once I gave him my arm down St. James Street, and he actually has refused to discount a little bill for a thousand pounds!"

Meeting a rich but undistinguished young gentleman at dinner, Brummell asked the loan of his carriage to take him to a ball at Lady Jersey's. "I am going there," was the reply, "and shall be happy to take you." Brummell answered in his most delicate tone, "Still there is a difficulty. You can't well ride behind your own carriage, and how would it do for me to be seen in it with you?" Here, most certainly, a gay manner of speaking, alone could have carried off this impertinence.

"You have a cold," said some one. "Yes," said Brummell, "I was in to Hutchett's coffee-room yesterday, waiting for Lord Alvanley, and the wretch of an innkeeper brought in a damp stranger."



BERNARDO KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE CONDE.



BERNARDO REPROACHING THE KING.

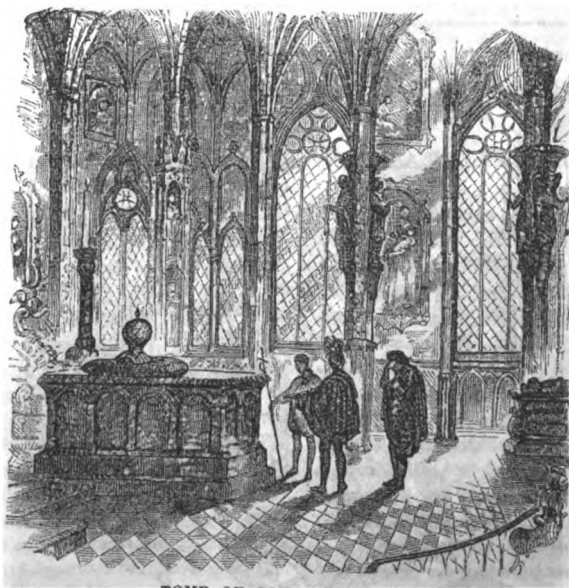
In the month of a very cold August, he was asked if he had ever seen such a summer day?

"Yes—I did—last winter."

"Are you fond of vegetables?" asked a pressing host in the country. Brummell slowly drawled out, "I think—that—I once ate a pea!"

On one occasion, when he declared that he did not like the cut of the prince's coat, that exemplary, corpulent hero blubbered like a whipped school-boy. Brummell, with all his frivolity, real

or assumed, contrived to conciliate the favor of many very intellectual persons, among whom may be named Lady Hester Stanhope, the beautiful and poetizing Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Erskine, Crabbe, Moore, Sheridan, and Byron. He had some literary talents, for he wrote occasional verses very passably. It was Brummell's fancy to keep an album, in which the leading wits and belles of his time were very proud to write. —*Philadelphia Press.*



TOMB OF COUNT SALDANA.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOWLY GRAVES.

BY ARTHUR L. MERRIVE.

While the sun goes down in the crimson west,  
 Let me take you by the hand;  
 And we'll wander adown to the "silent town,"  
 Which is in the voiceless land.

No, we'll pause not by the sculptured urns  
 That tell of pomp and pride,  
 But pass along mid the silent throng,  
 O'er to the other side.

Nay, turn not back 'cause weeds have grown  
 Above the lowly graves,  
 But come with me to yon cypress tree  
 That the golden sunset laves.

See these three graves where the grass grows green,  
 And the early violets bloom;  
 Affection's tear is oft shed here,  
 Yet seldom at yonder tomb.

The hands of love o'er this silent group  
 Have planted the flowers at even;  
 And the tears they shed o'er their household dead  
 Were more precious in sight of Heaven

Than the marble shaft that proudly tells  
 That a rich man sleeps below,  
 Or a warrior brave, that's found a grave  
 Close where the cypresses grow.

Ah, the lowly mound o'errun with flowers  
 Speaks to the heart far more,  
 That the pure white dove of household love  
 Thinks of those who've "gone before."

[ORIGINAL.]

## TWICE WOODED:

— OR, —

## FRED LYNDE'S FLIRTATION.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

SHE was a pretty girl; I might have said beautiful, and not gone astray from the truth. Her eyes were of a deep, dark blue, fringed with long brown lashes; her complexion was a blending of the rose and the lily; her features were faultlessly regular, and well defined, while her abundant brown hair—black in the shadow, golden in the sunshine, but a dark beautiful brown seen in a medium light—was parted smoothly from a low, girlish forehead, and half drooping upon the swan-like neck, looped back and fastened in rich braids around her well-shaped head.

Gertie Eldridge was beautiful, her mirror told her so, as well as the weak, foolish woman who loved the bright, fair girl better than her life, and

who lavished upon her praises and compliments that were enough to turn the poor child's brain. Mrs. Eldridge worshipped her daughter, and her ill-timed, ill-directed flattery proved her to be entirely unfit to guide the young and sensitive spirit looking to her for direction.

Mrs. Eldridge was a widow, supporting herself and daughter with her needle. They lived in a little brown house in the outskirts of a pleasant country village, Glenvale—brown and low to be sure, as seen from the street, but within, neat and cosy, and furnished with a simple elegance. There were three rooms in the cottage, a kitchen, parlor and bedroom; but all three were clean and cheerful, and, although the little front room boasted but a home-made rag carpet, ten-cent muslin curtains, and the lounge was covered with the cheapest chintz, still there was no lack of visitors to make it resound with merry laughter, for Gertie was the attraction.

Now although she had attained the respectable age of seventeen, and was the prettiest of all the Glenvale lasses, strange to say, Gertie Eldridge had never had a real lover. There was a pretty, scornful way about her that I do believe made the young men afraid of her; for, although they admired at a distance, they blushed and stammered like bashful girls when they tried to address her upon the most trivial subjects, and when one or two, more daring than the rest, offered themselves, at different times, of course, to escort her to some party or picnic, they immediately received a "No, I thank you," for their pains. Some called her coquetish, but we are sure, whatever her faults were, this was not one that could be rightly laid to her charge.

The Academy of Glenvale was an institution noted for miles around for the excellence of its discipline, the capability of its teachers, and the rapid advancement of its pupils. This school Gertie was attending at the time of which we write, endeavoring to fit herself for the capacity of a teacher, and she hoped in a short time to relieve her mother of a burden that had been weighing heavily upon her hands, and to be able, not only to maintain herself, but to render it unnecessary for her mother to work constantly at her needle, an employment that was evidently destroying her health.

This was the state of affairs when Fred Lynde entered the Glenvale Academy as a pupil. He was a handsome young man, with strange, fascinating eyes, the color of which it would be impossible to determine; a fine figure, and manners bespeaking the thorough-bred gentleman.

It was soon rumored that this new comer was wealthy, heir to a large estate that would come

into his possession upon his twenty-first birthday, as he had not quite attained his majority. He was from a neighboring State; more than this was not known of him. He was a thorough student, so the teachers said, and altogether he was declared quite an addition to this flourishing and popular school. Among the young men he was considered a first-rate fellow, the girls thought him a charming young gentleman, but old ladies and old gentlemen shook their heads and muttered "too wild, too wild."

Now, to make a long story short, when Fred Lynde's eyes first rested upon the beautiful face of Gertrude Eldridge, he made up his mind she would be a charming lassie to flirt with for a season; and the assurance he received from his classmates that he would waste his time while thus engaged, only strengthened him in his determination.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" he laughed; "if that pretty ring my lady wears upon her finger isn't upon mine in less than two months, expel me from Glenvale Academy, mark that! And mind ye, the first one who tells Miss Scorn of what I have said, shall receive his reward, remember that, boys!" And those bewildering eyes fairly shot glances of fire.

Of course the said boys did not care after this to inform the young lady of the young gentleman's boast, and waited for future developments impatiently.

They came soon enough, too soon. The second week after young Lynde's entrance into school found him at the Widow Eldridge's cottage. He wished a little sewing done, some handkerchiefs hemmed, he had heard she was a beautiful seamstress, and therefore he had troubled her.

Mrs. Eldridge's vanity was aroused; she assured Mr. Lynde his handkerchiefs should be hemmed in the neatest manner, that her daughter Gertrude was a much prettier seamstress than herself, and that she should hem them and mark them for him also if he desired.

Mr. Lynde observed that nothing would give him greater pleasure, that he had lost a great many handkerchiefs in his short lifetime, because they were not marked, and then asked if the charming and talented Miss Eldridge who attended the Glenvale Academy was her daughter? The vain mother answered in the affirmative.

"I should be delighted to make her acquaintance, my dear madam," said young Lynde, in his most condescending manner; "the rules of the academy are so strict I have not been fortunate enough to secure even an introduction."

"Then I beg you will stay and take tea with

us, Mr. Lynde," replied Mrs. Eldridge, with a low and deferential bow, and a smirk of self-complacency upon her faded but no doubt once pretty face.

Mr. Lynde regretted he could not accept the invitation as he was engaged very busily at that hour with his studies; but if Mrs. Eldridge would permit him, he would call around in the evening; there would be a lecture at the academy, and perhaps Miss Eldridge would like to be present, as it was upon the very interesting and profitable subject of metaphysics. Did Mrs. Eldridge think her daughter would like to go?

Mrs. Eldridge was very sure she would, and Mr. Lynde took his leave, taking good care to display to view a costly jewelled watch, a massive gold chain, and an ornamental seal, which impressed Mrs. Eldridge so much with the young man's importance that she made up her mind he would be the most eligible match in the world for her daughter, and when Gertie returned from school, informed her of the good fortune that no doubt awaited her.

Now any one at all acquainted with human nature will understand Mrs. Eldridge took entirely the wrong way to impress her daughter with an idea of this "good fortune." Girls are contrary, of course they are, and if the manoeuvring mama had only informed her pretty daughter she should not associate with Mr. Fred Lynde, ten chances to one she would have eloped with him in a month; as it was immediately after tea, Gertie tied on her pretty sun bonnet, and ran over to spend the evening with her dearest friend, Lucy Dwight, leaving Mr. Lynde to be entertained by her mother, who had taken so great a fancy to him.

Now Lucy Dwight had a brother, Harry, a fine fellow, by the way, and he loved pretty Gertie Eldridge with all his heart; but, alas, Harry was neither handsome, learned nor wealthy, awkward as he was good hearted, and as shy and bashful as Gertie was scornful and distant. She never imagined the great overgrown, ungainly lad loved her, and so treated him as she would any other shy and awkward fellow, that is to say, she didn't treat him at all; and this particular evening, as she ran up the little grassy, rose-bordered path, and met Harry upon the steps, she failed to notice him in the least, pushed past him, opened the door, and ran lightly up stairs to her friend Lucy's room.

Now we might describe Lucy, and after saying that she was exactly the opposite of Gertie, say also that she was possessed of as warm and generous a heart as ever throbbed in a human breast;

but our story is not of Lucy this time, although her's was no tame, common place life, "and thereon hangs a tale."

Gertie found Lucy busy arranging a bouquet of flowers upon her toilet table, and ere she was aware of an intruder, a pair of white arms were around her neck and a pair of rosy lips were pressed upon her cheek. Lucy gave a little start of surprise, but regained her composure when she saw it was only Gertie, and then the two sat down, school-girl fashion, to chat, and Harry Dwight, his heart thumping loudly against his home-made jacket, looked up to the window from whence he could hear her voice, listened for a moment, and then walked away to the orchard to find the largest and reddest apples to send to her mother; for he wouldn't give them to Gertie for the world, and he knew if he sent them to Mrs. Eldridge, Gertie would be very likely to appropriate as many to her own use as she desired.

So the apples were gathered, and placed in a little basket on the steps where Gertie would find them; then upon second thoughts, he concluded he would run down to Mrs. Eldridge's with them himself, and have a little chat with her to while away the time. But sad to relate, as Harry approached the cottage he espied the accomplished Mr. Lynde sitting by the window in the little parlor, so he passed, and turning a corner, returned home again.

Then he left the basket of apples upon the steps where he first intended, and hearing the academy bell ring, decided he would go to the lecture, just to pass away the time, which he did, and yet he never thought of inviting pretty Gertie Eldridge to accompany him. As he was returning home that evening in the darkness, he heard Fred Lynde's voice behind him.

"Never mind, never mind, boys, not foiled yet! But Gertie Eldridge shall pay dearly for this!"

"Perhaps," suggested another voice.

"No 'perhaps' about it," returned Lynde, "if I don't walk to school with Miss Scorn to-morrow morning, call me a fool for my pains, that's all."

And Fred Lynde did as he had boasted he would do, for apparently very accidentally he fell into her company the next morning, introduced himself, spoke of the beauty of the weather, the loveliness of the scenery, and parted with her in the hall.

All this looked very presuming, very audacious to Gertie Eldridge, but then what could she do? Stop in the street to rid herself of his company? He possibly would stop too. Walk faster? She tried that, but Mr. Lynde was her equal there.

She answered his questions haughtily, and in monosyllables, and turned her pretty head scornfully, but Fred Lynde would not take the hint that his presence was disagreeable, he did not care to. And this was Fred Lynde's first victory over Gertie Eldridge, the prettiest girl in Glenvale Academy.

The old saying is, "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." At first Gertrude merely tolerated Fred Lynde's society, next she thought it really pleasant, and finally fully agreed with her mother that Mr. Lynde was charming company. We do not mean that Gertie was guilty of saying this, even to her dearest friend, Lucy, but we do maintain she admitted it to her own proud and sensitive heart. And this was Fred Lynde's second triumph.

Two months had nearly elapsed since the young man's rash assertion in regard to gaining possession of Gertrude's ring; but he accomplished it in due time in this wise.

He asked her for it to look at one day, and accidentally (?) broke it. Of course he was profuse in his apologies, begged her to wear one of his until he had hers mended, which he would have done shortly; took a pretty, jewelled ring from his own finger, and placed it upon her's so gallantly she could not refuse.

Two days afterwards the students of the Glenvale Academy beheld upon the young man's finger the fair Gertie's ring. And thus it was Fred Lynde gained his third victory.

Poor Gertrude Eldridge, if she had only known the net that this young and unprincipled man was weaving about her, she might have broken the meshes ere they had grown too strong for her feeble strength. She judged others by herself; because her own heart was pure and innocent, she imagined all others to be so likewise. Fred Lynde flattered her vanity by his preference, by his skilful flattery, by his carefully worded compliments. She had not the benefit of a prudent mother's counsel but believed all the young man told her. Her love became infatuation, she was blind to everything except the fact, as she believed, that she loved, and that she was beloved. And this was Fred Lynde's fourth victory.

Gradually an estrangement grew up between Gertie Eldridge and Lucy Dwight. How it began it would be hard to determine; perhaps it was when Lucy said that she did not think Fred Lynde unexceptionable; her strong, penetrating mind had read well the young man's character, and from the first she believed he was but trifling with Gertie's affection; we say perhaps it was then the estrangement commenced.

Be that as it may, but a few weeks elapsed

before Gertie's visits to Lucy became very rare, and when together the young girls appeared constrained and embarrassed in each other's society. About this time Lucy left the village on a visit to a distant relative, and Gertrude's calls at the Dwight mansion were discontinued entirely.

The reason we mention this is because we do believe, had the friendship existing once between these young girls remained unbroken, the sad circumstances about to follow had never taken place.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said Fred Lynde to his classmates, one day, "she's a verdant little puss. I think of calling her 'my ever-green,' for she will be one, I'm very sure! Ha, ha! ha, ha!" And the young man laughed lightly.

"You're a magician, Lynde," laughed one. "Now that same Gertrude Eldridge would have mitteden you as quick as any of us three months ago, and now—"

"She thinks more of me than her life! Ha, ha, boys, nothing like understanding the business! Now I've made flirting a study, as much as I ever did the sciences. I shall keep Miss Gertie at my feet as long as I please, and then—"

"What?"

"Go home and marry the beautiful and wealthy Miss— Ahem, I don't care to mention her name just now and here."

"And Gertie Eldridge?"

"Ha, ha, don't mention her; what do you suppose I care for the future of a cast-off sweet-heart?"

"You shall not mention Gertrude Eldridge in that manner," said a slow, deliberate voice, and Harry Dwight laid his powerful hand upon Fred Lynde's shoulder. "If Miss Eldridge knew the manner you abuse her confidence, I am very sure she would treat you with the scorn and contempt you deserve."

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take up the gauntlet in defence of a girl who despises you as she does the worm beneath her feet? Ha, ha!" And Fred Lynde twisted himself from Harry Dwight's grasp, and laughed sneeringly.

The hot blood rushed to the young man's honest face, and his brown eyes flashed.

"If she despised me in a tenfold manner, I should take up the gauntlet in her defence," he said. "She is fatherless, and brotherless, and I have not forgotten that I have a mother, and a sister, Fred Lynde, whose good name I value more than my life. For their sakes I will not bear a defenceless woman spoken evil or lightly of, and the man who speaks of a young and in-

nocent girl, whose only fault is that she has too much faith in a lover's truth, as you have done of Gertrude Eldridge, is a coward and a villain!"

"Do you mean to apply these epithets to me?" inquired Fred Lynde, pale with rage.

"As you please to understand me; but speak lightly of Gertrude Eldridge in my presence again at your peril!"

It would have been hard to recognize in the resolute, fearless youth, whose eyes seemed to blaze with indignation, and whose lips curved proudly with feeling, the bashful youth who blushed at the sound of Gertie Eldridge's voice, and whose heart went pit-a-pat at hearing the sound of her footsteps as she passed by his father's on her way to school.

Fred Lynde's companions were astonished, and fearing a serious quarrel would ensue, and knowing their favorite Fred was no match for the strong and vigorous young farmer, they interposed, and taking him by the arms, almost dragged him away.

As for Harry Dwight, after the young man had left him alone, he stood as if rivetted to the spot, his eyes resting upon the ground, his arms folded tightly across his bosom, his high, full forehead now flushing, and then paling, stood there, while, like the ocean waves in a tempest, tumultuous thoughts surged wildly through his brain, and his heart heaved and throbbed painfully, as if it longed to burst from its confinement. Harry Dwight was not easily excited, but when once aroused his strong nature felt it to the utmost; a variety of emotions contended in his bosom for mastery now—love, jealousy, hate, anger—yes, we will say—pity.

Pity for the poor dove being drawn into the destroyer's net. Harry Dwight crushed back with a mighty effort all other passions, and pity gained the mastery.

"There is but one way," he murmured to himself, "but one way to save her; some one must go to her and tell her of her danger. But who? Yes, who?"

For a long time he pondered, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

"She is becoming the talk of the town, even now many avoid her as evil; soon her character will be entirely lost in the eyes of the pure and good; but what shall be done? Who will go to her and tell her—tell her all?"

Harry Dwight sought his mother, and after informing her of the state of affairs, besought her to go to Mrs. Eldridge, and tell her of the danger her daughter was in; but Mrs. Dwight was one of those rarely-found individuals who

strictly mind their own affairs, and declined to have anything to do in the matter. She thought herself able to attend to her own children, she said, and no doubt Mrs. Eldridge had a like confidence in herself. No, if Gertrude's mother could not see her daughter's danger without having it pointed out to her, all the people in the village could not make her see it. Mrs. Dwight was a kind-hearted woman, and really pitied Gertie; but as for stepping out of her own sphere, and meddling with the affairs of others, she would not do it.

Harry Dwight left his mother's room with a look of determination upon his countenance, and a resolute expression in his fine brown eyes. Mechanically he attended to "doing up the chores," and then going up to his small room, he made his toilet in a neat and simple manner, and then went down stairs, down the narrow, rose-bordered path, strewn over with the yellow autumn leaves, out of the little wicker gate that he closed thoughtfully behind him, and then down the road leading to the Widow Eldridge's cottage.

He paused a moment as he reached the little brown house, half irresolute as to the course he should pursue, weighing all over in his mind, and again pity and love gained the mastery.

The stars were beginning to come out in the September sky, as Harry Dwight opened the gate in front of the little cottage, and walked resolutely up to the door; it was open, so he walked in and sat down on the chintz-covered lounge to await the coming of Mrs. Eldridge or her daughter.

The latter came in at length with a lamp, which she shaded from the evening air with her hand. Harry saw Fred Lynde's ring glittering upon her finger in the light. It unnerved him, for a moment, and only for a moment he regretted that he had come.

Gertrude set the lamp upon the table, and then began to roll up some sewing which lay scattered around. Harry arose and approached; his steps startled her, she turned, expecting it was Fred, who visited her nearly every evening, turned with a smile that darkened into a frown as she observed her mistake.

"You, here, Harry Dwight?"

"Yes."

For an instant she stood irresolute, without speaking, then she said, inquiringly:

"Mother will be in, shortly."

"But I don't want to see her; but you, Gertrude."

"Me?" questioned the girl, scornfully, "and what, pray, do you wish with me?"

"I want to talk to you a few minutes, may I?"

She did not say 'no,' so he proceeded. "I have come to talk to you about Fred Lynde."

"And what of him?" asked Gertrude, haughtily.

"You will pardon me for what I say, I hope you will, Miss Eldridge, but I am sadly afraid—"

The youth paused.

"Of what, Harry Dwight?"

"That Fred Lynde, handsome, pleasing as he is, is trifling with you."

"Thank you for minding my business, Harry Dwight!" cried the girl, contempt and scorn depicted upon her countenance. "Is that all, and if so, may I ask you the facts upon which you found your suppositions?"

"Certainly," he replied, "I have no hesitation in telling you; first, I am quite sure he is engaged to be married to a young lady in his native State; secondly he makes your name a by-word in company, and has even gone so far as to boast of the power he has over you."

For a moment the young man paused, and waited to see what Gertrude would say, but overcome with a variety of emotions, the poor girl remained silent.

At length she said, looking up into Harry Dwight's face, her own crimson with wounded feeling and mortification.

"Are you sure, sure of what you are telling me, Harry Dwight?"

"If I had not been very sure, I should not have troubled you with this information," he said.

For a moment she stood still, her hands pressed tightly over her face; when she removed them her cheeks and brow were white with very rage.

"I do not believe you, Harry Dwight!" she said. "This is a base plan to injure Fred Lynde in my estimation. I thank you for nothing, Mr. Dwight. Go! I hate you!"

The hot blood mounted to the high brow of the young man, then receded and left it marble pale.

"If you hated me ten times as much as you do," he said, "I should again pray of you as you value your good name, to beware of Fred Lynde; he does not love you; he is a base traitor to you—he is only seeking your destruction!"

It was a beautiful faith Gertie Eldridge had in the man she loved. Beautiful, we say, and yet, alas, misplaced. Had Fred Lynde been worthy such devoted, such absorbing, such faithful love, it had been well; but he was not. And that faith in his truth, his constancy, caused Gertrude Eldridge to answer:

"I do not believe you, Harry Dwight! For



some cause you hate him, and misrepresent him to me. Go, I will not listen to you, for you speak falsely!"

"Gertrude Eldridge," again said the young man, with a strange, wavering tenderness in his tone, "next week I leave Glenvale, perhaps forever. I have no reason to wish to misrepresent Fred Lynde to you, and I have not. You will know at some future time that I have spoken truthfully, and at the sacrifice of my own feelings. I say you will remember this all at some future day, and perhaps then, even if too late, you will in your heart thank Harry Dwight that he tried his utmost to save you."

Gertrude gave her pretty head a toss and said, scornfully:

"You are quite sentimental, Mr. Dwight; allow me to bid you a good evening."

"Be it so," said the young man, bitterly; "we may never meet again, Gertie Eldridge; but sometimes think kindly of the unprepossessing lad who would have given his life willingly to save you from ruin. Good-by! Heaven protect you, Gertrude!"

A moment more and the young girl was alone. The little brown gate slammed as Harry Dwight closed it behind him, then she listened to his footsteps until the sound died away in the distance, then she threw herself upon the little chintz covered lounge, buried her face in her hands, and cried bitterly.

How long she lay there sobbing she could not tell, but the sound of advancing footsteps along the road, and then the click of the gate, warned her that a visitor was approaching. It was Fred Lynde, handsome, smiling, bewitching as ever.

"In tears, my darling?" he said, tenderly. "In tears! And who, pray, could be heartless enough to provoke them?"

Then Gertrude Eldridge, weak and trusting girl as she was, laid her tearful face upon his shoulder, and told him all.

"The villain!" hissed the young man.

"I knew it was all false, dear Fred," said Gertrude, raising her beautiful eyes to his face; "only tell me, assure me once that there is nothing to found such stories upon."

"Do you doubt me, then?" asked Fred Lynde, his brow darkening.

"No, O, no, not doubt you, Fred, but then—but then—"

"What, my daisy?"

"I—I—"

"You did not know but what I really deserved all that you heard ill of me? Forget it all, dear Gertrude—my own Gertie—believe me to be true until you know me to be false."

"I will," said the trusting, deceived girl, "I will always trust you until then, Fred Lynde." And Gertrude Eldridge fulfilled her promise.

The next week Harry Dwight left Glenvale for a distant State. Leaving him to Dame Fortune's frowns and smiles, let us follow Gertie Eldridge even down into the dark valley of adversity and sorest trial, the valley her tender feet trod painfully and alone.

Gradually the young people of the village left Gertrude to herself; old peopleshook their heads, and said they never thought Gertie Eldridge would come to that, so pretty—what a pity! Young men laughed when her name was mentioned, and even little boys and girls did not care to be seen going with her to school. Gertrude wondered concerning the cause of this change, but as no one cared to deal as honestly by her as Harry Dwight had done, the mystery to her remained unsolved.

The school term was drawing to a close, and all was bustle and excitement, preparing for a grand exhibition, which came off in due time and in fine style.

Fred Lynde delivered the valedictory, and was enthusiastically applauded by the delighted audience, while Gertrude, who took no part in the exercises, sat with the assembled multitude, her eyes filled with happy tears, her true woman's heart overflowing with joy at his success.

That evening Fred Lynde walked home with Gertie Eldridge beneath the quiet stars, the pale, winter moon casting her silver rays over the frosted fields, and the quiet, snow-wreathed village. Very little was spoken by either until they reached the brown wicket gate in front of the cottage, when Gertie said:

"Wont you come in, Fred?"

"Yes," he said, abruptly, "and I want to talk to you, Gertrude."

Mrs. Eldridge had retired, but the lamp was burning brightly upon the table, and a warm fire was blazing cheerily in the grate. Gertrude wheeled the two large arm-chairs close to the crackling fire, took one herself, and motioned Fred to take the other. For a time neither spoke, finally Fred Lynde said, hurriedly:

"I'm going away to-morrow, you know, Gertie."

"Yes."

There were tears in the girl's eyes. Fred Lynde saw them, and his own lit up with a strange, wicked, cruel light.

"Do you care, Gertie?"

"I am sure I shall be very lonely," she said, evasively.

"Will you care, Gertie?"

He asked the question again, looking straight into his face with his strange, bewildering eyes, watching her every expression as the tiger does the motions of his helpless prey.

"Yes, certainly I shall care, Fred," she replied, a vivid flush mantling cheek and brow.

"Then you do care for me a little, Gertie?" he continued, with a soft, bewitching smile.

"Certainly I do," she said.

"Is it only a *little* you care for me, Gertie?" he questioned again. "Am I asking too much when I say I want your love, your whole love, Gertrude Eldridge?"

"And supposing I cannot give it to you? Supposing you have it now already, Fred?" she asked, timidly, while her whole face flushed crimson.

She was not looking into the young man's countenance, or she could not have mistaken its expression—so perfectly heartless and mocking, that it would have startled her.

"Then you do love me, Gertie?" he questioned. "You will always love me, Gertrude?"

And her answer was just what any other innocent, trusting girl would have given to the object of her heart's first, best and purest affections—"Yes!"

He drew his chair to the other side of the fireplace, leaned his head back, and half closed his eyes. Then he said in a tone very hard for the poor girl to understand:

"Did I ever tell you that I loved you, Gertrude?"

He never had in that set phrase, though a thousand words and actions had implied it.

"So you see I have the advantage of you there. To tell the truth, I generally gain the affections of the fair portion of community without any trouble, and now what I want to tell you is this—that I am to be married to a young and beautiful girl immediately upon my return home."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the poor girl, she could not have been more astonished.

"Married?" she whispered, at length. "You are surely jesting, Fred Lynde?"

"No, I am not jesting!" he replied. "True as gospel, every word. Did you imagine I would ever marry you, my little puss? I have enjoyed my flirtation immensely. Allow me to thank you for the amusement it has afforded me, for without it, I am sure I should have died of *ennui*!"

O the tone—the bitter, sneering, contemptuous tone! It was more the tone, than the words, that sent that thrill of hopeless anguish through the young girl's frame. She had dreamed, and the awakening was like death.

She started from the great rocking-chair—her face whiter than the snow that lay drifted upon the house-tops—her blue eyes dark with pent-up, agonising, hopeless distress—her hands clasping each other so tightly that the pink nails wounded the tender flesh—started from her chair, and going up to Fred Lynde, she said with a strange, forced calmness:

"Then you have never loved me? You have trifled with me all this summer? Tell me this is so, Fred Lynde!"

He laughed scornfully; her beautiful despair pleased him.

"Yes," he answered; "only trifled."

She pressed her hands over her heart. The action was involuntary—she thought it was breaking. Poor child! she did not know how much the human heart can bear and not break. She did not know *them*.

What she might have said, we do not know; but at that moment a shriek from her mother's bedroom drew her attention in that direction. The poor, weak mother had been listening to the conversation, and heard all. The shock was too great for her, and that scream of agony was the last sound that ever passed the poor woman's lips. The first part of the night she lingered in a dreadful stupor, and the skill of the village physician, and the care and solicitude of the almost distracted daughter, were without avail; for a little after midnight she breathed her last, and Gertrude Eldridge was motherless.

"A stroke of apoplexy," so the physician said. Only Fred Lynde and the miserable daughter knew the real cause.

The young man left Glenvale the next day. It would be strange if his conscience did not upbraid him; we do not doubt it did. As for Gertrude, after the funeral she gathered together what little money was left to her from her mother's hard earnings, and after parting with various articles of household furniture to pay debts that had been contracted, she packed up her trunk and, three days after her mother's burial, took the stage-coach for the station of B—, some twelve miles distant, intending to there go by rail to the city of S—, where a relative of her mother's resided, hoping that there she might find a home at least for a time. But how little we poor mortals know of the future! "Man proposes, but God disposes."

As for Fred Lynde, he arrived home in due time without any particular adventure. Had it not been for the brilliant hopes before him, his glowing anticipations, it is possible his conscience might have troubled him more. As it was, he pictured to himself the warm reception

he would meet with from his affianced bride, the wealthy and beautiful Miss Louise Allen, to whom he had been betrothed from his childhood—imagined, we say; but, sad to relate, it never met with a realization.

Fred Lynde had carelessly, thoughtlessly, in a letter to Louise's brother, related the story of his country flirtings—a letter that Louise had the pleasure of perusing. So Mr. Lynde was informed by his affianced that a gentleman who made a boast of winning a young and beautiful girl's affections merely to cast them aside as worthless, could never be her husband. Miss Allen was firm and decided, and so Fred was compelled to submit. Ah, Fred Lynde, Fred Lynde! you did not guess then what the future had in store for you, and what more would come of your country flirtation!

As we said, three days after her mother's burial Gertrude Eldridge took passage in the lumbering stage-coach for a railroad station some twelve or fourteen miles distant. The driver assisted her into the old coach and then busied himself with strapping on the small trunk containing her scant wardrobe.

Gertrude Eldridge sat back in the coach, her veil drawn tightly over her face—for there were tears in her eyes that she did not care that the peering, prying world should see. We say she sat back in the old yellow stage-coach weeping silently and bitterly, for there was no loved voice to say "God speed you, Gertie!" She was an orphan—ay, and more, it was a great sorrow that crushed her—a great grief such as a young and innocent girl can know but once in her whole life. She had loved too blindly—she had dreamed, and her dream had had its awakening.

"All aboard! all aboard!" shouted the stentorian voice of the driver.

There was a slamming of the coach doors, a "ready! all's right!" from the stage-agent, a sudden starting of the lumbering vehicle, and a few minutes sufficed to leave the pretty village of Glenvale far in the distance.

The day was cloudy and cold, and before long, a heavy snow-storm set in. The wind whistled in at the broken coach windows, laden with a burden of sleet, and poor Gertrude, weak and exhausted, felt every blast to her very heart. Her shawl was very thin for the season and for travelling, and before she had proceeded half a dozen miles, she found herself nearly frozen.

There were four occupants of the miserable conveyance, besides Gertie Eldridge; of three of them it is unnecessary to speak—they were gentlemen well wrapped in shawls and great

coats—while the fourth was an old lady attired in a warm and heavy travelling costume, rich furs, and a heavy veil that bade defiance to King Frost in whatever guise he should choose to appear.

"Snowing to kill!" exclaimed one of the three gentlemen, drawing his muffler closer around his ears.

"Probably'll take runners before long," remarked a second; while the third merely gave vent to an expressive "ugh!"

The old lady drew aside her veil to look out, but the frosty air caused her to replace it in haste. Then the coach rumbled along slowly over the frozen road, the wind blew colder and colder, a numbing sensation stole over poor Gertrude Eldridge, the tears froze upon her cheeks, and leaning her head back upon the side of the old coach, she fell into a strange lethargic slumber. And still the old coach rumbled on, in its snowy way.

"Jerden's a hard road to travel, I believe," sang the driver, clapping his hands against his sides to prevent them from freezing.

By-and-by he became less musical, and exercised his hands more industriously; while the three gentlemen inside the old yellow coach pondered over the rise and fall of stocks, the depression of the money market and the mercury, the rise of provisions and the increasing storm. The old lady was wondering quietly to herself why such public conveyances were allowed to impose upon travellers, and how much further it could be to the next station; and Gertie, poor Gertie Eldridge, was dreaming of her mother and Fred Lynde—and the sad, reproachful brown eyes of Harry Dwight *would* intrude themselves. Poor Gertrude! in the numbing lethargic slumber, she was happy.

By-and-by there was a stopping of the coach wheels, a "whoa, whoa!" in the half frozen articulation of the driver, and a—"Here we are at last, pity save us all!" as the stage doors were thrown open and the steps let down.

The three gentlemen descended the lumbering vehicle first, then the old lady in her costly wrappings, but Gertie Eldridge neither moved nor spoke.

"Come, ma'am, be quick!" cried the driver, impatiently. Then he added, with an exclamation of affright: "Good heavens! the girl is frozen!"

—

"On your hand that pure altar I vow,  
Though I've looked, and have liked, and have fel  
That I never have loved till now."

Some seven or eight years after the events last narrated, in a handsomely furnished apartment

in a large "brown stone front" on Broadway, sat a lady and gentleman earnestly engaged in conversation. The former might have been twenty or twenty-five years of age; it would have been impossible to determine exactly. Her manners were faultlessly graceful, and her face and form displayed uncommon beauty and symmetry. Miss Allwin the heiress—the belle of the day—kind reader, and her companion was none other than our friend Harry Dwight, now a rising and popular young lawyer, and a nominee for the legislature at the coming election. Report said that it was very probable he would be elected, for, young as he was, he possessed the confidence of the people, as well as the respect and esteem even of his political opponents.

Energy and perseverance had done much for Harry Dwight, the once awkward and unprepossessing lad of Glenvale Academy. Harry Dwight had changed much in these eight years; and yet the clear, earnest brown eyes were the same—full of deep, kind, truthful feeling, that welled up from a generous and noble heart. Flattery and applause had not spoiled him; he had not grown vain and self-important, as many another might have done. Harry Dwight had a mother and sister, and their advice, their counsel, had proved a safeguard against the follies and fashionable evils of a large city.

The full-lighted chandelier cast a cheerful glow over the magnificently furnished apartment, with its statues and pictures from the studios of the best artists, its mirrors and curiosities all arranged with faultless taste and order. Miss Allwin and her lover, for such was her companion, sat upon a luxurious sofa. The former was toying carelessly with her fan, while the latter was speaking of his ambitious dreams—dreams that he had woven when a boy, and that he fondly trusted would be more than realized, should his life and health be spared.

"And yet," he said, in conclusion, "after all, fame is but a bauble. It is unsatisfying; it fails to answer the cravings of the heart. A man turns wearily from the applause of the multitude, and longs for a quiet, happy, peaceful home, where the woman he loves reigns supreme."

Miss Allwin's eyes were downcast, and her face averted from the speaker.

"Love is mightier than ambition," continued Harry Dwight. "My dear Miss Allwin, I would gladly give up my dearest dreams of fame, could I thus secure for myself the dearer realities of domestic love and peace."

The fair maiden turned her face towards the young man and gazed full into his brown, truthful eyes as he spoke.

"And why do you not?" she asked, blushing.

"Because," he answered, "I have until this evening lacked courage sufficient to ask of you this great boon. Will you be my wife?"

The beautiful face of Miss Allwin turned first crimson and then very pale; the proud lips worked convulsively; the white, jewelled fingers clasped each other almost painfully. Finally, raising her eyes, and gazing full into his, she asked:

"Have you given me your heart's first love, Harry Dwight?"

For a moment he paused. Then he said earnestly, truthfully:

"No, Miss Allwin, I will not deceive you. In my boyhood, Gertrude Eldridge was dearer to me than my life—Gertie Eldridge, I used to call her. She was my idol then; but my idol was clay, God forgive me!"

"And now—"

"I offer you such a love as a man may offer a mortal. Will you accept such an one, Miss Allwin?"

"I will never be second in the heart of any man," she said, scornfully. "Go, Harry Dwight! perhaps Gertie Eldridge, the rustic maid of your dreams, may prove the bright star that shall illumine your domestic horizon."

The young man arose and said, sadly:

"I mistook your character, Miss Allwin. I fancied you loved candor and truth, and very few men will you find who have not had their boy loves. I might have asked you if your girlhood had none, but that is nothing to me; your present, and not your past love, was all I asked of you."

"While I ask both of the man I wed," said Miss Allwin, haughtily; then she added, in a softer and more womanly tone: "Favor me with a call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Dwight, if you please. Till then, adieu!"

A moment more, and Harry Dwight found himself alone; another, and he was descending the broad stone steps of the mansion and was soon traversing the great thoroughfare of the metropolis.

A few moments more, and in the privacy of his own room Harry Dwight took up his pen and wrote: "Another dream is over! Heaven help me!"

In another part of the city, in one of the fashionable billiard and drinking-saloons that are the curse of every large city, enticing young men and older ones too, in fact, to destruction, and wasting money that should supply widowed mothers, perhaps, and starving children—in such

a place, at the precise time Harry Dwight wrote "Heaven help me!" two young men sat near a card table, one shuffling a pack of "kingly" and "queenly" pictures carelessly, the other, whose brow was darkened, and whose eyes flashed angrily, in the act of counting out the contents of a nearly emptied purse, which he piled upon the table, muttering:

"There, that's the last I have in the world! One more game!"

Again the cards were shuffled and the game began. Again was the agitated young man the loser, and again the tempter cried out to him—"One more game may retrieve all." But the tempter spoke falsely; when Fred Lynde left the saloon, he was in debt to the amount of several thousand dollars.

Fred Lynde reeled to his boarding-house, maddened with loss and with wine. When he reached his room, he threw himself upon his bed, and, falling into a deep slumber, did not awake until nearly eight o'clock the next morning.

Alarmed at finding the hour so late, he proceeded to make his toilet. The cause of his haste may be inferred from the contents of a note that lay upon the table, which had come in answer to a letter written by himself, a few days before, to the lady whose favor he sought.

"Call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, Mr. Lynde; then you shall receive your answer."

And this note was in the hand-writing of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Allwin, whose love he had sought. Again Fred Lynde and Harry Dwight were rivals—although each was not aware of the other's feelings.

Fred Lynde made a hasty but careful toilet. This morning, he felt, would decide all. If he received, as he fondly hoped, a "yes" to his important question, Miss Allwin's property would fall into his hands, and after paying all his debts of "honor," he would be a rich man. "Otherwise"—Fred Lynde, handsome, heartless Fred Lynde shuddered; "otherwise"—but the sentence remained unfinished.

Fred Lynde was esteemed a fashionable, elegant young gentleman in society. Young ladies and their maneuvering mamas considered him unexceptionable; dear things, they didn't know of his dissipated habits—how should they? and if they had, why "the young men of these days are rather fast, you know—and then he's rich!" That would have been the comment in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Now whether Miss Allwin was that one exceptional case, remains to be seen. She had treated him, to be sure, with considerable favor,

smiled upon him—and so she had upon Harry Dwight, poor fellow!—but then, in his elegant note, Mr. Fred Lynde had informed Miss Allwin that she was his first and only love; that all the bright faces he had ever seen in his lifetime had failed in winning the heart he humbly laid at her feet. He told her that he did not seek her because of her wealth or station—that it was for the love he bore her on account of her gentleness and beauty, and the purity of her heart. All this Mr. Lynde said in his elegant, perfumed, embossed note. All this Miss Allwin had read, with a quiet smile and a toss of the head.

Just exactly five minutes to nine o'clock, Fred Lynde stood upon the broad marble steps in front of Miss Allwin's mansion, with his hand upon the bell-knob. A servant opened the door and ushered him into an elegant parlor, where he was left to await the coming of the mistress of the mansion.

Just at nine o'clock the bell rang again, and to the astonishment of Fred Lynde, Harry Dwight was shown in by the self-same servant.

"The deuce! you here, Dwight?" muttered Fred Lynde, in astonishment.

"Fred Lynde!" ejaculated the other, in a surprised tone.

"And may I ask for what?" queried Lynde, with a supercilious glance.

"Certainly you may," replied Harry Dwight, composedly taking a seat upon the sofa, "though I shall of course reserve the privilege of answering you or not, as I see fit."

"Then let me say that your presence is unnecessary here, this morning," said Fred Lynde. "I come here, by appointment, to see Miss Allwin," he continued, triumphantly.

Harry Dwight's brow flushed, but he made no reply.

"I have yet the pleasure of thanking you for a service you did me eight or nine years ago—of meddling with my business in my affair with Gertrude Eldridge. I have not yet forgiven you for that, and if duelling was not contrary to law I should most assuredly call you out."

The memory of the olden days came back with an overwhelming rush to Harry Dwight. With a mighty effort, he controlled his feelings.

"I shall consider the source from which such language emanates—but it will be sad for you, if you mention Gertrude Eldridge's name thus in my presence again."

Fred Lynde arose to his feet with a show of courage; but the words he was about to utter were cut short by the entrance of Miss Allwin, who smiled blandly upon the two young men, merely saying: "Mr. Lynde—Mr. Dwight."

Of course Fred Lynde expected she would appear surprised at the intrusion of Harry Dwight, while the latter waited impatiently to see why he had been invited to call upon her at the precise hour as his rival. He waited, we say; but the denouement came full soon.

"I invited you both here this morning, gentlemen," began Miss Allwin, seating herself at a short distance from her rival lovers, "in the first place, to thank you for the preference you have shown me, and secondly, to tell you a little story—a story a part of which may not be unfamiliar to you.

"Nearly nine years ago, in a little quiet village, lived a young girl with a widowed mother. This daughter was the poor woman's all; to her she looked as the staff of her old age—the one who should smooth the rough path of life as she journeyed on towards the grave. The daughter was young and trusting. I need not repeat the story; you both know it. You, Fred Lynde, know who won that love and cast it away as worthless. It was you, my mother's murderer! Go! know now I have waited for my hour of triumph. It has come, at length. You know me now! I am Gertrude Eldridge!"

Both young men started to their feet in surprise—Fred Lynde, pale, trembling, with an abject, miserable terror that seemed to call down the speaker's disgust and indignation.

"Go!" she said, pointing to the door; "go! and let this be a solace for your disappointment, that Miss Allwin hates, far more than Gertrude Eldridge ever loved you!"

Like a whipped cur, young Lynde sneaked from the apartment, and then it was that Gertrude, for so we may now term her, turned towards the astonished Harry Dwight.

"Harry," she said, sadly, "Harry Dwight, tell me—tell me that you do not despise me!"

"I never could do that," he replied.

"Now that you know me as I am, can you repeat truthfully that which you said to me last night?"

"On one condition," he answered; "that you reconsider your answer."

"I have nothing to reconsider," she replied.

"If Miss Allwin does not accept the second, Gertie Eldridge will be the first love of your heart, Harry Dwight!"

Reader, we need not repeat what followed; lovers dislike a third person, so we will step aside for a few moments.

"And now tell me all about this strange metamorphosis," said Harry, at length.

And then Gertrude told him the whole story of her mother's death and burial—her determi-

nation to leave Glenvale and seek a home in the family of her mother's uncle, who lived in a neighboring State—her narrow escape from freezing in the old coach that bitter cold day—the pity for her expressed by the rich old lady, her travelling companion, who, being a widow and childless, adopted her as her own, with this condition, that she should adopt her name, which she did—of the life of peace and happiness she had led beneath Miss Allwin's roof, up to the present time. All this Gertrude Eldridge told her lover, as they sat side by side upon the sofa; and she did not forget to tell him, too, of her blind, youthful love for Fred Lynde, with a crimson blush of shame, and begged Harry to forgive her for the deception she had practised in keeping him in ignorance of her identity.

Of course all was forgiven—certainly it was; and ere long, an announcement something like the following appeared in one of the city papers:

"MARRIED.—On the 15th inst., by the Rev. Dr. —, Mr. Henry L. Dwight to Miss Gertrude Eldridge Allwin, all of this city. We understand that the happy couple are to spend their honey-moon travelling. Our best wishes go with them."

The day after their return home, in looking over the morning's paper, Gertrude Dwight read a paragraph that caused her cheek to blanch, and her hand to tremble. She passed the paper to her husband, and he read aloud:

"DREADFUL AFFRAY.—We are sorry to notice, in our columns, the deeds of wickedness daily and nightly committed in our city, which call for some active measures on the part of our police. This morning, at half past two o'clock, an affray between several noted gamblers took place at an infamous drinking and billiard saloon, between — and — Streets, in which two men were mortally wounded, and one killed. The murdered man's name was Fred Lynde, and was, we think, the originator of the difficulty."

"Heaven forgive him!" murmured Harry, letting the paper fall.

"Amen!" responded Gertrude Dwight, fervently. "May Heaven forgive him, even as I do."

Harry Dwight is now a member of Congress—his wife, one of Washington's "bright, particular stars." Only the names we have used are fictitious.

#### KINDNESS IS POWER.

A conqueror is kindness; far beyond  
The armed victor, who doth thundering preach  
Civilisation with the cannon's tongue.  
Woe-bought delights and bloody benefits.  
A gentle word begets a gentle thought—  
Drawing the sting from malice. Better thus  
Than bruise with hate the ignorant serpent's head,  
Who knoweth nothing till you teach it him.  
BARRY CORNWALL.

(ORIGINAL.)

## BELLE ASHLEY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"DEAR, dear, dear!" And with a curl on her crimson lip, Belle Ashley tossed the magazine she had been reading half-way to the ceiling, and then flirited her tiny, slippered foot so impatiently against a cushioned stool, that it turned a noiseless somerset on the velvet carpet.

"What is it, Belle?" And the inquirer, a gentleman who had been for some time furtively watching her from behind his evening paper, now looked her fairly in the face.

"Why, that story, guardy—it has exasperated me beyond the powers of endurance."

"Why did you read it?"

"Why? A pretty question to ask me. You know as well as I do, that I had to read it. I must pass away my time somehow or other."

"And there was nothing in this wide world for you to read but that silly story, Belle?" And he glanced at the draperied alcoves of the library, for it was there they sat.

"I know what you mean," she said, quickly; "but I haven't brain enough for those ponderous tomes, and if I had, what good would it do me to know just how many soldiers have been killed since the world was created, or why I am what I am, and why everybody isn't somebody else—pshaw! I detest history and philosophy, and metaphysics, theology and the like. The truth is, guardy, I am dying of ennui. I want something to do."

"Why don't you sew?"

"Sew! What would become of poor little Emily Bird then? Don't she half support herself and mother out of what I pay her to keep my wardrobe in order. No indeed; I should feel as if I had been stealing lambs if I took a stitch for myself."

"Practise then."

"I do," she answered, hotly. "Practise! There isn't a key on the piano that I didn't thumb and finger forty times this morning before you were up."

"Paint—draw."

"I spent two hours at my easel this forenoon. That is as long as I can endure the smell of oil."

"Walk."

"I've worn out a pair of boots every month the last year, tramping over the hills and dales of this wretched country town."

"Ride."

"I gallop ten miles every day of my life."

"Assist Mrs. Gray."

"She won't let me; says I make her more trouble than I do good—salt the custards and sugar the soups. It's a fib too, I could beat her if I'd try. Wait till I keep house. You see how it is, guardy, now—I am really and literally dying for the want of something to do. I sometimes wish I was poor, poor as a church-mouse. Then I'd have something to do; then my life wouldn't be such a sinful waste of time; then—"

"What would you do, Belle, if you were poor?"

"Do! Why I'd *work*!" She spoke energetically, and as she did, her whole expression changed, and she seemed transformed at once from a giddy girl to a thoughtful woman. "I'd have to, you know; because I haven't a relative in the world to look to for help."

"But what would you do? Make shirts at six cents a piece, be snubbed about as a governess—be—"

"No, guardy, no; neither of them. Indeed, I hardly know what I would do, but God would open some way for me, in which to earn an honest livelihood, and how I should enjoy it. I am so weary of this do nothing life." And she folded her arms over her heart, as if to still its impatient throbbings.

"And meanwhile, Belle, what would become of me?"

"Of you?" And she looked up quickly.

"Yes, of me. Who would pour my coffee for me at breakfast; bring me my dainty lunch at eleven o'clock—my fruit and cream; help me to soup at dinner; make my tea at evening; air my dressing-gown and slippers; keep my buttons on my wristbands, and the strings on my collars; knit me soft lambs-wool stockings, embroider me smoking-caps and hem my handkerchiefs; who would read to me when I am weary, nurse me when I am sick, sing to me when I am sad? Belle, my little ward, the old house would be very lonely without you." He might have added, "and my heart too."

The color came and went in her cheeks while he was speaking, but when he paused she was pale as death, with a mist upon her eyes. Murmuring plaintively, "I'm glad if I am good for anything," she left her seat and walked quietly out of the room. Her guardian rose as if to follow her; then, abruptly checking his steps, he sat down again and hid his face in his hands.

"We pluck not cherries in autumn-time." The words came from his lips with a low, moaning tone, which spoke eloquently of the struggle in his heart.

But was it autumn-time with Herbert Sidney? True, he was past thirty, but not a single thread



of silver glistened in the glossy masses of raven hair which his little ward had so often pushed back from his high, white forehead in his hours of headache; not a wrinkle seamed his face; his eye was like an eagle's; his heart warmer now than in his boyhood. He loved Belle Ashley with all the depth and fervor of his strong, passionate nature, but he had never whispered a word of his feelings to her; a grim sense of their disparity of years made his lips dumb.

And Belle, a beauty of eighteen, an heiress, too, whom a score of suitors had already strove to win, Belle loved her guardian as only a woman of her temperament can love. She would have died to save him a sorrow. Yet she had her secret so deep down in her heart, that even her own keen eyes could scarcely see it. Now she lay panting on her bed, her face wet with tears, her white lips crying continually, "to him I am but a child."

A month later and she sat alone in the library reading; not out of a magazine, though they lay scattered all about her, but from one of those very ponderous tomes of which she had spoken so disdainfully to her guardian. It was one she had seen often in his hands, and now secure of interruption, for he was many miles away, she was bending all the quick powers of her mind to the erudite pages.

A servant entered bearing a silver salver. Mechanically she took the letter it held. One glance at her name, so boldly written, and a glad cry dropped from her lips.

"It is from Herbert, bless him." And she read it. Her cheek lost its crimson as she took in the import of the message.

"MY LITTLE WARD:—But that I fear you will be torturing yourself with anxieties about my health, I would not write you at all, but reserve my tidings until I see you, which will be in a week's time. I am well, perfectly well, only a little tired. Belle, prepare yourself now for unpleasant news. Perhaps you do not know it, but I have been for a long time distrustful of the integrity of the firm to whom your uncle loaned your money. I came here to satisfy myself. Belle, not a dollar of the immense sum loaned them is now in their hands. I have been very busy unravelling the affair, and will give you the particulars when I come home. Do not worry, Belle, over the matter, and above all things, do nothing rashly. Wait till I meet you and talk it over. Now as ever, yours,  
"H. SIDNEY."

What she had so often lightly wished for, had come to pass. She was poor; an orphan and poor—no blood of hers in the veins of either man or woman. Poor and alone in the world.

Did she weep? Not a tear. She read the

letter thrice over, then folded it in its original creases, replaced it in the envelope, and put it in her bosom. Pushing aside the table, she rose and paced the room back and forth; first with quick, nervous steps, afterwards with slow, quiet ones. At midnight she ceased and went carefully about the room, gathering up the books and ornaments which belonged to her. She made several trips to her chamber ere she had carried them all. Locking herself in, she drew her travelling trunks from the closet and commenced emptying her bureau and wardrobe, folding and packing. It was nearly daylight when she turned the keys and buckled down the straps. Her plainest travelling suit was left out. Then she counted her money; the quarter was nearly gone, and she had but forty dollars left. She smiled half sadly as she put back the little roll of bills and the silver change. Then she went back to the library and took up a pen, but as she traced a few lines on the sheet she had chosen, her features worked convulsively. For the first time she realized that she was leaving him, her guardian. Dashing off the burning drops that streamed over her face, she compelled her fingers to be calm, and wrote:

"MY DEAR GUARDIAN:—Your note revealing the loss of my wealth, was received last evening. Alone, poor, there is of course but one thing for me to do—*work—earn my own living*. I know all your generous, noble heart would tempt you to say, but, Herbert, I cannot brook dependence, even from you. Do not seek to find me, or, if you do come across me in your wanderings, do not seek to break my resolution. When I have proved to you that I am no longer a child, but a woman—a woman capable of caring for herself, then I will write you. Till then, adieu. Your little ward,  
BELLE."

To the servant who came in to clear the grate, and who looked surprised to see her there dressed for a journey, she said, briefly:

"Order the carriage for me. I must be at the station in half an hour, and ask the cook to send me a cup of coffee and some crackers."

An hour afterwards, and she was speeding by express to a city a hundred miles off. She had been there before, and ordered the porter to carry her luggage to the same hotel she had before frequented. Before her bonnet and cloak were laid aside, she had written this note and despatched it to the office of a daily paper:

"WANTED.—By a young lady, a situation as companion to some invalid lady. Wages not so much an object as a comfortable home. Apply at room No. 57, A—Hotel, between the hours of ten and five."

Then changing her dress, she sat down quietly

by the window and watched the passing crowd. As soon as the fashionable dinner was over, she retired to the couch, and wearied with excitement and travel, slept soundly till morning. She dressed herself with more than usual care that day, and with a book in hand which she vainly strove to read, she awaited the issue of her advertisement. Slowly, tediously, the day wore on. Her face began to be troubled, and her heart to sink. But at three o'clock there came a rap at her parlor door. She opened it, and bowed courteously to the middle-aged gentleman who entered.

"This is yours, I believe, handing her a slip of newspaper.

"Yes, sir, I am the young lady. My name is Isabella Ashley, and my references are these—" and she handed him the cards of the different teachers whose tuition she had enjoyed from time to time.

He looked at them carefully, and was apparently satisfied, for he said at once: "My name is Olmstead, Ralph Olmstead, of the firm of Olmstead & Baring. I come in behalf of my mother, who has been an invalid for years, though but lately debarred society and confined to her chamber. We have succeeded in procuring an excellent nurse, but she needs something more—attentions such as a daughter or interested friend might give. It will be an arduous task for you, if you conclude to undertake it, but she as well as myself is wealthy, and will amply remunerate you for the time you may spend with her."

"When can I see her?"

"Now, this afternoon, if you will. My carriage is at the door."

"I will go with you, sir." And she was soon rattling over the paved streets.

They stopped at a palatial home, and Belle was soon ushered into a darkened chamber. A strong smell of camphor greeted her first, then a medley of odors, anything but agreeable to one whose life was the breath of flowers. An aged woman, wan and wasted, lay upon the couch towards which she bent her noiseless footsteps. She moaned as if in pain, and frequently threw her hands to her head. Belle noticed that her gray hair was sadly disordered, and the cloth which lay upon it stiff and dry.

"Your head aches badly," she said, in her lowest, sweetest tone.

"It crazes me almost. But who are you?" And the half-closed eyelids opened wide.

"It is the young lady whose advertisement I read to you, mother. She has called to see if she and you can agree to keep company a while."

"Her voice suits me. That nurse, where is she, Edward?"

"Gone out a moment."

"She nearly kills me with her tones, so shrill and owl-like.—Child,"—and she put her wrinkled hand in the soft palm of the stranger—"it will be a weary task for you, for I am grown querulous with suffering, and should try an angel's patience. My eyes are weak, too, and my room has to be kept very dark. Think well, ere you decide to come."

"Do you think I shall suit you, ma'am?"

"Yes, I do. Your step is light, your touch gentle, and your voice low and musical. Yes, you will suit."

"Then I will come at once."

"I will pay you just what I used to Ralph's governess, six hundred a year. I shall be more trouble though than he was, but I will make it right. Can you stay now? O, my head! my head!" And a spasm convulsed her face.

"You will see to my trunks, sir. I will give you an order. Your mother needs me now if ever." And pencilling a line, she gave it to him, and then laying aside her bonnet and shawl, went again to the bedside.

"Bring me some cool water, and a bit of soft, fresh linen, and a comb and brush," she said, quietly to the nurse.

"O, you mustn't touch her hair; it will kill her at once."

"Please do as I say; I will be responsible." She spoke gently, but there was something in the tone that enforced obedience.

Very grateful to the fevered skin was the soft, cooling touch of the damp linen, as Belle wiped the face and hands, and like mesmeric touches, the parting and smoothing of the long, thin locks. She was half asleep ere the cap was tied on, and a few lulling words, such as a mother half-sings, half-whispers to the babe as she puts it in the cradle, finished the charm and the lids were closed.

"She is sleeping very quietly," said the physician to her son, an hour afterwards, as he stood at her bedside. "I have not seen her so calm since she was taken down. How is it?"

"She has done it," said the nurse, a woman nowise disposed to be jealous. "She understands her case better than I do."

The physician glanced at Belle, who timidly shrunk from observation into the darkest corner. Crossing the room, he came directly to her. "I do not know what you have done, my friend, but your prescriptions are more powerful than mine. No opiate has ever made her so quiet. Continue your attentions and watch her symptoms carefully."

Then taking the son by the arm, he led him from the room, saying earnestly, "You must retain her, though it cost five dollars a day. Your mother can never be well again; all we can do is to smooth her passage to the grave. That young girl can do it better than you or I. Mind what I say; keep her, and let the other go. They will only come in conflict."

The next morning the nurse was dismissed with presents that gladdened her heart, and Belle was left alone with the invalid. It was, as the aged woman said, an arduous task she had undertaken, but she never faltered, though her face grew pale as the sick one's, and her cheeks lost their roundness and her eyes their brightness. She had never known confinement or restraint, and the close air of that darkened chamber seemed to poison her blood. Many things she missed; the fragrance of the spring flowers which she knew were now sunning themselves in the mossy depths of the woodland; the breath of the April breeze as it lingered in the green boughs of the trees; the morning and evening sky-tints, and the golden banners of noonday; the music of the wild birds; the long rambles in the country; the gay gallops on the jet-black pony; the precious hours in the library with her guardian to talk to, and the yet more precious ones in the parlor at eventide, when they sang together the ballads of olden times.

Mr. Olmstead was kind and thoughtful, tendering her every attention in his power; the servants smoothed her way all they could, for they soon came to dote on the young mistress, as they called her, and even the invalid, worn and worried with years of suffering, suppressed many a moan to spare her little nurse. And yet, with all they did for her, it was a sad, sad life Belle Ashley led in that darkened room. Not as in other times, was she weary because she had nothing to do, but tired now with having so many duties.

Spring brightened into summer; that faded into autumn, and then her vigils were over, for the tremulous nerves and the unsteady heart of the sick woman were quiet under the shroud-folds. Belle was once more at liberty, and as she counted the contents of the purse the mourning son had placed in her hands—six hundred dollars all told (for such had been the request of the dying mother), though but half the year was up, she felt an irrepressible desire to exhibit her earnings to her guardian. She longed to have him know that she was something more than he had ever thought her—stronger, better, nobler. As though he did not know all about her, the cautious spy. As though he would have let his one ewe lamb

wander a moment from his fold without his guardian care.

He sat alone in his library, Herbert Sidney—but though his eyes rested on the page before him, his thoughts were far away in that distant city, where his little ward was losing her health and strength, and learning the great lesson of life—patience—patience. The bell-wire tinkled softly. He did not notice it; that, nor the little bustle in the hall, and when half an hour afterwards, there came a light footfall on the carpet, and the rustle of a woman's garment as it brushed the furniture, he did not stir or look up. He was lost to outward sounds and sights. Away down deep in his heart nestled a bonny love, and he was doting on it, his hidden, darling treasure.

"Are you deaf, dumb, blind, guardy? Have you no word of welcome for your little ward?"

How he started, and what a crimson flushed his face as he caught her for a moment to his heart.

"So you have come back to me," he said, as she sat down beside him; "I always believed you would."

"But I have not come to stay," she said, quickly.

"And why not, Belle? It's very lonesome living here with no one but Mrs. Gray and the servants to speak to day after day. Why can't you keep me company?"

How her heart swelled! How her pulse quickened! But she shook her head resolutely, and forcing calmness into her voice, she said:

"Because it is impossible. I am poor and must work."

"And is it pleasant, Belle, to earn your own living?"

"Pleasant—pleasant," she murmured; "no, it is not pleasant, but then it is my duty, and I shall learn by-and-by to be satisfied with that."

"Tell me of your wanderings, Belle. Sit down here as you used to." And he dropped a velvet cushion at his feet.

She did so, and told him all. Had she looked into his face, she would have seen it wet and pale as she spoke.

"And your earnings, Belle?"

She showered the bills and coins into his hands.

"You can afford to rest awhile," he said, quietly, as he counted them.

"I know it, guardy, and have come to visit you."

A month passed on. They two went on in the old way pretty much, save that Belle did not tease him quite as much as of old, and was never heard to complain of ennui.

They stood together beside the mantel one

evening, both looking into the blazing grate—both thinking of the great and holy love they bore each other.

"Have you looked you up a new situation yet, Belle?" Mr. Sidney spoke quietly, as any man would remark of a purely business matter.

Belle's lips quivered and her eyes grew dim, but she was growing strong, and soon answered gently, "I wrote an advertisement to-day, but I have not sent it."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Keep house for some old grandfather, guardy."

"Keep house?" He spoke quizzically. "Can you tell me the ingredients of a loaf of bread?"

"Flour, salt, yeast and milk or water, as you can afford, guardy. I have been taking daily lessons of Mrs. Gray for four weeks, and she says she can recommend me."

"I wonder she didn't mention your name to me this morning then."

Belle looked up inquiringly.

"You see, she gave me notice she was going to leave in a month. She has had a legacy, and is going to set up housekeeping for herself. She named several who she said would suit me. Strange she did not mention you."

"Would I suit you?"

"Would you suit me?" He lingered on the syllables—he repeated them; then looking into her face, he said, gently: "Yes, Belle, I think you would suit me."

"What are your terms?" She spoke gravely, though something like a dimple wavered in her cheeks.

"Four hundred a year, with a suite of rooms to yourself. Are they satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

"You are then engaged, Belle." The emphasized word brought a brighter flush to her cheek, and involuntarily it seemed, she murmured:

"Yes, engaged."

Mr. Sidney looked at her earnestly awhile; then taking from the mantel one of the hands she had rested there, he held it a moment in his own. Then, slipping a jewelled ring upon one of the slender fingers, he said, in a voice that fruitlessly strove to be calm, "and this seals our engagement, Belle."

An instant her eyes met his; then he drew her to him and pressed a holier seal upon her lips, whispering, "you are too young, darling, to be my housekeeper—just old enough to be my wife."

"I will be both, sir. You know I must have something to do."

There was a dash of her old playfulness in

the tones, yet Mr. Sidney felt she was in earnest.

Little Emily Bird was very busy the next month cutting and sewing, for the whole bridal wardrobe was given up to her, and quite a little fortune did she earn in preparing the dainty garments. Old Mrs. Gray, too, was very busy, for every room in that spacious mansion had to be torn upside down and put to rights, and if she did not earn, she certainly spent quite a little fortune in baking and icing wedding cakes. Mr. Sidney and Belle were very busy, too, it seemed, telling and hearing the old, yet ever new and delicious story of human love. They sat together in the twilight the night before the bridal, not as in olden time, he by the table, and she in the recess of a window, but side by side upon a sofa drawn near the fire.

"Belle," asked he, after a long silence, "what did you ever do with that letter I wrote you once, the one that sent you wandering over the world?"

"I have it yet."

"Bring it here."

She did so. "Read it to me by the firelight, can't you, darling?" She obeyed. "Once more," he continued.

A sudden light flashed over her mind, and she said, looking him closely in the face, "You wrote that to try me, Herbert. I am not poor—never was. It was a precious little fib!"

"One that cost me many a pang, darling. But the temptation to try the strength of your womanhood was too strong to be resisted. But I little dreamed you would run away as you did; and Belle, when you came back to me, thin and pale and careworn, I almost cursed myself for yielding as I did to the temptation of a moment. A lifetime of devotion can only half atone for the great wrong I did you."

"Do not call it wrong, Herbert. It was a great good; the greatest that ever befell me. In my lonely watches beside the sick bed of my mother-friend, I learned lessons that will go with me through life, that will guide me to heaven. I was fast lapsing into a selfish woman of the world, but that letter started up my latent energy, my hidden goodness. Then did I realize what a blessing it is to be rich, and that the rich man or woman can never truly say they have nothing to do. There is ever something before them that cries piercingly, "help, help!" I am glad to know that my money is not lost, because I can answer those cries now, and shall always have something to do."

"The poor ye have always with you," said her lover, solemnly. And then he folded her to his heart and blessed God for this last, best gift to him—a noble woman's love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TWO CLOUDLETS.

BY ISA. ARNOLD BERNHART.

O, do you remember, dear Mary,  
An evening in beautiful June,  
When we sat in a bower of roses,  
And gazed on the rising moon?

And do you remember the cloudlets  
That hung in the silvery light?  
They looked like the beds of angels,  
So beautiful, pure and white.

They seemed to be wooing each other:  
And somehow we chanced to see,  
In the happy and love-laden cloudlets,  
A picture of you and me.

I never could tell how we knew it,  
But both seemed to feel that a heart  
Was lodged in each cloud, and we trembled,  
And feared the bright cloudlets would part.

But while we were anxiously gazing,  
And love-glances trembled in sight,  
The beautiful cloudlets were waning,  
And faded away in the light.

To-night I was silently sitting  
Beside the same roses of June,  
And lo, the same beautiful cloudlets  
Came wooing the love-wedded moon!

And still they grew larger and brighter,  
Each gleamed like a rising sun;  
And, drawing still nearer each other,  
They mingled, and now they are one.

O, say, must the love we have cherished  
Grow fainter and vanish away?  
Or may it, like yon happy cloudlet,  
Grow heavenward and brighter each day?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ITALIAN PHYSICIAN.

SUGGESTED BY RUFFIN'S "DOCTOR ANTONIO."

BY MRS. M. T. CALDON.

IN the month of April, 184—, a travelling-carriage dashed rapidly down the steep, neglected road leading from B—, a small village in Southern Italy, toward Naples. The Sicilian postilion was in exuberant spirits, and rather recklessly endeavored to convince the tall, stiff English valet on the box with him, of his superior skill in handling the reins, which proceeding the latter regarded with mingled alarm and disgust, muttering something about "tearing over such heathenish roads at that rate," and concluding with an affecting reminiscence of the smooth drives in his own unrivalled land.

Notwithstanding their mutual sentiments were so unintelligible through the common medium of

language, yet, spite of his ignorance of Italian, Tom Dexter had managed to give Antoine a clear view of his own supreme contempt for Italy and the hapless race who owned it for their country. So Antoine, in wicked retaliation, snapped his long whip about the horses' ears and set the animals into a hurried canter, the more delighted as the alarm on the valet's face became more apparent, for the narrowness and sudden descent of the road made it as dangerous, as the rough, uneven ground caused it to be uncomfortable and annoying.

A commanding voice, in angry expostulation, came from the coach window, and Antoine was obliged to check his revengeful pleasantries and, if he could, his awakened horses—which last was quite another thing, for, though the creatures had come quietly enough thus far, yet Antoine's whip seemed to have inoculated them with some of his own vindictiveness. Away they sped, plunging and dashing along the highway, threatening every moment to upset the reeling coach down the narrow, rocky precipice which separated the road from the beach (where the blue Mediterranean waves came surging up in short, full swells, curling away in snowy drifts among the sands), and then nearly crushing the stout crested panels against the mountainous wall on the other side.

Just where the street turns abruptly around the brow of the hill and leads into the straggling, retired little village of B—, the catastrophe came. An antiquated one-horse vehicle was just then, unluckily, upon the curve of the road; and the furious steeds, quite unmindful of Antoine's vigorous, desperate pull at the reins, made a plunge for the centre of the approaching gig. Such a scene as ensued! Such voluble shrieks of Italian, and round, sturdy oaths of English, as from this untoward mixture of nations and classes one after another prostrate figure disengaged itself from the promiscuous heap of broken panels and glass, baskets and books, and looked around, in indignant inquiry, as to the cause and extent of the calamity!

First and foremost, like all true Englishmen prompt to act in the hour of danger, however timid before, John Dexter sprang up and held the violently struggling horse still left in the shafts, until his fellow-travellers had likewise an opportunity to extricate themselves. The other horse had fortunately cleared himself and was dashing away out of sight, long before Antoine's bruised and rueful face was raised from the dust of the highway. Next, as stout and nationally expressive a Briton as ever wandered away from the Thames, raised himself from his undignified position, bearing a slender, girlish form in his

arms. At the same time, a tall, spare lady's maid emerged from the other side, with a face as dubious and rueful as the crushed band-boxes at her feet.

Sir Richard Hereford laid his helpless burden tenderly on the turf by the roadside, and turned fiercely to the luckless Antoine, who stood mute and motionless with consternation; but he was interrupted by a tall, singularly handsome, yet coarsely-dressed man, who addressed him in Italian, while he bent anxiously over the insensible girl.

"I don't understand half your jargon," cried the excited baronet. "All I wish, is to find a physician and another carriage; but I suppose neither is to be found in this accursed country, short of Naples."

To his equal relief and surprise, the stranger (who was no other than the driver of the stout gig which had escaped the collision with no other harm but that of an overturn) addressed him in respectable English.

"That is what I say, sir—that I am a physician, and, with your permission, will examine into the amount of injury the lady has received."

Sir Richard eyed him sharply; but somewhat mollified by hearing his native language, and forgetting his dignity and haughtiness in his anxiety for his daughter, replied eagerly:

"Do so, at once. You don't imagine it is anything serious, do you?"

The Italian doctor had explored the delicate wrist and lifted the fair, drooping head; and glancing over at the father's troubled face, he forgave the discourteous treatment he had received himself, in pity for his anxiety, and replied, soothingly:

"Be not alarmed, signor; there is life and strength here."

Just then the sufferer's snowy lids unclosed, and a pair of wondrously soft blue eyes looked into the speaker's face. He bowed smilingly, and said, in a tone tender as a parent might use to a suffering child:

"Don't be alarmed, dear lady! You have fainted from a little fright."

A sweet, childish smile wreathed the pale lips, and she made an effort to rise; but wincing with pain, and half suppressing a shriek, she sank back again.

He looked instantly and anxiously at the slender ankle, passed his hand lightly across it, and then leaving his patient half supported by the maid, drew Sir Richard one side to say:

"The lady's ankle is fractured. Rather a difficult case, but I have no doubt careful treatment and perfect quiet will restore it, in due time, to

its original strength. You shall have the most comfortable quarters the village can offer."

Sir Richard Hereford looked almost as much annoyed at the last, as the first sentence. His brow was as gloomy as if fate had conspired to thwart every plan he could propose for his own enjoyment.

"Good heavens! poor dear Edith!" was the first ejaculation. Then he muttered: "What is coming next? That horrible steamboat detention, the murderous drivers of these abominable roads overturning, and now lodgings in that miserable village! I tell you, I never can stand it! We must get on to Naples somehow, where there's a chance of finding Christian comforts in this heathenish land." His voice grew louder and angrier as he proceeded. "Stay here, indeed! Don't I know all about it? I dare say there isn't a pot of butter, or a bowl of milk, in the whole village—nothing but olives, and that villanous oil for one's bread."

The doctor's keen eye had been scanning the florid face, and he obtained a very fair estimate of the character of the sturdy baronet, not so much, perhaps, to his own awe and admiration as that dignified individual might have imagined.

"Well, sir," said Dr. Pietro, with quiet dignity, "what have you decided? Shall I attend to the lady? I assure you speedy attention will relieve the pain very much, and any attempt to go on to Naples will be as dangerous as unnecessary."

But Sir Richard could not all at once relinquish his British dignity and obstinacy; so he kept the whole party, around whom a group of peasants had by this time gathered, waiting there in anxious suspense.

"How do I know it is dangerous?" he muttered, testily. "All doctors are ready to make out a desperate case, for their own curing. And then, again, if it is a serious case, how dare I trust her to an Italian quack?"

But a flash of the Italian's eye and a groan from his daughter, compelled him to a decision.

"Stay, stay!" he cried, hastily, as the former was turning proudly away. "Attend to her, by all means, and use your utmost care and skill. Your patient is Miss Hereford, of Hereford Manor. And I am Sir Richard Hereford."

A slightly sarcastic smile curled the young physician's lip; but it faded off, as his glance wandered to the pallid face of the lonely sufferer, and he replied at once:

"Very well. I will do the best I can. I assure you I am not one to attempt anything I cannot carry through, although I am only the parish doctor of this poor little town."

An hour afterward, the street was cleared of the carriage wreck, and the whole party safely, and, despite the ungracious Englishman's moodiness, comfortably situated in a queer little box of a house, half hidden by myrtle and orange trees, and commanding a refreshing view of the sea. The house was occupied by a poor widow and her daughter, who were as delighted, and sensible of the unusual honor and privilege granted them through such noble guests, as even Sir Richard himself could ask.

The pale English girl was lying on a snowy couch, half covered with flowers (the graceful offering of pretty Francesca's warm southern heart to the suffering English signora), just as the doctor had left her when the painful operation was completed, and the ankle carefully bandaged. Opening her eyes from a drowsing slumber, she found him standing by her side sorting out the flowers, some of which he left her, but by far the greater portion he had thrown away.

"These ardent orange buds are too powerful for a sick room," he said. "Francesca must not bring you any more. How do I find you? has the pain abated?"

Miss Hereford smiled back into the kindly face with a touching expression of confidence and trust doubly refreshing, in contrast with her father's suspicious, distrustful manner.

"Thanks to your kindness," she said, "I am much relieved. How long do you think it will be before we go on to Naples?"

He shook his head. "Not for many weeks, certainly. Do you care so much?" he asked, seeing the blank dismay her face expressed.

"O, no—not for myself, but papa! How will he ever manage to be contented? Because—you see"—she paused, at a loss how to express her meaning without wounding his national pride—"he has been used to such different ways of living!"

"O, yes!" interrupted Dr. Pietro, good humoredly. "I understand your doubts, but Francesca and her mother will do the best they can. There is his own valet, and your waiting-woman, and last—not least, in this case—myself. Believe me, Miss Hereford, your father will enjoy himself much better than he imagines. The greatest difficulty he anticipated will soon be obviated. I have despatched a peasant to one of the farms in the neighboring town for a cow, and you shall soon enjoy your accustomed luxuries, milk and butter, which I confess are seldom found in this benighted place. For us, the oil answers every purpose. Habit is second nature," he added, laughing at the rueful face she

wore at mention of the oil. "Now, then, I must try my hand at upholstering."

Whereupon he opened the bundle he had brought, and produced hammer and tacks, a roll of carpeting and chintz, and several other little trifles. Then, while Edith watched him smilingly, he quietly and noiselessly hung up curtains at the window, pasted over all cracks that admitted the air in treacherous draughts, spread down a carpet on the floor, and finally hung up an exquisite painting on the wall opposite the couch.

"Now, then, Miss Hereford, you will seem a little more comfortable."

She had been quietly following with her eye the busy, fitting figure, and wondering what nameless charm he possessed, that had so completely won her confidence and friendship.

"Thank you, I have no fears for my own comfort or contentedness. Is there a shop in the village where you found the chintz?"

He shook his head. "Our poor little town is far more limited in its resources than you imagine. In fact, you English people have very little idea of how few are the requirements of simple living, in cheerfulness and usefulness, at that."

He did not tell her how his ruthless hand had left his own room desolate, to make up for the deficiencies of hers.

So day after day passed on. Dr. Pietro was constant and thoughtful in his attentions to the invalid, not more in his professional character than in the light of a tender and watchful friend trying every means to amuse and beguile the tedious hours of confinement. And Edith Hereford became more and more impressed with the singular beauty and simplicity of a character so full of fire and genius, and a mind so stored with deep and varied knowledge, and yet contented to minister to the needs of the poor, oppressed, ignorant population about him.

Sir Richard, too, began to receive him with his natural hearty cordiality, when his tall form appeared in the doorway, and Dr. Pietro's arrival kindled a glow on his ruddy face almost as vivid as the pink tinge that transformed Edith's cheek from a waxen lily to a warmly-tinted rose. In fact, Sir Richard had grown to be not only contented, but even charmed with the pastoral life he led—more especially since he had purchased a fine horse, sent down for his inspection from a neighboring town at Dr. Pietro's suggestion, and received a liberal supply of accustomed luxuries from Naples.

Possibly, too, the magic of the air and sky had imparted Italian languor and love of ease, in place of his usual restless, bustling life. Edith



was rejoiced to find he no longer murmured at their detention, or railed at the uncomfortable accommodations offered him.

And for Edith herself, a new life seemed to have dawned. Although debarred from the invigorating walks she had hitherto accustomed herself to take, yet the soft fresh air had worked magically upon her constitution, and the pallor of her beautiful face was rapidly disappearing beneath a healthy bloom. And when, at length, she was able to bear wheeling her couch into the verandah, to catch, with the glimpse of the sparkling water, a fresh sea-breeze on her forehead, her girlish vivacity was charming to behold. At least so thought her delighted father and her gratified physician, as well as the admiring Francesca peeping out from the basement window to enjoy the scene.

Rarer days came, when the cautious Dr. Pietro consented she should try walking, with his steady arm for her support; and charming strolls and drives followed, and even after Miss Hereford was quite able to bear the journey to Naples, neither her father nor herself made any allusion to forsaking their pleasant retreat.

Occasionally, to be sure, Sir Richard's conscience accused him of indolence, warning him how time was slipping away, while their tour on the continent remained so incomplete and unsatisfactory; but the wonderfully beneficial effects of the air and manner of living upon Edith's delicate constitution was sufficient excuse for their prolonged stay, and so he relapsed into his delicious reveries, his quiet morning canters and afternoon siestas, so entirely foreign to his active English habits.

A rude interruption to all this peaceful tranquillity came in the person of Captain Edward Hereford, the only son and brother, who had slipped away from his regiment at Dover and come down, post haste, to see what had become of his relatives, whom his Naples acquaintances reported as buried in some retired, benighted spot, out of sight and sound of humanity—i. e., English people. A rough, tyrannical, pompous fellow was Ned Hereford, with all his father's obstinate prejudices deepened into actual passions.

The first glance he caught of his sister, sitting in her shady, green-strewed room, so fair and smiling and happy, listening to a poem Dr. Pietro was translating, he gave a terrible frown with his huge, dark eyebrows, and a low, significant whistle, forming at that very moment a cruel plan which he was not long in executing.

The moment she beheld her brother, poor Edith's innocent heart felt a foreboding chill. Too well she knew his relentless determination

—that with his presence vanished peace and quiet—and nerveless and trembling, she sank back in her chair, while Dr. Pietro bowed with dignified courtesy, in answer to the captain's insolent stare, and quietly retreated from the house.

"Edith," said Captain Ned, the next day, "that Dr. Pietro is a fine-looking man. By Jove, I wish he was an Englishman and a count!"

Edith's glowing cheek was veiled by a myrtle bough, as she returned:

"Why do you wish that? He seems perfectly contented as he is, and the people around here almost worship him."

"I dare say; but in case he was a British peer, you see, you and he would make a splendid couple. As it is"—he paused; his stern, cruel, pitiless face was bent close to the shrinking girl's—"as it is, I would rather see you ~~dead~~ and buried, than married to such a low-born adventurer! You understand? I shouldn't be long disposing of him."

She did understand. Full well she knew the tyrannical persecutions before her, his iron will, that so pitilessly could crush her unyielding disposition, and her own sad fate. Pale and drooping, like a bruised lily, she crept to her easy-chair, not daring even to indulge her heart, parched and scorched with the sudden fever of grief, with even the cooling shower of tears.

And in this rude, unfeeling manner was the veil torn from Edith's gentle heart; and with the first discovery of her love, came the knowledge of its utter hopelessness!

A week from the day of Captain Hereford's arrival, another coach stood before the door, and from the window Edith's sweet face, as pale as when she was borne in from the accident, looked forth a mute, agonized farewell to the upright form and sternly controlled features of Dr. Pietro. Never a word had been exchanged between them, except upon the most indifferent topics, before her father and brother—and yet how well each torn and bleeding heart comprehended the depth, as well as hopelessness, of the love only their eyes had dared to speak!

Pietro was left to toil on, in patient self-abnegation, for his humble, hapless brethren, and to work silently and steadily for the relief of his oppressed, downtrodden country. His was one of those rare and noble minds, content to see their genius and worth remain unknown and obscure, if thereby they can more steadily advance the one grand aim that swallows up all personal joy and comfort. He was left alone—but in the midst of the scenes her presence had hallowed and beautified! How sweet, and yet how torturing, his

daily passing to and fro to his patients, before the house from whose deserted balcony no longer shone the soft blue eyes whose gaze could never be effaced from his heart! And now the energies and strength wasted upon a hopeless passion, were bestowed with redoubled vigor in the service of his hapless country.

And Edith—languid, silent and uncomplaining, she was borne away to gay society and brilliant scenes and endless festivities! Perhaps Captain Hereford believed the whirl of gaiety, into which she was plunged, would shut out from her remembrance the mellow, Italian voice and handsome, manly face. How little he knew gentle Edith's loyal heart, that sickened, amid the splendor and adulation around her, for the low, vine-wreathed walls and homely rooms and luxurious quiet of the hamlet house at B—.

Never a word of complaint, however, escaped her lips. The magic talisman that held Edith captive to her brother's cruelty, was her fear for Pietro, and she did, what many another weak, yielding woman has done before her, she quietly sacrificed her own happiness for the safety of the one beloved.

So when, one day, her brother said, in his abrupt way, "Viscount Englington will lay before my father and you a proposal of marriage, to-morrow—he is a most suitable husband for you—if you decline I shall soon understand the reason why, and remove the obstacle by relieving Italy of one of her fortune-hunting beggars," she only shivered, pressed her hand closely against her fluttering heart, and answered the noble viscount as cheerfully as possible, accepting the hand and name he offered her.

The aching heart was hidden beneath jewelled bands and costly lace, and that marvel of mistiness—woven, one would think, of moonbeams—the bridal veil, concealed the wildly gleaming eye and ashy cheek from the happy eyes of the noble bridegroom.

But once Viscountess Englington, Edith tried to fulfil every duty with heroic faithfulness. And she succeeded. Never was wife more beloved and venerated than she, and little enough did her husband suspect the pining, shivering, remorseful heart that throbbed and tortured itself away because of the little it had to give in return for his devotion. And while the sensitive, newly-awakened conscience suffered, the cheek paled, the eye dimmed, the rounded form grew thin and attenuated, and Edith's health grew every day more feeble.

In anxious solicitude the viscount gathered a bevy of physicians around her. They shook their wise heads with portentous gravity, and

declared it a most singular case, threatening to baffle all their skill. Then Sir Richard suggested:

"Go to B—, Edith; you remember how wonderfully the air agreed with you, and how well Dr. Pietro seemed to understand your illness."

A hectic glow shone a moment on Edith's faded cheek, but she shook her head sadly. "She should never see B— or Italy again."

But who can foretell the future? The delicate wife was still pale and drooping, when a sudden and violent fever laid low the stout and healthy viscount, and at twenty-six Edith was a widow.

Then once more was her face turned to Italy, as a last hope for her failing strength, and eight years from the day the overturned carriage drew such attention in B—, the handsome private equipage of Viscountess Englington passed down the same steep road, with the Mediterranean on one hand, and the rising mountain side upon the other, while the sweet-faced invalid gazed wistfully and tearfully upon the unaltered scene. Unaltered? Nay, not so, for she starts nervously to find only a blackened ruin, where arose the vine-wreathed, well-remembered walls, and directs the postilion to pause at the neighboring cottage. The bright-faced mistress of the house comes to the door, and the viscountess asks faintly:

"What has become of Dame Marguerite and Francesca, who lived in that house eight years ago?"

The woman stares. "Eight years, signora pardon me, but I have never heard of such people, for I've only been here five years back."

Edith's trembling lip tries twice vainly, ere it articulates:

"And Dr. Pietro, is he not here?"

The forefinger of the peasant rests musingly on the fresh, scarlet mouth.

"Dr. Pietro! Dr. Pietro! We've no such person here. Our parish doctor is Dr. Giovanni. But signora will please wait. Is she the great English lady who was hurt here so long ago, and did so many generous deeds? I've often heard of her. And now I remember, Dr. Pietro was the poor man's name who was left behind, and he went away very soon to Naples."

The viscountess could ask no more, she had sunk back in one of the fainting fits so common with her of late. As soon as she had recovered, the carriage moved on to Naples, where the lodgings and luxuries, suitable to her rank and position, were at once secured, and very soon, notwithstanding her feeble health, the Viscountess Englington became well-known throughout the city, because of her constant appearance, here,

there, and everywhere, at all public places and assemblies, and some little comments made, in her own circle, upon the excited curiosity the lovely invalid betrayed to see all the sights where medical or military men were prominent.

At length, by means of an *attache* who had obtained his position through the exertions of her late noble husband, she obtained cards for the reception levee of the king, and there, amid the crowd, she beheld a face that gladdened her vision like a flash of sunshine. Clad in garments very different from the coarse habiliments of the parish doctor, still she recognized at once, that tall, upright form, so light and airy of carriage, yet so strong and powerful, with its muscles of steel-enduring energy.

Her heart beat wildly. Would he recognize, in the pale, drooping woman of to-day the youthful patient he had cared so tenderly for? She did not know what a sudden bloom, like the rose of youth, had blossomed on her cheek, nor what unwonted gleam of joy had kindled the old light in the clear blue eyes. His face caught the illumination of hers, and he came instantly to her side.

"Is it possible I see you again?" The keen eye, as of old, was searching her face. "And ill, too. Have you come to try the benefit of Italian air a second time?"

She gave a smile of inexpressible thankfulness and relief.

"Yes, I have returned to be cured again by my old doctor, whose care is not yet forgotten. I went to B—— for you, and then continued the search in Naples."

While she spoke he was scanning her sable dress, and wondering.

"Is it possible she is free again? I saw her marriage, years ago, among the fashionable news from England. What has become of her husband?"

Yet he went on quietly giving her directions for selecting a more salubrious residence than her present situation in the grand square of the city, and ere long discovered the true state of affairs. And how could he conceal his delight and satisfaction, when he learned that she had left home especially to seek his aid, and perceived the childish trust and confidence she reposed in his kindness and skill?

Something like the renewal of old times followed. The girlish laugh Edith had believed forever silenced, echoed again, and the morbid, gloomy oppression vanished before the light, elastic spirits of returning happiness. Not a word of past sorrow and struggle, or of future hope and joy, had passed the lips of either. They

seemed willing to live only in the freedom and peace of the present.

Dr. Pietro related all his patriotic hopes and fears. He acquainted her with his efforts to obtain the abolition of certain tyrannical laws, that crushed down so many of his hapless countrymen, and confided to her his belief that he was, even then, near the successful removal of one of the most obnoxious measures, and Edith listened with kindling sympathy, and unbounded admiration, and in return, laid before him the gloomy presentiments that had haunted her when she left England, and her firm belief that she was only journeying to find an Italian grave, gratefully assuring him, that even then his skilful care was restoring strength and hope.

One rare month of unsullied happiness was granted them, wherein they read, they sang, they rode together, and talked of all things else but the one great love that throbbed in either heart. Then came the cloud, the crash, the lightning stroke, suddenly, as from a hurrying summer tempest.

They were sitting together in the shaded balcony of the charming retreat on the outskirts of the city, which the limitless wealth of the viscountess had enabled her to secure, talking upon Pietro's favorite theme, the hope of future freedom for down-trodden Italy, when a sudden tumult, and firing in the populous portion of the town arrested an eloquent sentence on Pietro's lips. He sprang to his feet, his black eye flaming, his firm lip ashy white with the retreat of the startled blood to his heroic heart.

"Edith," he said (it was the first time he had ever addressed her thus), "he has deceived me! My friends are quartered there. There is treason, mutiny, betrayal, or there would be no such commotion. My place is with them. I must go!"

The viscountess clung frantically to his arm. In her sudden fright at the dangerous exigency his face betrayed, womanly pride and reserve were swept away.

"Pietro, Pietro," she cried, "it will be of no avail for your single arm to interpose. Your life may be the forfeit. Do you not know mine hangs on yours—will you crush them both? Remain with me, for my sake, stay!"

A soft, lambent glow quenched the fire in his eye. Solemn and earnest was the reply.

"Edith, from the moment I beheld you first, your image has been the dearest and most sacred earth could find for me. The love I bear for you is too strong and pure for words to express it, but that love, I have always believed a hopeless one, and therefore to Italy have I consecrated

what heart, and life, and strength was left me. Now my mistress calls me, I must go. Nothing else in the wide world, Edith, before you, but Italy, my poor, down-trodden Italy!"

The noble, heroic spirit penetrated even her gentle heart. She received calmly the first thrilling kiss—alas, so plainly the last farewell caress likewise!—comprehended his meaning as he said, "I will return to-night, or—" pointing silently upward—and sank down mute and tearless, as his firm, ringing tread died away in the distance.

But with the long, weary hours of suspense the enthusiasm of lofty emotion died away, and horrible fears and sickening doubts filled the poor heart so lately returned to peace and hope.

Evening saw a pale face peering anxiously from the palazzo window, but no Pietro's graceful form disturbed the myrtle shrouded portal. The stars shone down, serene and bright, throughout that livelong night, but gave no answer back to the imploring agony of those wild, watchful eyes.

Weeks came and went, and notwithstanding her cautious inquiries, and the efforts of a few influential English friends, no tidings of Dr. Pietro's fate could be obtained.

Who does not know the terrible scenes, so hidden from sight, and yet so plain to a careful examiner, which the people of Italy and Sicily have known for the last twenty years, without daring to breathe a word of complaint, surrounded as they are in all directions, by the spies of government?

The sinking, hopeless invalid had no faith that Pietro was living, but some of his friends cherished a forlorn hope that he might be one of the prisoners who were saved from the summary punishment of most of those engaged in the revolt. Not shot down like cattle, but immured amid tenfold horrors through a live-long death. Those who were accused, as most active in opposition to the royal decrees, were granted the insult and mockery of a trial where neither justice nor pretence of fairness reigned.

And among the crowd, in the gallery, Viscountess Englington, closely veiled, and accompanied by her servant, and the attache, found her way to catch a glimpse of the prisoners. Yes, he was there. And when the dread sentence of imprisonment for life was pronounced upon them all, a woman's shriek disturbed the sudden silence, and a fainting form was borne out from the hall, while a tall figure, amid the condemned, started up wildly, wrenching at the manacles that fettered the muscular wrists. Hapless Pietro! Wretched Edith!

The prisoners were borne away to the guarded fort, on one of the neighboring islands. There, also, in sight of the frowning prison walls, the viscountess finally removed, for the sake of her extremely delicate health, the world said. Her physicians had likewise recommended constant indulgence in sea air. The Viscountess Englington was fabulously wealthy. The whims and caprices of such are never wondered at, so it excited little attention when a fine little steamer yacht, with luxurious accommodations, arrived for her especial use. So Edith was living almost constantly upon the water, steaming around from one bay to another, until she had become well-known to all the harbor officials, and they ceased to interrogate, or investigate, when the graceful little yacht appeared in view, and they caught sight of the sick lady's sweet, sorrowful face from the couch on deck.

So cautious were their movements, no one was aware, either, of the servant who assisted the jailor at the prison, and came to buy fish at the wharf where the steamer was moored once at least every week, so none mistrusted how every package of fish was wound about with a long loop of strong, nicely twisted silk, carefully prepared by the fair hands of the gentle Englishwoman, only kept alive by this one last, forlorn hope.

Came at length, a dark, rainy night, when the little steamer lay anchored far out in the bay, with the viscountess pacing the deck, unmindful of the falling rain, crying restlessly:

"What has delayed him? Why does he not come?"

Just before the gray morning broke, a boat that had been lying in the shade of the rocks, below the fort, came off to the steamer, and with a sorrowful glance at the haggard, excited face of her ladyship, the attache handed her a tiny fragment of paper with these words scrawled with a coal:

"It will not do. I cannot leave these four tried comrades. They will suffer so much worse, if I escape. God keep you!"

The disappointment was terrible, but Edith's pale lips repeated feebly:

"We will save all three."

But the next day the steamer received a visit from the superintendent of the prison. The viscountess felt her heart throbbing wildly, as he entered the cabin, and chatted gaily over the news and gossip of the town. Although it seemed only a friendly call, too well she knew their treacherous policy to doubt there was a motive for the visit. At length he said:

"What a fine little steamer your ladyship has! You were out in the bay, last night, pray did you know it was rather dangerous? We learned this morning some kind of a craft was about to rescue the prisoners in the fort. So, to-day we have sent them off to a more secure retreat."

Edith forced her quivering lip to say, calmly: "Ah, indeed, but pray where can you find a safer asylum?"

An exulting, meaning smile broke over his face, as he replied:

"Ah, madame, that is my secret, and you will scarcely follow them this time."

When he was gone, the viscountess sank back upon the velvet sofa with a white, heart-broken misery stamped upon her face, too deep and terrible for sighs or tears. She rested her cold cheek against the pillow, closed her eyes wearily, and folded the thin, white hands in prayer. One only burden the petition bore: "Let me die, O, my Father, let me die!"

She might have died, then and there, from very languor and exhaustion, the chilled blood stagnating about the heart, too hopeless to care to throb another pulse of life. All day her attendants ministered to her, and with anxious pathetic affection entreated her to rouse herself, but not a word or look could they obtain. At dusk the attache came on board and hurried to her side, shocked and alarmed at the change. He called her name. The white lids raised, and the blue eyes looked wistfully into his face, then closed again.

"It is all right," he cried, putting his lips to the heedless ear; "they are all saved. Does your ladyship hear me? They are all safe, and the steamer must sail to-night."

He might as well have talked to the marble statue by the couch. In frantic distress he hurried to the shore again. When he returned, a rough, uncouth-looking boatman assisted him at the oars; but the moment the deck was reached, the boatman hastened into the cabin, threw off the rough jacket, and brushed carefully the wild, neglected hair, and then bending over the prostrate figure on the couch, kissed softly the pale, speechless lips. As he chafed the chilly hands, and moistened the parched lips, his warm tears fell upon the fast closed lids.

"Edith, Edith," he cried, "do not die, now that all is safe. It is I. It is Pietro who speaks to you."

As the ringing, well-known voice echoed through the cabin, the viscountess started, opened her eyes wildly, glanced at the worn, yet still handsome face bending over her, burst into a flood of tears, and then fainted.

"It is all right now," said the calm physician, forgetting the agitated lover in the offices of his old vocation.

At midnight another boat came off from the shore with the four escaped prisoners, and the little steamer, so many weeks before in secret readiness for her departure, quietly slipped out from the bay, on her way to England.

When Edith awoke from her long, refreshing slumber, she found her hand clasped tightly in that of Pietro, and his anxious eyes bent tenderly and assuringly upon her bewildered face.

"Lie quiet, dearest," he said, with his accustomed playful peremptoriness, "do not try to talk, and I will tell you what you do not understand. Your friend, as well as you and I, believed all hope of escape lost, and was on his way to Naples, lest the superintendent of the prison should call on him to make further investigations, when he stumbled upon our escort, taking us, still fettered, from the prison to a boat, to remove us before daylight. There were only half a dozen soldiers for us five men. He hurried away for his employes, found four vagabonds willing to sell their liberty for gold, and the moderate fare of a prison, and with them overtook our train, mixed in with us apparently accidentally, and, covered by the darkness, left the others locked into the cells on board the frigate in yonder harbor, and brought us away with them. The soldiers were stupid hirelings, or such a shallow stratagem would never have succeeded. It will be likely to become known to-night; but we are far on our way, and I have little fear of further molestation, for once out of Italy, the government bears no malice toward us. Alas, poor Italy, I never thought to flee from your shores! But, Edith, for your sake—"

Her touching, joyous smile answered him, and the English shores were safely won, and health and happiness returned; but Captain Hereford was not there to frown or storm, when at a quiet wedding in London, the wealthy Viscountess Englington laid aside her title and widow's weeds, to become the beloved and happy wife of Dr. Pietro. Captain Hereford had been thrown from his horse and instantly killed, while riding out with a pretty actress who had created a great sensation in town. But Sir Richard was there, the most jovial and delighted of all the guests, declaring to all he had prophesied rightly when he assured his daughter that Italian air and Dr. Pietro could restore her fading bloom and health.

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That man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

## WAITING.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Waiting for health and strength—  
 Counting each flickering pulse, each passing hour,  
 And sighing when my weary frame at length  
 Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace—  
 Rest from unravelling life's perplexing woof;  
 Peace from the doubts that crouch like hidden foes,  
 And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes,  
 Brighter than sunrise to the lonesome sea;  
 Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,  
 'And dear as heaven to me.

Thou who didst watch and pray,  
 Quickened the pulse, bidd'st doubt and weeping flee!  
 Or, if these must abide, still let me cry,  
 Bring back the loved to me!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.

LISTEN to my story; simple it is to be sure,  
 but then it may not be altogether uninteresting.

Far away in the country, in the depths of a green valley can be seen the little village of Bradford. I lived close by the roadside at the entrance to the valley, and from my own door I could see into Widow Clare's thatched cottage embowered among fragrant shrubs and a garden full of flowers. Farther down the valley, the tower of the old church overtopped the massive oaks and elms that were the pride of all the country round.

Mrs. Clare was the widow of the late curate, who had died some years before, leaving a slight provision for his wife and only child. But though poor they were respected, and Ally Clare, "little Ally" as she was called, grew up petted by all Bradford. Fair in face, gay as a lark, a little wayward, perhaps, yet with a temper as sweet as the roses in June, her presence was welcomed at every fireside in our village.

Many and many a time would she come up to my cottage of an evening, to hear me tell over and over again all about the queen's coronation. Ah, my poor James, now dead and gone, had carried me all the way to London, a good three days' journey then, to see the crowning of the young queen, God bless her!

Little Ally would never tire of hearing all that I had to tell of the great city, and thanking me in her gentle way, she would go away sighing because her lot was cast in such an out of the way place as Bradford.

Well, Time went wandering on through the world, making his wonderful changes in young and old; and while the silver threads of age were gathering fast on the comely head of Widow Clare, her sweet daughter, now the tallest and prettiest maiden in the parish, was causing many a heart-ache among the merry swains of Bradford.

Among them all there wasn't a more likely youth than Philip Hart. Poor lad, his was a hard lot. At the tender age of nine he was motherless, and his father marrying soon after a woman of ungovernable temper, the little orphan met with nothing but blows and abuse from his cruel step-mother. The greatest sorrow of the poor child's life was, that his father, once fond and indulgent, now turned to dislike him, lavishing all his love on the young children given to him in this second marriage.

Notwithstanding all the unkind treatment that he had received, Philip grew up to be a handsome, active and intelligent young man; and now that he was able to do for himself, he would have emigrated to America, where he had an uncle settled for many years, but that old associations and old memories bound him to the place of his birth. So said the villagers, though it was a plain case that Philip had fallen in love, as the saying is, with Widow Clare's pretty daughter.

Well, it was hard to say whether little Ally favored young Philip or not. At one time she seemed to prefer him above all others, delighting his heart with her sweet words, as he stood waiting for her at the church porch after the Sabbath service. Then it would do one's heart good to see them both, side by side, so young, so comely and so happy. Why did a cloud lower upon them, darkening all the sunshine of their youth? On more than one of those blessed Sundays have I seen little Ally place her hand in Philip's, and while her mother lingered behind in friendly chat with the neighbors, the two would trip away across the meadows, where the grass was green and bright beneath their feet, and the birds sang around them as if they shared in their happiness. At other times again, that same pretty hand would be refused to Philip in the dance, and mischievous Ally, tossing her head with affected indifference, would turn away with some more fortunate swain to join in the merry reel.

Well, things had been going on in this way for some time, when one soft summer evening as little Ally sat at the door of her mother's cottage, singing like a lark, and spinning in the meantime, a foreign looking gentleman suddenly stood

before the startled girl. He held his hat in his hand with as much respect as if he was speaking to a lord's daughter, and with a voice low and soft as a woman's, asked her some trifling question about the village.

The Widow Clare, who prided herself on her good manners, on hearing the stranger's voice was at the door in an instant. And well pleased was she to see the respect that was paid her daughter by one whose dress and appearance betokened a gentleman. She immediately invited him to rest himself in the cottage, saying that she hoped she would be able to give him the information he desired. As may be supposed, this wasn't his last visit to the cottage. His name was Colamber Fitz Arthur, and he had taken lodgings in the village, as he intended remaining for a few weeks taking sketches. He was no painter, as we had supposed at first, but a gentleman from Shropshire, travelling for his amusement.

The whole village was full of surmises about the stranger, and while some were greatly taken with his handsome face and winning manners, others again would shake their heads and say, "Time will show who and what he is." As to Widow Clare, she was highly indignant that anybody should look with suspicion on so grand-looking a gentleman; though I smiled at her notion of his being a great lord in disguise, I agreed with her in blaming those who were so hasty in declaring their judgments on the stranger.

The following Sunday, Mr. Fitz Arthur was bright and early in the little church, but instead of paying attention to the service, he never took his eyes off of Miss Ally's sweet face, that drooped lower and lower under his steady and admiring gaze—so everybody said, and, moreover, that the young girl felt flattered by his notice. Didn't everybody in the church remark the half-triumphant smile that played around her pretty mouth all the time that Mr. Fitz Arthur's two eyes were upon her? Yet everybody seemed as attentive to the services as little Ally herself.

Mr. Fitz Arthur went out with the congregation, not without casting a lover-like look towards Widow Clare's pew, where little Ally still sat with her head bent over her book, though I fear me that she knew little of its holy contents that blessed day. When a minute afterwards Philip Hart approached her and spoke to her in a low voice, she started as if wakened out of a trance.

What passed between them, I never knew, but Philip went alone across the meadow that day. Little Ally had pleasant company though, for

Mr. Fitz Arthur joined her and her mother as soon as they left the church. He walked as far as the cottage with them, and, of course, on being asked in as before to rest himself, he was but too glad of an excuse to enter and gain a firmer footing in the cottage.

I could see all from my own cottage-door, where I was standing, looking at the people passing along the road on their return from church, when I was startled by the form of a man rising up from a clump of bushes that had hidden him from view. In a moment, I knew Philip Hart, and on seeing that he was observed he came quickly towards me, saying, in a broken, hurried voice:

"Mrs. Malahide, you always pitied me when a boy—do so now."

He was off in an instant. Never shall I forget the look of hopeless love, grief and anger that was stamped upon his face—and that face itself deadly pale—nor the strange harshness of his tones that used to ring on my ear like rich music. While the tears stood in my eyes as I watched the poor lad dashing away across the meadows towards the home that was no home to him, I was wicked enough to wish Mr. Colamber Fitz Arthur at the bottom of the Red Sea.

The next day and the next, found Mr. Fitz Arthur wandering around the widow's cottage with his sketch-book under his arm, though no one ever saw him making any use of it. As for Ally Clare, she was the envy of all the pretty girls in Bradford, who tried in vain to win the notice of the distinguished-looking stranger.

One by one, the suitors for the hand of the village beauty were dropping away before so great a rival. But Philip, who was proud to a fault, hid all his love and jealousy under a look of cold indifference. Then people said that Philip Hart cared very little for the fair young girl who it was thought would be his future wife. Ah, could they have seen him crouching among the bushes on the roadside, watching his little Ally bestowing her smiles and sweet words on a stranger—words and smiles that should be his—they would have felt for him as I did.

Well, things went on in this way for about a fortnight. The Widow Clare was in high glee, and went singing about her cottage like any young girl. Being an old friend of Mrs. Clare, and loving her child as if she were my own, I took the first opportunity to speak a good word for my favorite, Philip. Great was my surprise, when she said in an offended tone:

"You know, Mrs. Malahide, that Philip Hart wouldn't make a suitable husband for my daughter. He hasn't the means of supporting a wife,



and will not have for some years to come. Indeed," she added, in an exulting tone, "I have far different prospects in view for her. It was but half an hour ago that her hand was claimed from me in marriage."

"Mr. Fitz Arthur?" I ventured to ask.

"Mr. Colamber Fitz Arthur," she went on to say, with a vain effort to conceal her pride and gratification, "wishes to make Ally his wife—he has my full consent, having fully satisfied me as to his rank and prospects."

"And does Ally give her consent?" I asked, in a tone of disappointment, not having so strong a faith in the gentleman's "rank and prospects" as the hopeful mother.

"Why, what do you think?" she returned coldly. "If you glance through the back window you can see the two lovers walking together in the meadow."

A deep groan startled us both, at the same instant that we observed Philip Hart standing at the half-open door. He was sadly changed; his eyes looked sunken, his cheeks hollow, and a deadly paleness overspread his face.

"Mrs. Clare," he said, in a heart-broken voice, "I have heard all. I came here to see Ally and know the worst. But, for God's sake tell me truly, will she marry this—this stranger?"

"What right have you to ask that question, Philip Hart?" she returned, reddening with anger. "*This stranger*, indeed. You must know that Mr. Fitz Arthur can buy all Bradford. I hope," she continued in a different tone, taking some pity on his wretched looks, "that you will not cloud my daughter's happiness by troubling her with a profession of your love, which can never find a return."

"You need not fear it," he said, bitterly. "She shall never see me again."

The poor fellow turned round, wished me good-by, in a choking voice, and hurried out of sight. As I arose to go, old Madge the village gossip entered, and I felt sure then that Mr. Fitz Arthur's proposal would be the talk of every fireside in Bradford before evening.

Of course, the news spread about, and everyone wished well to little Ally. But while the many thought her fortune was made, a few, and myself among the number, had a suspicion that Mr. Fitz Arthur wasn't what he represented himself to be.

To the surprise of every one, little Ally herself, was the first to contradict the report of her engagement with Mr. Fitz Arthur—and though it was easy to see that the widow's heart was set upon the match, she loved her child too well to force her to wed against her inclinations.

The next day it was rumored through the village that Mr. Fitz Arthur had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; and later still in the day, the news went about that Philip Hart had not been seen since the previous noon.

I was alone in the cottage that same afternoon; pondering on the strange disappearance of Ally Clare's two lovers, and dreading the worst—it was now the belief of all that they had met and quarrelled, though none offered a conjecture as to the result—when the door was flung open, and Widow Clare and her poor child stood before me. They were both very pale, and Ally looked bewildered, almost breathless, with grief excitement.

I saw at a glance that the pride of yesterday had vanished, while the good widow was now humbled and sorrowful. She had come to learn if I knew anything of Philip, and on telling her that I had seen him last under her own roof, she shook her head with something of a sad meaning, saying:

"Ah, my heart misgave me yesterday when he broke away so, with his wild looks and tones. May Heaven preserve us from every danger! I trust and pray that the poor boy hasn't fallen into any sin."

A low, heart-breaking cry from Ally checked her. I knew then, as well as I did afterwards, that the foolish child loved none other than Philip Hart; but piqued at his seeming indifference, with a young girl's desire for admiration, she had permitted the attentions of Mr. Fitz Arthur.

Before night the mystery was partly cleared up, giving the good people of Bradford food for talk for many a long day. Two strangers had arrived in the village, and at once sought out old Dan Brown, from whom Mr. Fitz Arthur had taken lodgings. They were closeted with him for half an hour, and after spending a shorter time at Widow Clare's, they rode away in another direction from that in which they had come.

After that, the news spread like wild-fire through the village that they were two detective policemen from London, who had been for weeks in search of a noted swindler. His real name was Mike Grigs, they said, but he had passed under a dozen others, the last of which was known to be Colamber Fitz Arthur. The next morning early they were seen riding through Bradford, with Mr. Grigs mounted between them, his sketch-book before him on the saddle, and his whole air showing the utmost effrontery. It was supposed he had learned by some means that the police were in pursuit of him, and left Bradford immediately.

At the end of a week, a long, dreary week to

poor Ally, a letter came to her from Philip, dated from Liverpool, and written on the day of his departure for America. In it he told her of his love and disappointment, bade her a long farewell, and ended by wishing her the happiness that was lost to him forever.

After that a fever seized upon the poor girl, and kept her prostrate for six long weeks. The Widow Clare herself looked wasted and haggard, and while she felt grateful to Heaven for saving her child from the wiles of that wicked impostor Grigs, she repented her harsh words to the upright Philip.

"Ah! if he would come back now, he should have my child with a mother's blessing," she would sigh, when her eyes rested upon the pale face of her darling.

For two years nothing was heard of Philip, until a son of old Dan Brown's, who had been in America, returned home and reported that he had seen him in Philadelphia, where he was in partnership with his uncle, a wealthy commission merchant. Philip was much respected, and he had heard it said that Mr. Hart would soon bestow his name on a beautiful rich young lady.

Poor little Ally—she had been hoping all along that Philip would return, and that they would yet know true happiness. This news fell heavily upon her heart, and every one in that happy valley grieved to see its fairest flower drooping slowly into the grave.

Time changes us all; I was even then an old woman, and that is ten years ago—when I turned my back upon the old place forever. My two sons were married and living in Manchester, where they were very well off, and I was now going to them, so as to end my days by my children's hearthstone.

I had gone to break bread for the last time with my old neighbor, Widow Clare. Full three months had passed since young Brown's news, of the approaching marriage of Philip Hart, had struck a final death-blow to Ally's hopes. She now exerted herself to appear cheerful, not wishing that I should carry away a sad impression of my parting visit. Well, we had been sitting over our tea for some time, and talking of old times, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and Madge, the news vender of the entire parish, put in her head, and said:

"Hah! I see by your faces that you haven't heard the news? Philip Hart has returned home from America with his young bride. He arrived two hours ago at his father's; but after spending the honey-moon in England he will go back again."

Without saying another word she was off to

spread the news elsewhere. I glanced at Ally, she was deadly pale and held the cup to her lips to hide the tears that were flowing down her cheeks. Not a word was spoken for many minutes; then the sound of footsteps startled us, for they had paused outside the cottage door. A slight knock followed, and as Mrs. Clare looked agitated after old Madge's visit, I opened the door. A gentleman stood there, young and handsome, with a very beautiful girl beside him. A second look brought my heart into my mouth, for I recognized Philip Hart.

"Am I so changed that you have all forgotten me?" He entered the room without ceremony as he spoke, and I had left a motherly, welcoming kiss upon his cheek as Mrs. Clare came forward and greeted him, appearing quite embarrassed as she did so. Poor Ally stood leaning against the wall for support, but calling all a woman's pride to her aid, she received him with a cold and distant manner. He appeared not to notice it, but said, in a tender and manly way:

"Ally, it is a long time since we met—I never inquired for you, because I thought you was the wife of another." A low sob burst from poor Ally. "An old neighbor arrived from Bradford some six weeks since, and stopped in Philadelphia. From him I learned all. I am now here to ask your forgiveness for ever having wronged you in thought."

"Why should you ask my forgiveness, Mr. Hart?" she said, proudly.

The young stranger had come close to Philip and placed her hand beseechingly upon his shoulder.

"Ally," said he, "let this sweet girl plead in my behalf. Wont you listen to my—" But Ally had fainted.

What is the use of prolonging the story? You can imagine the happy scene that followed, better than I can describe it. Little Ally recovered to learn that Philip's cousin wasn't his wife, and that he had ever remained true to her; the report of his approaching marriage having been mere idle talk. He had come to England to claim little Ally for his wife, and his cousin had accompanied him, to see the land that was hallowed in the memories of her parents.

I delayed my journey for another week in order to attend my little Ally's wedding. It was a merry affair, and every one enjoyed himself to his heart's content. Well, if I had remained in Bradford how lonely I would have been after my dear friends. Three weeks after the wedding Mrs. Clare accompanied her children to their home in the New World, where she is now the happiest grandmother living.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY COUSIN ADA.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

WHEN papa forbade Charley Hamilton the house, I was both glad and sorry—so much so, that I could hardly tell which feeling predominated. Glad, because although every one else in the house (with one exception) supposed his visits were on my account, I knew that Ada, my little pink and white faced doll of a cousin, was the magnet which attracted him, and it did me a world of good to spite her; yet sorry for the reason that his handsome face had bewitched me, and to have it banished from my sight was a continual pain which only those who love can understand. To be sure, I might have set it all right and had him back in a twinkling, if I had had the will or the wish to explain; for, although papa objected to having a poor clerk for a son-in-law, he wouldn't have uttered a word of remonstrance, or raised a single obstacle in his way, had he known him to be only a suitor for the hand of his penniless niece. The match was a very suitable one for her, and we were all tired of having her in the family.

Perhaps I ought not to say *all*. The children were mighty fond of her. She had a fawning, sweet way with them, that made them take to her wonderfully. The baby would lie in her arms and coo and laugh by the hour together, while if I touched it, it would squall itself black in the face (the obstinate little thing!) and kick its feet—vigorous ones they were too, let me tell you, for such tiny bits of things—into my side and stomach, till I was glad enough to drop her; though perhaps that wasn't much to be wondered at, seeing that I never noticed it only when we had visitors, and even then was mortally afraid of her tumbling my silks and tearing my laces.

And then papa himself—hard and unyielding as he was to the rest of us—his own family, too—was always kind to Ada, and never thought his dressing-gown properly aired, or his slippers half warmed, unless she was 'round to see to them. I don't think he half understood, himself, the influence the artful creature had gained over him, with her pretty, wheedling ways and soft words. I have known him to take her in his arms, or draw her down upon his knee, as I, his own daughter, could not remember of being taken since I was a little child, and fondle her bright hair (I used to envy her her hair—it was so long and thick and golden!) and kiss her

cheeks and eyes and lips, right before mama's face and mine; and if we ventured to say a word about it, he would turn upon us with one of those queer, stern looks of his, which always made me feel so uncomfortably, and ask us if he was to be compelled to beg our permission every time he wished to kiss his dead sister's child—his dead sister, who had been kinder to him while she lived, and truer to him, even in her memory, after she was dead, than his own wife and daughter.

I think this was why we hated her so—mama and I! At any rate, I had determined to thwart her in her maneuverings after Charley Hamilton—partly because I knew (though she had never given me her confidence—trust a woman to read another woman's heart!) that there was no other way I could wound her so deeply and surely, and partly, as I said before, because I was bewitched, and in spite of his poverty and my aristocratic breeding, would sooner have married Charley than a lord duke.

"I can't see why a man is the worse for being poor!" I said, defiantly, at the breakfast-table the next morning after papa informed us that he had warned Mr. Hamilton to discontinue his visits.

My remark occasioned quite a variety of feeling among my hearers, if I may judge from the different expressions of countenance. I saw Ada's face brighten, and there was a cordial "thank you, cousin," in the sparkling blue eyes she turned towards me. Mama gave her plate a little push, as if in her astonishment she could think of nothing else to do, and then leaned back in her chair with a surprised—"hear the child!" Brother Frank held up both hands and whistled, and papa, abstractedly soaking a burnt muffin in his coffee, asked me a little curtly if "I hadn't changed my mind since the time I broke off my engagement with Henry Kimball because his father failed in business?"

"But Henry Kimball and Charley Hamilton are so unlike each other, I persisted, pretending not to notice the half smile that ran round the table at my father's words, though I couldn't help the angry color mounting up to my cheeks.

"To be sure," my father replied, crustily.

"If a man is honorable and intelligent and manly, I can't see the wisdom or beauty of turning him out of doors, simply because he is poor, which is plainly no fault of his, since everybody would be rich if they could."

I had that grateful light smiling out of Ada's eyes again, and for a moment I thought she was going to reach her hand across the table to me for very sympathy and gladness, because I was

Charley's champion. Her little white, tender hand! I could have set my teeth through it that blessed instant with envy and rage.

"Can any one inform me of the exact time when the democratic principle began to germinate in Miss Helen's character?" inquired my father, with an unmistakable touch of irony in his voice.

There was no reply to this pleasantry, and after a moment's silence, he continued, speaking in a graver tone:

"Perhaps I *was* a little hard on the boy, and rather hasty—what do you say, puss? 'tisn't too late to have him back yet."

Puss was his favorite name for my cousin, and a stranger seeing the fond, half-playful smile with which he turned towards her as he spoke, would have thought her a favorite daughter, and me the dependent niece.

"Why, uncle—" she began, in her gentle, coaxing voice.

I knew it would never do to let her go on with what she had to say.

"La, papa!" I exclaimed, interrupting her—how the warm, resentful color flickered up to her brows at my rudeness!—"you needn't ask Ada. She can't be supposed to make an impartial judge, since she hates the very ground he treads on."

"Whew! It isn't like puss to hate anybody! What's the reason?"

"I don't know, I am sure, papa," I answered, laughing maliciously to see Ada drop her head, so that her curls would screen the vivid crimson of her cheeks, "unless she overheard what he said to me yesterday about her being vain and verdant. It *was* rather cruel of him, after flirting with her so steadily for the past three weeks. It's a wonder I haven't been jealous. I shouldn't have allowed it, only Ada, little goose, was so unsophisticated and received his attentions so seriously, and it was such rare sport for him, that I enjoyed the fun from nothing but sympathy."

Ada lifted her face and turned it full upon me with such a white, shocked look, that I saw instantly she put full faith in all I had said, and did not so much as mistrust the game I was playing. Her babyish mouth whitened and quivered for a moment, and she put her hand up suddenly to her forehead, as though a quick pain had flashed through it. Then I saw her eyes dilate and brighten, till they seemed fairly to emit sparks of fire. Her face flushed up hotly (I never knew her to have such a magnificent color before), and rising hastily from the table, she ran from the room, without a word.

"By Jupiter, if he *has* been trifling with that child, I'll break his neck!" exclaimed papa, excitedly, bringing his hand down upon the table violently, as the door closed after her. "The rascally, sneaking young—" And leaving the sentence unfinished, he also arose from his seat and left the room.

After that, I had a part to play, and I threw my whole soul into the effort of playing it well. I had staked everything on one desperate throw. If I won—well and good. If I lost!—but I dared not think of the depths of shame and self-humiliation into which I should sink in such a case.

For a time, I was successful. If Charley sent tender billet-doux to my cousin, they passed through the servant's hands into mine, but went no further. An old cast-off silk gown or two repaid Bridget for her share in the duplicity. If he sent her flowers, I wore them on my bosom and in my hair, as proudly as though they had not rightfully belonged to the woman I detested. If, once in a while, she came down pale and heavy-eyed of a morning, as though she had wept all night, I noticed it was invariably after I had boasted to her of his gallantry and devotion, and begged her in pretended terror not to betray me to my father. Evidently though she believed he held her in contempt, her womanly pride could not quite conquer her love, and it gave me a kind of fierce triumph to know it.

As for Mr. Hamilton, I shunned him at first, and that was no hard matter, as he never came to the house, and we seldom met in company. I dared not make my plot too intricate at the commencement, for although I had determined to win him at all hazards, I thought it wiser to work cautiously. When I had managed Ada—killed out by deception and intrigue the last particle of affection from her heart (in my spite, I was quite willing to have the task a lingering one), it would be time to work out the other half of my scheme!

But one morning—it was about six weeks after the conversation above recorded—there came a note of more than usual importance. It contained a passionate avowal of love—not a labored and wordy affair, but brief, manly, eloquent, and sweet enough to have won a different heart from hers. In conclusion, he said he could bear her silence and apparent indifference no longer. It was getting to be nothing short of torture. He loved her—he believed she loved him. If she was afraid of that old ogre of an uncle, just let him (Charley) know. He would turn the world upside down but he would win her, if she cared enough for him to let him make

the attempt. Would she not grant him an interview? If she would only run down to the foot of the garden while the rest of the family were at dinner, he—

I stopped there, and thrust the note into my work-basket, for I heard Ada's step at the door. She came in, looking so downcast and meek that I hated her worse than ever. She had taken the baby from the nurse's arms in the hall, and was laughing at and caressing it as she entered the room. But when she saw the bouquet in my hand (it had come with the note), the smile faded from her lip and the sparkle from her eyes. She seated herself silently and bent her pale face down over the child, to conceal, as I thought, a gush of tears. I doubt if she had known the whole truth even then, whether she would have had sufficient spirit to forego her affected amiability long enough to resent it. As it was, she sighed heavily, while the baby, as if understanding her change of mood, put its little hands up against her cheeks in mute, infantile pity, and then crowed with all its might to attract her attention.

My plan was formed on the instant. When the dinner-hour arrived, I excused myself on the plea of a headache, and declaring that I needed a breath of sweet out-door air to freshen my spirits, put on my hat and ran into the garden. How redly the June roses blushed along my path! and with what shy grace the pansies—those untiring little milliners—held up their gold and purple hoods for the sun to criticise! But somehow flowers and sunshine, and even the gay birds twittering in the branches above my head, connected themselves, in spite of me, with my thoughts of Ada, and so displeased me.

Once out of sight of the house, I strolled on more leisurely, till I came in sight of a tall, waiting figure, standing in the shadow of the high shrubbery at the foot of the garden. It needed but one glance to assure me that Charley Hamilton was true to his appointment. That handsome, erect form and proudly carried head, could belong to no one else in the world.

He sprang forward eagerly when he heard my step, but I was not slow to notice the shade of disappointment that crossed his face as he discovered that it was I, and not my cousin, who approached him. I enjoyed his discomfiture for a moment, and then said softly, putting my finger on my lip with a playful signal of secrecy:

"Ada sent me, Mr. Hamilton!"

He was all gratitude in an instant, and then all anxiety, overwhelming me with questions. Was Ada ill? No, quite well. Was she afraid of displeasing her uncle? Not at all. He looked

a little disconcerted and uneasy at that, as though thinking nothing short of some such motive could excuse her for sending a substitute, instead of coming herself. I liked to prolong his stay, and so gave him no information beyond what he asked.

"My note was received, I suppose?" he inquired at length, biting his full under-lip with ill-concealed impatience.

"O, yes!" I answered, readily. If he had only known by *whom*!

"And you are in her confidence, Miss Draper?"

I bowed acquiescence. If he had only imagined *how*!

"And you have a message for me?"

I bowed again. If he had but suspected *what*!

There was a short, embarrassed silence after that. I saw the proud color creep slowly up to his face, showing its unsteady stain even through the brown and silken beard; and the hands, which he had unconsciously clasped together in his eagerness, trembled visibly. I knew what hope and what fear it was that agitated him so, and the knowledge gave me a desperate and unscrupulous courage.

"What if I should tell you that my cousin Ada was as false and heartless, as she is beautiful and bewitching?"

The crimson wavered to white in his face, but that was the only effect my words produced.

"I should say you told an untruth!" he answered decisively, without so much as changing his position or removing his eyes from mine.

The cool hauteur of his manner, and his firm faith in Ada, baffled me. I hardly knew how to proceed.

"I see you are not prepared for what I came to communicate, Mr. Hamilton," I said, affecting a sadness I did not feel, and turning slowly away from him. "I will be merciful."

But as I was moving off, he sprang forward and caught my arm.

"Tell me all you came to tell, whatever it is," he said, in a hurried, agitated way.

"I cannot. I have not the courage."

"Tell me!" he persisted.

"You will not believe me if I do; you have said as much."

His hold of my arm tightened.

"Tell me!" he repeated, imperiously.

"You cannot bear it."

"Tell me!" He fairly shook me in his impatience. "I am not in a mood to be trifled with."

"Well, then, release my arm," I said.

He stepped back, loosening his hold of my wrist as he did so, and coloring at his own vehemence.

"But just let me assure you," I said, softly, drooping my eyelids before his earnest gaze, "that you have my sympathy and respect. If the rest of my family have a false pride that would keep them back from acknowledging you as an equal, I, at least, am capable of appreciating and admiring true worth and manliness, aside from pecuniary distinctions. Please remember that, Mr. Hamilton."

I reached out my hand to him as I spoke. He lifted it respectfully to his lips, and though I knew it was only a formal gallantry, the kiss thrilled through my blood electrically.

"And now let me tell you that it was at Ada's instigation that papa forbade you the house. She made your attentions the matter of common jest, and when a richer lover came along, took this method of ridding herself of them. You—"

"It is false! Do not believe her, Charley! As God hears me, it is false!"

I whirled suddenly about. Behind me, with an open note in her hand, stood Ada—waxen-white as though risen from the dead—her great, dilating blue eyes looking straight beyond me to her lover, with a wistful, adoring glance I shall never while I live forget. The next moment he opened his arms to her, and with a faint cry she sprang past me into them.

Even then I might have conquered, had I set my woman's wit to work. But to see her lying there, clinging to his heart, nestling her face to his shoulder; to see him hold her in that strong, close clasp, as though he defied death itself to wrest her from him, was more than I could bear. In my mad fury I sprang forward and struck her full in the face with my clenched hand. I would have repeated the blow, but Charles Hamilton snatched my hand with a gripe that made me wince, and held me off.

"It is well for you that you are a woman, Helen Draper!" he exclaimed, trying to control his voice, which, in spite of him, was husky with passion. "I advise you to go into the house."

And I did go, not because he advised me to, but for the reason that just then I could think of nothing better to do. O, how I hated them both!

The worst had not come even then. I have not been able to solve the mystery of my father's conduct to this day, but when Ada refused to be married without his sanction, and Charles went to him, he not only yielded a ready consent, but gave Ada a handsome dowry, and the next day announced his intention of taking Charles as a partner. What he meant by it, I am at a loss to know. I suppose it was some of that artful Ada's doings. And I was forced, out of consideration for our relationship, to go to the wedding!

#### NEVER ACT A FALSEHOOD.

Many respectable people, think lightly of the sin of deception, if no words of falsehood are uttered. But the Bible recognizes no moral distinction between lying acts and lying words, and a stern moral integrity will judge them equally blameworthy. The following anecdote illustrates the uprightness of the Duke of Wellington:

Being afflicted with deafness in his left ear, he applied to Mr. Stevenson, an aurist, whose operation not only failed, but placed his patient in imminent danger, from which he was saved by the timely aid of Dr. Hume. The grief and mortification of Mr. Stevenson, when he heard of the results of his practice, knew no bounds. He hastened to Apsley House, and being admitted to the duke's presence, expressed himself, as any right-minded person under the circumstances would have done. But he was instantly stopped, though in the kindest manner.

"Don't say a word about it; you acted for the best; it has been unfortunate, no doubt, for both of us, but you are not to blame."

Grateful for this reception, Mr. Stevenson went on to say, "But it will be the ruin of me. Nobody will employ me any more, when they hear that I have been the cause of such suffering and danger to your grace."

"Why should they hear anything about it?" replied the duke; "keep your own counsel, and depend upon it I won't say a word to any one."

"Then your grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show them that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me."

"No," replied the duke, still firmly; "I can't do that, for that would be a lie."

So strong, even in a case which made no common appeal to his generosity, was the duke's love of truth. He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one.—*Life of Wellington.*

#### INDUSTRY IN SWITZERLAND.

A correspondent thus writes from Geneva, Switzerland:—"The whole population appears to be prosperously engaged in some kind of industrial occupation, chiefly in jewelry and watch making. Women and children even are able to earn money by some particular branch of these manufactures. Children of ten years earn five or six francs a week, and after a little time as much as ten or more. Many girls support themselves by painting on enamel, or by engraving, and almost every member of a family contributes a portion towards the common stock. Upward of 100,000 watches are manufactured annually by the 6000 workmen engaged in the business. The town has besides 60 goldsmiths' shops. Trinkets and jewelry are nowhere so cheap as in Geneva. A good journeyman earns from 30 to 40 francs a week. Division of labor is carried to a great extent, since about 80 different machines unite their labor in the production of a watch. Perhaps there is no provincial town in Europe having a greater amount of wealth. I have seen an estimate made by one of the bankers, which gives eighty-one millionaires in a population of less than 60,000, the inhabitants of the Canton."—*Eclectic.*

#### AFFLICTION.

Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction;  
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour  
Serves but to lighten all our future days.—BROWNE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MARTIE.

BY H. L. ATHERTON.

Come home to me!  
 I've watched for thee,  
 And my heart is weary with waiting long;  
 The moonlight falls  
 On our cottage walls,  
 But I hear not, as erst, thy familiar song.

Have I watched in vain?  
 Shall I never again  
 Hear thy light, quick step on our cottage floor?  
 Will thy soft, low voice  
 Make our hearts rejoice,  
 And thy presence cheer us, nevermore?

Will thy footsteps free  
 Never stray with me,  
 To gather bright flowers to wreath thy brow?  
 Loop up thy hair,  
 With its ringlets fair,  
 For thou art a wife, and a mother, now!

Let thy baby rest,  
 As now, on thy breast:  
 Thou mayst look on her with a mother's pride;  
 And thy fond eyes gaze  
 On the noble face  
 Of him who now walks by thy side.

He is good and true—  
 O, joy to you!  
 Though you have left us, our sister-band:  
 We may never tell,  
 For we loved thee well,  
 How we miss at home thy busy hand.

Let the little bird,  
 Who thy glad voice heard,  
 And flew from heaven to cheer thy home;  
 Let her leave a place,  
 For each loved one's face,  
 In thy heart, when the olden memories come.

Let no care-cloud now  
 Hover over thy brow,  
 For care makes wrinkles, people say;  
 But sunshine shed  
 Round Joshua's head,  
 Thy smiles will brighten the darkest day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

On a fine morning in the month of October, the large clipper ship *White Swan*, commanded by Captain Edward Morton, and bound to Calcutta, was standing out of Boston harbor under topsails and courses. The active crew were busily at work, loosing topgallantsails, royals, jibs, and staysails, in obedience to the rapid commands of the pilot; and the deck presented the

usual scene of direful confusion, inseparable from an outward bound vessel just leaving port.

The commander of the ship, a fine-looking man somewhat past the prime of life, stood beside the weather mizzen rigging engaged in conversation with a young gentleman who had taken passage in the ship, hoping that his health, which had been considerably impaired by dissipation and a free indulgence in fashionable vices, might be restored by a sea voyage. A lovely maiden, apparently about seventeen years of age, leaned upon the captain's arm and gazed with great interest upon the scene around her, and the busy operations of the crew on deck and aloft. She was the only daughter of Captain Morton, who was a widower, his wife having died when their daughter was but an infant. He had never married again, but had bestowed his individual affection upon Cora, whom he almost idolized. Until the present time, she had remained at various seminaries and academies during her father's absence at sea; but, feeling unable to be longer deprived of her presence, he had at length decided that she should accompany him upon his next East India voyage.

Foremost among the crew in springing aloft, or laying out upon the yards at the pilot's command, was a handsome, athletic youth, whose whole appearance indicated that he was infinitely superior, in every respect, to seamen in general; while his graceful and easy bearing was such as to warrant the belief that he had been accustomed to society far more refined than that of a ship's forecabin—and yet his intelligence in comprehending the pilot's orders, and promptness and skill in obeying them, proved him to be "every inch a sailor."

He had already attracted the notice of Captain Morton, who had pointed him out to his passenger, Mr. Atherton, as a fine specimen of the young American sailor. Cora, also, had observed him, as she came aboard the ship and had scarcely lost sight of him during the passage down the harbor. But it was neither his handsome figure and classic features, nor his graceful and agile motions as he passed from one portion of the rigging to another, that caused her to regard him so constantly and with such evident interest; for as she gazed after him, as he ascended the rigging with a firm and confident tread, an expression of doubt and perplexity passed over her fair countenance, as if she had recognized in the young sailor a familiar acquaintance, and yet was at a loss to account for his appearance at that time and place.

Such was indeed the fact. The young man's features, even at a distance, seemed familiar to



Cora, and only the sailor's dress which he wore, caused her to doubt his identity with the person whom he so closely resembled for a single moment; but when the order was given to loose away the mizzen-topgallantsail, and the young sailor bounded aft to obey it, passing close by the side of Cora, and her eyes met his for an instant in a quick glance of recognition, all doubt immediately vanished; for in him she recognized a former schoolmate for whom she had entertained a strong friendship, and a bright blush suffused her cheek at the thought of his probable motives in joining her father's ship in the capacity of a foremast hand.

At length the pilot left the ship, under full sail, and shortly afterward she had sunk the last point of the familiar coast astern, and was fairly at sea. Cora soon retired below to escape the bustle and confusion of the deck, and ere many hours, had begun to experience the prostrating effects of that terror of ocean voyagers—*le malade du la mer*. Several days passed before she was able to appear again on deck; but in the meantime she had received, through the steward, a note from the young sailor whose real name was Henry Bernard, but who had shipped under the alias of Frank Wilson, begging her to grant him an interview at the earliest possible opportunity, that he might explain to her his motives in becoming a sailor on board the *White Swan*, and informing her that such an interview might be secretly arranged by the assistance of the steward. He also requested her to keep his secret, and not by word or look betray to her father the fact that she had ever known him.

This note created a strange tumult in the young girl's bosom; but it did not, in the least, displease her. She had known Henry Bernard for two years, and had perfect confidence in his honor; and, although she could not fail to comprehend that he had joined her father's ship on her account, and that such a course looked very much like a tacit declaration of love, she answered his note and consented to grant him the desired interview at the earliest possible opportunity.

Henry Bernard had been a student at the same academy with Cora Morton for the past two years; but no one, either among the faculty or his fellow-students, knew anything of his antecedents. His manner was somewhat reserved, and he had never spoken, even to Cora, of his family connections. Many of his schoolmates attributed his reserve to pride, and disliked him accordingly; but between Cora and himself the warmest friendship had always existed. They had been drawn together by that mysterious

instinct which enables one to recognize a congenial spirit upon the briefest acquaintance, and their friendship had daily strengthened, as their intercourse grew more and more familiar. But although they had become strongly attached to each other, Henry had never spoken to Cora of love; and perhaps neither had ever realized that their's was anything more than a common friendship.

As soon as Cora was able to come on deck, she found opportunity for a private interview with Henry Bernard, and eagerly listened to his explanation of the causes which had led him to leave his studies and become a common sailor. He informed her that he had never known the nature of his attachment to her until after their separation; that he had then discovered that he loved her with his whole heart and soul, and could never be happy without her. Previous to his acquaintanceship with her, he had made one sea-voyage—intending to follow the sea as a profession; but his father had desired him to first pursue his studies until he had fitted himself for entering college, promising that, when he had done this, he should be allowed to carry out his original intention if he still desired it.

He had nearly finished his preparatory course of study, when Cora departed from the school; and he immediately resolved to become a sailor on board her father's ship, under an assumed name, where he could enjoy the happiness of seeing his beloved Cora every day, and of being able to protect her in time of danger. He said much more than this, but we have neither time nor space for a detailed account of that stolen interview upon the lee side of the *White Swan's* quarter-deck, and will briefly state its results.

Before the maiden again retired to her stateroom, she had confessed her love to Henry Bernard; and, with the blue rolling waves of the Atlantic around them, and the star-spangled canopy of heaven above, the youthful lovers had exchanged vows of eternal devotion and constancy. It was resolved, however, that nothing of this should be known to Captain Morton, who, as Bernard well knew, would regard with scorn and indignation the presumptuous sailor who had dared aspire to the love of the daughter of his captain; and ere the lovers separated, a system of correspondence and frequent private interviews had been duly arranged.

The *White Swan* had been nearly two weeks at sea, and was fast approaching the vicinity of the stormy Bermudas, when a violent gale arose which lasted for several days. On the fourth day, however, the wind abated to a considerable

extent; and during the afternoon, Cora, who had been confined below by the severity of the weather, ventured on deck. Mr. Atherton, the passenger of whom we have previously spoken, immediately seated himself by her side and exerted all his conversational powers—which were considerable—in the hope of making a favorable first impression upon the innocent and susceptible girl; for he had become deeply enamored of Cora at first sight, and had resolved, with all the intensity of his powerful will, to win her before the voyage was ended.

The ship had been scudding, for several days, under a close-reefed main topsail, foresail and spanker; but now the wind had fallen considerably, although the waves still rolled mountains high, and Captain Morton decided to set the fore and mizzen topsails with a close reef in each. An order to this effect was given, and several of the watch hastened aft to loose the mizzen topsail. Among them was Henry Bernard, and as he passed by the side of Cora, a meaning glance was exchanged between the lovers, which, although unobserved by the captain, was not lost upon Mr. Atherton, who instantly resolved to watch the young sailor, henceforth, with an eagle eye—hoping to make some discovery which would result in his own benefit.

Soon after this, Cora arose from her seat, and carefully holding by the life-lines stretched aft, crossed the deck to the head of the companion-way stairs, when she grasped a railing for support, and stood for several minutes gazing in admiration upon the wild scene around her.

Mr. Atherton followed her, and courteously offered her the support of his arm, which she politely declined—for she felt toward him already an instinctive aversion—whereupon he walked hastily forward and joined Captain Morton at the break of the poop, where the latter was engaged in giving orders in regard to setting the topsails.

Suddenly, through the carelessness of the helmsman, a huge wave, which had towered for a moment above the weather-quarter of the vessel, burst upon the deck, and swept athwart ship with resistless force. At that moment Cora had been looking in the opposite direction; and the roar of the billow, as it fell upon the deck, startled her so much that she let go her hold upon the railing of the companion-way, and the briny flood instantly swept her to leeward. In another moment she would have been dashed into the foaming sea, had not a strong arm encircled her waist, and drawn her quickly inboard. Henry Bernard had been descending the rigging at the moment when the wave came aboard, and had

nearly reached the deck, when he beheld the fearful peril of his beloved Cora. With a single bound he was at her side, and, grasping the mizzen shrouds with one hand and embracing her slender waist with the other, was able to resist the force of the torrent until it had emptied itself again into the sea from the lee side, when he immediately conducted her to the companion-way.

Both Captain Morton and Mr. Atherton had observed Cora's danger just as Henry Bernard sprang to her rescue; but, being at a distance from her, neither of them could have rendered her the slightest assistance. As the young sailor, after receiving the whispered thanks of Cora and a warm pressure of her hand, was about to hasten forward, Captain Morton stopped him and expressed his gratitude for the inestimable service he had just rendered him in saving his daughter from a watery grave—promising him that he should be rewarded, at a future time, with something more substantial than words.

The young man modestly declared that he had done nothing more than his duty required, and that the consciousness of having saved Cora's life was, of itself, an ample reward. He soon left the quarter-deck, and, as he turned to depart, he caught the eye of Mr. Atherton fixed upon him with an unmistakable expression of hatred and malice, which evidently boded him no good. At first, he was at a loss to comprehend the cause of this enmity toward himself; but suddenly a suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind, and he immediately decided that Atherton desired to win the affections of Cora Morton, and was angry because another had rendered her a service which must entitle him to her gratitude and esteem.

One hundred and ten days had elapsed since the White Swan sailed from America, when the welcome sight of the lowlands about the mouth of the Hoogly River gladdened the eyes of her passengers and crew. As she approached the Sangor light-ship, a pilot was taken aboard from one of the brigs which are constantly cruising in the vicinity of the Sand Heads, and, at his suggestion, the ship's ensign was immediately set at the starboard foreyard arm, as a signal for a steamer; for the wind was blowing directly down the river, and it would be difficult, as well as dangerous, to attempt to beat up to the city.

In a few hours more, the ship was ploughing the sacred waters of the Hoogly in the wake of a powerful iron steamboat; and on the afternoon of the third day after she had entered the river, she was lying, securely moored, in the swift

running river, nearly opposite the dry-docks of the East India Company in the city of Calcutta.

Here she remained for nearly two months; and as seamen were in great demand at that time, and wages were unusually high, her entire crew, with the exception of Henry Bernard, and all her officers, except the chief mate, deserted the ship. Captain Morton did not immediately ship another crew, as he preferred waiting until the ship was ready for sea; and in the meantime a crew of Lascars, or native seamen, were set at work aboard, while Henry Bernard, who had proved himself well worthy of the post, was elevated to the rank of second mate. This was a most fortunate event, as, by making him an inmate of the cabin, it enabled him frequently to have intercourse with Cora upon terms of familiarity and equality. During the outward passage, the lovers had held frequent secret interviews; but, as yet, Captain Morton had not the slightest suspicion of the relations existing between them.

Mr. Atherton, however, had watched them with a jealous eye, and had at length discovered their secret. The knowledge that they were betrothed lovers, however, only encouraged him to pursue with the greater energy his designs upon Cora; for he knew that she wished to conceal her love for Henry Bernard from her father, and, by threats of exposure, he sought to gain unlimited power over the innocent and virtuous girl.

In this he was to some extent successful, for when Cora discovered that he knew of her frequent interviews with Henry Bernard, the fear of exposure compelled her to treat him less coldly than she had formerly done, while it increased the feelings of scorn and aversion which she had previously cherished against him.

Atherton was a self-willed, unprincipled man, and did not scruple to use his power to the fullest extent; but he had never yet dared to openly avow his passion to Cora, who hated as well as feared him.

One Sunday afternoon, while the ship remained at Calcutta, the captain and his mate went ashore, leaving the ship in charge of Henry Bernard. Cora chose to remain aboard, and, as soon as her father had left the ship, retired to the after-cabin to spend the afternoon in reading. Bernard, whose duty required him to remain on deck, had seated himself beneath the quarter-deck awning with a cigar; while the custom-house officer, who was compelled by the regulations of the port to remain constantly upon the ship, had thrown himself into a hammock in the fore-castle, for a comfortable *siesta*. No other

person besides these three was aboard; for Mr. Atherton spent the greater part of his time in the city, being sometimes absent from the ship for many days at a time. On this occasion, however, he had met Captain Morton and his mate in Tank Square, and being somewhat intoxicated, had immediately resolved to pay a visit to Cora in her father's absence.

He reached the ship and entered the cabin, unobserved by the second mate, and was soon engaged in conversation with Cora, who at once perceived that he had been drinking, and wished to escape from his presence; but dared not arouse his anger by so doing, lest he should fulfil his threat of exposure.

But at length the tone of fulsome flattery in which he had at first addressed her, changed to one of gross insult, and with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheeks, she arose and was about to leave the cabin in virtuous indignation, when he suddenly grasped her arm, and placing his hand upon her mouth to stifle her cries, attempted to kiss her. Cora struggled violently in his grasp, but could not prevent his odious caresses; and she was upon the point of fainting from the combined effects of terror and indignation, when Henry Bernard suddenly entered the cabin. He stood for a moment paralyzed with astonishment, then as he comprehended the position of matters, he sprang upon Atherton, and with one well-directed blow, laid him prostrate and insensible upon the floor. Then, clasping the almost fainting form of Cora in his arms, he bore her to a sofa.

Atherton soon recovered from the effects of his fall, and as he rose to his feet, he exclaimed, with a fearful oath:

"You, Miss Cora, shall bitterly repent the events of this afternoon. Your father shall know of your disgraceful connection with one of his servants. As for you, sir, we shall meet again." And he hastily left the ship.

When Captain Morton returned from the city, he was informed by Cora, of the insult which Atherton had offered her, and the service which Henry Bernard, or Frank Wilson, which was the name by which he was still known to all save Cora, had again rendered her in protecting her from the assault of the villain.

Burning with rage, Captain Morton immediately returned to the city to demand the satisfaction due him from Atherton; but the libertine had proved himself a coward as well as a villain, for he had disappeared, leaving, however, a letter to Captain Morton, informing him of his daughter's attachment to his second mate. After vainly seeking the scoundrel at the various

places to which he was accustomed to resort, the captain returned to the ship, and demanded of Cora, if the intelligence contained in Atherton's letter were true. With many blushes, she confessed that it was, and informed him of the manner in which she had become acquainted with Henry Bernard.

"You did wrong, Cora, to conceal this from me," replied her father. "However, I have no cause to consider the young man unworthy of you. I esteem him highly, and if he shall prove to be a son of respectable parents, and of good reputation himself, I shall offer no opposition to your union, at a future time. I have always wished that you might become the wife of a sea-captain, and when Bernard shall have attained to this position, which he will doubtless be able to do in a few years, he shall receive your hand in marriage."

This unexpected approval of Captain Morton, which was immediately communicated to Bernard, completed the happiness of the youthful lovers, and for a time the "course of true love" did, indeed, "run smooth."

Nothing was heard of Atherton, during the remainder of the *White Swan's* stay at Calcutta. Fearing the wrath of Captain Morton, he kept closely concealed, and at length, after being loaded with a valuable cargo of East India goods, and manned with an efficient crew, the ship set sail on her homeward passage.

She made a quick passage from the Sand Heads to the Cape of Good Hope, and Captain Morton hoped to hold the south-east trades as far as the equator in the Atlantic Ocean; but the ship had scarcely reached the cape, when she experienced a succession of northerly and north-westerly gales which drove her far out of her course.

In the meantime the mate had, by some means become suspicious of mutinous designs on the part of the crew, and having informed the captain of his suspicions, the latter took the precaution to have a stock of weapons prepared for use and placed in readiness for an emergency. The mate continued to watch the men closely, but, at length, observing no further indications of a spirit of insubordination, began to think that he must have been mistaken; when, suddenly, during the middle watch of a dark night, the entire crew rose in open mutiny, and rushing aft, had nearly succeeded in entering the cabin, for the purpose of murdering or securing the inmates.

They would have certainly accomplished their designs, had not Henry Bernard, who held the watch on deck, succeeded in reaching the cabin a little in advance of the mutineers, and securely

barricading the doors. The captain and other mates and the steward were soon aroused, and armed for a vigorous defence. The mutineers labored under the disadvantage of having no fire-arms, having neglected to provide themselves with such, not anticipating the slightest difficulty in overpowering the few persons aft.

Captain Morton and his officers soon made sad havoc among the ranks of the mutineers with their fire-arms, and at length, desiring to bring the combat to a close with as little bloodshed as possible, threw open the cabin door and armed with heavy cutlasses, charged with irresistible force upon the mutineers. Taken completely by surprise, they were unable to defend themselves, and in a few minutes those who had thus far escaped without injury, threw down their arms in submission, and when Captain Morton requested all who were willing to return to their duty on condition of a free pardon, to step aft, every man who was able to walk responded to the call.

The men declared that they had been incited to mutiny by a man who had hired them to join the ship at Calcutta for the express purpose of murdering the captain and his officers. This man had been concealed in the fore-castle from the time the ship sailed, until the attack had been made upon the cabin, when he had led them on. He had been shot dead during the melee, however, and his body was now lying beside the mainmast.

A lantern was immediately brought, and as Captain Morton and Henry Bernard bent over the body of the dead ringleader, they recognized the form and features of Atherton, who had thus sought to be revenged upon them, but who had so speedily met a righteous doom!

The bodies of the dead were hastily thrown into the sea without form or ceremony, and this task had scarcely been accomplished when a violent squall caught the ship suddenly aback, carrying away the foremast by the board, as well as the fore and mizzen topmast, and laying the ship upon her beams ends!

Exertions were promptly made to clear away the wreck, and by relieving the ship of the pressure of the sails which still remained upon her, to cause her to right; but all to no avail. The waves were making a clean breach over her, and it was soon discovered that she had sprung leak, and was rapidly filling.

There was no alternative left but to get the boats overboard with all possible haste, and trust to them for escape from certain death. The late mutineers, awed and subdued by the presence of imminent danger, worked like brave men in

obedience to the captain's orders, and the jolly-boat, launch and long boat were soon afloat, and supplied with provisions.

The ship was sinking rapidly, and there was no time to lose; but when Captain Morton requested Cora to leave the ship in the first boat, she firmly refused to do so, declaring that she should remain upon the ship until her father and her lover were ready to leave it. All entreaties were alike unavailing; and accordingly the long boat and launch filled with men, were sent off, while only Captain Morton, Cora, and Bernard, and one of the crew remained upon the ship, designing to leave it in the jolly-boat. A supply of provision and water was hastily placed in the boat, and when all was ready, Captain Morton leaped into the boat for the purpose of assisting Cora in her descent over the ship's side; while the foremast hand who had been left behind, took his seat in the stern sheets to fend the boat off from the ship.

At this moment the boat goes high above the ship's rail, upon a huge wave, then it descended swiftly into the trough of the sea, snapping the lines which held it to the ship, as if they had been packthread, and in another moment it was rapidly receding from the sinking vessel. With a cry of agony, Captain Morton sprang to the oars in the hope of being able to pull back to the ship; but, in spite of all his efforts, the jolly-boat was urged further and further in the opposite direction, and at length he threw down the oars, and fixed his despairing gaze upon the ill-fated ship, whose deck was now on a level with the surface of the water.

Cora and her lover stood at the weather gangway clasped in each other's embrace, and at the sight, the grief-stricken parent covered his face with his hands, and sunk down in the boat, almost bereft of reason. At length he cast his eyes once more in the direction of the doomed vessel, and beheld his daughter waving her hand to him in token of eternal farewell. At this moment the bows of the water-logged ship reared high in air; then she rolled heavily to windward, and, with one headlong plunge, disappeared forever in the depths of ocean.

The wheel of Time is ceaselessly revolving; and whether the passage of the years brings us joy or sorrow, they are ever speeding by, to disappear one after another in the abyss of the past. Eighteen months had elapsed since the loss of the White Swan off the Cape of Good Hope, and Captain Morton, who, after spending many weary days and nights in the open jolly-boat, had been picked up by a homeward bound American

ship, and carried back to his native land, had partially recovered from the first violence of his grief at the sad fate of his beloved daughter; but the settled melancholy which had now become habitual to him, gave evidence that his sorrow was still deep and heartfelt.

Shortly after his return to America, he had been appointed to the command of another ship by his former owners, and had sailed for China. During his homeward passage, his ship sprang a leak; but not wishing to put into any port, he continued on his course, keeping his pumps going nearly half the time, and carrying but a short spread of canvass. The passage under such circumstances, was, of course, long and tedious; and ere the ship had reached the equator in the Atlantic Ocean, the provisions and water had become so nearly exhausted that Captain Morton had found it necessary to put the crew upon short allowance, which, added to the constant labor of pumping rendered their situation extremely unpleasant.

After this time a vigilant lookout was constantly kept by night and day, in hope that some outward bound ship might approach within sight of their signals, from which a supply of provisions and water might be obtained. At length the welcome cry of "Sail ho!" was given one morning from the mast head, and in answer to the captain's questions, the lookout man described her as a square-rigged vessel, standing directly towards them. In a few hours the hull of the stranger was visible from the deck, when a signal of distress was set upon Captain Morton's ship, and in answer to which the stranger kept off a point and bore down to his relief.

As the ship ranged up alongside, the mainyards of both were braced aback, and Captain Morton, springing into the mizzen chains with his speaking trumpet, thus hailed the stranger, which had proved to be a large clipper ship, bearing the American ensign at her spanker peak.

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that, pray?"

"The Golden Fleece—Captain Bernard—twenty days out from New York, and bound to Melbourne. What ship is that?"

"The Amazon—Captain Morton—homeward bound from Canton, in a leaking condition, and short of provision. Can you furnish us a supply?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Will you come aboard?"

"Ay, ay, sir." And turning to the mate, Captain Morton ordered him to have the gig manned and got ready for lowering.

As soon as the boat was in readiness, the captain stepped into it, and gave the order to lower away. In a few minutes he was alongside the

Golden Fleece, whose commander stood at the gangway to receive him. In the excitement of the moment, Captain Morton had not heeded the name of the captain of the Golden Fleece; but as he ascended the gangway ladder, and met him face to face, he almost lost his hold upon the man ropes, and came near falling back into the boat paralyzed with astonishment.

"Frank Wilson!—Henry Bernard!—is it possible? Can the sea give up its dead?" he exclaimed.

"I am Henry Bernard, once your second mate, sir," replied the young man, as he grasped the captain's hand.

"And Cora? Is she too alive, or am I dreaming?" murmured Captain Morton, as he gazed in Bernard's face in perfect amazement.

"Please come with me into the cabin, sir," was the reply. And Captain Morton mechanically followed the commander of the Golden Fleece into the luxurious cabin.

At his entrance, a beautiful woman, who had been seated upon a sofa with a lovely babe in her arms, sprang up to meet him; and the next moment he had clasped his loved and long lost Cora to his bosom, and was weeping like a child.

We will not attempt to describe the happy reunion of the father and daughter; but will pass on to an explanation of the manner in which Cora and her lover had been preserved from death when the White Swan went down, and a brief account of their subsequent adventures.

When the ship sunk, they were carried down with it, locked in each other's embrace, but succeeded at length in rising to the surface, where Henry soon bound Cora and himself to a floating spar. Upon this fragile support, they were tossed by the stormy waves for nearly forty-eight hours; but, just as the last spark of hope had expired in their bosoms, were cast upon a low, sandy shore. With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing themselves upon the beach beyond the reach of the waves, and speedily recovered sufficient strength to enable them to examine the shore upon which they had been thrown.

To their great joy, they soon found at a little distance inland, a spring of water and an abundance of nourishing fruits. They knew not where they were, but Henry rightly concluded that they had been cast upon a point of the west coast of Africa.

No signs of inhabitants were to be seen, and after a vain search for the dwellings of human beings, they resigned themselves to their fate; and constructing a rude shelter, prepared for a Crusoe life, upon that desolate strand. They re-

mained here for several months, subsisting upon the fruits and fish, which Henry provided by means of a rude net which he had constructed, and daily watching for the welcome sight of a sail upon the unbroken expanse of ocean, spread out before their dwelling.

At length a homeward bound English East Indiaman approached nearer than usual to the shore, and observing their signals, sent a boat to their rescue. The commander of the Indiaman kindly gave them a passage to England, and supplied their immediate wants upon their arrival. In the meantime Henry wrote home to his father, and promptly received an answer to his letter, containing a large remittance. Immediately upon the receipt of this he took passage for home with his wife—for he had married Cora directly after their arrival in England.

Up to this time they had, of course, heard nothing of Captain Morton and his crew, and had begun to fear that the frail boat in which he had embarked from the ill-fated White Swan had been overwhelmed in the waves; but upon their arrival in America, they learned that he had returned, and had sailed again for China. Letters were immediately despatched for Canton, informing him of the facts just related, but these did not reach their destination until he had sailed thence for home.

Soon after Bernard's return to America, his father—who was, by the way, a wealthy ship-owner—granted his earnest request for a ship, and placed him in command of the Golden Fleece, in which his wife accompanied him upon his first voyage. The cause of Bernard's concealment of his parentage and connection during his first acquaintance with Cora, and his subsequent conduct, was a romantic fancy which he had long cherished of winning a wife who could love him for himself alone. Hence his concealment of the fact that he was the son of a wealthy and influential man.

The Amazon was soon supplied with an abundance of provision and water from the Golden Fleece, and after a tender parting between the now happy father and his newly found children, the two vessels separated, and as each headed away upon her proper course, their ensigns were dipped thrice in token of amity, and a friendly farewell.

When the Amazon arrived at home, Mr. Bernard, the father of our hero, waited upon Captain Morton, and offered him a partnership with him upon equal terms, if he would relinquish the active duties of his profession. The captain was greatly surprised at this proposal, and frankly informed Mr. Bernard that such an

arrangement would scarcely be a just one, as he himself had no capital whatever.

"Never mind that, captain," replied Mr. Bernard. "Your experience and knowledge of ships will fully offset the capital which I shall employ. Besides this, it will give me great pleasure to be associated in business with the father of my son's wife, whom I have already learned to love as a daughter."

At length it was decided that the proposed arrangement should be carried into effect, and the new firm was immediately established under the name of Bernard & Morton.

The Golden Fleece made a remarkably quick voyage, and when she returned to America, Mr. Bernard endeavored to persuade his son to give up the sea, and embark in business ashore, so that the entire family might constantly enjoy the pleasure of each other's society. This he was unwilling to do. He made many voyages in the Golden Fleece, often accompanied by his wife; but at length, having acquired a competency, and having the prospect of a large fortune at the death of his father, he resigned his command, and took up his residence in a beautiful suburban villa, which he had recently purchased, where he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of his *otium cum dignitate*.

The firm of Bernard & Morton continued to prosper to an extraordinary degree, and shortly after Henry gave up the duties of his profession they too retired from business, and took up their abode with their dutiful children, the student-sailor and the CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

#### FROLIC OF FOOTE.

This celebrated humorist, while educating at Worcester College, Oxford, found in the head of it, Dr. Gower, a highly suitable subject for one of his droll devices. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near the ground, in an open space where cows were sometimes kept for the night, he suspended a wisp of hay to it, and the consequence was that some one of the animals never failed to seize the hay before morning, and so produced a most unseasonable and mysterious ringing of the bell. A solemn consultation took place for the elucidation of the portentous circumstance; and Gower having undertaken, with the sexton, to sit up all night for the purpose of catching the delinquent, disclosed the nature of the jest by pouncing out upon the poor cow, and had the hearty laugh of all Oxford to reward him for his pains.—*Examiner*.

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.—*DRAKE*.

#### HOW TO IMPROVE THE MEMORY.

What we wish to remember, we should attend to, so as to understand it perfectly, fixing our attention specially on its most important and distinctive features. We should disengage our minds for the moment from other things, that we may attend effectually to that which is before us. No man will read with much advantage, who cannot empty his mind at pleasure of other subjects, and does not bring to the author he reads an intellect neither troubled with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the mind be filled with other matters, how can it receive new ideas? It is a good practice to improve the memory, and far better than making notes, or transcribing pages at the time, to read carefully, and after a lapse of some days, to write an abstract of what has been read. This will give us the habit of storing up for future use our immediate acquisitions in knowledge. Again, memory is assisted by an orderly arrangement of the thoughts. It is obvious that in recollecting a speech or discourse, that is more easily recalled in which the argument proceeds from one step to another by regular induction. So we ought to conduct our studies; otherwise, memory will be defective.—*Letter of Baron Alderson*.

#### PRODUCTIONS OF FLORIDA.

A Florida correspondent of the Charleston Courier maintains that it is practicable to cultivate in that State all the tropical fruits and staples by the side of those belonging to a northern climate. He says: "All who may be skeptical on this subject can readily be convinced by a visit to the southern portion of the peninsula, where they can see the cocoa-tree, the banana, the plantain, the pineapple, the orange, the lemon, the lime, the arrowroot, the guava, etc., growing as luxuriantly as they do in any of the West India Islands. There is certainly no portion of the United States—North, South, East or West—that can compare with East Florida in the variety and value of its agricultural productions. It produces as well all the root and grain crops of the Northern and all the great staples of the Southern States."

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE HENS.

See that the hens are constantly supplied with lime in the form of old mortar, or pounded oyster or clam-shells, gravel, bones and meat. Charcoal is also a valuable article to have about the coop. There is no place they like so well as among the hay and straw in the barn; and to pick up the hay and other seeds about the floor and around the cattle. Fowls dislike damp places, and the cellar though warmer than rooms above, is not so good as a loft would be, where the sun could come in through windows in the roof, and which might be warmed in the coldest weather from a stove below. They require steady attention and care, and when they receive it, will afford as much profit for the outlay as any item of the farm.—*American Farmer*.

The best books are those which are written by men of the world, who are yet no worldlings. They have gathered the fruits of all human experience, without having lost the blossom of their own humanity.—*Simms*.



[ORIGINAL.]

TO H—.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

Had hearts the power of glorious sight  
To mingle with their throbs of joy;  
To gather from each seeming night  
Pure gleams unmixed with pain's alloy;

Then would that bosom dear to me,  
A way beyond the purple hills,  
Within my breast a radiance see—  
A faithful beam despite the ills;

Then would that mutual life be born,  
Of purest sympathetic love;  
Affection's sweet, unauilted dawn  
Would shed its rays from heaven above.

No mystery unread could bind  
In painful thralldom one fair gem;  
No common thought of heart or mind  
A prison-house would 'habit then.

O, for the power to read and feel  
Each tender, suffering, joyous thrill!—  
To soothe the woe and share the weal,  
As kindred sight our hearts should fill!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CAR ACQUAINTANCE:

—OR,—

## THE TWO BITS OF PAPER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

SEVERAL years ago, I entered a car at one of the New York stations, and took my place on the back seat. I looked at my watch, and found that it lacked fifteen or twenty minutes of the time to start. No one else was in the car, and unfolding a daily paper which I had just purchased of a newsboy, I commenced running my eye over its columns. The first thing that fixed my attention was the following paragraph:

"We understand that yesterday a young man employed as a clerk by Kendon & Browne in their extensive dry goods establishment, while on his way from ——— Bank, where he had been to get a check for \$2000 cashed, was knocked down and robbed of the whole amount. He was spoken to by a man when about midway of a dark alley, who inquired the way to Wall Street, and that is the last he remembers. The man was of middling size, rather muscular, of grave demeanor, and well but plainly clad. The police are on the alert, and will, without doubt, succeed in capturing him."

I had barely finished reading it, when a man entered the car and took a seat by an open window, directly forward of where I was sitting. He came in at the front part of the car, which gave me a good opportunity to observe him. At the moment of his entrance, I saw that he re-

garded me with a quick, furtive look, yet, at the same time, so keen and searching, that the thought flashed into my mind that he might belong to the detective police, and that the inquisitorial glance with which he honored me had something to do with the robbery, an account of which I had been reading.

He was rather small, and his features were of a type which is commonly called handsome. At times, however, there was a certain curve or rather twist of his upper lip, which to me was absolutely repulsive. He bowed, as he was about to take his seat, and bade me good morning in a voice which, though not exactly unpleasant, had something in it to be remembered.

"Any news?" said he, after a minute's silence, turning half way round in his seat, and glancing at the paper I held in my hand.

"I haven't had much chance to ascertain yet," I replied. "I have only had time to read an account of a daring robbery which took place yesterday."

I said this, so that if he was really one of the police on the look-out for the perpetrator of the crime, or his accomplices, he might see that I didn't shrink from the subject. It seemed to me that he gave a nervous start at the mention of the robbery, but the movement was very slight, and possibly might, as I thought, have been owing to some other cause.

"Was it in this section of the country?" he asked.

"Yes, in this city. Would you like to read the account?" And I handed him the paper.

"Thank you," said he, with a smile.

But it was not a genuine smile, and as he commenced reading the account, it gave place to a look of ill-concealed anxiety. This passed away, by the time he had got through.

"They are cunning rogues, some of these thieves and pickpockets," said he. "He undoubtedly thought that a plain dress and sanctimonious air would put the youngster off his guard."

As he spoke, he scanned my dark, kerseymere waistcoat and plain brown coat with an air of great deliberation. I did not quail under the examination, though I became more confirmed in the opinion that he was a detective.

"Should this species of cunning," said I, in answer to his remark, "become pretty generally diffused among the light-fingered gentry, it may become necessary to sport diamond rings and gold chains, as badges of honesty."

"Or, in default of these, a little bogus jewelry," he replied, laughing.

In the meantime, most of the seats had been

taken up. Not a person had entered, I am certain, who had escaped the vigilance of my colloquist. He had returned the newspaper to me, after which, being probably, as I thought, one of that class who are ill at ease unless they have something to employ their fingers about, he had busied himself with tearing into small bits a sheet of note paper, on which were written a few lines.

By the time the sheet of paper was reduced to fragments more or less small, few of which could have measured more than an inch in any direction, and were, as I observed, carefully retained in his left hand, it lacked only about two minutes of the time the train was to start.

He now began to fidget, moving backwards and forwards on his seat uneasily, and watched with increased eagerness every one who entered the cars. A few seconds more, and the train would be off. He now leaned back in a manner which seemed to me to say as plainly as words could have said: "The person I have been expecting wont come. It is of no use to look any longer."

The last moment had arrived, when the door of the car was once more thrown open to give entrance to a woman. The listless attitude into which he had suffered himself to sink was instantly abandoned, while the eyes of her who had last entered, after quickly scanning the tier of seats at her right, rested on the man who was sitting in front of me. At the same moment she raised her hand and pressed her forefinger to her lips. I was aware that this telegraphic sign was answered by my neighbor, though my attention being drawn towards her, I could not tell the exact manner.

She took the first vacant seat that presented itself, which was near the front part of the car, and without appearing to do so, I watched her pretty closely. I never saw her look round, or betray in any manner whatever that he was not an utter stranger to her between whom and herself the little pantomime had passed at the time of her entrance.

Previous to her seating herself, I had noticed that she was tall, and that her figure was good. I now saw that she wore a gray travelling-dress, and, without pretending to be much of a judge in such matters, it appeared to me that her apparel throughout, not forgetting the more minute details, was in good taste. But the view I had obtained of her face, impressed me less favorably. Without a single ill-shaped feature, as a whole, it struck me as peculiarly disagreeable; and except that there was a quick sparkle of her eyes at the moment she pressed her finger to her lips, it was utterly impassive.

About a mile from the station whence we started, the railway crossed a sheet of water, and when we had arrived about midway, the man in front of me put his hand out of the window, and threw away the bits of paper he had so carefully held, which, with the exception of two pieces, were scattered to the wind. These, without his being sensible of it, were wafted back into the car and fell on the unoccupied seat by my side. They were narrow, in some places not more than half an inch wide, and what was a little singular, an end of each matched the other, so that when placed together, they made a strip which, as I could tell by the outer edges, reached across the sheet of paper from which they had been torn.

One whole line of the writing was easily enough deciphered, though the upper edge of the paper was so deeply notched that there was not a single word from which one or more of the letters was not missing. Two or three of the closing words of the preceding sentence were at the beginning of the line of which nothing could be made. What came next, was better. "Do not," it said, "fail to be at ——— station by the morning train." Then came the next line, which was very imperfect. Those of the words which remained so nearly entire as to be guessed at, were as follows, a dash filling the places of such as were torn off: "If all right—roll brown paper—red twine."

My curiosity was more excited than ever, since the telegraphic signs had passed between my neighbor and the woman whose appearance he had looked for with such ill-concealed anxiety. At the same time, the opinion I had entertained that he might belong to the detective police had undergone a change, and I found myself forming conjectures as to whether he was not in some way connected with the grave looking personage who had committed the recent robbery. I therefore slipped the scraps of paper into my waistcoat pocket, lest, by a sudden turn of his head, he might catch sight of them.

I then busied myself with thinking the matter over, and came to the determination to keep a sharp look-out, when we arrived at ——— station, for some one with a roll of brown paper tied with red twine, which, according as I had construed the broken sentence, was to be the means of conveying to my neighbor in the car the intelligence that, as far as he was concerned, all was right.

My thoughts had been so busy, that we arrived at the station referred to in what to me appeared to be a much shorter time than usual. Here we should be obliged to wait from twenty to thirty minutes for the arrival of another train.

The man in the seat before me rose, the instant the cars stopped, and had reached the place where the woman still remained seated unimpeded by the crowd, which, by the time I had taken my carpet-bag from the hook where I had hung it, filled the passage. I kept my eye on him, and saw that he lingered a little when arrived at the place in question, in expectation, as I concluded, of some further communication from the woman, who had now risen, either by word or sign. He then made what haste he could to leave the car, while she appeared to be in no hurry to do so, suffering several persons to pass her, myself among the rest. I pushed forward as fast as possible, for I was in danger of losing sight of him who had so excited my curiosity, and was in season to see him step upon the platform. There were a number of loungers, among whom one, whose air was peculiarly careless and negligent, carried in his hand a roll of brown paper tied with red twine.

"How are you, Harker?" said he, with the heedless air of one who addresses another he cares little for, as my late neighbor stepped from the car.

Harker responded in the same careless way, calling him by the name of Scrimmons, and passed on in the opposite direction.

Just at this time, the woman who had been referred to left the cars, and, without any appearance of noticing either Harker or Scrimmons, entered a hack which drove to a hotel at no great distance.

Notwithstanding the little interest the two men appeared to take in each other, I continued to watch the movements of each. After loitering round a few minutes, seemingly with no object in view, except to kill time, the two, as if by chance, approached each other.

"Going in the down train?" asked Scrimmons.

"Yes," replied Harker; "are you?"

"I've not yet decided. It will depend—"

Here he lowered his voice, and then walked away, so that I lost the remainder of the sentence. During this time, I had opportunity to observe the personal appearance of Scrimmons, which, in some respects, corresponded with the description given in the paper of him who had committed the robbery. But he was not plainly dressed, nor was his demeanor grave. On the contrary, his appearance was careless and gay.

I had come to the conclusion to make known my suspicions to some one worthy of confidence, when I saw a man making directly for the spot where I stood. He nodded, when he had arrived near me, and I answered the unceremonious salutation in the same manner.

"I believe," said he, "that I saw you in the cars?"

"Very likely," I replied.

"Do you know the man who sat directly in front of you?"

"I do not."

"So I thought. You have two bits of paper in your possession," he said, after a pause of a few moments, "which were blown back by the wind when, with a handful of others, he made an attempt to throw them from the window of the car?"

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "but it appears to me that I am entitled to know who the person is who questions me so closely, before going any further."

"It is nothing more than reasonable, I grant. Perhaps you think I'm a friend of him alluded to?"

"You may be," I replied, "for aught I know to the contrary."

He smiled.

"I knew that you were not *his* friend, although you appeared to be on such friendly terms. The truth is, I have reason to suspect that he had something to do with yesterday's robbery."

"Then you are—"

"One of the police," he said, anticipating what I was going to say.

"Exactly the person I most wish to see. Here are the bits of paper." And I put them into his hand.

"Ah, 'twas a right move, my coming to this station!" said he, when he had read what little they contained. I hoped it would prove so, from a few scraps of information I picked up last evening. Yet, after all, it might have been of no use, if you, sir—what shall I call your name?"

"Grafton."

"If you, Mr. Grafton," he resumed, "had not preserved what most persons would have considered two worthless pieces of paper. I saw you put them into your pocket, and it occurred to me at once that as you thought them worth saving, they might serve as a clue to ferret out the real perpetrator of the crime; for I was satisfied, from the description the young man gave of him who robbed him, that this one was only an accomplice."

I mentioned to him the woman who had aroused my suspicion, and found that the signs interchanged between her and Harker had not escaped his attention.

We now parted, and in an hour afterward, Harker, Scrimmons, and the woman, who proved to be the wife of the former, were safely lodged

in the county jail. Scrimmons, notwithstanding the great change he had effected in his personal appearance, was proved, when brought to trial, to be the man who had committed the robbery. Harker, it was found, had been his aider and abettor, not only as regarded the crime for which they were arrested, but in a series of burglaries which had been committed within the last six months; while his wife had afforded invaluable assistance by the ingenuity and adroitness with which she had secreted the stolen goods. The two thousand dollars—the fruits of the street robbery—were, with the exception of one hundred, found concealed in different parts of her clothing.

As to the two bits of paper which were wafted to me on the wings of the wind, they proved to be Sibylline leaves, in which was concealed, though there was no oracle to declare their mysterious meaning, my future fortune and the greatest happiness of my life. To prove this, it is only necessary for me to say that they were the means of introducing me to the notice of Kendon & Browne, who not long afterward gave me a share of their thriving and lucrative business.

Thus, as was very natural, I became acquainted with Miss Oliva Kendon, the only daughter of the senior partner of the firm, who, in due time, consented to be my partner as long as we both should live.

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#### BEST SIDE OUT.

Some people have a happy knack for putting in a pleasant way everything that concerns themselves. Mr. A.'s son gets a poor place as a bank clerk; his father goes about saying that the lad has found a fine opening in business. The young man is ordained, and gets a curacy on Salisbury Plain; his father rejoices that there, never seeing a human face, he has abundant leisure for study, and for improving his mind. Or, the curacy is in the most crowded part of Manchester or Bethnal Green; the father now rejoices that his son has opportunities of acquiring clerical experience, and of visiting the homes of the poor. Such a man's house is in a well-wooded country; the situation is delightfully sheltered. He removes to a bare district without a tree; ah, there he has beautiful pure air and extensive views! It is well for human beings, when they have the pleasant art of thus putting things, for many, we all know, have the art of putting things in just the opposite way.—*Liverpool Guardian*.

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#### COURAGE.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.  
As for your youth, whom blood and blows delight,  
Away with them!—there is not in their crew  
One valiant spirit. JOANNA BAILLIE.

#### REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

The citizens of Columbus and visitors at the Capitol will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the legislative halls and State offices a handsomely wrought basket containing the plumpest and sweetest oranges. O, yes! everybody remembers Ettie, the beautiful orange girl, and have wondered in what nook she has hidden for the past two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form is seen in the Capitol, and interesting clerks, with a great admiration for the rotunda, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House admired Ettie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to jest with the girl, or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven-blue eyes.

Ettie always brought a full basket and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed, palsied mother, and her noble efforts to keep away want were known, and made the fruit from her basket ten times sweeter.

When the great Union meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Legislatures was held in Ohio's capitol, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all. At the end of one of the halls, viewing the noble row of princely residences on Third Street, stood alone a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir?"

"How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one toward him.

"Cheap."

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manly and singular beauty, that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted. He did so, and after successive visits won the confidence and love of the maiden, and the mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his Southern home, it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly Southerner and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his Southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother in opulence.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

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Personal respectability is totally independent of a large income. Its greatest secret is self-respect. Poverty can never degrade those who never degrade themselves by pretence or duplicity.

(ORIGINAL.)

## LOST.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Has any one seen our darling?  
 He has strayed from our fold away;  
 He went out with the sweet June roses,  
 One beautiful summer day.  
 And our hearts grew weary with watching,  
 And our eyes grew heavy with tears,  
 As the days and the months went silently  
 Gliding into years.

I have called him with anguished pleadings,  
 By a mound on the grassy lee;  
 But only in dreams and in memories  
 Does he ever come back to me.  
 But I know when the great All-Father  
 Shall summon me, too, away,  
 I shall meet him, my beautiful angel,  
 To be parted no more for aye.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MOUCHARD.

BY H. H. DE HAVEN.

ONE rainy night in a country inn, in Virginia, I heard the following narrative from the lips of a traveller—a white-haired old gentleman from one of the Northern cities.

A short time before the breaking out of our last war with England, I had occasion to make a voyage from New York to Liverpool. I sailed in the good ship *American Eagle*, John Garnet, master, in the month of June. For the first eight or ten days our voyage was a pleasant one. After that we had mostly adverse winds and a good deal of stormy weather, with one or two pretty hard blows.

One morning I happened to wake an hour or two before day, and I soon observed that there was from some cause or other, more commotion on deck than usual. While I lay speculating about the cause of it, I heard the report of a cannon at a distance. This induced me to turn out, get on my clothes and hurry up the companion-way. I found all hands assembled on the fore-castle, gazing at a fire, for which we were steering. It must of course be a burning vessel, for there could be no other combustible in mid-ocean. Minute-guns were firing in the same direction, as signals of distress.

As we were heading directly for the light, it soon began to grow larger and more distinct, and eventually, just as day was breaking, presented the outline of a large ship (large for that

day) wrapped in flames, almost from stem to stern. The excitement now became very great, the question being whether we could reach the burning vessel in time to be of any service. Though we were moving through the water with great rapidity, the flames were advancing still more rapidly. The race was an exciting one, and possessed, of course, a terrible interest for the anxious beings whom we were striving to succor.

On the windward side of the vessel, just abaft the mizzen-mast, was a small space still uninvaded by the fire, and there all on board were huddled together. They were already suffering from the heat, and it was evident that in a very few minutes they must all be either burnt to death, or driven into the raging billows. To add to the difficulties of the case, there was a very high sea running at the time, and the process of transferring the sufferers from their own vessel to ours, must necessarily be a very difficult and dangerous one. Having laid our ship as nearly alongside of the burning mass as prudence would permit, all our available boats were put in requisition, and a call made for volunteers to man them. Nearly all the crew came forward, and a number of the passengers. It was only by extreme care that we managed to launch safely all our boats save one, which was swamped, in spite of all our efforts to prevent it. The boat in which I was, happened to be foremost. It was in charge of the first officer of our ship, and contained one other passenger, who, like myself had volunteered for the expedition. He was a very quiet young man, and I had hardly been aware of his existence until that moment. His name was Arthur Ernschaw.

The burning vessel proved to be the *Penguin* of New York, bound for Liverpool. We reached her in the very nick of time. A few minutes later, and all on board must have miserably perished. As soon as our boat came alongside, we saw the seamen of the other ship making preparations to jump into her, in advance of all the passengers; so many of them that they would probably have sunk the boat. This did not suit us at all, particularly as we saw a number of women and children in the crowd. The mate and one of his men each seized an oar in order to shove off again, and at the same instant I felt a pistol thrust into my hand, while a voice said:

"Shoot them, if they attempt it!"

I looked around, and saw the young passenger already swinging above my head. He had seized a rope, which was lying over the side, and in a few seconds he was on board, standing in the gangway, with a loaded pistol in his hand.

"Fall back!" he shouted, "fall back! If any one attempts to leave the ship before the women and children, I'll blow his brains out, so help me God!"

His determined look, his close-knit brow and flashing eye, even more than his words, caused the startled sailors to retire. By that time, the mate and several others had clambered aboard, and arrangements were speedily made for transferring the more helpless ones to the boats. It was a work of great difficulty and considerable danger. It would have been an arduous undertaking, even if conducted with extreme deliberation; but with the fire in the rear, the water in front, and fear and horror all around, it was truly a terrible task. I almost fancied that I could hear death's dark angel flapping his wings in the murky air.

But a few minutes elapsed before I had occasion to make use of the pistols which had been handed to me. Several sailors had managed to swim to the boat. I allowed them to rest a hand upon the gunwale, but pressed the muzzle of my weapon against the forehead of every one who attempted to come any further, and found the experiment successful. While I was thus engaged, a shriek of bitterest agony rang out upon the waters, rising high above the din around us. At the same instant a sullen plunge told that something had fallen overboard. I looked up and saw a beautiful girl frantically struggling to free herself from a number of men who held her. She was striving to leap in after her father, whose gray hairs were already mingling with the sea-foam, from which they could with difficulty be distinguished. He had fallen in as they were about to transfer him from the ship to the boat, and the remorseless waves had already borne him almost out of sight.

The excitement and confusion were at the highest, when I saw a tall figure run rapidly along the deck, and with a tremendous bound leap far out into the sea. It was our young passenger. The deed seemed truly a desperate one; but the young man possessed great powers of endurance of an extraordinary character, and he resolved to stake his life upon them. Most, perhaps all, of the spectators gave him up for lost. The impulse of his spring, with a few vigorous strokes, carried him to the spot where we had just seen the old man disappear; and there the gallant youth too disappeared, as if swallowed up in a yawning abyss. The next moment, however, we saw him reappear, and with the gray hairs clutched in his powerful grasp; but he was now far away from the ship, and apparently beyond the reach of human assistance. But his quick

eye had noted that which had escaped every other observer. The second boat from our vessel was approaching the spot, directly on a line with the struggling pair. Seeing what had happened, they rowed with all the vigor they were capable of, and were barely in time to rescue them. Their almost lifeless bodies were immediately transferred to our boat, which soon afterwards started to return to the ship laden to the very water's edge with those whom we had saved from the flames. Though the distance was small, it was a tedious as well as a most perilous passage, and nothing but the admirable manner in which the boat was handled saved it from destruction. At last, however, we reached the ship in safety, disembarked our passengers, and then returned to the fire again.

With the exception of one poor woman, who was drowned, all the passengers and crew of the *Penguin* were transferred in safety to the *American Eagle*, and disposed of as comfortably as circumstances would allow. The old gentleman who fell into the sea, had been taken up in a state of insensibility, and had remained so for a long time; but he was at last resuscitated, and eventually restored to his customary state of health. His preserver was much exhausted, but needed nothing but rest to make him as well and strong as ever. This brave fellow was on his way to England, on some business of his father's. He had relatives in the old country, and indeed had spent most of his childhood in Yorkshire. He was an American, however, to the backbone, and as fine a specimen of the breed as any one could desire to see. His father was a resident of the Valley of Virginia.

The old gentleman who had so narrowly escaped a watery grave, was also an American, and a very weakly one—a retired merchant. He was on his way home, after spending some time in Europe with his daughter Fanny, his only child. She was a remarkably pretty girl, and as good as she was pretty. I have known her well from that day to this; I have never known a more excellent woman than Fanny Raye. She was then about nineteen, and a lovelier creature the sun never shone upon. Whether the tender plant of love can grow up, like a mushroom, in a single night, I will not undertake to say; but that it does grow with astonishing rapidity in some soils, and under favorable circumstances, cannot be denied. Of this truth, Arthur Ershawe and Fanny Raye were a notable example. The young man's noble conduct was rewarded by the warmest gratitude on the part of both father and daughter; and it was but a very little time before these sentiments grew

into something warmer still on the part of the latter. As for Arthur, he already loved the sweet girl with his whole soul, while the grateful parent approved with the whole of his, so that it seemed probable that for once, at least, the course of true love would run smooth.

We had made Cape Clear, and were entering the Chops of the Channel, with a fair wind, when we were overhauled by a heavily armed sloop-of-war under British colors. We displayed the American flag, but she paid no attention to it, and proceeded to make signals for us to lie to. Sorely against our will, we were forced to lay our topsails to the mast, and wait for a boat-full of men who were sent to board us. It was a large boat, and there could not have been less than thirty or forty men in it. In the course of the war which soon followed, I made a cruise on board one of our crack privateers, and I did it solely for the purpose of making an effort to apply the tit-for-tat principle to the insulting and arbitrary proceedings of the British officers on the deck of the American Eagle that day. The individual in command of the party, was a red-nosed lieutenant, who had every appearance of considering himself an unappreciated Nelson. After examining our papers, he ordered Captain Garnet to muster his men. He flatly refused, telling the Englishman he would obey no such imperious commands, and that if he did anything contrary to his own free will, it would only be by compulsion.

After a great deal of bickering and fierce altercation, the crew and passengers were forced to appear on deck, and were examined separately by the lieutenant. He questioned them minutely, listened attentively to their pronunciation, and managed to make the discovery that nine of them were British subjects in disguise; and, strange to say, the ablest and best men invariably turned out to be of that class; the refuse of the ship's company only, being adjudged to be real *bona fide* American citizens. More than once during this perquisition, I had noticed the red-nosed man casting sharp glances at Arthur Ernschawe. After he had picked out from among the seamen all the individuals he wanted, he turned to young Ernschawe, and said:

"Young man, you look very much like an Englishman."

"Then my looks lie," retorted Arthur.

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in the State of Virginia, in the United States of America—though I can't imagine what business it is of yours."

"Eh, dear! you can't deceive me. You never got that North of England burr among the Yan-

kees. No, no, my lad, you are as much of a Virginian as York Minster is—just about."

"I have relatives in Yorkshire, and I lived with them when I was a boy. But I am an American by birth, and I have not been out of the United States for twelve years."

"Gammon!"

"Look you, sir!" roared Captain Garnet. "I know Mr. Ernschawe to be an American gentleman of the highest respectability, as was his father before him. But even if he were an Englishman, subject to your villanous press-gang abominations, you could not seize one like him, without making yourself liable to the severest punishment. You know it well."

"I'll run all risks. This is a case of emergency, and we can't stand upon trifles. Clear the gangway and let's be off!"

"By Heaven!" shouted the captain, "if the odds was anything less than two to one, every plank of this deck should swim in blood, before you should leave it with that young man in your clutches. O, for a dozen Yankee tars for ten minutes only! I would give every dollar I am worth for that much of their time!"

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Ha, ha, ha, ha! Take it coolly, my Yankee game-cock, and don't spoil your beauty by that cut-throat frown of yours."

It would have been easier for a volcano to "take it coolly." But there was no help for it all. They had to submit, and the red-nosed lieutenant carried off his prize. It was of such material that the war of 1812 was made. Seeing that the evil was inevitable, Arthur wisely forbore to struggle against it, though the parting from Fanny made it doubly bitter. I stood by the poor girl's side, as the sloop-of-war stood out to sea, and when she had disappeared, I fed Fanny below and left her with her father. Fortunately for our crippled crew, we had fine weather till we arrived in the Mersey. We made no stay in Liverpool, but posted on to London immediately.

I had become so much interested in these young people that I was determined to make an effort, however feeble it might be, in Arthur's behalf. There was at that time a gentleman in a high official position under the British government, to whom I had once rendered a material service. I had never asked any favor at his hands, but I now called on him, stated the circumstances of Ernschawe's case, and begged him to use his influence in his behalf. He assured me that he would do so, and that he had no doubt of being able to secure his discharge, with an indemnity, as soon as the vessel—the Grey-



hound—should return from the very short cruise on which she was bound.

The very next day after this interview, the news arrived that his Britannic majesty's sloop-of-war Greyhound had been captured by a French frigate, off Cape Finisterre, and all on board had been sent to Verdun as prisoners of war. This was a sad blow to all of us, and a terrible one indeed to poor Fanny Raye. We had felt so sure of Arthur's speedy release; and now he was pining in a French prison of the very worst character, where he might lie for years. It was very hard to bear.

The impressments had been made with the design of "cutting out" a French vessel from one of the channel ports. The prisoners, of course, were all taken for Englishmen, and all treated alike. Poor Fanny's grief moved me to the bottom of my heart, and at last I resolved, by way of doing something, to go to Verdun, and see if anything could be done to ameliorate our prisoner's lot.

The next day after forming this resolution, I started. Having reached the place, I proceeded to seek an interview with Arthur, and with some difficulty succeeded in doing so. He derived from this, however, no benefit except such as might result from the messages I bore him, and the money with which I supplied him. The latter, at least, was decidedly useful.

Having no ostensible rank on board the Greyhound, he was classed with the common sailors in prison, and treated like them in every respect. This was the great hardship of his case, and I tried my best to impress the real facts of the case upon the bull-headed commander of the post—but all to no purpose. He was a veteran martinet, with no more feeling than a piece of machinery. With a heavy heart I returned to Paris. Arthur's case had already been laid before the American Minister at the imperial court, Honorable John Armstrong, and I now called upon him in order to urge an immediate application to the emperor. But everything seemed to conspire to vex and baffle us. I was informed that Napoleon was absent on the frontier, and that it was very uncertain when he would return.

Dispirited and dejected in the extreme, I left the rooms of the legation and strolled slowly back towards my lodgings, hardly bestowing a glance upon the wonders of the capital, which under other circumstances, would have been objects of the liveliest curiosity. My nearest way was through that splendid thoroughfare, the Garden of the Tuilleries. The evening was warm, and I had been walking for some distance; I therefore sat down to rest, and watch the gay

throng in the principal avenues. The seat I had taken was in a shady spot in a quiet corner. Except a few passing by occasionally, there was no one near me except a single individual, who was sauntering about under the trees. He wore a rather shabby, half-military looking costume, and had, I thought, rather a disreputable appearance. Being curious to know whether the dress he wore was a distinctive uniform, I asked a half-grown lad, who was passing at the time, if he knew who that man was.

"He's a *mouchard*," replied the boy, in a whisper.

It was almost the same thing as if he had said a devil. A *mouchard* is a spy of the police, and far more to be dreaded in Paris (particularly at that time) than Satan himself. But my skirts were clear, my passport perfectly *en règle*, and all the *mouchards* in France were nothing to me, unless they could do something for the benefit of poor Arthur. After a while, I ceased to observe the man, and fell into a painful reverie. My thoughts being thus occupied, I did not notice for some time that some one had seated himself beside me, and I was a little startled when I looked round and saw that it was the *mouchard*. Apparently, however, he did not observe me, but seemed like myself a moment before, in a "brown study." If this was a piece of acting, as I thought at the time, it was very good acting certainly; for when a movement of his arm threw down my umbrella, which I had left leaning against the bench, he looked up, gazed at me a moment, said "pardon!" and picked up the umbrella in the most natural manner possible. I cannot say that he was very polite—for a Frenchman, that is. Rather the contrary, indeed. But there was nothing constrained or artificial in his manner. Having looked at me very earnestly for a minute or more, he said:

"You are not a Frenchman?"

"No," replied I.

"An Englishman, I suppose."

"No, I am not an Englishman."

"You are an American then."

"Yes, I am from the United States."

"Are you going to have a war with England?" he asked sharply.

I told him I thought we would, and proceeded to give my reasons for thinking so. He went on questioning me with a fifty Yankee power of inquisitiveness, and, almost before I was aware of it, in declaiming against Great Britain, I told him all about Arthur, and our trouble with the Greyhound. It seemed naturally connected with the subject of our difficulties with England, and I did not feel that there was any necessity

for making a secret of the matter. Still, I felt rather sheepish at having let out my story to a *mouchard*.

He listened with great apparent interest while I spoke of Arthur's noble conduct at the burning of the Penguin, and seemed to feel the injustice of the English officer almost as much as I did.

"You do not seem to be very fond of the British," I said, as I remarked this.

"No, I am not fond of the British," he replied; and the words came hissing through his teeth with an emphasis that left no doubt upon my mind of his sincerity.

"Why didn't you apply to the emperor?" he asked, abruptly, a few minutes afterwards.

"Because he is not here," said I, "and I don't believe it would make any difference if he was, for he is up to the eyes in business—raising a million men they say, to take them to Russia to get—"

"To get what?"

"Well, in my country they call it getting *licked*. I have done a very silly thing in speaking so freely; but I am not used to keeping a gag in my mouth, and I began the sentence before I thought how awkward it would be to finish it."

The man looked intently in my face for a minute or two. I think the word "*lick*," and my slipshod French together, bothered him. He said nothing, however, but abruptly walked away, leaving me to the very pleasant reflection that I had made a fool of myself. It was now getting dark in the shady spot where we were, and I soon saw that he had moved away only to get to the light. When he got away from the trees, he pulled out a greasy-looking pocket-book, and began to write something on a bit of paper. Having scribbled away rapidly for a minute or two, he came back and handed me the paper.

"The commandant at Verdun," said he, "happens to be an old friend of mine. If you will return thither, and hand him that paper, privately, it will probably be of some service to your countryman."

With these words he bowed stiffly, and then strode rapidly away, leaving me, as the French say, "*planté là*," staring after him with eyes (and mouth too, probably) wide open—*etahi*, as any one of the passers-by would have called it. That this somewhat shabby-looking individual could have any influence over the stiff-backed martinet of Verdun, seemed too preposterous for serious consideration. What could the fellow mean?

The clattering of drums roused me from my reflections. It was the signal for guard-mount-

ing, and warned me that it was time to leave. As I passed out of the nearest gate, I spoke to a sentry who had just been relieved, and asked him if he knew the man who had just passed through. It was my friend the *mouchard*, but it seems the soldier did not notice him. Stopping at the first lamp I came to, I examined the paper which he had handed to me. The contents could hardly be called writing. It was merely a confused jumble of marks, not unlike those made by a child who has never learned to write. What could be the object of such a mystification? I crushed the paper in my hand, and thrust it into my pocket, with a most unamiable feeling towards mankind generally, the English and French nations specifically, and the shabby, semi-military *mouchard* individually.

The next day I started on my return to London, where I arrived in due time, and gave an account of my bootless expedition. Poor Fanny was grievously disappointed, and though she said nothing about it, I could see that she did not agree with me in relation to the paper I had received. By persevering inquiries, I at length drew from her the admission that she had some faith in the truth of the *mouchard's* statement. She had an idea that he and the commandant might both be members of some oath-bound association of Free Masons, Carbonari, Illuminati, or something of that sort, and that one might be under some mysterious obligation to obey the other in any circumstances and at all hazards.

As the poor girl evidently derived some comfort from this fanciful theory, I not only did not oppose it, but told her I would test its genuineness, by returning to Verdun, and taking the scrawl with me. This I eventually did, and Fanny and her father accompanied me. With great difficulty we succeeded in obtaining an interview with the veteran commandant. It was with anything but alacrity that I entered his presence. Having no faith whatever in the mysterious paper, I felt assured that he would consider the presentation of it a deliberate insult, and what the consequences might be I did not like to conjecture.

After keeping us waiting a long time, the old fellow appeared, and it was not without some trepidation that I noticed that his stiff back was still stiffer, and his dark brow still darker than before. I told my story, described the man who gave me the paper, and then presented the paper itself, taking care at the same time, that there should be no obstacles between me and the outside door.

The war-battered veteran's face was a sealed book on most occasions, but the moment his eye lit upon the *mouchard's* hieroglyphics, the whole

man underwent an instantaneous change. That the mysterious scrawl was no mystery to him, was abundantly evident; and that he was greatly moved by reading it was equally manifest. My excitement was hardly inferior to his; but it was all astonishment, pure and unadulterated.

"Monsieur," said he, in a whisper, "have a fleet horse in waiting for your friend, at midnight, at the bridge over the Meuse, on the road to Varennes. He shall be furnished with all necessary papers and passports. Let him cross the frontier with all possible despatch, hasten to the coast, and cross over to England. But, on your lives, breathe not a syllable of this to any one till you are out of France—and even then, the less you say about the thing the better."

With these words, the old soldier bowed us out. He seemed to be in an agony, lest the very walls should hear him, and pressed his finger to his lips more than a dozen times, while we were leaving him.

"I do believe Fanny was right, after all," said I, as soon as we reached the street. "There certainly is some kind of hocus pocus at the bottom of this. Who would believe that old Pipe-Clay there could be thrown into such a fermentation by anything—unless, indeed, it were a rusty firelock on parade, or some such unpardonable sin on the part of a soldier? But it is not much to be wondered at. The emperor will surely skin him alive if he finds it out."

"He is not likely to find it out, I think," said Mr. Raye. "He is entirely absorbed in his Russian scheme, they say."

To our immense delight, we met Arthur at the bridge at the appointed hour. He had been smuggled out of the prison, and escorted to the immediate neighborhood of the spot by the commandant himself. He had a passport, minutely describing his person as that of John Brown, an English merchant, travelling by way of Brussels and Ghent, to Ostend, and thence to London. They have in that part of the world (or had before railroad times) a mode of posting on horseback, called travelling a *franc etrier*, which is more swift than pleasant, decidedly. It suited Arthur, however, and he had determined to adopt it. A hasty embrace, a rapid shaking of hands, and he was off. We returned to our lodgings, and the next day retraced our steps to Paris, meeting no difficulties by the way, except such as resulted from being occasionally taken for English travellers. We were several times annoyed from this cause, in our journeyings in France, but the trouble was merely temporary.

Remaining one day in the French metropolis to rest and recruit, we went to see a grand re-

view in the Champ de Mars; rather to get a sight of the great Corsican, however, than to witness the military pageant. By going early, we secured a favorable location, but we had to wait a long time before the emperor made his appearance. At last, we observed a great commotion among the crowd; hats and caps were tossed into the air, and shouts of "*Vive l'empereur!*" burst from thousands of tongues.

As the commotion and the cries rolled on, in the direction of the spot which we occupied, we saw a splendid cavalcade of generals and marshals of France, in brilliant uniform, come prancing down the lines. The warriors whose names were then filling all Europe with amazement and alarm, were many of them there, bedecked with towering plumes, and blazing with stars, and crosses, and jewels, and gold—"the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war."

In the very centre of this glittering galaxy, conspicuous for the plainness of his attire, and the absence of everything like pretension in his equipment, was one who was the observed of all observers. A single glance assured me that it must be "the man of destiny" himself; and yet, it was, beyond a doubt, the *mouchard* of the Garden of the Tuileries!

Yes, it was even so. He was dressed a little better, but in the same style; and the man himself, nobody who had seen him once would ever mistake. The idea of their identity had never occurred before to any of us, so completely impressed was I with the idea that the emperor was not in Paris at the time of our interview. He had returned, as I afterwards ascertained, but an hour or two before I saw him, and had strolled into a retired part of the garden, with his travel-stained, dust-covered apparel, which was absolutely shabby, and in the last degree un-emperor-like. The urchin who told me he was a *mouchard* was probably quizzing me. He had evidently been much interested in Arthur's story, and for reasons best known to himself, had determined to adopt a secret and summary means of liberating him. To show, even to a few humble Americans, his superiority in a matter of good feeling to the hated British, was no doubt one of his motives. The mysterious paper I suppose contained writing in cypher, which he often made use of, and which could of course be read by certain officials, to whom the key had been communicated.

Arthur soon rejoined us in London, and we all hastened back to the United States, for war with Great Britain was now considered a fixed fact. In that war, Arthur Ernschaw afterwaras bore no inglorious part, and at its close he and Fanny were married. We have been fast friends ever since.

[ORIGINAL.]

## I'M SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY WILLIE WARR.

I'm sad, ay, sad to-night,  
 Though all around are gay,  
 And on no brow amid the crowd  
 A shadow seems to play.  
 Rich music falls upon mine ear,  
 And forms flit to and fro;  
 Feet keep time in merry dance—  
 My heart is filled with wo.

I've left the giddy throng,  
 The ball-room's glare of light,  
 And wandered to this bower  
 Upon this festive night.  
 The stars look down from heaven  
 With sadness on me now,  
 The beams of silvery moonlight  
 Fall on my heated brow.

My heart is almost breaking,  
 The tears refuse to flow;  
 My eyes are dull and lifeless,  
 My cheeks have lost their glow.  
 I pine for thee, dear Arle,  
 Amid these scenes of glee;  
 Ah, leave that far-off land,  
 "Come back, come back to me!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

BY MRS. C. ELLIS HOWE.

In the summer of 1484, the valleys of Bohemia were the scenes of fearful conflicts and ruthless slaughter, and the Boehmer-Wald, glooming darkly in the distance, had witnessed the terrible collision of maddened foes, and had seen the glory of the summer day darkened by the smoke of burning hamlets, from the first flush of spring to the ripening of the golden grain.

The autumn wind swept down the ravines, and the sounds of war were borne on its wings to the remotest fastnesses of the land. The peasant gathered his sheaves in terror, the youth of the villages forgot the harvest merry-makings, and in the moonlit eves of October there were no songs, or dances, or joyful trysts beneath the oaks—but instead, there were tearful partings and silent prayers, and sadness in castle and cottage. Upon one of these moonlit eves, the light shone down upon an encampment of gipsies, who had pitched their tents in the shelter of one of the oak forests that skirt the Bohemian plains. The sun had set in fiery pomp, and the dark masses of cloud gathered low in the west, indicated a storm close at hand. From behind

the Boehmer-Wald, which like some giant sentinel guarded the east, the moon rose up broad and red, and looked over the land.

It lit up the weather-stained canvass of the gipsy tents, and streaming in long rays into the gloomy woodland, revealed the strange, dark figures hurrying hither and thither, in busy preparation for their evening meal. As the wind swept through the oaks with stronger gusts and died away in long sobs through the glens, their activity increased—the men put their hands to the work, and the children ran fleetly from tent to tent. But of them there was one—a woman—who stood apart with folded arms, or strode haughtily and leisurely to and fro. She was of queenly presence and great beauty—tall, her figure perfect in its proportions and mould, her complexion olive, her eyes large, black, lustrous, now keef as an eagle's glance, and now soft and gentle with all a woman's tenderness. There were trouble and anxiety brooding now in their depths, and from time to time a wild, longing look would flit over her face, a crimson glow flush her cheek, and she would compress her lips together until the rosy curve was deepened to a vivid scarlet.

"Mother of the Zingari!" she muttered, in a suppressed tone, "this is the day, this the hour; but he comes not. Can it fail? Yon star yet proclaims the truth of thy prophecy, and yet—and yet he comes not."

She clenched her small hands together and strode more rapidly to and fro. She waved away a lad who crossed her path, and the child flew to his mother in fright.

Two swarthy women paused in their work and looked at her. "It is the queen's black day," said one to the other, in low tones. "If she fulfils not to-night the prophecy of the Zingara, the curse will fall upon her—ay, the curse!" And she gloated over the words with terrible emphasis.

"Let it come—let it come!" muttered the other. "Shall she—"

"Hist! she comes this way." And the two evil-eyed crones bent low over their work again.

The gipsy queen approached. "Denko," she called, in a voice as clear and sweet as the sound of a silver trumpet.

A lad of a dozen years came running up.

"Come with me, Denko," said the queen. "I go to the edge of yonder forest." She added: "Ere the moon lights the tree-tops at the foot of the mountain, I will return."

The band listened mutely, and when she was gone turned again to their supper and their jests. The queen and the lad moved on in silence,

threading the forest mazes, crushing the dry leaves beneath their feet, and at last came to the edge of the woodland, and looked out over the broad plain. The queen listened. At first, the sighing of the wind through the trees was the only audible sound, but presently, to her practised ear, an echo broke the silence of the lonely woods. The queen eagerly threw herself upon the ground and placed her ear to the turf for a moment. Then she rose and joyfully swept back the long black tresses wet with night dews.

"Zingarella," she said, exultingly, "thou hast not failed me—lo, he comes!"

The metallic ring of hoofs upon the flinty road now became sharply distinct, and in another moment two horsemen cantered up the hill, their forms darkly outlined in the moonlight. Bidding the lad to remain quiet, the queen wrapped her mantle closer about her, and descending the sloping bank, passed into the road. Drawing up her regal form to its full height, she proudly awaited the coming of the horsemen. The moon veiled herself in clouds and dusky shadows fell upon the landscape. The horsemen came nearer, and still the queen kept her position. The clouds swept by, a flood of light fell upon field and road, and at that instant a panting steed was reined in with a strong hand, and a clear voice rang out with the words:

"St. Agatha protect us! What's this?" And the speaker gazed at the form before him. The gipsy queen slowly let fall the mantle from her head and shoulders, and stood calmly and radiantly beautiful in the moonlight.

"Once—twice—from shame and from death. This is the day. The Zingara foretold it—the stars proclaim it."

"By Heaven, it is one of the Zingari!" exclaimed the other rider. "A rare specimen, too, upon my faith as a Castilian. 'Twas a lucky star that shone over our birth, Rudolpho! Here, in this Bohemian wild, we encounter as much grace and majesty as often sits upon a throne."

"Nay, Don Roderigo," said the other, most courteously, "it is not meet to pour too lavish praise into fair ears. What would you, maiden? Would you read my destiny?"

"If you will, Sir Knight." The words were spoken in the smoothest Castilian, and with a precision of accent and emphasis that made the knight start and exclaim hastily: "You have seen the orange-groves of Spain, maiden, I trow. Why do I find you here in these troublous times, too fierce for even a Zingari maiden to set foot on other than her native soil?"

"It matters not, my lord. Give me your hand."

He complied with her imperious command. While she bent low her head, essaying to read the fine lines by the broken moonlight, he scanned her face and person with admiring interest. The two horsemen were equal in stature and in personal beauty, but there was that about Rudolpho which marked him the superior in rank. One saw it in the proud glance of the eye, the carriage of the head, and in the chivalric, high-toned courtesy of his manner.

"Bane and blessing—light and darkness—in its waxing, in its waning!" muttered the gipsy maiden. "Turn back, my lord! The stars decree it—fate commands it."

"How? What do you mean?" demanded Rudolpho, in surprise.

"Ha! a pretty fortune, by the Alhambra!" laughed the other. "See if thou canst read me a like, maiden." And he extended his hand, with a piece of gold shining in its palm. With a proud gesture, the maiden swept it from her, and the gold clinked across the gravelly path. The knight swore in goodly Castilian fashion, but the maiden, fixing her eyes upon Rudolpho's face, repeated solemnly:

"Turn back, my lord; shame and death lie in your path."

"Come on, Rudolpho. Thou hast stood prating long enough, seeing it is but a Zingari maiden," exclaimed Don Roderigo, spurring his horse. Rudolpho's steed likewise sprang forward, but the gipsy queen, with a bold, quick movement, grasped him firmly by the bridle.

"Maiden, maiden, have a care!" cried Rudolpho, alarmed for her safety. But the girl held the foaming animal, and without stirring from the path, exclaimed:

"My lord, turn back, I implore you by all you love, by the sacredness of your cause. Hark! hear what the stars proclaim—captive—dishonored—reviled—condemned—death. In fair Castile thy mother will weep for thee, thy sisters touch the guitar in mourning songs, thy maiden go down to the grave sorrowing."

"A charming romance," said Don Roderigo, lightly. "Were not thy courage proved, Rudolpho, thou mightst be suspected of playing the craven."

Rudolpho's cheek paled, and he involuntarily put his hand to his sword.

"Don Roderigo, you forget that it is to Rudolpho Echeranza that you speak.—Maiden," he added, kindly, turning to the gipsy, "I thank you for your warning, but I must on. Ere to-morrow's sunset, I have sworn to accomplish a difficult task, but one which our cause demands. My knightly honor is pledged." He would have

unclasped her hand from the horse's bridle, but the girl dropped the rein and throwing herself upon her knees in the path, exclaimed, with passionate earnestness :

"My lord, go not hence. Your errand is fruitless, your death certain!"

"Castilian soldiers do not fear death," he answered proudly. "I thank you, maiden, but I cannot listen. And now a benison rest upon thee. Stay, wilt thou take gold from me?" She sprang to her feet, and pressing close to his horse's side, took from his hand a glittering coin.

"My lord," she said, "I would have saved you; but see, here is a ring," and she drew from her finger a broad circlet of gold, bearing a massive stone of beryl. "Take it, and when the hour of trial comes, if thou canst send it to the gipsy queen Teresa, she will come to thee. Death alone shall stand between her and thee."

The knight took the ring, kissing the hand that gave it, and then repeating his thanks, the two sped away. The maiden watched them till the gray distance concealed their forms, and then slowly made her way back to the encampment.

"Once it is past. Now I wait for the last. Twelve days from this, at the waning of the star," she murmured. And as she went on, she crossed her two hands upon her breast, as if she would keep down the strong sobs that shook her frame.

The two horsemen galloped swiftly across the plain, and then diverging from the highway, struck into the forest.

"What think you, good Rudolpho?" said Don Roderigo, giving his tired animal a breathing space, and pushing back the damp locks from his forehead—"what think you the gipsy maiden meant by her strange tale? She spoke like one in good earnest, in sooth."

"I know not," returned the other. "Perchance some evil superstition haunts her. These wild folk think after another fashion from us."

"If any harm should befall you, Rudolpho, you have a talisman in the ring she gave you. She was more chary in her favors towards me. You were born under a propitious star, my lord."

"I wot the stars have little to do with men's destinies. With our own good strength we must carve out our fortunes, and he shapes the most beautiful form who is the most skilful artisan. But see, Don Roderigo, the moon wanes, yonder star hastens to its setting, and if we urge not our steeds to a quicker pace, dawn will overtake us loitering."

They rode on for another hour in silence, and then as they gained a slight eminence, a grim castle loomed upon them, forbidding in its seem-

ing mighty strength. The massive gateway, the towers, the walls of solid masonry, the deep moat, indicated its impenetrability. It was the stronghold of one of the most powerful barons in the land, and from this gray fortress many armed bands were accustomed to go forth to pillage the defenceless people. In the present contest, the baron had espoused the cause of Spain, and his castle, commanding as it did the pass of the Boehmer-Wald, and serving as a retreat, not only for the predatory followers of the baron, but for a goodly number of the soldiers of the duke, presented the chief obstacle to the entrance of the Spanish army into the heart of Bohemia. Pausing on the brow of the hill, the cavaliers reined in their steeds and gazed for a moment at the gloomy fortress. It loomed dark and vast in the distance, indistinctly seen by the pale light of the moon.

"Here then, good Rudolpho, I must part from thee," said Don Roderigo, breaking the silence. Rudolpho slowly removed his casque, and turned to his companion :

"Thou knowest," he said, "that I have undertaken this task at the bidding of our prince, and that I have sworn to accomplish it, if mortal skill and daring can avail. But if I should fail, if the prophecy of the gipsy maiden should be fulfilled, and I should fall by the hand of yonder vile robber, do thou bear to my mother and sister my last remembrances. Tell them that for my country I died gladly, but that I never forgot them; and when they sit in the shade of the orange groves, I know they will sometimes think of me."

Don Roderigo made a feint of stroking his horse's mane to conceal his emotion, but his voice was a little less steady than usual, as he said : "On my honor as a Castilian, I promise to bear thy words back to thy friends, if the fortune of war spares me—but put away the thought of the gipsy's prophecy. It was an idle tale. If thou hadst crossed her other hand also with gold, she would have made thy fortune twice as black, I doubt not."

"Nay, Don Roderigo," said the other, with some hesitation, "hast thou ever heard a strange tale afloat concerning me—a tale told to my mother in my childhood by one of the Zingari? It has troubled my gentle mother much."

"Never," replied his companion.

"It was this—that on a certain day of a certain year, an evil chance should befall me, and that in twelve days thereafter a yet greater danger should menace me—but that if I thwarted the fates at these times they should afterward have no power over my destiny."

"An idle superstition, Rudolpho, trust me," said Roderigo, incredulously.

"I know not. The warning of the gipsy has recalled it to me. But, Roderigo, thou wilt bear me witness at the court of our king, that I did not shrink from my duty. And now let us arrange for our meeting. Thou wilt remain here in the shade of this wood, and to-morrow night if all goes well with me, I will rejoin thee. If not, do not wait for me longer than till sunset of the next day. If I do not return then, thou wilt ride at thy best speed to the camp and say to our captain that I fell in his service."

Don Roderigo promised compliance, and the two parted. He watched Rudolpho till his form became indistinct in the dimness, and then withdrew into the shade of the wood.

"He is a bold cavalier and a true," he muttered, as he spread his cloak upon the ground, "and if any one can find a way to enter that black den, he is the man for it, but I sorely doubt. But for thee, Roderigo, the best thing for thee to do is to sleep, for in the east yonder, the morning fires are already kindled. Thy slumber will not be long at the best." And throwing himself upon the ground, and folding his cloak about him, the tired soldier soon slept.

The castle of Schenau was yet many miles away, and Rudolpho proposed to ride but a short distance further, since in pursuance of his purpose, it would not be safe for him to approach the castle till after nightfall. So long had the lawless baron domineered over the neighboring country, that his extermination was almost a hopeless thing; but the castle stood in the direct path of the invading army—the leader of the Spanish forces had said that it must fall, and Rudolpho Echeranza, the son of a noble Spaniard, had volunteered for the perilous service upon which he had now entered—to visit the environs of the castle, examine the fortifications, and assure himself of the weakest point of attack.

Rudolpho had been trained in those chivalric times, when beneath iron armor a tender heart beat high and warm—and of all the Spanish knights, there were none braver or truer than he, yet the superstitious influences of the times had not failed to impress a mind naturally romantic, and as he rode on his solitary journey, the gipsy girl and her ominous declaration were the frequent theme of his thoughts. He rode forward until he judged the castle to be distant about three leagues, and then he withdrew into the densest part of the forest to seek concealment. Worn with the night's toils, he threw himself upon a couch of dry leaves and slept.

While the sun rose and shone bright and warm

over the broad plains, the green woods and dark mountains of Bohemia, while the wind blew soft through the forest and rustled the leaves over the head of the sleeping Rudolpho, while the birds sang and insects hummed and waters rippled, the gipsy encampment was in motion. Fires were kindled under the iron vessels which contained their unsavory broth; the men lounged about on the green sward, and the children chased each other about the wood. The gipsy queen had not come out of her tent that morning, and putting aside the ragged canvass, and making our way through the rubbish that blocks up the entrance, we shall find her sitting in one corner, her head bowed upon her hands, and her whole attitude one of dejection.

"Shame and death!" she murmured. "So fair a face, so noble a cavalier—does the crimson tide flow—do they mock him, taunt him with bitter words? See, they crowd around—they are too many for him—mother of the Zingari, he falls faint and wounded. Now a black dungeon—chains—death! St. Hilda, do I sit here? Shall I let the black fate shroud him?"

She rose and bound up the long black hair which fell over her shoulders like a veil, and then drawing a crimson shawl around, and winding a scarf of the same color and material about her head, she went out of the tent. The gipseys made way for her with a respect which showed how complete was her sway over these rude minds, and she passed on till she came to an old crone, who sat weaving together long, narrow strips of osier, and muttering to herself all the time. The queen went close to her, but the old woman took no notice of her coming.

"Mother," she said, raising her voice and shaking her slightly, "I want some of the black wine with which you can work such strange spells."

"The black wine! Ay, death is black. The sun goes out—the wood is black—you cannot see. Blackness all around—but see, Zingari, the corse is white, snow-white!" muttered the old woman.

"No matter for that. Give me the potion."

The old woman rose with difficulty and hobbled away to a tent near by—her grizzled hair, her bronzed, wrinkled face and her stooping gait, forming a strangely unpleasant contrast to the maiden's rich beauty and free, light movements.

"Here, daughter," said the old woman, returning. And she handed her a small flask containing a quantity of black liquid. The maiden turned away and walked towards the tents, and the aged gipsy stood watching her retreating figure and shaking her trembling hands, as if it were some malediction that she was muttering.



"You need not strike the tents. We do not go hence to day," said the queen, as the troop gathered around her.

"Eh!" "How?" "What says she?" exclaimed some. Others scowled and walked away defiantly clenching their hands, but the majority acquiesced in the decision of their mistress.

"Stay here till my return," she added, "be it soon or late."

She wrapped the crimson mantle closer around her, and turning her back upon the camp, took her way across the plains. This wild band possess incredible powers of endurance, performing the longest marches with ease. The maiden had been accustomed to these toilsome journeys from childhood, and she kept on her way until sunset without slackening her pace. When the sun was throwing his last red glory over the earth, she stood upon the brow of a hill overlooking a wide extent of country. Vast fields of waving grain swept away on either side, the mountains lifted their dark, bald forms far up into the sky, patches of forest chequered the plains, and away in the distance the silver Woldaw uncoiled its wavy length. Over against the horizon, opposite the hill against which she stood, a gray castle frowned grimly upon the valleys. Standing there in the light of the setting sun, the maiden unwound the crimson scarf from about her head and let the west wind play amid her shining hair.

"At last I am near him," she murmured, as the cool air fanned her heated brow. "Why is it that of all the cavaliers I have met, this one alone seems noble and knightly to me? And I can address him in his own sweet tongue, and he was surprised to hear. Why is it that I alone of all my tribe can speak this language of marvellous sweetness? Strange—strange! Sometimes a vision haunts me of those fragrant orange groves. I seem to see a little child playing there, and a dark-eyed, beautiful woman caresses her tenderly. What is it? Is it a dream? When I told it to Zingarella, she chid me and bade me be silent. What is it—and why is Teresa the gipsy queen the saddest of all her tribe?" She sank upon the ground and wept; but she did not long indulge her grief. Wrapping herself again in her crimson garments, she ate of the black bread with which she had provided herself, and resumed her journey. The rising moon saw her close under the walls of the castle.

It was nearly dark when Rudolpho awoke, and he sprang up and quickly made preparations for departure. The sagacious Arabian which he rode uttered a low neigh of satisfaction when he found himself again under the saddle. To meas-

ure the distance which yet intervened, was but the work of a brief space, but Rudolpho departed so far from the highway, and guided his steed slowly through so many forest paths, that three or four hours sped away, before he reached the fortress. When within half a mile he dismounted, led the horse into a close thicket of underbrush, and leaving him tethered there, went forward on foot.

The lights were yet more bright in the great banquetting hall, and the noisy mirth of the baron and his wassail crew floated forth on the evening air. He was forced to lie concealed another two hours before he dared to commence his investigations. Then, when the last torch had been extinguished, and the call of the sentry pacing the walk became the only sound, Rudolpho emerged from his hiding-place and sought some point where the moat might be passable—but it was broad and deep, and the sentry's walk commanded its whole length, so that to endeavor to cross it would be worse than useless. Looking about for some other means of approach, the possibility of descending to the ravine which flanked it on the north side, and scaling the precipice, so as to reach the surface of the ground in the rear, and close upon the fortress, presented itself—almost hopelessly at first—but Rudolpho was fertile in expedients as well as brave in action, and the longer he considered, the more feasible the project appeared. On this side, the castle abutted upon a deep ravine, whose side nearest it was almost perpendicular, and trusting to its natural defences in that direction, no other precautions had been taken. It was beyond the sight of the sentries, and out of the range of the windows.

After an hour of prodigious toil, clinging to the bare rocks which lay piled in the bottom of the gulf, Rudolpho, to his great joy, at last succeeded in reaching a jutting shelf which shot out from the bank. Another spring and he stood upon the solid ground. Here was a space some ten feet in length and nearly as broad in the centre, but narrowing at each extremity as the massive wall approached the edge of the gulf, where it was no more than wide enough for a man to stand. Rudolpho went to the right, but a solid wall opposed his progress; to the left, and here he found a depression in the surface, and looking carefully in its close vicinity, he found that the foundations were porous, and that the stone might be easily displaced from its bed. He conceived the plan of reducing the castle by means of a band of bold men who should approach it by the same way in which he had come, and undermining the wall, confront the foe within

the yard, before he could suspect their proximity. Absorbed in his researches, Rudolpho incautiously placed his foot upon a loose stone, it slipped and rolled away into the ravine, clanking against the rocky sides as it went, and falling noisily on the bottom.

"Who goes there?" called the sentry, almost before the echo of the sound died away.

Rudolpho turned, and as quickly as possible retraced his steps, but he had not reached the corner around which he might be concealed from sight, when the call was repeated in louder, alarmed tones, and the sentry hastened across the bastion to a turret overlooking the whole yard. The glare of his torch fell full upon Rudolpho, who seeing his last hope of escape fail him, hastily made preparations for defence. The alarm call of the sentry, and the shrill tones of his trumpet rang out in the evening silence, and in a moment more the yard was thronged with armed men. Rudolpho posted himself at the corner of the wall thus commanding the narrow pass at the rear of the castle. In the presence of danger the courage of the bold cavalier rose to an enthusiastic daring, and shouting the war-cry of Spain and King Philip, he received the attack of his foremost foe. There was a clashing of steel, a fierce hand-to-hand conflict, and the Spaniard was victorious. The followers of the baron were forced to encounter their enemy singly, and the cavalier maintained his position at a disastrous sacrifice of life on the part of the foe. The baron raved in his impotent anger.

"A good sword to him who shall conquer the dog of a Spaniard!" he shouted madly.

An old Bohemian soldier sprang forward, a scarred veteran, the hero of a hundred battles, stimulated into a fiercer enthusiasm by the prospect of reward. Rudolpho wavered under his well-directed blows—it was all he could do to parry his skilful thrusts, and the resonant clang was incessant and loud. The Bohemian in his fury pressed forward too far; Rudolpho's sword served him in good stead; the troop of soldiers sent forth a long, piercing shriek as their bold comrade gave way—fell—and the steel armor clashed against the rocky walls of the chasm which yawned beneath.

But Rudolpho had himself received many wounds, and sick and faint from loss of blood, he staggered, lost the power to defend himself, and with a yell of cruel satisfaction, the Bohemians sprang upon their disabled prey.

"Bring the vile Spaniard to the hall," said the baron. "Let him tell what he is here for, and then he shall die the death of a felon. Bring him before me."

But Rudolpho, weak and trembling, was not yet shorn of his heroic strength of purpose, and remained doggedly silent. Menaces, promises, bribes, were too weak to wring from him any hint of his design. Pale, but resolute and brave, he confronted his merciless foe.

"I am a Castilian," was his sole, proud answer to all questions. Vain were the lures held out by the baron, vainer still his threats.

"Take him hence," he shouted at last, wild with exasperation at his defeat, "away with him to the Black Dungeon. Let us see if our will shall be thwarted by this Spanish stripling."

Rudolpho was forced away to a dark, loathsome dungeon, moist with the slime of a hundred years, and unwholesome with the accumulation of pestilential airs. Above his head a few rays of light came in through a small aperture in the massive walls, but the beams flickered faintly in, as if loth to enter so fearful a place. Overcome with fatigue and the exhaustion consequent from his wounds, Rudolpho sank upon the stone floor and slept. It may have been hours or minutes that he lay there; but when he awoke it was only the same dark solitude around. A single gleam of sunshine came in at the small window and shot across the vault, glistening upon the opposite wall. By this level ray Rudolpho guessed it was nightfall, and that the sun was just going down. O, how he longed to bathe in its blessed light once more! To feel the free winds blow about and the gentle dew of heaven fall upon his forehead! Solitude in this dreary prison-house was enough to sap his strength. It had a horror that death could not have. In the midst of the gloomy thoughts that now pressed heavily upon him, he heard a dull, hollow sound, then a metallic clink, and the iron door swung back.

Four stout men appeared at the entrance and proceeded to fasten yet more chains upon him. They were going to lead him forth to death, he thought, and his flagging spirits rose. Guarded upon all sides, he clambered painfully up the steep staircases till he reached the ground floor. But it was not to death they had led him. He was again confronted with the baron, again plied with questions, again assailed with menaces.

"I am a Castilian," he repeated, scornfully, crossing his arms proudly on his breast.

"Back with him to the dungeon," said the baron, his voice husky with passion. "When to-morrow's sun gilds the top of the Shuckenstein, let him die, base dog of a Spaniard that he is!"

Back down the stone stairs, out of the life-giving air, blowing fresh and cool from the mountains, Rudolpho went, knowing that when the

slow hours had dragged by, and the red dawn lighted the east once again, he should be free, eternally free. He shrank not now from the noisome dungeon, the darkness had no terror for him, black though it was. Again the iron door shut him in, alone with himself and his fate.

And now that his doom was certain, he experienced a singular exaltation of spirits. Already, as if he were loosed from fleshly bonds, his mind expanded and gathered new powers, the latent forces of his nature unfolded, and Rudolpho was never so fit to live as now that death waited close at hand. He could not remain inactive, and he paced the dungeon, his steps light and elastic, and the pain of his wounds forgotten. All the old memories of his childhood came thronging back. The orange groves, where a child he had played, the courts, the gardens of his father's chateau, the broad sandy beach that fronted it, the swell of the waves of the blue sea, his sweet mother's voice, and her look and caress of love, the dark, soft beauty of the cousin who had been his childish playmate, all came before him now with a vividness which almost transcended the reality. The night wore on. He could not count the hours, but he knew that they were slipping away from him with resistless certainty. Through the small crevice in the wall, a single star shone down with steady splendor. Long he watched it, and at last it paled before the advancing dawn.

And still the hours wore on. How slow was their flight! He paced the dungeon restlessly, as if he could approach his fate. He faced the small window. It was dark and ill-defined against the dun sky.

He stopped, and while he stood motionless, something rattled against the wall, and fell at his feet. Thrilled with sudden surprise, and a more strange feeling still, he stooped and felt about the damp floor. A few bits of gravel lay scattered there.

Again the rattling sound, and some tiny fragments of stone showered his head. He sprang erect, all his blood bounding within him. Where now was the repose with which he had awaited death? A wild hope of escape trembled up from those deep places in his soul, where the love of life still lay hidden. What was it? Suddenly the prophecy of the Zingari maiden flashed through his mind. Instinctively he felt for the ring she had given him. It was still upon his finger.

"Nothing but death shall separate me from thee."

The words echoed through his brain, like the utterance of some voice. He seemed to divine

her purpose. He was sure that it was she who waited to lend him aid. Could he but assure her of his presence within the walls! He looked about for some means of approach to the window. The walls were rough-hewn, and to the agile Spaniard, inspired with a new hope of life, were not inaccessible.

He climbed to the window, clinging to the jutting fragments of rock for support. He reached the aperture, it was scarcely a hand's breadth in size, but through it he placed his hand, held the ring in his fingers for one moment, and let it fall. He listened, but all was silent. The window was too far above the ground for him to hear the sound as it touched the rock. He watched to see if any more signals would be made, but no sound broke the stillness. He began to think that his unknown friend had departed, and his newly-kindled hope died out. Brighter and brighter grew the sky, and now every moment he expected to hear the clanking of the iron, and to see the soldiers enter who should bring him forth to his doom. Why did they not come? Was he not to die at sunrise?

Two hours before sunrise that morning, the attention of the sentry had been attracted by a tall, stately figure which approached the castle with a confidence that indicated the expectation of a welcome. In the dim twilight the soldier could not make out the shape.

"Who goes there?" he shouted.

A moment more and a wild song broke upon the air.

"Holy mother! it is one of the Zingari," exclaimed the soldier, crossing himself. The song ended as the gipsy approached.

"Down with the drawbridge, give me entrance!" she said, in her clear, trumpet-like tones.

The soldier hastened to obey. His orders were to admit all known friends, and this band had been of much service to the baron. Besides, no Bohemian cared to offend a gipsy. Their singularity of character and the supernatural power attributed to them, gave them an ascendancy over the minds of the common people. Carrying her stately figure as proudly as when she stood amid her tribe their queen, Teresa, the gipsy, entered the earth. She demanded to be shown to the baron.

"I bring news which it concerns him to hear," she said.

She was shown into his presence—a tall, swarthy man, with a savage expression of face, made still more hateful by the sinister smile which now crossed his features.

"Zingari, why comest thou?"

Teresa threw off her crimson shawl and unwound her turban.

"Thou'rt weary, beautiful maiden. Bring hither yon flask of wine and pour out for me and thyself," he said, his dark face glowing with admiration as she stood in her radiant beauty.

"First, my lord, let me do mine errand."

"Well, suit thyself, but for me, I speak none the worse for a good draught of Rhenish. What hast thou to say, maiden?"

"The whole Spanish army is distant but half a day's journey. They march to attack thee."

"Ha, what sayest thou?" The baron sprang to his feet.

"A portion of them march in advance. They might easily be cut off were a troop of thy brave soldiers sent to meet them."

"Thou speakest well. A Zingari for wisdom. I myself will head this band." And the baron sprang to his armor closet.

"The Spaniards approach gaily," said the gipsy, taking the flask of wine in her hand and drawing two glasses towards her. "They come with pennons streaming, and glistening in cloth of silver and of gold," she continued, filling the glasses. "Their armor gleams more brightly than thine. Thy rapier is rusty, it is a bad omen."

He stooped quickly to examine, and with marvellous quickness she drew a vial from her bosom and poured a quantity of black fluid from into one glass. She was just placing it to her lips when the baron looked.

"Now, girl, thou dost lie. The steel is as bright as thine own eyes."

"Ah, well, to some eyes blood shows like rust. A Zingari's eyes are true and cannot lie."

"Stop, cease your prating," said the baron, turning pale. "Give me the wine—stay, I'll change with thee," he added, suspiciously.

She drained her own, and watched him while he drank his off.

"In two hours the Spaniards will be at the pass yonder."

"That, then, is my time," said the baron, exultingly. "In an hour more the troop shall be on the march. But I need not rouse them yet. But yesterday they brought in rich spoil from the plains. Meantime, beautiful Teresa, thou shalt sing to me."

He threw himself upon a couch of skins, and the gipsy began to sing. As she did so, she watched him. His eyes drooped, his face relaxed.]

"Thy voice is as soft as a brooklet's murmur. It soothes one like an Eastern tale. 'Tis sweeter than the music of fountains," he said, languidly, the last words dying away into a murmur.

The subtle poison had taken quick effect. In

a few moments more the baron slept heavily, a sleep which grew deeper and sounder, till the gipsy knew that no noise would awaken him. Then she rose, passed into an oaken chamber close by, and took from an iron chest a bunch of rude keys. She came out, and passing through the baron's apartment, went out at a door and down a stone staircase, through a passage, and down another descent. Yielding to her strength, the bolts flew back, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door of Rudolpho's dungeon swung open.

"At last it is time," thought Rudolpho, and he stepped forward to meet the soldiers. What vision was that dimly seen in the faint light?

"Come hither, follow me!" she said, softly.

"Is't thou?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! come forth."

Rudolpho came out of that fearful tomb, and ascended the stairs. He seemed to himself like one risen from the grave as he came once more into the open air. To his astonishment she led him straight into the baron's presence.

"Fear not," she said, answering his look.

"He cannot harm you. Here," and she threw back a latticed casement. It looked down upon the ravine up whose precipitous sides he had clambered. Rudolpho looked forth. "It is a small chance for life," she said, "will you take it? With this you can lower yourself to the ground." And she gave him her long, crimson scarf.

"And you—I cannot leave you here."

"I will go out as I came in. I will meet you at the foot of the ravine. See the sun lifts himself from the shade of the mountains. Hasten!"

Rudolpho hastily made the scarf fast to the lattice, and easily swung himself to the ground.

"Now, go, fly!" said Teresa.

Rudolpho looked up at the casement. "Give me the scarf." She hesitated a moment.

"Give it me."

"Thou dost not need it now," she said, softly; but she untied it, and let it fall down.

Rudolpho caught it, folded it gently, and with it in his hand commenced the descent. Teresa watched him, trembling between fear and hope. A few moments passed, there was no alarm, and she knew he must be safe. With a murmured prayer to the saints, she went out, fastening the door behind her, and passed unmolested from the castle.

"Ho, there! Guards, enter, force the door! The accursed Zingari has betrayed me!" fiercely shouted the baron, an hour later. Just then there was a loud sound of clashing sabres, and the mad cries of war.

"The Spaniards are upon us!" rang along the corridor and echoed from tower to tower.

That night the setting sun shone upon the banner of Spain floating in its pride above the conquered castle, and Rudolpho lay wounded in the very apartment which had been the baron's chamber of state. Near him was the Zingari maiden, ministering to every want, and cheering him with her beautiful presence. Those hours in the convalescent's room—how else could they be employed, but in making love? If we had listened there a month after, we should have heard Rudolpho say:

"Thou wilt not refuse, my sweet Teresa, to go with me to Spain, and then in the presence of the lords of the court, I will make thee my wife."

"I am but a gipsy maiden," murmured the girl, sadly.

"Thou art Teresa," said Rudolpho. "Not a lady of all the court can rival thee."

And, indeed, he spoke the truth. Her wild gipsy ways seemed forgotten; her manner had a mingled grace and stateliness which would not have misbecome the proudest Castilian maiden. Rudolpho wondered at the change, and if he had loved her first for her simple charms, how much more did he love her now! When the winter winds sifted the snow over the Bohemian plains, Rudolpho stood in a stately hall in his uncle's presence. Don Fernando Echeranga was a man of imposing figure and lordly bearing, and just then a redder hue suffused his swarthy cheek than was wont to be there.

"I tell thee, Rudolpho, thou shalt marry thy cousin, Inez. Thou, the heir of the Echerangas, wed with a base-born gipsy! The accursed thieves! I hate the impious race! Listen, Rudolpho. Twenty years ago a fair child lay sleeping on yonder couch. By the river there a band of these wretches were encamped. I gave them leave. How did they reward me? One of them entered here, and bore away the child—my child—to sell her for a slave to the Mussulman. Do I not rightly hate them? Rudolpho, say."

"But, Teresa," said Rudolpho, hesitating.

"Teresa!" repeated Don Fernando, starting.

The tapestry rustled. "Thine own Teresa," cried a sweet, flute-like voice. "It is thy daughter. Look up, my father. My heart told me I was thy daughter." And Teresa bounded forward and threw herself in her father's arms.

It was even so. The gipseys had kept the stolen child, and as she grew up, she had acquired such power over them that they had made her queen. And so it was his cousin Teresa who became Rudolpho's bride.

[ORIGINAL.]

### SONG.

BY LILIAN MORSE.

I dream of thee when the morning shakes  
Her saffron plumes o'er the sky,  
And velling in gold the azure lakes,  
Where the snow-white lilies lie.  
Then, love, am I dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

I dream of thee in the noontide hour,  
When the wild birds dip in the pool,  
And golden nets light up the bower,  
And the aisles are all whispering cool.  
Then, love, am I dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

But O, most of all, in the twilight still,  
My love, am I dreaming of thee;  
When the spirits slide over the glassy rill,  
And dance by the oaken tree.  
Yes, love, then I'm dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

I dream of thee in the crimsoning eve,  
When the showers of amber fall;  
And the lonely birds o'er the waters grieve,  
Murmuring, musical.  
Then, love, am I dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

When the round moon swims in the azure dome,  
And stars set their crowns on the sea;  
And wild birds swing in their leafy home,  
O love, then I'm dreaming of thee.  
Fondly I'm dreaming of thee—  
Dreaming, love, dreaming of thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

### HEART-STRUGGLES.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

"PROMISE!"

"I do solemnly."

"Forever!" continued the broken, earnest voice.

"Forever!" echoed the weeping maiden by the bedside.

The wasted hands were raised over the heads of the kneeling ones, the pale lips of the dying woman parted, the tongue tried to utter a blessing, which was only ended by a painful gasp; the large, sunken eyes grew brighter, rounder, then all light, all brightness faded from them and they were closed in death.

Now the sobs from the younger girl became groans, and her grief and excitement caused her to swoon. But the arm of her companion supported her; it was her soft hands which laved her temples, her tender, low voice, which whispered consolation, and so gently soothed—yes, even while her own heart was bleeding.

Brave Constance Owen ! It was well that the dying mother trusted in thy strong love, clear judgment, ready wit, and womanly heart, to serve her child in this her hour of such bitter need. Thou who must now unite the tenderest sensibility of a woman with the prompt action and calm reason of a man. But let us explain this strange scene.

Constance Owen was early left an orphan ; at nine years of age her mother died and she was adopted by Mrs. Ormond, in whose heart she soon won a place scarcely second to that estimable lady's own daughter, the charming Edith Ormond, at that time scarcely three years of age, and day by day Constance developed such noble traits of character, open, self-reliant, self-sacrificing—that she soon won the love of all ; but as the children advanced in years, the difference in their characters, dispositions and appearance became more and more apparent. Edith was as beautiful as a poet's dream, her slight form was full of willowy grace, and was set off to advantage by her lovely face—her large, blue eyes beamed forth from a wealth of golden hair which fell in curls over cheeks and neck as pure and fair as Parian marble. Arch smiles were constantly hovering around her mouth, and seemed to play at hide and seek in the dimples in her cheeks, giving an expression so piquant and bewitching to her face, that the beholder would love the little fairy ere she spoke in her own charming, childish way, or laughed her own musical, innocent laugh.

Of course, the child-beauty grew up as fair as the most favored of earth's daughters ; she had all a woman's charms, and all a woman's weaknesses ; vain, capricious, often inconstant, save in her love for her adopted sister Constance, whom she doted upon with all the warmth of her nature, whom she leaned upon as upon a strong staff, in whose sympathy she found consolation for her fancied girlish woes, of whose advice and protection she was always sure. And it really seemed as though the doctrine, that directly opposite temperaments afford more continued congeniality, here in the deep love of these two differently organized beings found a wonderful proof, for that Constance Owen in soul and body was fashioned in a different mould from Edith none ever denied.

Though becomingly neat and tidy in her dress while a girl, Constance never delighted in the gay ribbons and fanciful aprons and bright colored gowns which used to charm Edith so much. She seemed to consider life, too, a more earnest, serious business, with graver, deeper purposes laid, than ever arrested the attention or wor-

ried the vain little head of Edith. But then Constance was—shall I have the courage to write the word which must condemn my heroine in the eyes of novel-reading, romantic misses ? Yes, she was—ugly. At least the world (who assumes itself an excellent judge) called her so ; for her eyes, though good sound optics, large and well-formed, and were capable too of expressing much emotion, were gray, and never did poets sing in rapture of those “melting orbs,” or declare in questionable doggerel verses their bewitching power, nor did any ever beautifully express that

“ Her eyes, in heaven,  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.”

She had besides a fashion of binding up the masses of her rich brown hair into a simple knot behind, and but seldom was she so coquettish as to allow the curls to

“ Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind.”

But surely, if her skin was not so fair or her features as faultless as her beautiful sister's, she was more than compensated for these deficiencies by being possessed of a form which sculptors would delight to model. As a child, she was always remarkable for her matchless figure, but when that form was rounded in womanhood, it was perfection. Her attitudes were always full of unaffected grace, she was tall, yet not too tall, comely and well-developed, yet not fat ; her head resting upon her shoulders with an easy pliant firmness, her waist occupying its natural place visibly and delightfully undeformed, and when she moved the symmetrical limbs must betray their beauty by the modest grace of action. But coquetry, envy, vanity, or any childish passions, never had the power to separate the strong-feeling, reasoning Constance from the vain and giddy Edith, nor alienate one from the other ; so when Edith was seventeen and Constance twenty-three, the former looked up to the latter with all the tenderness of a sister, with all confidence in her advice, all reliance on her good sense and deep love.

It was about this time that the kind-hearted Mrs. Ormond died of that terrible disease consumption, and her last charge as we have seen at the commencement, was to the strong, faithful Constance, to protect, cherish and love the dependent Edith, and the dying woman's tones still sounded in the ears of Constance Owen, as she kissed the damp temples of Edith.

“ ‘Forever !’ Yes, ‘forever,’ dear Edith, will I be your good loving sister, forever ! for the love that dying woman—our mother, Edith—bore to the orphan—I do solemnly promise forever !”

And the darkness settled upon the earth, the house wherein reposed the dead was silent, as dark as was the night without; but deep into the watches of that night sat the two figures in the chamber of death, and the silence was broken by the sobs of the younger as her head lay upon the bosom of the elder, who twined the heavy curls of Edith around her fingers tightly, pressed the head closer to her bosom, but looking out into the blackness with her pale tearless face, could only murmur:

"Forever, yes, forever!"

Did you keep your promise, Constance Owen? We shall see.

Two years had passed since the death of Mrs. Ormond. Two years—a short cycle indeed, but with how many changes is it fraught to all? How many hopes have been consummated, how many joys have been dissipated, how many souls have been lost? How much of misery and happiness, what fears and trials and bitter sacrifices have been experienced by each mortal who reads these lines? Two years! A short space indeed, yet how much suffering or how much light out of the darkness!

Edith the beautiful, and Constance the brave (it is a fancy of mine, dear reader, to call them so), have experienced in their lives in that age—two years—many of the feelings which we have mentioned above. The small property of the deceased had been settled up by an honorable trustee, and the two sisters were living with Edith Ormond's guardian at "Bonnybrook," his country-seat, a few miles from the bustling city. The whole-souled woman Constance had as ever been the tender, constant, best of friends to the orphaned Edith, and it seemed now as though their trust and friendship were so complete and perfect, that it would be impossible to stir the calm surface of their joys and mutual respect and love. But before the two years a trial came to the one woman (the greatest of all to a woman), where at once the heart, soul, imagination, reason and all the feelings of selfishness, pride or passion are enlisted and attacked, requiring almost ultramundane assistance to resist the assault, and follow in the line of duty which reason seems to point out. Such a trial overtook Constance, and thus it was.

It is not to be wondered at that with the extreme beauty of Edith Ormond, and the knowledge of her comfortable little income, there should come many suitors to Bonnybrook. But the gay girl paid little heed to their insipid flatteries or tedious compliments; accepted their convenient attentions, and did not suffer her little heart to beat any faster at the approach of

any of them. But at last there came upon the scene one who was, by birth, intellect and riches, far the superior of all these men.

"Doctor Paulding, Miss Ormond."

The beauty of Bonnybrook, and the young, accomplished, travelled Paulding had met. But his *prestige* had preceded him, and as the introduction was witnessed by Constance from her shielding, curtained alcove, she smiled to see the roses come and go so fast in the cheeks of her pet, as the doctor's dark eyes bent upon her, and his brilliant conversation made her forget some of her envious late companions who even now would condescend to join the plain Miss Owen. O, I am out of patience with these shallow fools of society, who constantly pass I may say roughshod over the mine filled with gold and all precious gems, simply because the surface may be rugged, and no soft mosses or gayly-colored flowers strewn around the edges. Charles Paulding had a noble heart and a mind richly stored with all useful knowledge; his was a large soul, and his nature was overflowing with generosity. Already was he invested with public honors outside of his profession which would make many an older man giddy. But his mind was too lofty, too engrossed with the great and noble things of this life, to stoop to the petty passions or vanities of small-minded men. And now he would seek for a partner to travel through life with him—one who could sympathize with his lofty spirit, his philanthropic aims, kindle afresh his flagging energies, and make him forget, in the pure, satisfying joys of home, his disappointments in the beating heart of the great world.

He was fascinated by Edith's beauty, and his high poetical nature seemed to receive an added refinement as he gazed upon her fresh, lovely form, heard her merry laughter, or listened to her *naïve* conversation; and his imagination at once invested her with all those rare qualifications of mind which we but seldom find enshrined in a beautiful body. He became a constant visitor at Bonnybrook, and one evening, a few months after his introduction to Edith, the fair girl sought her dear sister and faithful friend, and in a trembling, happy voice, said:

"Dear Constance, I am so happy now."

The round fair arms of Constance were folded tenderly around the beautiful fragile girl; she did not need to ask Edith "why?" the beating little heart was folded tightly to that most faithful of bosoms, and in the trembling twilight with its soothing, sacred stillness, Edith whispered, while tears of joy were dimming the brightness of her glorious eyes:



"He loves me! O, Constance, he loves me!" And her voice was as low and sweet and full of thrilling tenderness, as the sound of trembling music comes to us mellowed over the still waters.

And thus was her confession made, of *his* confession. But for all this mutual love and happiness still must interfere the ogre change; for alas! there is no constancy in earthly things, no life scarcely without the heavy load of misfortune, no soul but must bear the burden of suffering and its allotment of pain!

"But while the glitter charms our gazing eyes,  
Its wings are folded, and the meteor dies."

Soon after the engagement of Dr. Paulding to Edith Ormond, the latter was suddenly called away to the city to visit an aged relative of her guardian, and as the old lady was quite ill she was detained for several weeks. Dr. Paulding was an almost daily visitor even then at Bonny-nook, being upon the most intimate terms with Edith's guardian, and it was at this time that an easy acquaintanceship began between himself and Constance Owen.

The doctor engrossed with his *fiancé*, had but small opportunity previously to cultivate the retiring Constance, who seemed to prefer, if I may so express it, the shady side of society, scarcely ever coming out into the strong light and glitter and vain display; and it was only during this absence of Edith, that the two had met upon a familiar, easy footing, and I will add a dangerous footing—for no woman of fine powers, capable of appreciating talent, eloquence, real goodness of heart, and the lofty spirit of a man seeking to rise far above his fellows by force of intellect and genius, can view uninterested his noble aims and the unusual indigenous goodness of his nature, any more than such a man can behold a woman possessed of large intellect, a heart susceptible to all the finer emotions, a mind full of rare poetical thoughts, rich even though undeveloped, with an earnest, clear view of life and its sacred requirements, and united with all these, a strong, brave will, which added to well balanced reasoning powers, would suffice to make her pursue and defend the right, even though it ended in her own wretchedness. No, such a man as we have described could not associate with such a woman without there arising and growing a subtle sympathy, perhaps not expressed in words, but thrilling in their souls. And Dr. Paulding was such a man, and Constance Owen was such a woman, and the man became aware of it. The woman's experience was not so ripe. God help them both.

And the strong brave woman did not ques-

tion her heart as she might have done. She experienced a strange pleasure in these visits of the doctor, a fluttering excitement which was delicious; the emotions were new to her, she never thought of the cause; she had never, strangely enough, any girlish flirtations by which she could presage the birth of love now, hers had been a secluded, quiet life; she only felt in Charles Paulding's presence a new life, higher impulses, and strange peace, and looked for his arrival each time with an increased pleasure. How happy she would be with him as Edith's husband! Did a pang smite her heart, or a shadow flit over her face when she thought that? Perhaps! Then was the time she should have shook off the pleasant dream—and commenced to undeceive herself—perhaps she was confident of her own strength. Poor mortal! she soon learned how weak she was (and indeed we all are) when love attacks.

It was a quiet evening in July, Dr. Paulding had taken tea at Bonny-nook, and Constance had strolled down the little walk with him towards the gate—he was about leaving now at sunset to drive up the country to see a patient. His horse was already biting the rough old "hitching post" in front, and throwing up the clouds of dust with his fore feet, in his impatience to be moving. But his owner did not seem to walk any faster for these restive signs, but strolled as quietly by the side of Constance as though no longing patient or restive horse awaited him. The doctor was idly plucking some heliotropes on his passage down the walk, and mingling with them some variously colored flowers, asters, box and verbenas; when he arrived at the end of the walk he took the little bouquet and placed it in her hands.

"Read the emblems," he said softly. "You who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful temple."

She quickly looked over the flowers, and when she saw amongst them "Beauty in Retirement," "Constancy" and "I am not a Summer Friend," she colored, and then laughing lightly answered:

"You flatter with your flowers, Sir Gallant."

"Indeed I do not," he replied, tenderly glancing into her great gray eyes, which certainly now were brown or black or some other color, but they were very soft.

"My best friends will tell you, doctor, that Constance Owen is ugly. You see I have the courage to confess it. Come, do not let a woman beat you in that manly trait, but pray keep all your little nothings for Edith's ear."

And there was much earnest reproof mixed with her light *badinage*.

"I say you *are* beautiful, Constance Owen, I

feel it. A soul of such purity and grace as yours, would make a hideous face handsome," he said, impetuously, and his utterance was rapid, his eyes flashed, and the rich color mounted to his forehead as he spoke what it seemed he could not repress.

But Constance—her face was a study—the color rising then receding, leaving it pale as marble, then quickly dyeing her cheeks again with a deep crimson, she, usually so strong and self-possessed, trembled, the hand which held the flowers dropped to her side, and the fingers opened slowly and each flower fluttered to the ground.

"I mean it, Constance Owen," continued Paulding, as though he would dare all now to speak. "I mean it—you are more beautiful to me than Edith—"

That name broke the spell—that one word restored Constance to her reason. Now her eyes flashed scorn as she turned upon him.

"You insult me now, Dr. Paulding." And she strode from him haughtily, leaving him trembling and pale at the gate-post. Her walk was calm and even to the house, but when she reached its grateful cover she flew to her room, and as she threw herself upon the lounge in an agony of tears, she heard the rattle of the wheels, the quick dash of the horse. He was gone.

Now for the bitter—sweet knowledge which his words conveyed—now for the awakening from the pleasant trance—now for a rapid, fearful questioning of her own heart—now for the dawning of the truth. She loved him—O, how madly, passionately, tenderly—how deeply, truly, only. As but such a woman as Constance Owen could love, prompted by her heart and guided by her reason, she loved him, and she was giving herself up to this delicious, dangerous sweetness, almost before she felt that she must crush it out. She thought of him, noble, passionate, loving, (and loving her), she thought of his late considerate tenderness that she had never properly construed before, the light of genius in his eyes, the gush of music in his voice, and how she was so sure that he could never now be happy (if he really did love her), with such negative qualities as Edith possessed. There was no vanity in this thought, only a perfect, clear realization of the new positions. And while in the midst of such thoughts which she dragged from their sanctuary in this bitter search, she all at once comprehended how hopeless was this passion on both sides. She recollected her promise to the dying woman, and should she now basely appropriate the heart which Edith believed to be all her own? No, she would die first!

And the gray eyes, though humid, were now radiant with the holiest light that shines from love and bravery; and her heart, laden with her late precious though bitter thoughts and tender sympathies, beat with resolution in every throb, to be faithful and true to that dying mother even by the sacrifice of her own happiness. Faugh! her happiness—was she not strong and brave enough to conquer this love?

She went to the window in the calm twilight, and stood almost hidden by the creeping vines which shaded the framework, looking down upon the walk where the flowers she had dropped laid, and she looked (with her dark face lighting up with her emotions) as though she belonged to some passionate poem which we remember to have read long ago. And the man who had gone had called up wild dreams to the woman which an hour ago she believed were not born. And she raised herself from lightly leaning on the window as thought chased thought, and stood erect, motionless, gazing out upon the calm landscape, while a sort of cold splendor seemed to settle over her face, and the pain which swept over her features as she could see the flowers like her hopes scattering in the wind and disappearing in the darkness was sad to behold. Her hands were clasped tightly, she would walk gently up and down the room, and then stop looking out upon the young moon which was rising, its tender, tranquil light streaming through the trees into her chamber.

She laid her face in that moonlight upon the window-sill and covered it with her hands. The soft winds rustled the trees as if they soothingly whispered to her. She heard them in her heart. Then came the passionate, profuse weeping—the spring freshet of a woman's soul. And she arose up painfully calm. The struggle was over. Duty, honor and reason had triumphed.

Who can ever know the quick, dreadful agony of that battle? Doctor Paulding came to Bonny-nook as frequently as usual, but Constance scarcely ever saw him now, for with a woman's ready tact she framed ingenious excuses for her absence, and she wrote to Edith to come home as soon as possible; each day she found that her resolutions involved many, many unpleasant duties and conflicts. It was nearly three weeks since the scene in the garden, and she felt that were she not soon relieved by the arrival of Edith, she might in very weakness disclose to Paulding how dear he was to her. But she was destined to have another worse trial before the return of Dr. Paulding's betrothed.

It was at the close of a warm day in August, and she had stolen to a charming little summer-

house amongst the trees with a book, expecting to enjoy the ushering in of evening while she read and thought; her fancies taking their soft coloring from the tranquil, soothing scene. The birds twittered merrily around, a faint breeze fanned her cheeks, and as it grew nearer dusk and the last sunset beams were gilding the shrubbery, she gave herself up entirely to the charming solitude, and sat listlessly enjoying the harmony of the beautiful hour and scene. And she really made a very pretty picture there, her delicate lawn falling back from her exquisite throat, her arms in all their roundness and whiteness disclosed, as the wide sleeves fell back from the shoulders. Her very negligence was grace as she toyed idly with the silken strings of her straw hat which lay upon her lap, and unconsciously put up her taper fingers to her shell-like ears delicate and *petite*, to push back a few stray curling rings which would escape from their bondage of straight-brushed hair.

While she sat thus in the growing darkness, she felt with instinctive knowledge (which we all at times experience), that she was not alone, that another being shared her solitude, yet so dim was this impression that she did not look around or even stir, but a soft voice spoke close to her, "Constance!"

She felt her heart flutter, and beat loudly in its prison, the blood rushed to her brain as though she would suffocate. She knew it was Paulding when he mentioned her name even before he appeared. She arose hastily, her face very pale.

"Constance!"

He had never called her so before, and the name seemed very sweet when he spoke it.

"Dr. Paulding."

"Constance, I have come to you here, that I may say what I must, for the first and last time"

"Say nothing Dr. Paulding," she interrupted, quickly, "that you will be ashamed of when you marry Edith."

And she was almost surprised at the calmness of her own voice, while her heart was so wildly beating and her temples were so painfully throbbing.

"Is it right that I should marry Edith," he replied, "when I love another woman better? When I realize that she has the capacity to minister to my soul's great wants? I was blind, Constance, I was fascinated by her beauty. But O, I never knew what it was to love, and appreciate its high refinements until I knew you—"

"Stop, Dr. Paulding, I cannot hear this."

But even as she spoke she felt how weak she was, with those eyes flashing upon her, that voice addressing her.

"No, no! you must hear me, dear Constance," and he seized her hand in his and passionately continued. "Consider what is at stake—do not discard me from any false sense of duty. It is far better that Edith should learn the truth now, than that two lives should be forever wasted. No, dearest Constance, I can read in your softening eyes some hope—"

It was the last struggle—should the brave heart be false to her honor and reason, or yield to love? She almost gasped out the words between her sobs, as she tore her hand from his grasp:

"Charles Paulding—I—do—not—love you."

And she fled from the spot to the house, leaving Paulding bewildered and miserable amongst the shadows. She had conquered her own weakness. She was stronger than the man, because selfishness was no element in her nature.

Dr. Paulding and Edith Ormond were married at Bonnybrook in the winter, and Constance Owen was her bridesmaid. Can it be imagined what she suffered? Then, notwithstanding the bride's entreaties that she should still share their home, she left the newly married pair, and made her home in a distant country with the wife of the rector of the village church, who had been one of her mother's friends.

In her new sphere, she commenced a new life, and her feelings had been so chastened by her late trials, her heart so purified by its own afflictions, that she soon learned to find comfort in "The Word of Life." The influences around her were calculated to develop all her religious feelings, her doubts were resolved, her inclinations for good much strengthened. But she could not forget even in her active charities, her untiring exertions to strengthen the weak or assist the poor, the love which was only born to die, the sweet experience turned to bitterness, before half its honey was extracted. But no more repinings, no more turning back, no more weakness.

She had not lived at the rector's over six months, when an offer of marriage was made her by a substantial farmer, a kind, good young man, who would be calculated to make any woman happy, who looked for nothing higher in a marriage than a comfortable home, who could forgive a lack of brains for a plethoric purse. But Constance Owen refused him firmly and kindly, and the poor fellow felt when he left her how superior she was to him, and wondered at his own effrontery in asking her. She told him she should never marry. And her smile was so kind and even and firm, that he knew it was no use to try and alter those words, so he consoled

himself a year afterwards by taking to his home and heart a good-natured, large-patterned young woman, whose butter was the pride of the country, and whose cheeses took "the premium."

Constance had invariably refused to go to Bonnybrook to see her sister since her marriage, feeling that she could not live the continual lie which would be embraced in being in his presence, and hearing his voice continually with outward indifference. But at last a letter reached her which conquered all her scruples. It was from Edith, who spoke of her recent illness, of a disease which had been developed, which the doctor thought might be consumption, the fatal disease of which her mother died. It beseeched her as she loved her to come to Bonnybrook; it spoke of her husband's absence on important business, and concluded by begging her to come.

In another day after that letter was received, Constance was at Bonnybrook and her beloved Edith in her arms. Dr. Paulding was absent from home, but his wife had written to him that she expected the "best nurse, her dearest sister Constance." When they were first alone there followed all those confidences which are so dear to friends, but it was not long before Constance saw that there was a want of congeniality discovered in her husband by Edith; that he was most considerate, tender and devoted, she did not deny, but still there was a method and an evident desire to do more and more, lest he was not kind and good enough. All this the wife communicated by her words, although not suspecting herself that she was betraying the secret. And Edith was evidently failing, though still surpassingly beautiful, but her face was thinner, more angular, her complexion like wax, while the two burning spots were upon her cheeks—the hectic flush which gives indication of the fatal blooming of that fell disease consumption.

In disposition she had become more petulant and complaining, and Constance could only imagine how the spirit of Paulding must chafe, after surrounding her with every care to find her still dissatisfied and more exacting, but since the advent of Constance, she had been happier and better in every way. At last Edith informed her that "the doctor" would be home on the morrow. There was no flush of expectation in her face, no beaming smile at the thought of their meeting; only Constance trembled if the wife was calm.

The morning passed without the arrival of Edith's husband, the afternoon was growing late. The wife was fretful and peevish, not for fear of any accident to her husband, but that "Charles knew it excited her so much to be disappointed."

Constance was standing in a deep bay window at the side of the house, and looking vacantly down the N—— road, she saw in the distance a horse dashing furiously towards the house; it looked like a runaway, the clouds of dust flew from the horse's heels as he plunged forward on his mad career, sometimes the thick masses almost concealing the body of the vehicle from view. It came nearer. Heavens! it was the doctor's carriage—his two-wheeled buggy, in which he always made long journeys. And now his pale face was seen leaning over the dasher, as he tried to grasp a rein which had fallen, the horse still making ahead desperately; he made a short turn for the road which led by the cottage into the stables, the shafts were run against a heavy post which stood at the end of the road, and were snapped in two, violently throwing the body of the buggy upon the horse's heels, and its inmate out violently upon the ground, upon a heap of broken glass and stones, while the furious, frightened animal was demolishing the vehicle in his mad efforts to escape from it.

But Constance Owen had witnessed the whole accident, and saw the frightful peril of Paulding; for in another instant, perhaps, the wheel would come off the buggy, and the animal would dash towards the stables, over the stunned body of his master, who lay bleeding profusely from the head, and insensible, directly in his path. She threw open the casement, and regardless of all peril flew to the doctor, raised up his body from under the very hoofs of the excited horse, and carried, rather than dragged him into the house. She never felt how much she loved him till then, when he lay there bleeding and pale in her arms, his form as heavy as if in death. She paid no attention to the fainting wife, other than to order the servants to apply water to her temples and wrists, but gave her orders quickly to the men to ride for a doctor, and bring her assistance for Paulding. And when that assistance was brought, and the doctor at last opened his eyes, they rested upon Constance, and with a feeble sigh he closed them again, but a smile lingered around his mouth, despite his pain.

The shock of that evening, Edith Paulding never recovered from, and from that hour she faded rapidly; the insidious disease made fast progress, and before her husband's wounds were quite healed, she died, with her last breath blessing her husband, almost her last words addressed to her dear nurse Constance. Was not your promise to the dead fulfilled, Constance Owen? Were not your vows and their fulfilment recorded in the angel's book? Yes, she was the friend above all others, during the life of

Edith; and when the grave closed over her remains, she quickly left the scene of so many heart-trials, and once more sought the revered solitude where she had first found spiritual comfort; and was received once more by the rector and his wife with joy, for they loved her, these good people, as if she was their own child.

She heard now once in awhile from Bonny-nook, of Dr. Paulding's grief for his wife, of his leaving for foreign parts, some said, never to return; then with a sigh which she scarcely understood herself, she would go about her regular duties more thoughtfully, more sadly.

But her face was placid and serene. She was looked upon, and talked about as an "old maid," though she was but twenty-eight. The young men about the country would take delight in talking to her, and being in her company, but they never committed the folly of making love to her; there was something very genial and kind in her bright smile, but still very, very cold. And then she was such a comfort and a friend to those who needed either; and the air of subdued happiness which was the habitual expression upon her face, was scarcely ever changed now. Reader, have you ever met with a Constance Owen? A woman whose face is not handsome, but with such a reigning expression of peace, whom you suppose is very happy, but who bewilders you sometimes in trying to read the meaning of a strange smile; whom you guess might have had some great heart-grief and struggle sometime, but of course, very long ago, but whom you feel is brave enough to conquer such a trouble! Who certainly seems very happy, yes, in her quiet way, happy; but yet, and yet—you get out of your depth now, amongst the deep waters, and will seek the shore. Yes, you have met perhaps with a Constance Owen, but you never knew the truth. She is a mystery almost to herself, for she feels so much and has lived so very long, even if she is but an "old maid" of twenty-eight. But while thus digressing, you want the sequel to this strange, but by no means unusual heart-struggle.

About two years after the death of Edith Ormond, Constance Owen received a letter addressed to her in a handwriting, with which she was not familiar, her hand shook a little too as she scanned it, and tried to guess who it was from; and although she opened all her other letters which had just arrived from the post-office before the good rector and his wife, she thought she would retire to her room before she read this one; and she left the apartment, the good old man's eyes curiously following her. She tremblingly broke the seal, and read the first letter

she had ever received from Dr. Paulding. It was a frank, outspoken letter, and repeated to her in manly terms what he had avowed to her before his marriage. That he had travelled over half the earth since he last saw her, and came back to make this avowal to her with as much truth, as much earnestness as ever; that he could not believe that she could be insensible to this devotion, and he felt that the woman who had imperilled her life to save his, could not view him as coldly as a mere friend; and that he should soon come to N——, to learn if she would repeat the same cruel words which she addressed to him at Bonny-nook; and that if she did, he should forsake the busy walks of life, that his pursuits in science, his successes in public life would no longer be dear to him, and he would try to forget the sweetest dream of his manhood. But he implored her once more to become his wife, and with her noble sympathies to keep alive all that was good in his nature.

The clouds had lifted, and in another month, Dr. Paulding led Constance Owen to the altar. And though the bride was not so young as many giddy misses, who have accomplished in their wedding their sole aim in life, she loved her husband with the enthusiasm of a girl, with a love which was strengthened by time and purified by suffering. And loudly, merrily rang the bells of the old vine-covered parsonage of N—— when they were wedded. And let our readers be certain that the marriage was happier for the woman, that she had not followed the promptings of her own selfish inclinations, against the strong voice of reason and duty, for when she took upon herself the sacred name of "wife" at last, she felt certain that the blessing of the dying mother rested upon her, for the fulfilment of her vows to her beloved child.

And not all fiction is this "fayre love storye," for at this moment the popular governor of a certain southern State points to his noble wife, and calls her tenderly "Constance."

#### TIME TO COUNT A BILLION.

This is a million times a million, which no one is able to count, however easy it may be to write it. You can count 160 or 170 a minute; let us even suppose that you go so far as 200 in a minute, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day 288,000, and a year, or 365 days (for every four years you may rest a day from counting, during leap year), 105,120,000. Supposing that Adam at the beginning of his existence had begun to count, and continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted nearly enough. For, to count a billion, he would require 9512 years, 34 days 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule.—*Family Tutor.*

## The Florist.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
 Oh! of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,  
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth.  
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;  
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
 Averts her blushing face, and earth and skies,  
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.—THOMSON.

### Geraniums.

There are few plants more easily grown, or that better repay the care of the cultivator, than geraniums. All the half-shrubby kinds require a light rich soil, composed of well decayed manure, leaf-mould, sand, and a little loam, kept moderately moist. A cool greenhouse, where the sashes can be frequently thrown off, and a balcony or window, not too much exposed to the sun, are the best adapted for them; and in such situations they may be kept the whole year, only requiring, when in full flower, to be slightly shaded from the sun, to prolong the blooming season. Immediately after the plants have done blooming, they should be cut down nearly to the soil, or they will present a blanched, unhealthy appearance, and flower with less vigor and beauty the next season. By thus cutting, abundance of fine young shoots will be produced, which should be thinned out, and those taken out used as cuttings. In this manner good bushy plants are insured.

### Best Soil for Flower-Plants.

Azaleas, epacris, heaths, correas, eutaxias, diosmas, chorismas, and all other plants of similar character, with very fine ligneous roots, and hard, firm, but slight stems, require a soil of peat altogether while small, but with an addition of a fifth or sixth part of loam and a little sand when they get to be good-sized plants, and a very good drainage at the bottom of the pots, of broken potsherds, from one to two inches in depth, according to the size of the pot. It is seldom judicious to break the old ball of roots, if they are healthy, but just rub off the top edge of the ball, so that it may unite readily with the new compost. Leaf-mould and perfectly decayed rotten wood are the best substitutes for peat.

### Wire Frames.

Wire frames for training plants upon are very desirable, being less cumbersome and more durable than wooden ones. These most people paint green, as the color most resembling nature; others again paint them white. To both of these colors we object—to green, because it never is of precisely the same shade as the leaves of the plant trained; and to white, because it is glaring. The most artificial color or colors is stone or wood.

### Satyrium.

Terrestrial, orchidaceous plants from the Cape of Good Hope. The leaves are very curious from the flat manner in which they spread themselves on the surface of the pot; and the flowers, which are generally yellow, are very handsome. They should be grown in very sandy loam or peat, and they are generally kept in a greenhouse. They are very apt to damp off if over-watered.

### Schisandra.

A climbing or trailing half-hardy shrub, with scarlet flowers, very pretty and showy when in full bloom; they require rich light soil.

### Rose-Cuttings for Propagation.

The proper time to take rose-cuttings from the mother plant is when the sap is in full motion, in order that, in returning by the bark, it may form a callus, from whence the roots proceed. As this callus, or ring of spongy matter, is generally best formed in ripened wood, the cutting should be selected from such wood only as has ripened, and which always has the greatest tendency to make roots. This is the true principle for the choice of cuttings. They should be from two to four inches in length, having at least three eyes at the lower end, which should be cut smooth at the bottom, directly under an eye. Insert the cutting in a good bank sand or loam, finely sifted, from one to two inches deep, pressing the sand or loam gently around the same with the hand. Place in a shady situation, and give gentle sprinklings of water, protecting them from heavy winds. In three or four weeks they will have rooted, when they may be removed to pots, again shaded and watered gently till they have taken fresh root, when they may be re-potted or planted out.

### Adaptation of Soil to Flowers and Trees.

The best indication by which to judge of the kind of soil or compost suitable for any particular tree or plant, in the absence of all knowledge of that in which it is found to grow in its original location, is that afforded by an inspection of the root of the plant, and the nature of its stem and leaves. And even when the soil of its native habitat is known, these afford valuable data by which to assist the judgment; for it does not always follow that the various kinds of plants flourish best in the soil in which they are originally found. Evergreen plants, with very fine hairlike roots of a hard, close texture, and which have very thin bark or external coat (such, for instance, as heaths), are the species which do best in decayed vegetable matter. Evergreens that have fleshy leaves, and whose roots are moderately thick and comparatively soft in texture, flourish in a rich sandy loam, with but little manure of a stimulating nature. Of this class are camelias, laurastimus and most broad-leaved evergreens.

### Ornamental Shrubs.

Shrubs, deciduous and evergreen, are perhaps the most useful and attractive objects that can be employed to add to the beauty of the garden. Such is the variety also now to be had, that by a judicious selection a succession of choice flowering shrubs may be secured at a very trifling expense; and when these yield to the inclemency of the season, many graceful and attractive evergreens may compensate for their temporary decline. What is there, for instance, richer or more refreshing than the lilac, syringa or hawthorn? A new claimant for attention has made its appearance within the last few years. It is generally known as the golden-bell. It forms a very attractive and showy object, its strong shoots being clothed with its golden yellow flowers before the foliage begins to expand fully; it will doubtless become in time as common as the lilac. The spina prunifolia, or double plum leaved spirea, is very beautiful, and desirable for its profusion of brilliant white blossoms.

### Topiary.

The art of cutting yews and other trees into curious shapes, by putting wire frame-works over them, and then clipping the trees in the desired form. This art was practiced to such an extent in ancient Rome, that the word topiariet was used as synonymous with that for gardener.

## Curious Matters.

### A Locomotive Freak.

A locomotive recently ran away on the West Cornwall line, in England. The throttle-valve having been inadvertently left open, and a fire kindled in the furnace, the attendant went away for a few moments; on his return it had left town, and only ran out of breath at a station some sixteen miles distant, having rushed down some steep inclines, and over sharp curves, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It tore up and smashed through a large number of gates, but with this exception did no damage whatever, and was quietly led back to its stall, without having been made permanently vicious by its tricks, in which particular it manifested another decided improvement of steam over horse.

### "There were Giants in those Days."

The theory that humanity of the antediluvian period existed in forms which would now be considered colossal, has found many adherents among scientific men. A fossil skeleton of enormous size, recently discovered near Abbeville, France, was regarded as a proof of this theory. A Dr. Fullrat, of Berlin, has more recently found other remains of some antediluvian giant in the village of Guitten, near the junction of the Rhine and Duissel. The discovery has created quite a flutter among the wise men of Germany, and a commission has been formed for digging in divers places of the same geological formation as that wherein the giant skeleton was found.

### A "Higley Copper."

One of the "Higley coppers" of 1787, struck by Higley, of Granby (a blacksmith), out of copper from the old Simsby mine (Newgate prison), one hundred and twenty-three years ago, has been sold in Hartford for \$50. These coppers were the first coins ever struck in North America, and are now rare—only three of them, it is said, being in existence. The coin is of pure copper, and the die is very good and clear. On the obverse face appears the inscription, "Connecticut, 1787," in a circle around the representation of three blacksmith's hammers, or sledge-hammers; the reverse bears the words, "The value of three pence."

### Ancient Epitaph.

'Upon a tombstone in Cranston, Rhode Island, is the following epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Joseph Williams, son of Roger Williams (who was the first white man that came to Providence). Aet. 81.

"In King Philip's war he courageously went through, And the native Indians he bravely did subdue; And now he's gone down into the grave, and he will be no more,  
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore Into some proper shape, as he thinks fit, to be Perhaps like a grain of wheat, as Paul set forth, you see."

### Utilising Sawdust.

The ingenuity of Parisian cabinet-makers has found a use for common sawdust, which raises the value of that commodity far above the worth of solid timber. By a new process, combining the hydraulic press with intense heat, the wooden particles are made to form themselves into a solid mass, capable of being moulded into any shape, and presenting a brilliant surface, with a durability and beauty of appearance not to be found in ebony, rose-wood or mahogany.

### A curious Fish.

The Utica (N. Y.) Herald has been shown a most curious specimen of the finny tribe, caught in the Mohawk River, recently, by some boys who were fishing with "hook and line." Its tail resembles that of an eel, its head that of the bull-head, while on the under side it bears a similarity to the lizard. It is furnished with four legs, upon which it walks about like a young crocodile. Around its neck is a kind of purple fringe, through which it apparently breathes.

### Singular Premonition.

Mrs. Fenwick and four children left Melbourne for England in the Royal Charter, and all were lost. Mr. Fenwick, the husband and father, remained in Melbourne, and about five days before the wreck wrote to a friend in Hobart Town, saying he had seen his wife and children, in a dream, battling with the waves and calling to him for help. The dream so preyed on his mind, that he committed suicide by cutting his throat, and that on the very night of the wreck.

### Singular Case.

A person in Halifax, N. S., was so cautious about fire in his workshop, that he went over his premises the other night, according to his usual custom, for the purpose of inspecting and seeing that all was safe, when he stumbled over a wheelbarrow, and the fluid lamp which he held in his hand was broken, and the fluid spilled over some shavings, which speedily ignited from coming in contact with the blaze. In a few minutes more the whole building was in flames, and rapidly destroyed.

### An Arithmetical Puzzle.

How are the numbers forty-five to be divided into four such parts, that if, to the first part you add two, from the second part you subtract two, the third part you multiply by two, and the fourth part you divide by two, so that the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division, shall be equal?

### The Word Book.

Long, long before these wondrous days of ours, when a bundle of rags, introduced at one end of a machine, issues from the other in the shape of snow-white paper, our Teutonic fathers were content to write their letters, calendars and accounts upon wood. Being close-grained, and besides plentiful in the north, the birch, or beech, was the tree generally employed for this purpose, and hence came our word book.

### A precious Relic.

At an auction in Lyons, a book-collector lately bought a prayer-book containing a letter written by Queen Marie Antoinette at the time of her imprisonment in the Temple. In it she begs the Convention, for the second time, to let her have a mattress for the bedstead she slept on. How forcibly this enables us to realise her fall from luxury and splendor!

### A convenient Steamboat.

We see it stated that some of the propellers used in carrying coal to London are so built that the stern part (with boilers, engines and propeller,) disconnects and slides to another vessel; so that they arrive with a full cargo, change to an empty hull, and leave port again in an hour.



## The Housewife.

### To wash Lace or Blonde.

Valuable lace, or French blonde, may be washed with care, to look as well as new. Thread lace should be carefully taken off from any article to which it has been sewed; but blonde may be left attached to the quilting net. The lace must be wound round a smooth roller, or a common wine-bottle filled with water, and covered with clean linen. This bottle should be placed upright, in a strong, cold lather of white soap and water, where it must remain on a warm hearth for a day or two, till all the dirt is drawn out of the lace, renewing the lather every day. When quite clean, it must be partly dried in the sun upon the bottle, then taken off, and planed out carefully upon a pillow, using a separate pin for every point or scallop. Let it remain till perfectly dry, when it may be unplanned and put away. It must not be starched or ironed.

### To stew a Knuckle of Veal.

Break the bone in two or three places; put to it five pints of water, eight shalots, a bunch of sweet herbs, some whole black pepper, a little salt and mace; boil it together till half the water is consumed, then take out the meat, herbs and spice, thicken with two spoonfuls of flour, and boil it till the flour is sufficiently done; then put back the best of the meat, add two glasses of Madeira wine, lemon-juice and Cayenne. Two calf's feet improve it much. It should be stewed over a slow fire.

### A Fricandeau of Beef.

Take a nice piece of lean beef; lard it with bacon seasoned with pepper, salt, cloves, mace and allspice; put it into a stewpan with a pint of broth, a glass of white wine, a bundle of parsley, all sorts of sweet herbs, a clove of garlic, a shalot or two, four cloves, pepper and salt; when the meat has become tender, cover it close; skim the sauce well, and strain it; set it on the fire, and let it boil till it is reduced to a glaze; glaze the larded side with this, and serve the meat on sorrel sauce.

### To stew an Ox-Tongue.

Salt a tongue with saltpetre and common salt for a week, turning it every day; boil it tender enough to peel; when done, stew it in a moderately strong gravy; season with soy, mushroom catsup, Cayenne, pounded cloves, and salt, if necessary. Serve with truffles, morels, or mushrooms. In this receipt, the roots must be taken off the tongues before salting, but some fat left.

### For chapped Hands and Face.

Put three to six drops of glycerine into the water before washing the hands and face; or if only washing the hands, drop one drop into the palm of the hand after washing off the soap and dirt, rub all over the hands and wrists, and then dry thoroughly. It protects the skin from the strongest frost.

### Scotch Collops (Brown.)

Take a leg of veal, and cut some thin collops; fry them, and season with salt and nutmeg; boil some gravy, and when they are done pour it into the pan, with catsup, walnut-pickle and port wine, to the taste.

### A good Paste for Tarts.

One pound and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, and sufficient water to form a stiff dough.

### Hair Wash.

Take a small quantity of rosemary, strip the leaves from the stalks, and put them into a jar, with nearly half a pint of cold water. Place the jar near the fire, and let the contents simmer gently for an hour or two, without setting or burning. When the water is somewhat reduced, the infusion will be sufficiently strong. Then add half a pint of rum, and simmer the whole for a while longer. When cold, strain the liquid from the leaves, and keep it in a bottle to be ready for use. Apply it to the roots of the hair with a small sponge or piece of flannel.

### To clean Carpets.

Take them up, and let them be well beaten with long, smooth sticks; then lay them down, and brush on both sides with a hand-brush; turn the right side upwards, and scour with ox-gall and soap and water, rub with linen cloths to soak up as much of the wet as possible; then lay them on the grass, or hang them across a line, till thoroughly dry. Lay them down in their proper place, and brush the way of the nap, or pile, if there be any, with a stiff hair brush.

### Ginger Sponge-Cake.

One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda and ginger.

*Another, and very nice.*—Two coffee-cups of molasses, one cup of butter, half a cup of milk, four cups of flour, four eggs, soda and ginger.

### Texas Jumbles.

One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

### Molasses Pie.

Four eggs—beat the whites separate—one teaspoonful of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, two tablespoonsful of butter; beat them well together; stir in one teaspoonful and a half of molasses, and then add the white of eggs. Bake on pastry.

### Crab Soup.

Fry three onions brown in butter, slice a dozen large tomatoes, and cook together; season with red pepper, salt and nutmeg to your taste; pick out a dozen crabs, add two quarts of water and simmer until thick.

### Corn Bread.

Six large spoonfuls of corn flour, three spoonfuls of wheat flour (the flour to be wet several hours before using with milk), two spoonfuls of molasses; add, when ready to bake, one egg, salt and a teaspoonful of soda.

### Clove Cake.

One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a teaspoonful of saleratus, a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of powdered mace, same of cinnamon, same of cloves; fruit, if you choose.

### Portugal Cake.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, eight eggs, two spoonfuls of lemon-juice, one pound of stoned raisins, citron or almonds, as you choose, one nutmeg. It is good plain.

### Corn Muffins.

One gill of milk, half a pint of soft boiled hominy or mush, a spoonful of butter, two eggs, three large spoonfuls of corn flour, and salt. Bake in rings.

# Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

We are apt to imagine here in the United States that the growth of our towns and cities greatly surpasses in rapidity and extent those of any part of the Old World. Some facts about London seem to contradict this notion. It is stated, for instance, in a recent report to the government, that "in little more than 12 years, 1200 new streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of 100 streets a year." These 1200 new streets "contain 48,000 houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort." With all this wonderful increase, it is said "that the demand for houses, instead of diminishing, continues to increase, the number of occupied houses is augmenting; scarcely is a new street in London finished, before almost every house in it is occupied." One great reason assigned for the rapid growth of London, is the extraordinary facility, economy and despatch with which people are now transported over railroads terminating there. Owing to this cause it is estimated that the daily influx of individuals is five times greater than it was fifteen years ago. London is now about forty miles in circumference, and numbers more than two millions and a half of inhabitants!

**SOUND DECISION.**—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that a telegraph company must send the message given to them, and allow no conjectural amendments on the part of any of their officers. In the language of Judge Woodward, they must obey the printer's golden rule, and "follow copy."

**ADULTERATING LIQUOR.**—The Legislature of Tennessee has passed a very stringent law against the adulteration of liquors. Using poisonous ingredients is declared a felony.

**NEW ENTERPRISE.**—The first number of a weekly English paper, the first ever published in Havana, made its appearance on the 10th ult.

**A TRAVELLING PRINCE.**—Prince Napoleon, at the last accounts, was taking a tour through Italy, accompanied by Emile Girardin.

## CRINOLINE.

The farthingale of the time of Elizabeth answers to the hooped petticoat of the days of Queen Anne and the crinoline of Queen Victoria. Against the farthingales the great master, Philip Stubbes, inveighed with thundering eloquence. "When they have all their goodly robes upon them," says he, "women seem to be the smallest part of themselves, not natural women, but artificial women; not women of flesh and blood, but rather puppets, mawmets, consisting of rags and clouts compact together!" The queen herself condemned the fashion, and passed laws to put down such extravagance. The wits assailed it—and what was the result? The farthingale expanded, and under James I. became as remarkable for ugliness as for discomfort. Hooped petticoats came into fashion again in the time of Queen Anne; and Addison's keen satire was directed against them. In the *Spectator*, No. 272, appears an advertisement, dated from the parish vestry, Jan. 9th, 1711-'12: "All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoops are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation." Gay took up the subject, and handled it very roughly. More polite wits averred that these women only kept the men at a proper distance; the caricaturists represented a fashionably-attired lady as a donkey carrying two panniers; and Hogarth pictured the inconvenience of a full-dressed belle entering a sedan chair.

**RATHER ODD.**—A newspaper published at New Rochelle, Westchester county, N. Y., contains the advertisement of "Reverend John Taylor," who solicits "white-washing and wall-coloring jobs." Mr. Taylor is a man of color; hence his readiness to apply color.

**HUMBUG.**—A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* asserts that the only way to make sure of a crop of peaches, every year, is by grafting upon the wild plum stock.

**WANTED—A WIFE.**—The editor of the *Nantucket Inquirer* wants a wife; but whether for himself or somebody else he does not state.

## COLLECTING DEBTS.

The Wisconsin Legislature have formally considered a proposition to abolish all laws for the collection of debts. The mover of the bill, Mr. Elmore, is a great wag, as is evidenced by the following extract from his speech upon that subject:

The speaker proceeded to review the present system of collecting debts. It was all a humbug and a cheat, a matter of technicalities and legal shuffling. Lawyers gave advice in order to obtain a fee and encourage litigation. Judges make blunders and mistakes. He had had little experience in the law, and that was rich. (Laughter.) He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen about fifteen years ago—paid fifty dollars for them—a few days after, the son of the man of whom he bought the oxen came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having pay over again, and commenced a suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the blunders of the Bushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him. He appealed it to the Circuit Court in Milwaukee. There he lost again, and he said to his lawyer: "I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller and have a new trial ordered." (Great laughter.) He took the ten dollars and performed the duty. A new trial was then granted, and venue changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was then the judge. Any man who wanted to gain a cause in his court had either to go hunting with him and let the judge claim all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. Well, said the speaker, I patted the dog. (Laughter.) I fed that dog with crackers. (Renewed laughter.) The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I thought to myself the dog had followed me about long enough; I turned round and gave him a kick. (Laughter.) The yelp of the dog had hardly subsided ere I heard the judge say, "Mr. Clerk, this judgment is set aside, and a new trial granted." (Great laughter.) Mr. Speaker, that kick cost me two hundred dollars! (Convulsive laughter.) You have no doubt seen a suit in a justice's court in the country. There is time spent by jurors and hangers-on, besides other costs, at least fifty dollars, besides the ill feelings and dissensions caused by it. It is all a cheat. The litigants had better set down and play a game of old sledge to decide the case.

**MECHANICAL POWER.**—Two men, working a windlass at right angles to each other, can raise 70 pounds easier than one man can 30 pounds.

## DETERMINED REVENGE.

An eccentric old gentleman, a millionaire, recently deceased, in Paris, has left a last evidence of oddity in his will. Five or six years ago, the old man had occasion to visit a country town, built upon the banks of the Saone. Early one morning he sallied forth from the inn at which he had taken lodgings, for a walk. He attempted to cross a bridge, separating the two quarters of the town, but was stopped, midway, by a tollkeeper, who demanded one sou, for the privilege of crossing. The millionaire searched his pockets, but having inadvertently left his purse in his room, found himself literally without a sou. He explained to the tollman, who chanced to be a stubborn, intractable fellow, and would take no excuse. The rich man barely escaped arrest for an attempt to defraud the proprietor of the bridge, and would probably have been subjected to some annoyance, had not a passer-by lent him the necessary sum. He went away, vowing that the tollkeeper should lose his place. Unable to accomplish his purpose in any other manner, the vindictive old fellow orders, in his will, that the bridge shall be bought and thrown open to the public, free of charge. By this means the obnoxious functionary loses his office; but as he was, after all, only performing his duty, he will not find it difficult to obtain other employment.

**COOL, RATHER.**—A gentleman in Cincinnati, a day or two since, was sitting in a barber's shop, undergoing some tonsorial operation, when his partner in business stepped in and quietly remarked, "Brown, our place is on fire." "Well, let it burn, it's insured." "Yes, I know, but it will make a pretty warm fire, and I thought I'd just drop in and tell you about it; I didn't know but you'd want to see the old place burn." "Well, wait a minute or two, till my other whisker's trimmed, and I'll go with you."

**CHOICE OF WIVES.**—The man of mediocre education and position is, generally, the most particular about the education and accomplishments of his wife. A man of literary habits often seeks little more than sense and affection.

**A GOOD REASON.**—A telegraphic despatch was received in Lynn, recently, but was refused by the person to whom it was sent, on the ground that *he didn't recognize the handwriting* as belonging to the one who was said to have sent it.

**PRICES OF PICTURES.**—At a recent sale of pictures abroad, a work of Faed's brought \$6500; one by MacIise was sold for \$4500, and one of Edwin Landseer's for \$4000.

## A WORD ABOUT PROVERBS.

Every language has its proverbs, grave or gay, broad or refined, according to the characteristics of the people; even dialects that have never been hammered out into dictionaries or pruned into grammars preserve in set phrases the results of reflection and experience, and condense their observations into proverbs. The first book that was ever written, as far as we know, contain examples of them, and the last novel lying uncared on our library tables is almost sure to be garnished with them. A portion of Scripture lore is devoted to them altogether. And they have, on the other hand, been instruments of evil, presenting, in a specious and convincing form, arguments most opposed to truth and morality. Still, to give them their due, we believe that by far the larger portion of them contain lessons of wisdom and good sense, and that the few which have been coined in the cause of folly and falsehood are decidedly exceptional. It is curious to observe how greatly the proverbs of a nation are modified and toned by its prevailing characteristics. Thus, great numbers of the Spanish proverbs breathe a kind of luxurious laziness—such, for instance, as "*Después de comer ni un sobrescrito leer*" (After eating, don't read even a superscription), a saying which seeks to dissuade our curiosity from roading even the address of a letter, should it be presented after dinner; and there are more Spanish saws on this one subject than on any other; carefully guarding the rights and privileges of indolence, they fence in the sacredness of the *siesta* with an array of time-honored phrases. A recent writer on Spain and its inhabitants calculates that for one of these familiar sayings which urges to exertion and activity, twenty-two may be found pleading the cause of laziness and rest. To us the proverbs of France are much more familiar, and surely from these alone a good idea of the language and its speakers might be gleaned; flashes of wit, gleams of humor and gaiety, easiness of principle and readiness of speech, characterise a large proportion of these. Even in the divisions of Great Britain it is not difficult to trace a connection between the familiar sayings of the people and their ordinary standard of morality and prevailing tone of thought; a certain hard, shrewd worldliness marks Yorkshire and north country sayings, and the more objectionable and unprincipled proverbs are most in vogue in great towns and cities.

TRUE.—The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility, with which true bravery is ever coupled.

## VERY TRUE.

A French writer says: "In a woman's life, everything leads to a new dress; everything ends with a new dress; every circumstance is marked by a new dress; and the dress is always the most important point. A girl is going to be married—a dress. For a moment her heart is filled with love, thoughts of an entirely new existence, and of a long separation from her parents. Everything disappears before the all-absorbing question of the wedding dress. A relation dies. The grief of the ladies is violent; but it is soon checked, for the mourning has to be thought of. What are people wearing? What is the most fashionable mode of testifying one's sorrow? It is necessary to go to the linen-draper's, to the dress-maker's, to the milliner's, and in a little while they are so thoroughly occupied, that there is quite an end to lamentation, unless, however, the dress do not happen to fit, or the bonnet be too much or too little off the head. But if the dress is made of some new material, if the bonnet is becoming, then they experience an involuntary glow; they are triumphant, they are very happy."

A FAMILY RESTORATIVE.—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the most thoroughly tested, and long tried domestic remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, and all lung complaints, that is known to the American public. Originated by a celebrated physician in regular standing, and after years of large experience, it is all that is claimed for it. The house of Seth W. Fowle & Co., of this city, by whom the Balsam is manufactured, is too well known in this community to require endorsement, but suffice it to say that every bottle of the preparation is put up under the immediate supervision of the firm itself. An immense array of certificates from our best citizens has been accumulated by the proprietors, particularizing its wonderful cures, and it is indeed a "household word" throughout the country.

A HINT.—If you have anything to give your minister, give it to him in money, and it will be worth to him at least double its value in anything else, in three cases out of four.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A directory canvass of the inhabitants of San Francisco, now nearly finished, indicates that the population of the city is fully 100,000.

SYMPATHY WITH ITALY.—Lady Byron sent \$200 to the Sicilian committee, a few days before her death, as her donation to the Garibaldi fund.

### MINIATURE MACHINERY.

Much skill and perseverance have been displayed by the ingenious in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportion with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger-rings; a dinner-set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel-nut; and a coach and four enclosed in a cherry-stone. Beyond the mere training of the hand and eye to the accomplishment of delicate work, there can be nothing gained by such exhibitions of ingenuity; and were it not for this acquirement, we might safely pronounce all these tiny inventions as the offspring of ingenious trifling.

Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole *Iliad* of Homer written in, so fine a character that it could be contained in a nut-shell; and *Ælian* speaks of one *Myrmecides*, a Milesian, and of *Callicrates*, a Lacedæmonian, the first of whom made an ivory chariot, so small and so delicately framed that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of those artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Arnold, the London watchmaker, constructed a watch for George III., which was set in a finger-ring; but this was nothing uncommon, for the Emperor Charles V. as well as James I. of England, had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and this species of mechanism is sometimes witnessed, on a larger scale, in the bracelets of ladies. In Kirby's Museum, notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand, (1745,) at which were shown, among other things, the following curiosities: 1st, The furniture of a dining-room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting—the whole, capable of being enclosed in a cherry-stone; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two postillions, a driver, and six horses—the whole fully mounted and drawn by a flea; 3d, a four-wheel open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one grain. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea-table, fully equipped, with urn, tea-pot, cups, saucers, etc.—the whole being contained in a Barcelona filbert shell.

In 1828, a mechanic of Plymouth completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a

grain. The cannon had bore and touch-hole complete; the gun was of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, but could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying-glass.

### CHINESE WOOD-ENGRAVING.

Wood-engraving is said to have had its origin in China, the birthplace of many other valuable inventions, and to have been due to the peculiar structure of the Chinese language, in the writing of which a separate symbol is used for each idea, and words are not made up, as with us, by a combination of letters. The number of these symbols or characters is therefore so vast, that it would be almost impossible to print their books with movable types. Their method of printing is therefore as follows: The work to be printed is carefully transcribed upon transparent paper, only one side of which is written on. The sheets are then glued down upon wooden tablets, and all the wood is cut away except that covered by the lines of the writing. From these raised wooden lines impressions are taken. This practice is of ancient date in China, and some of those who have bestowed research on the matter are inclined to fix it about A. D. 930.

REASONABLE.—A gentleman not overburdened with scientific knowledge conducted two ladies to the Cambridge Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "O," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret! I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

SAVE YOUR NUMBERS FOR BINDING.—We charge but *thirty-eight cents* a volume for binding *Balloe's Dollar Monthly*, in strong and durable style. It makes two handsome and valuable volumes each year, of twelve hundred pages. All other magazines are bound at this office.

EXAMINE IT.—We are now publishing in *The Welcome Guest* the best series of original stories ever issued in a weekly journal. Each number is complete in itself. *Four Cents* per copy, everywhere.

INGRATITUDE.—The worst form of ingratitude is, to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

RAPID GROWTH.—It is claimed that Chicago has nearly 150,000 inhabitants.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

In one of the great battles on the continent during the Napoleonic era, a young ensign paused to contemplate the body of a drummer who had just been killed by a cannon-ball which smashed his skull and scattered his brains. The colonel of the regiment accosted him sternly, and said, "I hope you are not afraid, sir?" "Afraid!" replied the ensign, coolly, "O, no, colonel; but I was thinking what a wonder it was that any man with brains like this poor fellow, could be found here." The reply was a bitter satire on the folly of war. But we lose sight of the absurdity of fighting in its horrors. Even Napoleon could not ride over a field of battle, after the excitement had passed away, without shedding tears of distress. What a picture was that given by the London Morning Herald of the field of Inkerman immediately after the combat! "Many faces still seemed to smile; others had a threatening look; some bodies had a funeral pose, as though laid out by friendly hands; others still knelt upon the ground, convulsively grasping their weapon, and biting their cartridges. Many had their arms raised as if endeavoring to ward off a blow, or as if desiring to offer a last prayer. All their faces were pale, and the fierce blowing wind seemed to animate their dead bodies; one would have said that these long lines of the dead were about to rise to recommence the struggle." M. Boudin writes the same thing of the appearance of many of the Russians after the battle of the Alma: "Some seemed still writhing in the agonies of despair and death, but the most wore a look of calm and pious resignation. Some appeared to have words floating on their lips, and a smile as in a sort of high beatitude. One was particularly observed, his knees bent, his hands raised and joined, his head thrown back, murmuring his supreme prayer." At Magenta, again, many dead bodies, as we are informed by surgeon Major Armand, of the army of Italy, maintained the attitude they had when struck, passing instantaneously from life to death, without agony or convulsion. A Zouave, struck point blank in the chest, still held his bayonet in the position of the charge, with the menacing aspect of a dead lion. His majesty the emperor is said to have remarked a similar case at Palestro. Near to the Zouave was an Austrian, dead from hemorrhage. His face and eyes were turned to heaven, his hands joined, and fingers interlaced, evidently in the attitude of prayer.

**POISON.**—Cases of murder by poisoning are becoming fearfully numerous all about us.

## HEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF MAN.

The average height of Europeans at birth is nineteen inches, female children being of less size in the proportion of 480 to 460. In each of the twelve years after birth, one twelfth is added to the stature each year. Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the growth of the body proceeds much more slowly—and between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, when the height of the body usually attains its maximum, it is still further diminished. This point being reached, it is found that the increase is about three and one-quarter times greater than at the period of birth. In old age, the height of the body decreases on the average about three inches. In general, the height varies less in women of different countries than men. There is a difference in the weight of the sexes, both at birth and infancy. The average weight of a male child is about seven pounds, and of a female child only about six and a half pounds. The weight of a new-born infant decreases for the first three or four days after birth, and it does not sensibly commence to gain weight until it is a week old. At the end of the first year the child is nearly three times as heavy as when it was born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as at the end of the first year, and at forty-four years old its weight is quadrupled. The average weight of each sex is nearly the same at the age of twelve, but after that period, taking individuals of the same age, the females will be found to weigh less than males.

When the weight of the body has reached its average maximum, it is about sixteen times heavier than at the time of birth. The average weight of men is about 139 pounds, and of women, about 112 pounds; of adults, without distinction of sex, about 130 pounds. In cases of individuals of both sexes, who are under the height of four feet four inches, females are somewhat heavier than men; but if above this height, men weigh more than women. Men attain their maximum weight about the age of forty, and women at, or near the age of fifty. At the age of sixty, both the one and the other usually commence losing their weight, and the average weight of old persons of either sex, is nearly the same as at nineteen years of age.

**A QUESTION.**—Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

**TERRIBLE.**—An exchange has a paragraph headed "Duel under the Rocky Mountains." That must have been a crusher.

## PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS.

Those who regard success as a duty must be satisfied that perseverance is the only means of attaining it. It is that quality which essentially characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race, which raised a little European island to the rank of a first-rate power and the arbiter, in more than one historical crisis, of the world's destiny, and which, transplanted to these shores, took a remarkable development, and accomplished results which are the world's wonder. All Americans possess more or less of this quality, but in some it is marvellously developed, and what it can accomplish we propose to illustrate in an individual case, which ought to have figured in Smiles's "Self-Help."

The case we refer to is that of Mr. Simeon L. Wilson, of Methuen, Mass. At the age of thirteen he lost the use of a limb by attack of white swelling in the knee. After suffering for years from lameness, and just as he was beginning to dispense with the use of a cane, a paralytic stroke made him a cripple for life. This occurred in 1831, and in 1849 he had not been able to walk one step. In this condition he began the business of closing shoes, and by hard work and economy, succeeded in getting together enough money to purchase an acre and sixty rods of land near Methuen village, on which he had a house built in 1836. His land was very unpromising, "A gravelly hill, yellow loam, black loam, or clay soil, rather moist, and a swamp, very wet, with muck eighteen inches deep on an average, with a dry and sandy bottom—the swamp was covered with a thick growth of alders. The upland appeared to be almost filled, or paved, with small stones. The whole lot," Mr. Wilson says, in his statement to the Essex County Agricultural Society, "was a very bad-looking piece of land."

He resolutely went to work, however, to reclaim this ill-conditioned tract, and by slow degrees it was brought under cultivation. He subscribed to an agricultural paper, took a lively interest in fruit-growing, and began to set out trees. In 1843 he transplanted into rows some apple-trees that had sprung up spontaneously, and in 1845 grafted them; in 1849 he gathered fruit from them. In 1846 he commenced a small nursery of fruit trees.

"Although I can do but little in the nursery myself," he says, "I usually go into it every day (upon the wheelbarrow), and see what is in the most need of being done. Sometimes I work there myself, by getting upon my hands and knees between two rows of trees, and trim or weed them as I creep along. Sometimes I bud

a few trees myself, but it being rather inconvenient for me to do this work, I consider it better to work in the shop and hire the budding done. It requires nearly all the work of one man now to attend to the nursery. The number of trees on the place at the present time (1849) is as follows: apple, 6787; plum, 388; cherry, 814; pear, 2947; peaches, apricots and nectarines, 640; quince, 377; whole number, including all varieties and sizes, 11,954. Together with a great variety of grape vines, strawberry plants, gooseberry and currant bushes. The whole quantity of land cultivated is about one acre, there being about one third of an acre used for yard, buildings, etc. I raise between the rows of trees, the various kinds of vegetables needful for family use."

"Although," Mr. Wilson says, in conclusion, "I have been many years in doing what capital could have done in much less time, yet I have the satisfaction of building up my little place by my own industry; laboring under very unfavorable circumstances, without capital, and without the use of my legs. But now I am in a forest of fruit trees planted by my own direction; and the soil drawn upon the roots by my own hands, as I sat upon the barrow or box. I can now view the works of the Almighty in the growth of these trees, and the production of their fruit."

We should spoil this little narrative by comment; its charm is in its simplicity; and if we are not mistaken it inculcates a lesson which will not be lost on men who possess the use of head, hands and legs, and yet suffer inertia and discouragement to creep over them. What toil was here voluntarily encountered—what golden fruits are the recompense! When we read of such heroic enterprise and then think of great hulking fellows shabbily loafing from one year's end to another, when there is abundance of rough land to be reclaimed and to be had almost for the asking, we feel our cheeks tingle with indignation. Such successful efforts as that recorded above prove the truth of the axiom spoken by the French mechanic who swam off at Marseilles to the ship which contained Kosuth, to greet the Hungarian patriot, "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." With faith and perseverance we may indeed work miracles; without them, the best gifts are thrown away.

A LOUD BELL.—The new bell which has recently been placed in the belfry of the Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass., can be distinctly heard a distance of seven miles. It weighs 3012 pounds.



## Foreign Miscellany.

Louis Napoleon is in his fifty-third year, but looks much younger than that.

Albert Smith, the celebrated English comic writer and lecturer, died lately in London.

The highest church spire in the world is that of Strasburg minster, which rises 474 feet.

Queen Victoria has knighted Francis H. Salts, of New York, for artillery improvements.

It is said that the pleuro-pneumonia on the Cape of Good Hope, where it has extensively prevailed, is successfully treated by inoculation with the virus of the disease.

Two sphinxes in white marble, brought from Sebastopol, have just been placed on the pilasters of the entrance to the reserved gardens of the Tuileries, on the side next the river.

In the London Court of Bankruptcy, a bankrupt named Goose came up to attend the meeting for choice assignees, and an hour afterwards a Mr. Gosling appeared upon a similar meeting.

The London Court Journal has been assured by a gentleman recently returned from Paris, that at the last ball at the Tuileries, which took place on Sunday evening, an English bishop appeared in full canonicals.

The great *modiste* of the day in Paris is not a French woman, nor even a Frenchman, but an Englishman; and he is more run after by the fashionable ladies than any of the celebrated French milliners ever were.

Mr. Dampier, a farmer residing near Taunton, England, is said to have a horse in his possession aged fifty-six years, which he rides daily about his farm, and occasionally goes out hunting with. The animal is still fresh on his legs, and free from blemish.

In the course of a recent thunderstorm, the wires of the electric telegraph at Candebœles-Elbeuf (Seine-Inferieure), France, were cut by lightning, and the electric fluid then ran along to the office at Elbeuf, where it caused a very intense light and melted some wires in the apparatus.

A new gunpowder is announced in England, which is said to be less dangerous than ordinary powder, produces very little smoke, and that of a less pungent kind than usual, not only enabling the miner to work in close places without the great delay consequent on smoke, but greatly diminishing the unhealthy effects of it in the mines.

M. Auguste Mariette, an eminent French archaeologist, writes from Egypt, that he has discovered the remains of a large palace in granite, in the immediate vicinity of the Sphinx. He takes this palace to be that of Chephren, who built the great pyramid. No less than seven statues of this prince have been found in the palace.

In the Palais des Beaux-Arts, at Paris, the model of the ruins of a temple is being exhibited, which were excavated about a year ago, near Eleusis, in laying the foundation of a school. It is thought that these classical remains are the ruins of the Temple of Triptolemus, which is mentioned and praised for its many works of plastic art, by the writers of antiquity.

A fashionable Paris milliner lately retired with a fortune of 20,000 francs a year.

We have seen it asserted that in Great Britain every fiftieth person is a drunkard.

The Emperor Napoleon III. drives a pair of very fast American trotters in Paris.

The Sailor's Home, of London, during the thirty-three years of its existence, has given sanctor and shelter to 39,148 seamen. Last year 8225 boarders were received.

A company is being formed in London to construct air tubes for the conveyance of despatches and parcels to and from various parts of the metropolis. An influential direction has been formed, with the Marquis of Chandos as chairman.

Every drop of milk brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer, to see if the "Iron-tailed cow" has been guilty of diluting it—if so the whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the gutter—the Paris milk is very pure in consequence.

In the English House of Lords, recently, Earl Granville in an elaborate speech on the repeal of the tax on paper, declared that American processes for paper-making were infinitely superior to the English, and that England was also behind France and Japan in the manufacture of this important article.

Holland consumes about forty million pounds of tobacco annually. As the population numbers about three millions, every man, woman and child, can have on this allowance a little more than thirteen pounds a year. About sixteen million pounds annually go from this country to her shores.

The marriage of Prince Polignac with M<sup>lle</sup> Mires, daughter of the Hebrew speculator, excited considerable conversation in what is called society in Paris, as the Polignacs are of the purest blood, and but a dozen years past M. Mires was a vender of old clothes about the streets of Bordeaux.

On Victor Emmanuel's visit to Modena, the bishop of Modena stood before the king, mitre in hand, at the church door. He said that, by the pope's bidding, as a priest, he ought not to be there, but, as he was a man before he was a priest, he deemed his citizen's duty to his sovereign was paramount over his allegiance to the vicar of Christ.

The Revue Municipale publishes an official list of all the entrances into Paris through the fortifications. They are of three kinds—*portes*, or gates, meaning open air entrances, situated on a high road, *passages*, those entrances which are situated on a railway line, or canal; and *poternes*, or posterns, those which are arched over. From this list it appears there are in all sixty-five openings, viz.: 51 gates, 10 passages, and 4 posterns.

There are in France 2624 locomotives; 2521 were made in France. There are in Germany 2850 locomotives; 2277 were made in Germany; 311 in England; 190 in Belgium; 60 in the United States; and 22 in France. The Austrian government has a locomotive manufactory near Vienna. The Borsig locomotive manufactory at Berlin has made 1200 locomotives since it was established.

## Record of the Times.

Pike's Peak gold-mining is represented to be prosperous beyond the expectations of the miners.

Miss Eliza Logan, the actress, has married Mr. Wood, the theatrical manager.

Madame Keller, of the Keller Troupe, a beautiful woman, died lately in Cienfuegos.

A New York writer thinks the present the age of supreme rascality.

Hawthorne says one picture in ten thousand, perhaps, ought to live in the applause of mankind.

A woman in New Orleans has just married her eighth husband since 1852.

M. de Trobriand says N. P. Willis is making the fortune of the locality he resides in.

An Indian named Albert S. Smith lately ran ten miles in fifty-eight minutes at New Haven.

A man in Farmington, Iowa, while horribly blaspheming God, was struck with palsy, and almost immediately died.

There are in commission in the State of Virginia 68 troops of cavalry, 81 companies of light infantry, 82 companies of riflemen, and 21 companies of artillery.

Some six months since, Leonard Edwards, of Troy, lost a valuable gold watch, which he had laid upon a stand on retiring. A few days ago, he found it snugly stowed away in a rat-hole.

Mannel Pinto died at San Benito, California, on the 1st of April. He was probably the oldest man in the United States, having just passed his one hundred and twentieth birthday.

The number of lost children found and restored to their parents by means of the police telegraph will average one hundred per month in both New York and Brooklyn.

There are eighty-two Nantucketers living who are over eighty years of age, including twenty-four members of the Society of Friends, whose united ages are 2037 years and 10 months.

We thought people might wear old clothes out West; but at Chicago, last week, a most shabbily dressed man was arrested as a vagrant, and locked up, although he had about \$1500 in his pocket in cash or cash funds. The officer is to be proceeded against for false arrest.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette states that a man named Brant, a resident of Shankevillo, Somerset county, lately ate twenty-one boiled eggs at one meal, but his digestive organs were unable to do the work assigned them, and the man died a victim to his gluttony.

Recently a German, named Frederick Selby, residing in Rochester, killed himself by blowing his brains out with a pistol. A woman whom he loved, from whom he differed in religion, had pertinaciously refused to marry him. Hence the slaughter.

A writer has great faith in the efficacy of a peck of onions for ridding cows or oxen of lice. He claims to have found them an infallible remedy in his practice. They also give a tone to the stomach, and are especially valuable in hot weather, when working cattle will lie in shade at noon-time, and refuse to eat.

The draymen of Maryville, California, have resolved to do no more work on Sunday.

It is sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first telegraph in America.

A California paper asserts that they have fire-fies there large enough to cook by.

It is estimated that over 10,000 barrels of oil are now ready for market in the oil regions of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

The three street railway lines in Cincinnati, during the last seven months, the first of their existence, have carried about 1,900,000 passengers, and yielded the city a revenue of \$19,000.

The devices of rogues have no end. In Philadelphia thieves have assumed the garb of census takers, and improve the opportunity to rob the houses they visit.

A person in Mobile, Alabama, has brought a suit for damages against a shoemaker for failing to comply with a promise to have a pair of boots made at a specific time.

Twenty-seven candidates for admission to the bar at the general term of the Supreme Court of New York, in session at Auburn, were rejected in a lump, recently, because they could not pass an examination.

Some of the Canada papers complain that a large emigration is going on from Canada to our Western States. They say that more protection and encouragement are extended to the settlers in the republic, and that taxes are lighter.

A letter from a reliable source in Liberia states that a vein of mineral coal, ten miles in length, has been discovered in Bassa county. Miners are to be immediately set to work. If the coal proves plentiful and good, the discovery will be one of much importance to Liberia.

The Hamilton (C. W.) city council have at length let the contracts for the erection of a crystal palace, wherein is to be holden the Provincial Agricultural Association's exhibition for the current year. The contracts already awarded amount to \$18,056 50.

Two old residents of Upton, one of them blind, who have been neighbors and acquaintances for more than half a century, have been recently engaged in a lawsuit at Milford, about the sum of \$20, which was in dispute on a mutual account current of fifteen years. A sad example for old age to set, truly.

The old legal rule that a tenant was bound to continue to pay rent to the end of his lease, notwithstanding the premises might be destroyed by fire, has been reversed by an act of the New York Legislature, and in case of the destruction of the building, or its injury so as to be untenable, "by the elements or any other cause," without fault of the tenant, he may surrender possession.

In Dale county, S. C., a boy put his hand into what he supposed was a rabbit hole, when it was bitten by a rattlesnake. He bound his suspender tightly above the wound and started for home, but fell before reaching it. His cries brought the family, who administered whiskey, but in vain. His arm below the bandage swelled, turned black and burst, and he died two days after.

## Merry-Making.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbor's "visiting."

The man who moved an amendment, injured his spine by the operation.

'Art Exposition—A Hinglish cockney telling 'is love to the lady 'e hadores.

To get up the "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.

A person of the masculine gender putting on female apparel, for the fun of the thing, of course only plays fair."

What is the difference between one who walks, and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

An old negress in Alabama, says she "don't know how old I is, but I cooked for the hands that dug up the Chatahoochee river."

"A retainer at the bar," as the boy said when caught by a dog, just as he was about to climb on the orchard fence.

"A bad wife," says an old author, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair"—bad enough, is it not, good woman?

"Warm day, Jones, warm day," said Smith, as they met lately. "Yes, it is," said Jones: "it is some warm, if not summer."

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered with a table-cloth.

This life's contradictions are many.—Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce a coolness.

"Mr. Conductor," asked a railroad passenger, "are you running on time to-day?" "No, sir; we are running for cash."

What is the difference between a running stream of water and a dog torn in two? The one is a *current*, and the other a *rent cur*.

Why is a bigoted ecclesiastic like a puppy? D'ye give it up? Because he cleaves pertinaciously to his dog-ma.

A judge in Cincinnati is said to have so much real estate on his hands, that nothing short of soap and water can relieve him.

A western editor cautions his readers against kissing short women, as the habit has made him round shouldered.

A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.

Three policemen and two surgeons ran a race on the first of April, to see the body of a man who was reported to have blown out his brains with a "trombone."

A cotemporary speaks of the "graceful figures of childhood." Blifkins says, that the figures at the bottom of childhood's shoe and clothing bills are not so graceful.

At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt-collar.

The minister who lost the thread of a discourse, has obtained a fresh skein.

The quickest way to make eyewater is to run your nose against a lamp post.

"The drift of a man's speech" may be easily ascertained when he falls into the river.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted an able-bodied man as a washer-woman."

"Do you understand figures, boy?" "O, yes, I am always cutting a fine one."

It is rumored that a celebrated phrenologist has been invited to examine the "head of navigation."

Why is the best article of malt liquor like the last song in a concert programme? Because it is the *fine ale*.

"Pa, aint I growing tall?" "Why, what's your height, sonny?" "Seven feet, lacking a yard." Pa fainted.

The woman who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of *craft* upon the land as there is upon the water.

Adhesiveness is a large element of success. Genius has glue on his feet, and will take hold on a marble slab.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confirmed criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same—the postman.

A Yankee says that the poet, when he alluded to the "Monumental Bust," evidently meant to imply the "Crack of Dome!"

Why is the captain of a steamboat coming into port like a tobacconist? Because he has to back her (tobacco).

A popular author exclaims, "What a pity some quadrupeds can't talk!" We are rather disposed to say, "What a pity some bipeds can!"

It is said that "Steam annihilates both Time and Space." It is a thousand pities, for our comfort in railway travelling, that its annihilating powers will sometimes extend, also, to—human beings.

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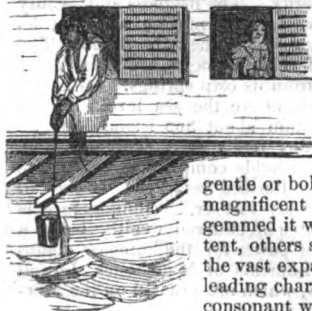
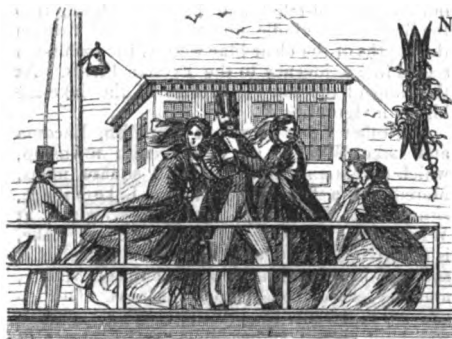
# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 3.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

WHOLE No. 69.

## SUMMER RESORTS.



In the present article, we propose to speak of some of the most charming features of New England scenery, confining ourselves to those places which are easily accessible by car or steamboat, the favorite resorts of summer tourists. We have called in the aid of artist and engraving to sketch what words fail accurately to delineate. Our first group of pictures relate to Lake Winnipiseogee, New Hampshire. In the whole range of New England there is no sheet of water comparable in beauty and picturesque scenery to Lake Winnipiseogee, the largest lake in New Hampshire. Other lakes of New England have exquisitely beautiful features; some of them wear the grace of historic association or romantic legend; but this lake is of itself a romance of nature, varied, enchant-

ing, perfect. The line of shore is wonderfully varied, with the most capricious curving, doubling, receding and protruding; and forming, as it is drawn on paper, the most curious arabesque. This produces a constant succession of surprises to the voyager who skirts its wooded margin. And it is noticeable that in its whole circumference there is no spot inconsistent with the beauty of the design—no range of low, dreary marsh, no reedy sandbanks breaking the surface of the mirror, but everywhere a

gentle or bold acclivity from the edge of the water. And, to protect this magnificent sheet of water from the suspicion even of monotony, Nature has gemmed it with a vast number of islands and islets, some of considerable extent, others so small that, seen from a distance, and viewed in connection with the vast expanse of water, they seem like baskets of leaf and rock-work. The leading characteristic of the lake is beauty, and its surroundings are entirely consonant with this feature and expression; for it will be remembered that it lies in the hill country and not in the mountain region. The lake-region is the

vestibule to the mountain palaces beyond; the fairy-land that precedes the cloud-land; the gentle prelude to a grand oratorio. The frame-work in which it sets is just bold enough to enhance its beauty—no more. The Gunstock and Ossipee ranges are lofty and commanding, but they stop short of grandeur. Sometimes, of a clear, bright morning, as you glide along the north-eastern shore of the lake towards Centre Harbor, you behold the summit of Mount Washington gleaming in faint, pearly light on the horizon, and then you feel that you are among the hills, and that the mountains are yet far, far away. The traveller, when he first catches a glimpse of the lake, cannot fail to recognize the felicity of the Indian name it preserves—the “Smile of the Great Spirit.” It is the poetical title of a charming poem. It is indeed a smile of Omnipotence gladdening the earth. To appreciate it fully, one must view it from the summit of Mount Belknap or from Red Hill, at various hours of the day, as well as traverse it from end to end, and linger among its beautiful islands and along its winding shores. Not to have seen Lake Winnipiseogee, is to be ignorant of one of the most enchanting places. It is not a solitary landscape here that woos the eye, but an endless variety of landscapes changing with every change of the point of view, as a turn of the hand produces the magical transformations of the kaleidoscope. There are two routes by which the lake may be reached; one by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, which has a station at Wiers’, on the

south-western shore of the lake, 33 miles from Concord, N. H., where the fine steamer "Lady of the Lake" awaits passengers; and the other by the Boston and Maine Railroad, as far as Dover, N. H., 68 miles; thence, by the Dover and Cochecho Railroad, to Alton Bay at the southeast extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee, 28 miles, where the steamer "Dover" takes passengers across the lake to Wolfboro' and Centre Harbor. Both these routes are pleasant, and we should counsel those making the excursion to go by the one and return by the other. The cars and boats on both lines offer the best accommodations. The Boston and Maine, Dover and Cochecho line is preferable in going, for the first view of the lake at Alton Bay is most striking, and the opening of the sea as you emerge from the deep bay, seven miles long, is charming. By either line, if you take the first morning train, you reach Centre Harbor or Wolfboro' in time for an early dinner.

Our artist has supplied us with a pretty sketch of the "Lady of the Lake" leaving Wiers'. She is a fine boat, commanded by Captain William Walker, a fine specimen of New England manhood, with a geniality that makes every one at home in his company. Captain Walker is as well known as any man in New Hampshire, having been connected with the travelling public for many years—in the good old stagecoach days on the Concord and Nashua line, and of late as commander of the "Lady." He is a very enterprising man, and is engaged in an extensive business in Concord. The first stopping-place of the boat on the lake is Centre Harbor, a very pretty town, a point of departure for the White Mountains, 32 miles from Conway. Here there are excellent accommodations at the Senter House, kept by Messrs. Gilman and Huntress, represented in one of our engravings. It has all the comforts and elegances of a city hotel, spacious and airy rooms, good beds, a good table, excellent saddle and harness horses, carriages, boats, fishing apparatus; in short, all the appliances to make a sojourn agreeable. It is 116 miles from Boston. Mr. Charlton, in "New Hampshire as it is," says: "Measley Pond and Squam Lake are partly in this town. In the latter, we found considerable quantities of fine trout. This is a beautiful sheet of water, six miles in length, and studded with islands, some of which are mere dots upon the waves, while others contain an acre or more, and in summer they are bright with verdure, or later in the season are smiling with the gifts of Ceres. From Red Hill the view of the lake is enchanting, and awakens in the mind of the beholder thoughts of some fairy land which mortals may sometimes catch a glimpse of, but never approach. The soil in this town is mostly a rich loam. The town is pleasantly situated, and its location probably gave rise to its present name. The first settlement was made in 1765 by Ebenezer Chamberlain. Centre Harbor is widely known as one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the country. Far from the noise of the crowded city and the petty annoyances of village gossip, the man of leisure or the man of business may find an asylum adapted to his wants."

After touching at Centre Harbor, we continue our voyage across the lake, a fine view of which

is presented in one of our engravings, with a background of mist-wreathed hills. The boat finally reaches Wolfboro', a very pretty town, which Mr. Waud has delineated as seen from the lake. The large building seen over the stern of the "Dover" is the Pavilion, is an excellent hotel, kept by Mr. A. H. Danton, formerly of the Flume House. The Pavilion commands a fine view of the lake and of the Gunstock Mountains, and is within a stone's throw of the water. Mr. Charlton says of Wolfboro': "Situated on Lake Winnipiseogee, which touches its south-western border, while the lofty mountains of Ossipee and the rugged hills of Tuftonboro' rise up in the rear like the impregnable walls of a gigantic fortress, its whole scene presents a view at once picturesque and sublime. The trip across the lake, from Centre Harbor to Wolfboro' bridge, especially in a pleasant summer evening, is truly delightful. At sunset, when the evening shadows begin to fall upon the distant mountain tops, presenting their rugged outlines in bold relief, and the stars, gliding into the firmament, kindle up their brilliant fires in the depths of the clear blue waters, the excursion seems like a journey to the Elysian Fields. At this hour of the day the breezes of the lake are highly invigorating."

Our other views represent Meredith, Laconia and Lake Village, all in Meredith township, which covers an area of about 13 square miles. Meredith is a flourishing place. Lake Village, situated at the foot of Long Bay, which at Wiers' forms the outlet of Winnipiseogee Lake, is a thriving manufacturing place. Laconia is south of it, a flourishing manufacturing village, and the seat of considerable business. Our engraving represents the principal street. It is a well built village, and exhibits every evidence of thrift and prosperity. The neatness and beauty of these lake villages harmonize with the delightful scenery in which they are placed. The waters of Lake Winnipiseogee are remarkably pure, being fed from its own springs. Its height is about 472 feet above the sea level. It has been said to contain about 365 islands, but we believe the number really falls short of 300. Some of these islands comprise farms of five hundred acres. Besides being a "thing of beauty" and a "joy forever," Winnipiseogee is an immense source of material wealth, being a great reservoir of power for the immense manufacturing establishments of Manchester, Lowell and other places, which are situated on the Merrimac River.

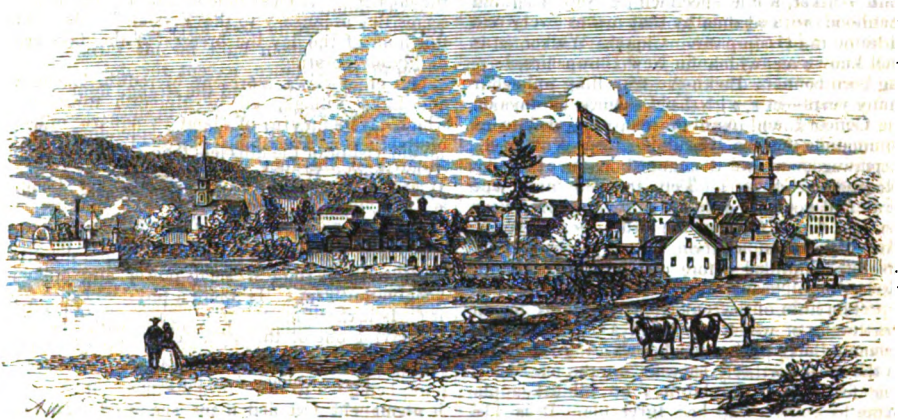
The Rev. T. Starr King, in his beautiful illustrated work, "The White Hills; their Legends, Landscape and Poetry," published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.—a work which every lover of New England scenery should possess—devotes a considerable space to this magnificent sheet of water. We cannot do better than to quote some eloquent passages from this work. Speaking of the name of the lake, he asks—"Does this word mean 'the Smile of the Great Spirit,' or 'Pleasant Water in a High Place?' There has been a dispute, we believe, among the learned in Indian lore, as to the true rendering. Whatever the word means, the lake itself signifies both. Topographically, under the surveyor's eye, and mill-owner's estimates, it is pleasant water in a



high place; about thirty miles long, and varying from one to seven miles in breadth; with railroad stations on its shores at Alton Bay and Weirs'; and a little more than a hundred miles distant from Boston." \* \* \* "It is easy to give a grand description of the character of the shores of Winnipiseogee, to count its islands, and to enumerate the mountain ranges and peaks, with their names and height, that surround it. But it is not so easy to convey any impression, by words, of the peculiar loveliness which invests it, and which lifts it above the rank of a prosaic reservoir in Belknap and Carroll counties in New Hampshire, about five hundred feet above the sea, into an expression of the Divine art renewed every summer by the Creator. There is very little cultivation around the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee. The surroundings are scarcely less wild than they were when, in 1652, Captains Edward Johnson and Simon Willard carved their initials, which are still visible, on the 'Endicott Rock,' near its outlet. The straggling parties of Indians who pass by it now, on their

not of wild, but of cheerful and symmetrical beauty.

"Artists generally, we believe, find better studies on Lake George. It may be there is more of manageable picturesqueness in the combination of its coves and cliffs; but we think that for larger proportioned landscape—to be enjoyed by the eye, if it cannot be easily handled by the pencil or brush—Winnipiseogee is immeasurably superior. We cannot imagine a person tramping through a whole summer, of its artistic and infinite variety, while it could hardly be that the eye, in the daily and familiar acquaintances of a whole season with Lake George, would not feel the need of wide reaches in the mountain views, richer combinations of the forest wilderness with retreating slopes and lines bathed in 'the tenderest purple of the distance,' and with glimpses, now and then, such as the New Hampshire lake furnishes, of sovereign summits that heave upon the horizon their vague, firm films. Mr. Everett said a few years since, in a speech, that Switzerland has no lovelier view for the tourist than the



MEREDITH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

way to trade with visitors at the Flume House in Franconia, see it but little more civilized in expression than their forefathers did, whose wigwams, before Massachusetts felt the white man's foot, spotted the meadows of the Merrimac below.

"When the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young  
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines  
flung;  
Where the boy shaped his arrows, and where the shy  
maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum  
braid."

"And yet it is not a sense of seclusion amid the forests, of being shut in by untamed hills amid the heart of the wilderness, that Winnipiseogee inspires. Indeed, the lake is not shut in by any abrupt mountain walls. Its islands and shores fringe the water with winding lines and long, narrow capes of green. But the mountains retreat gradually back from them, with large spaces of cheerful light, or vistas of more gently sloping land between. The whole impression is

lake we are speaking of affords. And Rev. Mr. Bartol, of Boston, in his charming volume, 'Pictures of Europe,' tells us: 'There may be lakes in Tyrol and Switzerland which, in particular respects, exceed the charms of any in the Western world. But in that wedding of the land with the water, in which one is perpetually approaching and retreating from the other, and each transforms itself into a thousand figures for an endless dance of grace and beauty, till a countless multitude of shapes are arranged into perfect ease and freedom, of almost musical motion, nothing can be beheld to surpass, if not to match, our Winnipiseogee!' It is, of course, in moving over the lake, on a steamer or in a boat, that this 'musical motion' of the shores is caught. We will abide the judgment of any tourist as to the extravagance of this quotation, if he has an eye competent to look through the land to landscape, and becomes acquainted with the lake from the deck of a steamer on an auspicious summer day. The sky is clear; there are just clouds enough to relieve the soft blue, and fleck the sentinel hills with shadows, and



over the wide panorama of distant mountains, a warm, dreamy haze settles, tinging them, as Emerson says the south wind, in May-days,

"Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance."

"Perhaps there is at first a faint breeze, just enough to fret the water, and roughen and mesotint the reflections of the shore. But as we shoot out into the breadth of the lake, and take in the wide scene, there is no ripple on its bosom. The little islands float over liquid silver, and glide by each other silently, as in the movements of a dance, while our boat changes her heading. And all around the mountains, swelling softly, or cutting the sky with jagged lines of steady blue, vie with the molten mirrors at our feet for the privilege of holding the eye. The "sun-sparks" blaze thick as stars upon the glassy wrinkles of the water. Leaning over the side of the steamer gazing on the exquisite curves of the water just outside the foamy splash of the wheels, watching the countless threads of silver that stream out from the shadow of the wheel-house, seeing the steady iris float with us to adorn our flying spray, and then looking up to the broken sides of the Ossiipee mountains that are rooted in the lake, over which huge shadows loiter; or back to the twin Belknap hills, that appeal to softer sensibilities, with their verdured symmetry; or, further down, upon the charming succession of mounds that hem the shores near Wolfboro'; northward, where distant Chocorua lifts his bleached head, so tenderly touched now with gray and gold, to defy the hottest sunlight, as he has defied for ages the lightning and storm; does it not seem as though the passage of the Psalms is fulfilled before our eyes, 'Out of the perfection of beauty God hath shined?'

"The lines of the Sandwich mountains, on the northwest, of which the lonely Chocorua, who seems to have pushed his fellows away from him, is the most northerly summit, are the most striking features of the borders of the lake. An American artist who had lived many years in Italy, on a recent visit to this country, went to Winnipiscogee with the writer of these pages. He was greatly impressed and charmed with the outlines of this range, which is seen at once from the boat as she leaves Weir's landing. He had not supposed that any water view in New England was bordered with such a mountain frame. And before the steamer had shot out from the bay on the bosom of the lake, he had transferred to his sketch-book its long continuation of domes and heavy scrolls and solid walls, all leading to a pyramid that supports a peak desolate and sheer.

"The most striking picture, perhaps, to be seen on the lake, is a view which is given of the Sandwich range in going from Weir's to Centre Harbor, as the steamer shoots across a little bay, after passing Bear Island, about four miles from the latter village. The whole chain is seen several miles away, as you look up the bay, between Red Hill on the left, and the Ossiipee mountains on the right. If there is no wind, and if there are shadows enough from clouds to spot the range, the beauty will seem weird and unsubstantial, as though it might fade away the next minute. The weight seems to be taken out of the mountains. We might almost say

'They are but sailing foam-bells  
Along Thought's caressing stream,  
And take their shape and sun-color  
From him that sends the dream.'

Only they do not sail, they repose. The quiet of the water and the sleep of the hills seem to have the quality of still ecstasy. It is only inland water that can suggest and inspire such rest. The sea itself, though it can be clear, is the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea only seems to pause; the mountain lake to sleep and to dream.

"But there is one view which, though far less lovely, is more exciting to one who has been a frequent visitor of the mountains. It is where Mt. Washington is visible from a portion of the steamer's track, for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Passing by the westerly declivity of the Ossiipee ridge, looking across a low slope of the Sandwich range, and far back of them, a dazzling white spot perhaps—if it is very early in the summer—gleams on the northern horizon. Gradually it mounts and mounts, and then runs down again as suddenly, making us wonder, possibly, what it can be. A minute or two more, and the unmistakable majesty of Washington is revealed. There he rises, forty miles away, towering from a plateau built for his throne, dim green in the distance, except the dome that is crowned with winter, and the strange figures that are scrawled around his waist in snow.

"Why should all the nearer splendors affect an old visitor of the hills less than that spectacle? Why should Whiteface, which seems, at a careless glance, much higher by its nearness, or the haughty Chocorua, make less joyous emotion than that tinted etching on the northern sky? Why will not a cloud thrice as lofty and distinct in its outline, suggest such power and awaken such enthusiasm? Is there a physical cause for it? Is it that the volcanic power expended in upheaving one of the supreme summits,

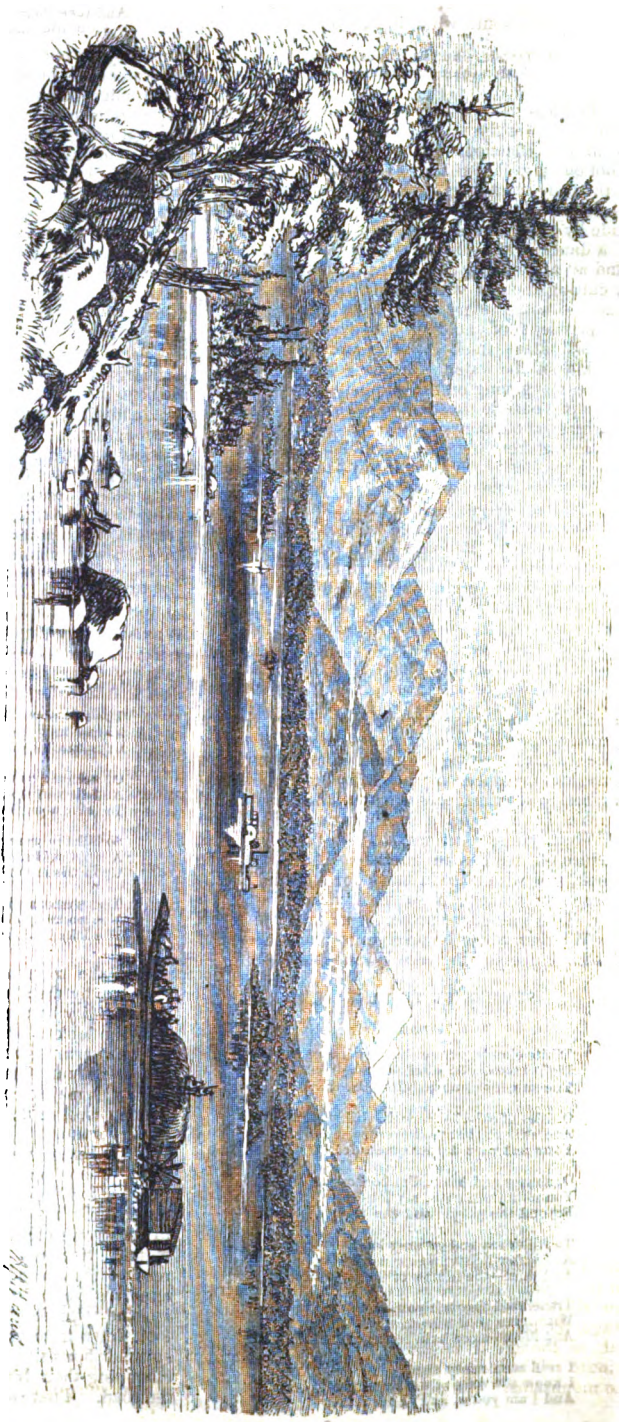
'When with inward fire and pain  
It rose a bubble from the plain,'

is permanently funded there, and is suggested to the mind whenever we see even the outlines in the distant air, thus making it represent more vitality and force than any pile of thunderous vapor can? Or is it explained by the law of association—because we know, in looking at these faint forms, that their crests have no rivals in our northern latitude this side of the Rocky Mountains—that the pencilled shadows of their foreground are the deepest gorges which land-slides have channelled and torrents have worn in New England, and that from their crown a wider area is measured by the eye than can be seen on this side of the Mississippi?

"How admirably and tenderly Mr. Ruskin has touched this point in a passage which our readers will thank us that we quote for them from the third volume of the 'Modern Painters': 'Examine the nature of your own emotion (if you feel it) at the sight of an Alp, and you find all the brightness of that emotion hanging, like dew on goosamer, on a curious web of subtle fancy and imperfect knowledge. First, you have a vague idea of its size, coupled with wonder at the work of the Great Builder of its walls and foundations; then an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetuallness, and your own

transientness, as of the grass upon its sides; then, and in this very sadness, a sense of strange companionship with past generations in seeing what they saw. They did not see the clouds that are floating over your head; nor the cottage wall on the other side of the field; nor the road by which you are travelling. But they saw *that*. The wall of granite in the heavens was the same to them as to you. They have ceased to look upon it; you will soon cease to look also, and the granite wall will be for others. Then, mingled with these more solemn imaginations, come the understanding of the gifts and glories of the Alps, the fancying forth of all the fountains that well from its rocky walls, and strong rivers that are born out of its ice, and of all the pleasant valleys that wind between its cliffs, and all the chalets that gleam among its clouds, and happy farmsteads couched upon its pastures; while together with the thoughts of these rise strange sympathies with the unknown of human life and happiness, and death, signified by that narrow white flame of the everlasting snow, seen so far in the morning sky. These images, and far more than these, lie at the root of the emotion which you feel at the sight of the Alp. You may not trace them in your heart, for there is a great deal more in your heart of evil and good, than you ever can trace; but they stir you and quicken you for all that. Assuredly, so far as you feel more at beholding the snowy mountain than any other object of the same sweet silvery gray, these are the kind of images which cause you to do so;

LAKE WINNIPISCOGUE.







LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

and, observe, these are nothing more than a greater apprehension of the *facts* of the thing. We call the power 'Imagination,' because it imagines or conceives; but it is only noble imagination if it imagines or conceives the truth."

We have made a long extract from the "White Hills," but we shall be satisfied if it induce our readers to purchase that fascinating book, and with that in hand, for a guide, to explore the scenery it so vividly describes. To Mr. King's eloquent prose, let us add the poem by Whittier which he prefixes to that division of his book devoted to Lake Winnepiseogee.

## SUMMER BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

## NOON.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep:  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O, isles of calm!—O, dark, still wood!  
And stiller skies, that overbrood  
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O, shapes and hues, dim beckoning through  
Yon mountain gape, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer lights and air more bland,  
And skies—the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!  
With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall—its discords cease;  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of nature's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind!  
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind,  
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;  
A child again, my head I lay  
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethæan powers;  
Yon noonday cloud Nepenthe showers;  
The lake is white with lotus-flowers!

But the traveller, enchanted, must not linger too long by the shores of this magic lake, lulled to inactivity by the syren song of its tiny waves. Let him look upon this lovely lake and hill region as the charming vestibule to the grand theatre of sublime beauty that lies beyond. When satiated with that majestic scenery he may return to Lake Winnepiseogee for calmer emotion in his reactionary state.

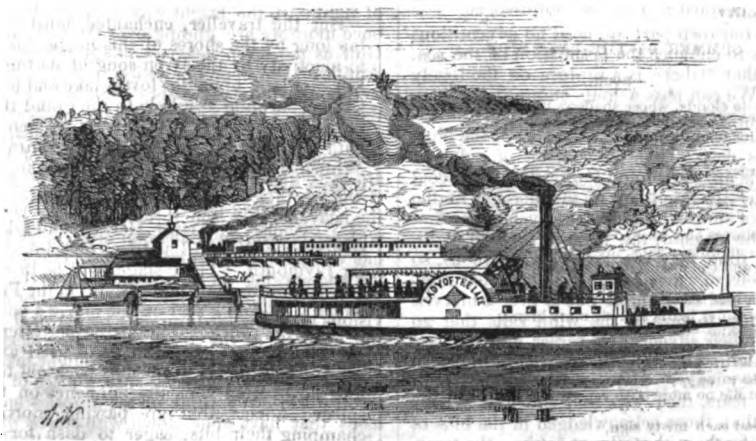
After having passed as many days as you like at Wolfboro', or Centre Harbor, embark on the steamer for Weir's Landing, and take the cars for Plymouth. There stages will be in readiness to take you to the Flume House in the Franconia Notch. Secure a seat on the driver's box on the roof of the coach. The mere ride, after a long experience of railroad cars, is in itself exhilarating and refreshing. It brings back old times, to look down from your airy eminence on the four spirited horses, that are pawing, snorting, and champing their bits, eager to dash forward on the road. That road runs parallel to the Pemi-

gewasset, which, clear as crystal, pours along over its rocky bed, now flowing smooth and swift, now brawling and foaming where its channel has a deep inclination. As you advance, the bold mountain background rises higher and higher, always crowning the distance with a splendid amphitheatre of hills. You pass through pleasant settlements, through cultivated farms, past luxuriant groves of sugar maples and charming patches of forest, the scenery gradually changing from the pastoral to the romantic and stern. Halt for the rest of the day and night at the Flume House, an admirable hotel. In its vicinity are the Pool, a sheet of water filling a huge rocky bowl, with a cataract descending into a most romantic glen, and the Flume, where the water roars down through a rocky gorge, and under a huge boulder which has been wedged into the rocky gateway above the descending torrent, and high above the foot-path which leads under. The next day continue on to the Profile House. The famous Old Man of the Mountain, and the Profile Lake, and the stern Eagle Cliff, are most romantic objects. The stage ride from the Profile House, through the Franconia Notch, making a wide curve round to the Crawford House, presents a most exciting variety of mountain views. From the Crawford House you will of course ride down the Crawford Notch and see the Willey house, which escaped destruction in the landslide that overwhelmed the unfortunate Willey family, as they fled to what they deemed a surer place of refuge, and the charming Silver Cascade. The next day you will start fresh on the ascent to the summit of Mount Washington, either on horseback or on foot. Either way it is toilsome; but were it twice as fatiguing, the glorious views obtained from every point of the ascent amply compensate the adventurer, and wean his thoughts from bodily care. And if the day be propitious, how grand, how glorious the spectacle from the bald, storm-beaten, lightning-seared crest of the monarch of New England mountains! The eye sweeps a circle of six hundred miles, and a semi-diameter of eighty. Mountains, lakes, forests, villages, whichever way you turn

your gaze. Perhaps a thunder-cloud sails by far below your feet, its voice sounding like the rumble of distant artillery, its lightnings blazing harmlessly to you, its showers drenching valleys twenty miles distant. If the day be perfectly clear, you may see, what few indeed ever behold from that awful height, the Atlantic Ocean gleaming in the far, far distance. The whole scene, once beheld, is never forgotten.

But we must not linger by mountain and lake. If we love the mountain, we have no less affection for the sea, and we advise our friends to divide their leisure days of relaxation between the two. For those who are tied by business or economy to the city during the "heated term," it is fortunate that the means of access to various points of beauty along the coast are easy and cheap. In July and August there is a universal craving for the sea side; we must, at least for the space of a few hours, lave our wearied limbs in the tide, or sit gazing forth upon the illimitable expanse, with its undying motion, its fitful changes, and its solemn mystery. One never wearies of the ocean; perhaps because one can never claim to possess it. On other works of nature man can make his impress. He can carve his initials on the face of the precipice; he can plant his flag upon the rocky pinnacle his foot has scaled. But the ocean knows no master; admits no human seal or badge of servitude. Navies plough it with their victorious keels, but the furrows are filled up even before the gleam of their white sails and the gloom of their dark batteries have faded into distance. We win, here and there, a little strip of land or rock from the ocean, but elsewhere it storms our lines and sweeps away our battlements, and chants its unceasing song of victory as its surges boil over its conquest. And for one life rescued from the deep, a thousand skeletons are bleaching in those hollow caverns that plummet-line never sounded.

Perhaps Jones, Brown and Robinson never think of these things as they "go down to the sea," not "in ships," but in yachts. They go to have a good time—to sail, to fish, to dance, to flirt, to enjoy music and chowder and cigars, and to chant a "wet sheet and a flowing sea," and J.,



THE "LADY OF THE LAKE" LEAVING WHARF.



SENER HOUSE, AT CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.

B. and R. are in the right. Old Neptune can be a jolly good fellow when he likes, and in certain moods sympathizes with human merriment. Even Fashion sometimes comes not amiss when its rainbow hues are tinted with water-colors. The diving-bells of Newport do not appear out of keeping. Civilization may perch by the sea side and not seem out of place. Glittering equipages may roll along the Newport and Nahant beaches, and jar not on the sense of fitness. We have paced the piazza of the Nahant Hotel on a moonlight night, when the fresh land breeze wandered out to sea and broke its surface into a million brilliant dimples, when the light of the gay saloon streamed forth to meet the lights of the sky, and the music of the orchestra and the laughter of light hearts blended with the waves on the rocks and sands, and all the features and all the sounds of the scene mingled in harmony and sympathy.

But for our own part we need no adventitious appliances to enhance the fascination of the sea. We feel that "there is a rapture on the lonely shore." We can pass a long summer day in a nook of the rocks, without either book or fishing-rod, or other companionship save that of the blue, mysterious deep. The phenomena of a day at the sea side are varied and interesting. The cold gray dawn—the kindling of the horizon at the approach of sunrise, the glorious flush of the first beam of the daystar, the blazing birth of light, are, each time they are renewed before us, so many visions of enchantment. Then that mysterious ebb and flow of the tide is ever a marvel. We love, too, to gaze on the white sails that go forth upon their adventurous career, and to please our fancy with picturing the crews and the passengers they carry, and speculating on their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. Other treasures than those acknowledged in the bills of lading go forth in these brave barks—the treasures of peerless manhood and of woman's price-

less love. And then the white-winged merchantmen standing in homeward bound—what strange lands have they not visited! Securely, through storm and calm, they have borne to our shores the spices of Araby, the breath of Persian roses, the silks of India, the gold and ivory of Africa, the furs of the frozen north, the glowing fruits of the tropics. Haply there sweeps across our horizon a man-of-war, with her trim masts and snowy canvass and stern armament, bearing the constellated flag, the proudest ensign that ever floated over the mists of ocean and the smoke of battle. A thousand memories of glorious deeds rise as the stately frigate moves on her liquid pathway.

As the day strides on, and the noontide heat increases, our imagination wanders far away to the tropics. We are strolling beneath arches of fluttering palms, or plunging, with the children of nature, in the bright waves of the Pacific, or once more we are gliding over the waters of the Gulf as the stern defences of the "Pearl of the Antilles" rise upon our vision.

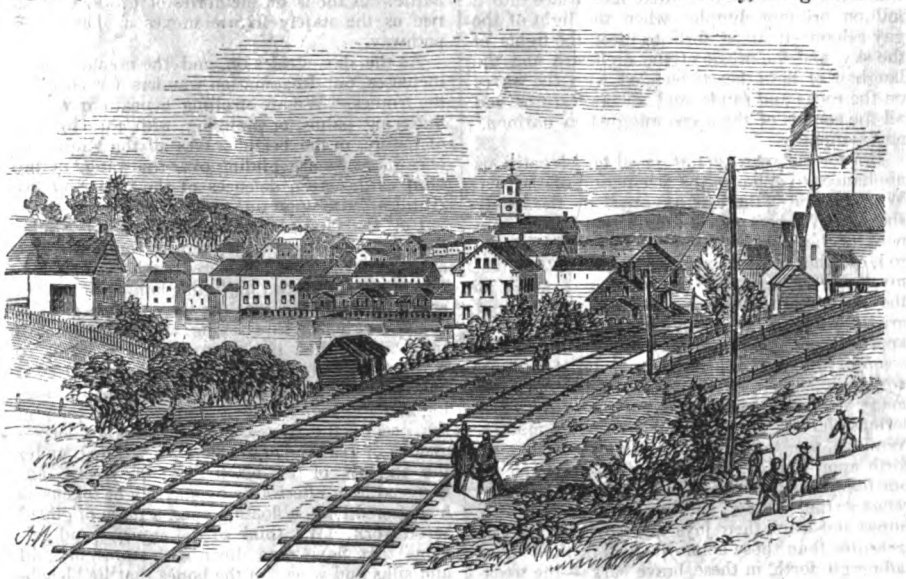
But the daylight wanes; the sun has sunk; the sea is a dark purple, verging on black, like an imperial pall, embroidered with phosphorescent stars, awhile on high, the lamps of heaven are lit to guide the mariner upon his way. Or, if the weather be threatening, and clouds obscure the heavens, then the threatening sea seems to whisper hoarsely a confession of the dark deed it has witnessed or performed. Then come thronging and surging on the memory dismal tales of the ocean—the tragedies of the mighty deep—visions of redhanded murders perpetrated under the shadow of the black flag; of wrecks, announced long afterwards by such slight tokens as a shattered boat, a floating spar, a piece of gilded scroll-work. We think of the argosies and galleons that have gone down with stores of gold and silks and wine; of the bones that lie bleaching on that pavement of the sea no human eye

has ever looked upon; of the misshapen monsters science has never described that haunt the lower deeps, waging fierce battles with each other, and making that submarine world hideous and appalling to the imagination.

It is high time to leave the pageant; the play is played out; the curtain is fallen, and the night air grows chill. But we cannot call the day misspent. We have gained health and strength during our long commune with nature; we have experienced vivid sensations; we have quaffed in draughts of poetry and romance, the effect of which will endure through many a long monotonous day of common life. Born beside the sea, we love it as the mountaineer loves his rugged home, and whether it breaks in music ripples at our feet, or dashes on the rocks before us, like a wild berseker, we ever greet it as a friend.

Our artist has helped along our gossip about the seaside by three spirited sketches of Hull—the magnetic telegraph station, Telegraph Hill, the Oregon House, and the Mansion House. The town of Hull is quite celebrated—small as it is, it has made its record; and “as Hull goes so goes the State,” is often an amusing quotation in political circles. It is a great resort in summer for our citizens, who flock thither to enjoy the fine scenery, the delicious ocean breezes, the boating, fishing and other amusements incidental to a watering place. It is only eleven miles from Boston, and has steamboat communication with the city. The Mansion House is finely situated a few rods east of the landing, and near the water's edge, which makes it very convenient for bathers. The shore is covered with boats and promenaders, and really the frail craft that are hauled up on the shore look quite inviting. They revive in our minds memories of many a pleasant pull in the bay, and many a grand haul of codfish, afterwards converted into an appetizing chowder. Nothing is more invigorating than a good pull at the oar, and if our fashionable vis-

itors at watering places would make up their minds to do a little work instead of abandoning themselves to dissipation, they would return to the city in a far better condition than when they left it, which is not always the case. The Oregon House has a fine, pleasant situation, with extensive grounds. From Telegraph Hill, the visitor will obtain an extensive panoramic view of Boston, Charlestown, the harbor, etc. Boston looks finely from this point, which is just far enough distant to lend enchantment to the view. Boston harbor opens to the sea between two points nearly four miles distant from each other—Point Alderton on Nantasket, and Point Shirley in Chelsea. It is sheltered from the ocean by the peninsulas of which these two points are the extremities, and a large number of islands, between which there are three entrances. The main passage, which is about three miles southeast of the navy-yard, and so narrow as scarcely to permit two vessels to pass abreast, lies between Castle and Governor's Islands, and is defended by Fort Independence and Fort Warren. A passage north of Governor's Island is also protected by Fort Warren. A new fortress of great size and strength on George's Island, will guard the entrance to the outer or lower harbor. The entire surface included within Point Alderton and Point Shirley, is estimated at seventy-five square miles, about half of which affords anchorage ground for vessels of the largest class. It is easy of access, free from sand-bars, and seldom obstructed by ice. The town of Hull was a mart of commerce, and the residence of eminent men, six years before Boston bore its present name, and five years before Salem became a town. Standing on the Telegraph Hill, Boston will present a far different appearance from that it presented in 1633, when Wood wrote his description of it, though some of the natural features remain unchanged. It is curious as we gaze over the blue waters on the crowded city, rising from the



LAKE VILLAGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.





VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BOSTON

sea, belted with its forest of masts, to recall what was then written of it. "Boston," says Wood, "is two miles northeast of Roxbury. Its situation is very pleasant, being a peninsula, hemmed in on the south side by the bay of Roxbury, and on the north side with Charles River, the marshes on the back being not half of a quarter of a mile over; so that a little fencing will secure their cattle from the wolves. It being a neck, and bare of wood, they are not troubled with these great annoyances—wolves, rattlesnakes and mosquitoes. Those that live here upon their cattle must be constrained to take farms in the country, or else they cannot subsist, the place being too small to contain many, and fittest for such as can trade with England for such commodities as the country wants, being the chief place for shipping and merchandize. This neck of land is not above four miles in compass, in form almost square, having on the south side at one corner, a great broad hill, whereon is located a fort, which can command any ship as she sails into the harbor within the still bay. On the north side is another hill, equal in bigness, whereon stands a windmill. To the northwest is a high mountain, with three little rising hills on the top of it, wherefore it is called the *Trimount*. From the top of this mountain a man may overlook all the islands which lie within the bay, and discover such ships as are on the sea-coast. This town, though it be neither the greatest nor the richest, yet is the most noted and frequented, being the centre of the plantation, where the monthly courts are kept. Here, likewise, dwells the governor. This place has very good land, affording rich corn-fields and fruitful gardens, having likewise sweet and pleasant springs. The inhabitants of this place, for their enlargement, have taken to themselves farm-houses in a place called Muddy River (Brookline), two miles from the town, where there is good grass, large timber, store of marsh land and meadow. In this place they keep their swine and other cattle in the summer, whilst the corn is in the granary at Boston, and bring them to town in winter." Yes—times have indeed changed, and we have changed with them. Land enough for a small farm within the city of Boston costs rather too much to render the raising of Indian corn profitable now. But still, as then, the environs of the city are charming. Still the broad bay offers a thousand picturesque features, and a thousand pure delights; for we must never lose sight of the fact, that Boston is a watering-place. Though thousands of her citizens are ignorant of the charms of the bay, and refuse to partake of them, yet there are other thousands who fully appreciate and enjoy them, the yacht-men, boating-men, fishermen and artists.

#### THE HAIR AND ITS COLOR.

A young lady friend of mine was recommended by a coiffeur to use sage water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use, as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in an oven or near a stove, then strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of cocoa-nut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.—*London Field*.

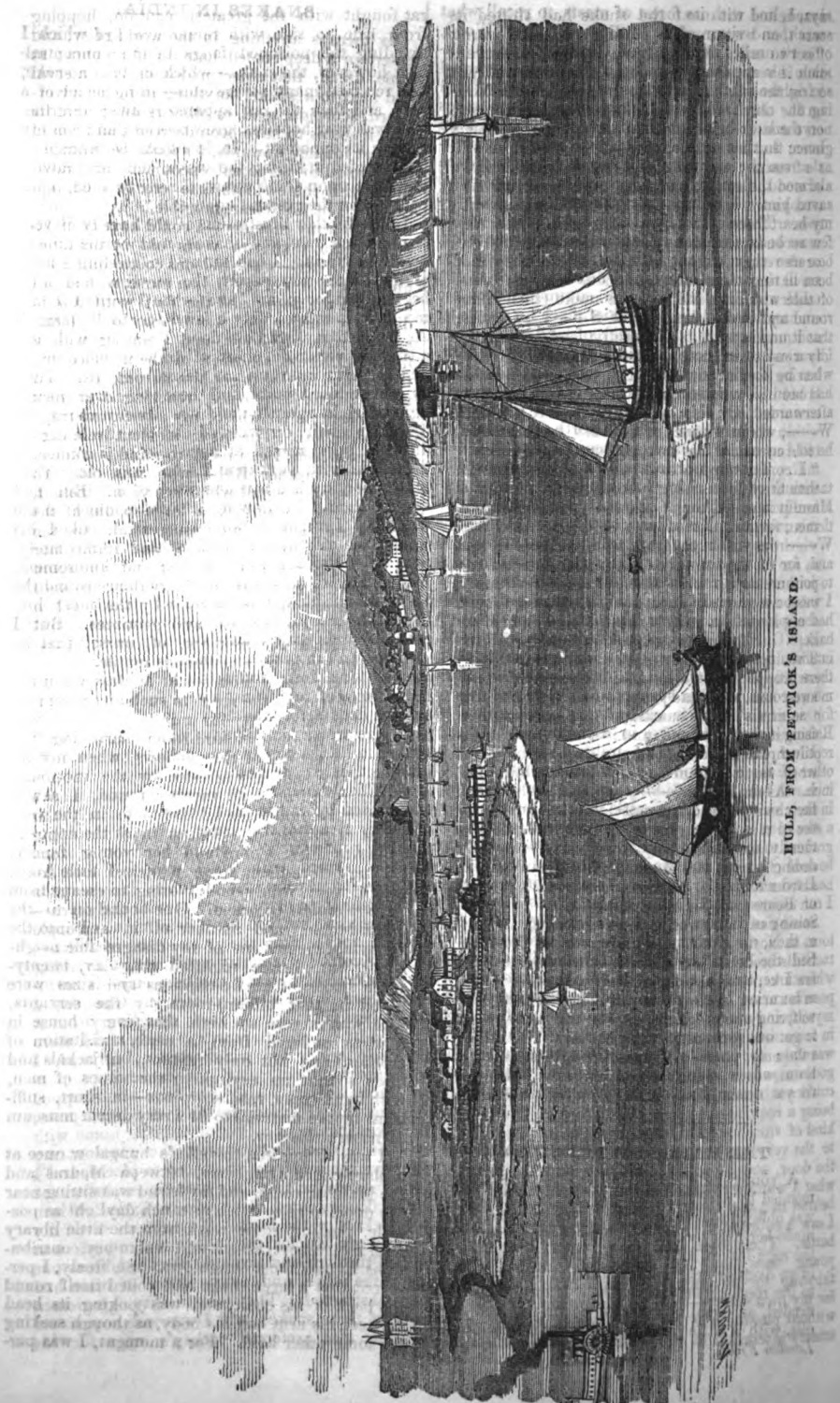
#### SNAKES IN INDIA.

If there is anything in the world of which I entertain a deep-rooted hatred and an uncontrollable dread, that object undoubtedly is a snake, and next to a snake, anything in the shape of a lizard, scorpion, toad, or other reptile; nevertheless, it seems to have been decreed that from my earliest infancy upwards, I should be doomed to be exposed to perpetual encounters and adventures with these loathsome creepers upon the earth. The first clear, tangible object that fixed itself upon my memory—I could have been very little more than two years old at the time of the occurrence—was a hideous cobra coiling itself under the pillow of my Indian nurse, who slept on a mat on the floor; and the first word I could distinctly articulate was "*Pambo*" (tamul-snake), with which cry, and pointing with my finger, I drew attention to the unwelcome intruder, and forthwith got him despatched. Then a long blank intervenes, reaching over nearly three years; after which, my adventures may be termed legion. The next incident relating to reptiles which I can recall to mind is connected with my brother Bill—who was older than myself—and a small white scorpion. Bill had been trying to unlock a large padlock on the fowl-house; and being unsuccessful, poked his little finger into the keyhole, and immediately, to my immense astonishment and amusement, performed a most extraordinary dance round the yard, accompanying the same by the most hideous howls, contortions, and grimaces. But I had no idea at the moment, of course, that he had been stung by a venomous reptile.

One very heavy monsoon at Madras, when the rain had swollen the river to such an extent that it flooded the country for miles around, I was standing in the billiard-room surveying the dreary aspect out of the windows, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the moribund groans of a frog, and turning round, I saw a huge snake under the billiard-table in the very act of engorging it. Sliding in at the opposite door was Mrs. Cobra and her young family, driving before them some wretched little frogs, which were vainly endeavoring to escape from their relentless pursuers. One bound on to the billiard-table, and another off it, and into the verandah, cleared me of my disagreeable neighbors; but, before nightfall that day, twenty-seven snakes of all descriptions and sizes were killed in that billiard-room by the servants. The waters rose so high that every house in Madras suffered from a perfect visitation of reptiles, and not only reptiles, but jackals and birds sought an asylum in the homes of men, with bandicoots, rats, scorpions—in short, sufficient reptile material to fit a very decent museum of natural history.

I was sitting in a traveller's bungalow once at a place called Otagerri, between Madras and the Malabar coast, and my friend was sitting near the door, so as to catch as much daylight as possible, reading some work from the little library with which government and voluntary contributions furnish those bungalows. Suddenly, I perceived that a large snake had coiled itself round the back of his chair, and was poking its head between his arm and his body, as though seeking for some other hold. For a moment, I was par-





HULL, FROM PETTICK'S ISLAND.

alyzed, and the next the snake had shifted its search, and was rapidly coiling round the young officer's neck. At the same instant, a servant made his appearance opposite the door, and got so frightened, that he fell to the ground in a fainting fit. My friend was luckily a man of immense nerve and great presence of mind; he saw at a glance that his only chance was to remain as still as a statue; the slightest move would have alarmed the snake, and then nothing could have saved him. I, on my part, sat motionless, with my heart frozen through and through. In a very few seconds, fortunately, the servant and palkee-bearers returned from the *tope*, where they had been having their curry and rice, and the noise of their approach alarmed the snake (then coiled round and round the body of S—) so much, that it unwrapped itself rapidly, and slid as rapidly away to its hole. S— fainted instantly when he found himself safe; and my anxiety had been so intense, that I felt ill for many days afterwards. On relating this adventure to Major W—, whom we met at the very next station, he told us one of his own serpent experiences.

"I commanded," said the major, "the detachment of foot-artillery stationed in the fort at Masulipatam—a horrid place as you know, gentlemen, for any Christian to be quartered. Mrs. W— was just recovering from a severe illness, and, for the first time for many a day, was able to join me at the tiffin-table. Most fortunately, I was on a garrison court-martial that day, and had my sword hanging by its belt to the chair back. Our bungalow was a tiled one, with no intervening platform or other roof; and suddenly there dropped upon the table between us an immense cobra, who had been most likely hunting for squirrels' nests amongst the conical tiles. Raising its hooded head, and hissing horribly, the reptile threatened alternately to dart at one or the other of us, its venomous fangs protruding a full inch. As for Mrs. W—, she had fallen back in her chair perfectly unconscious; and never for a second removing my eye from the snake's, I gradually unsheathed my sword, and suddenly bounding aside at the same instant, severed its head from its body. It was a hairbreadth escape, I can assure you, for both of us."

Some time afterwards, I was residing at Chittoor, in North Arcot, and there was a little detached storehouse or *godown*, as they are called, where I kept my supply of beer and other European luxuries. I always kept the key of this place myself, and one morning, as was my wont, went in to get out some articles for the day. The door was the only place of ingress or egress, and the godown, which was thatched with palm-leaves, could not boast of a single window, darkness being a requisite in those hot countries for that kind of storehouse. What I required took me to the very further extremity of the room from the door, and I was just stooping down to select what I wanted, when I heard a tremendous flop behind me, and then a scuffle. Turning round, I saw a cobra and a rat having a regular pitched battle. The cobra had been after the rat's young ones, and the infuriated mother was thirsting for revenge. Though much alarmed for my own safety—for I had no means of escape without passing the cobra—I soon became intensely interested in the combat. At first, the

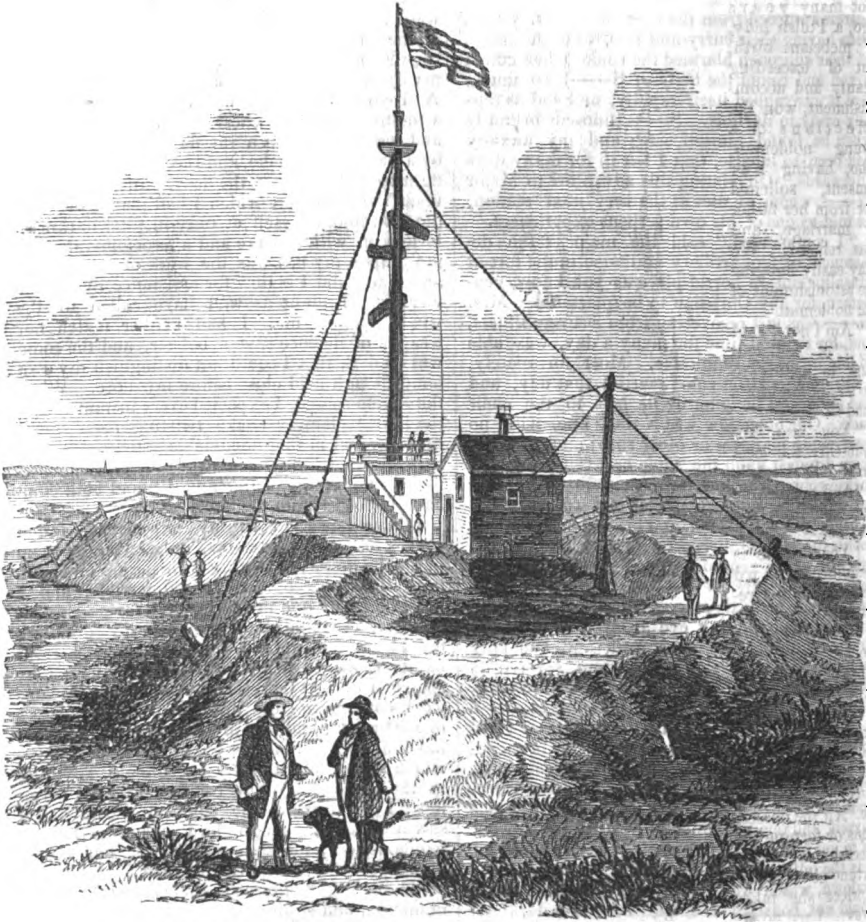
rat fought with the greatest caution, hopping from side to side with remarkable agility, and avoiding the poisoned fangs of the cobra; at last, however, the snake—which in the interval had received many severe bites—stung his adversary, and then the rat, apparently aware that its case was now hopeless, grew reckless, and closed in with its opponent. In less than two minutes, it succeeded in killing the snake, and then crawling aside upon some straw, the victor died, apparently in the greatest agonies.

I had another illustration of the enmity existing between rats and snakes, many years afterwards, in Syria. I had sat up late reading a file of the Times newspaper; the servants had all been in bed for hours, and when I withdrew to my own, it wanted only a few hours to daylight. As I closed my bedroom door, I was startled by a tussling under the chest of drawers close by, and the next instant a rat darted out, followed by a huge black snake, and these two set to work fighting right against the door. In my alarm, I upset the chair on which I had placed the candle, and found myself at once in utter darkness, locked in with a snake and a ferocious rat. To jump upon my bed was the work of an instant, and loudly did I bellow for assistance out of the window. I might as well have called to the winds to aid me. I had neither match nor weapon of defence save a bolster, and the room was so dark that I could not distinguish my own hand though held close before my nose. When the scuffle ceased, I expected every instant to feel the horrid clammy snake twisting itself round my legs, and in that unenviable anticipation I remained three long hours, till broad daylight relieved me of my fears, and I found both combatants dead before the door.

I have never, in all my experience, found snakes to be the aggressors, unless you get them into a *cul de sac*, or during their period of breeding. Then the cobra is indeed terrible, and I was chased by one at Tellicherry for nearly half an hour, escaping the brute only by doubling quickly round until I stumbled over a stout bamboo, armed with which weapon I soon despatched it. At the best of times, it is nervous work coming to close quarters with the cobra—one false aim, and you are a dead man. People have a notion that the green snake of India—which is certainly a pretty specimen, if anything in the shape of a snake can be pretty—is harmless; I can prove to the contrary. One day I saw a beautiful mango bird dangling from a bamboo-bush; the glare was intense, and I wore blue spectacles, for which reason, perhaps, I could not well distinguish the cause of the phenomenon, and supposing it to have been trapped by some wile, I seized the bird as a great prize, for I was making a collection to bring home with me. In a second afterwards, the glass of my right-eye spectacle was shattered to pieces, and I hardly recovered from my amazement, when the snake, disappointed of his aim, wriggled off into the thickest of the bush. The glasses saved my eye and my life, for the poor mango-bird was riddled through and through the head, from one eye to the other, and every atom of brain had been abstracted. They are dainty gentlemen some of these snakes, and I was well acquainted with one that preferred turkey's eggs for his

breakfast to any other. I used to watch my turkeys as they strayed about the grounds, and mark their nests, leaving them undisturbed until they began to sit. One hen had fixed upon a myrtle-bush, round which she used to flutter and scream every day, poking her stupid-looking head out in so strange a fashion, that I was once induced to watch her. No sooner had she deposited her egg, than a cobra made his appearance, and with the greatest dexterity sucked the egg. With greater wisdom than the fabled destroyer

looks as if it was afflicted with leprosy, and which has the astonishing faculty of throwing itself ten yards across from one upright wall to another. If he carry his inclination for study still further, he can investigate the mysteries of a Siamese stew, and find alligator the chief ingredient. He will find ample opportunity of collecting out of his soup-plate, tea-cup, wine-glass, or the hair of his head, or from off the back of his hand, specimens of the mosquito-fly, ant, greenbug, grasshopper bug, vulgus, earwig, flea,



MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH STATION, TELEGRAPH HILL, HULL.

of the goose and the golden eggs, the cobra spared the turkey to supply his dainty breakfast.

But if the reader wishes to study the natural history of reptiles to perfection, I recommend him to live a month or two at Bang-kok, in Siam. He will have the satisfaction, when he wakes of a morning, to see a snake peeping out of a hole in each corner of the room, and two or three little ones amusing themselves at hide-and-seek on the floor. If he looks up at the ceiling, he will perceive a specimen of the lizard tribe, called the *Toquay*—from its peculiar cry—a lizard that

in all the diversified branches of each genus. Nor when the fatigues of day are over, and he dons his slippers for ease and comfort, need he be surprised to find a scorpion in one, and a centipede in the other, while a colony of white ants are investigating the merits of literature in his bookcase.—*Journal of a British Officer in India.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.—*LOCKE.*



**A TRADE, A FORTUNE.**

If parents would consider the welfare and happiness of their children, they would choose the virtuous mechanic, farmer or honest trader, as companions and helpmates instead of the rich, who, aside from their income, have no means of subsistence. How often does this question arise, and from religious parents, too, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters: "Is he rich?" If the daughter answers, "Yes, he is rich, he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishment, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?"

"You are undoubtedly the best blood of Poland."

"And my fortune and reputation, are they not—"

"Your estate is magnificent, and your conduct irreproachable."

"Then, having your daughter's consent, should I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," the father replied, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, at her caprices she takes away. I see no security of independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year

or two afterward, the father was sitting at the door, and saw, approaching the house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket-maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill. The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The

THE OREGON HOUSE, HULL.



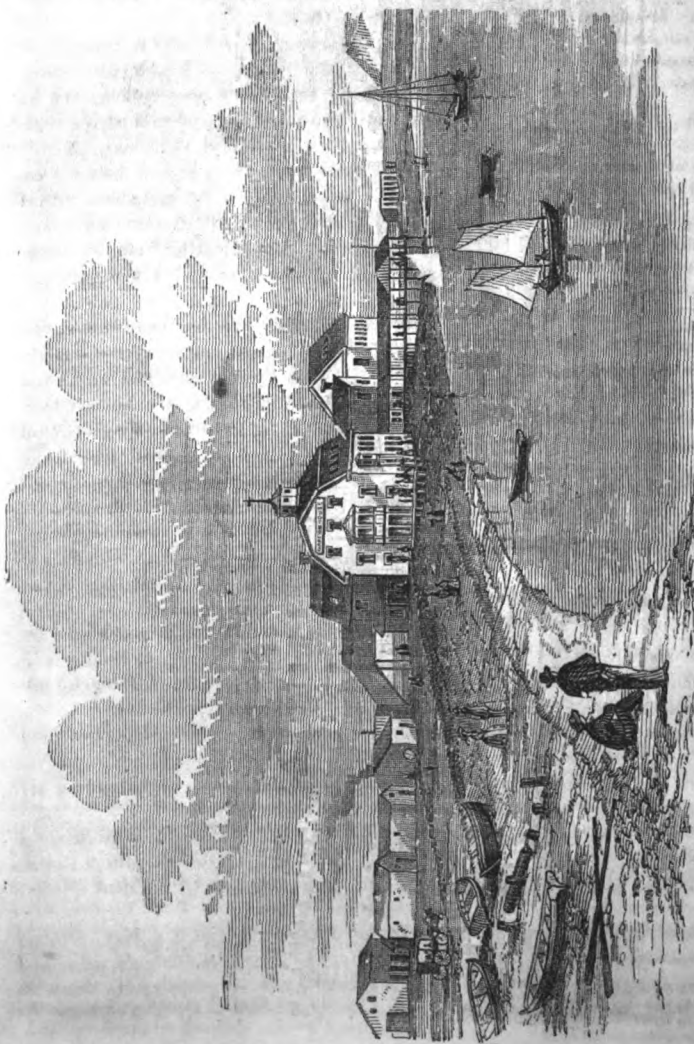
revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars, some of them teachers; and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.—*Journal of Education.*

#### TYROLESE GLEE SINGERS.

We heard beautiful singing as we approached the inn. I had understood that the Tyrolean minstrels, who lately delighted so many English audiences, only gave a specimen of the singing daily heard amid these mountains. I found this true. The men we had left in the garden were taking their different parts in the harmony. We sat down and listened. And now they filled their empty jugs, and standing up, knocked them together, and chanted such a stave of wild, sweet

notes as I think I never heard before; the tenor giving out the last word of their drinking song with such a shout, so melodious, so careless, so free, he made the very hills ring again, and my heart is echoing it still. In return we sang "Home, Sweet Home." They seemed greatly interested in the simple English song, and at its close raised their hats and bowed with the grace of well-bred gentlemen. They gave us some of their peculiar mountain cries, commencing with a loud scream, and quickly dropping down at musical intervals. Most strange and mysterious, the first note sounded like the unearthly screech of some sprite away in those mighty forests, which having first startled us poor mortals, then broke into a mocking laugh, that grew fainter as it sped away to some more distant summit. Before leaving these fine mountaineers, we sang "God Save the Queen." As we concluded they rose, and to our delight, sang it in exquisite har-

mony, to German words. The compliment was lost upon us, and the glorious notes of our national anthem were wondrously sweet amid the Tyrolean valleys, a thousand miles from home. Our coachman was impatient, and we reluctantly drove away from Siegsdorf. Our minstrel friends gave us three hearty cheers at parting. After we had gone a little distance, the landlord rushed out from the door, and, waving his hat over head, gave us a farewell mountain cry that filled the whole valley with music. It was a most inspiring outburst that left an impression on our minds which was not for a long time obliterated, nor even now is it forgotten.—*Through the Tyrol to Venice.*



THE MANSION HOUSE, HULL.

(ORIGINAL.)

## FANNIE'S HAIR.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I'm gazing on a token now,  
A treasure pure and fit,  
Which memory loves and values much—  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

I gaze, and sad tears slowly steal:  
Nothing my grief can share,  
Save this fair golden treasure bright—  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

When fortune frowns upon my path,  
And I'm bowed down with care,  
Solace I find by gazing on  
This little lock of hair.

Ah, loved memento!—alike tree!  
Precious beyond compare!  
Blest be the day she gave to me  
A ringlet of her hair!

I gaze, and recollections come,  
And gently lead me where  
Lies the sweet head which once upbore  
This fairy tress of hair.

Earth may take from me all I have,  
But nought shall ever tear  
From my bereaved and lonely heart  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

I'll hide it in my bosom now,  
And ever shield it there  
From cold, unsympathizing eyes,  
This curl of Fannie's hair.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE WAIF:

—OR—

## HARRY'S YOUNG PROTEGE.

BY H. N. O'BRIEN.

It was about sunset of a summer's day. The weather had been hot and sultry, and to people whose business or employment was out of doors, it had been extremely unpleasant. In the glowing west there seemed banners of crimson fluted with gold flung athwart the sky; and piles of blue clouds, whose edges were tipped with silver, floated on either side. The sky seemed radiant with the amber rays struggling through, with pencil-like fringes reaching up as if to the gray beyond.

Harry Winthrop looked with a true artist's eye on the glowing scene. The color deepened in his pale student's face, and lighted up his dark thoughtful eye. He loved the beautiful—

almost worshipped at its shrine. He loved to see the white "Star of Bethlehem" peering meekly up among its long, green leaves, with the single white thread running through. He loved the March violet, the spring daisies; he loved, too, all that is majestic and grand in nature. He had stood and thrilled at the mighty voice that ever goes up from Niagara, and fascinated, tried to pierce the misty veil that hides its depths from mortal gaze. He was an orphan and alone in the world. Impulsive, impetuous, warm-hearted, he possessed true principles and a strong sense of the right. He was a college student, enjoying a summer vacation in his own peculiar manner. He was making a tour of the State of Connecticut, accompanied only by his good horse Selim, on whose back he now sat watching the clouds.

Looking earnestly he fell into a reverie, and heeded not the pawing of his impatient steed. But suddenly the reverie was broken, and he looked up hastily and glanced around, on hearing a succession of childish screams. A little house of wood-color, which he had been too absorbed to notice, stood on the right-hand side of the road. The screams, which came louder and faster, impelled him to spring from his horse, hastily slip the reins around a gate-post, and enter.

The front portion, as in most farm-houses, was closed tightly with green paper curtains, closely drawn. He took the foot-path, and with a few quick steps, found himself at the kitchen-door. The sight that met his eyes made the indignant blood boil in his veins. A woman (could she be a woman?) with a coarse, red face, flushed with angry passions, held in her uplifted hand a large hickory stick, and close grasped in her other hand was a mass of tangled curls, belonging to a trembling, cowering child of perhaps eleven years.

On seeing the stranger, the woman's hand relaxed, and with a quick bound the child sprang to his side and clasped his knee, looking up imploringly in the face bent towards her.

"Go out and finish picking chips now, you miserable child! I'll finish settling with you to-night," exclaimed the woman, angrily giving her frowny hair a backward push.

Evidently rejoiced to defer the punishment a few hours, the child went sobbing into the yard.

"Is she your daughter?" inquired Harry, somewhat embarrassed.

"I should hope not—such a lazy, shiftless thing! Here I set her to picking up chips, and the first thing I knew, she came up the lane with her arms full of medder weeds. No, thank for—

tune, she's none o' mine." And the woman gave an impatient twitch to her sleeve, which was rolled above her brawny elbow.

"Who then is she?" asked Harry, sternly.

"Well, I don't see as it concerns you to know. I'd like to git rid of the lazy thing any way." The woman commenced a vigorous sweeping.

"Why do you keep her, if you don't want her? Would it not be better to give her away, or send her to the alms-house?"

"Law, sir, I wouldn't dare to. The neighbors would make a fuss. She was, my husband's child, by his first wife—a terrible shiftless critter by all accounts; but John sot the world by her. The young un takes after the mother. When John died he gin me the farm, and I was to provide for the girl. I've two young uns of my own to take care on, and if folks wouldn't talk so, I'd put her in the poor-house."

Harry gave way to a generous impulse.

"Give her to me, if she will go," he exclaimed.

"I will send her to school and educate her as my own sister. Are you willing?"

The woman looked suspiciously at him, then hesitated.

"She shall be well taken care of," remarked Harry, noticing her hesitation.

"And brung up right?" asked the woman, leaning on her broom.

"I pledge you my honor." Harry's face flushed.

"And I wout have to spend nothin' on her?"

"No, you shall be relieved of all expenses. I am rich, and can do as I please."

"Well, if she is willing you can have her, but her services will be a loss to me. Here," she exclaimed, as the child entered with a full basket, "do you want to go away with this gentleman, Molly?"

The child's eyes absolutely flashed with delight.

"May I go, sir? Will you take me?" she exclaimed, almost incredulously.

"Yes—if you will go with me, and be my little sister," he answered, kindly.

The child caught up her sun-bonnet and hastened to the door.

"Can't you kiss me good-by, Moll? I would not let the girl go, if it wasn't goin' to be such a good thing for her. But it will be deprivin' me of her services, and I'm none too well off."

Harry laid a gold eagle on the table, which the woman saw with ill-concealed delight. She accompanied them to the gate, and assisted the child, who was very small of her age, to her seat in front of her young protector.

"Good-by, Molly, and if good luck comes to you, don't forget your friends."

In any person, however bad, we are told, there is at least one germ of good. In Mrs. Crown, Molly's stepmother, it was her love for her own children. It was her passion—no work, no hardship was too hard for her to endure for them.

As they rode along slowly, the child's head rested trustingly on Harry's breast. He began to have a delightful feeling, thinking how pleasant it was to have some one to protect and watch over. Looking down on the bare neck and arms, which were covered with stripes and wales, a sense of pity and indignation mingled in his breast.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Faith Crown. My mother calls me Molly," said the child, looking up.

"How old are you?"

"Most eleven, sir."

"Have you been to school much, Faith?"

"Not much, sir. But I'm a good scholar. I can spell lots, and read in the Third Reader. I know 'rithmetic, too."

Harry was amused.

"How much do you know of arithmetic?"

"I can add and multiply, and lots more. I never studied nothin' besides."

Harry mused a few moments, while the child was silent with a full heart, because of his kind words. Poor little one! she was unused to such, and the tears filled her eyes.

"There, you can most see the village, mister," said little Molly, anxious to entertain him.

"Look up, Faith, while I talk to you. Your name, henceforth, shall be called Faith Winthrop. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. What is your name?" she asked, timidly.

"Harry Winthrop. You may call me brother—no," he said, his fastidious nature revolting from too close intimacy and too great familiarity with such a sun-burned little thing—"no, call me uncle—Uncle Harry."

A stop of three days at the village hotel recruited all Harry's energies, and at the same time put Faith's wardrobe in good condition, for Harry engaged a competent dressmaker to clothe the child neatly and tastefully. When dressed, she was quite presentable. Her slender little figure in white muslin, tied with a pink sash-ribbon, looked very different from the ill-clad, wretched-looking farmer's daughter. Her hair was combed and hung in soft, silky curls; her little sun-burned face had had the tears and dust washed away, and revealed a patient, subdued expression, with a fearful glance in the eye, and a quivering lip. Yet the face wore an innocent,

artless look, full of childish purity, and that pleased her young protector.

Since taking her, Harry Winthrop had once or twice called himself "a foolish boy," and wondered what his city friends would think of his adopted niece. But he had no one to love, no one to whom he was all the world. He felt that Providence had given him this little waif, and he resolved to train her for a useful life. What her future would be he did not pause to think. Her quaint manners, her odd, intelligent little speeches, decided him to educate her. Still he realized that his was an awkward situation—he, a college youth of twenty-one, sole and only guardian to a little child, ten years his junior.

He took her to the city in which his college was located, and placed her at a fashionable seminary, under the charge of an accomplished preceptress. His little protegee filled many a thought, and many were the plans he formed for her benefit. Although absorbed in study, and determined to be the first man in his class, and make his fellow-collegians recognize in him talent, and perhaps genius, he still found time to call on his little "Daisy," as he loved to call her, twice every week. Faith regarded him as a superior being, and loved him with a wild intensity, whose depths could not be sounded. Every kind word, all his little gifts, his brotherly counsel and caresses were treasured by the child, and served to brighten and strengthen the chain which united them. And her helplessness, her reverence for him, her innocence and purity, made him love her as if she had been his sister, and he sometimes felt inferior to her in the love of angels. By the end of the year, her *brusquerie* and country awkwardness were partially dissipated. She had lost somewhat of her too great timidity, and began to show a thirst for knowledge.

Harry Winthrop's studies were finished. He had delivered the valedictory amidst marked applause. He had won high honors, and he had now the world before him. The dream of his life had been to travel, and now he was determined to see his dream fulfilled. No longer should it be a dim, misty vision, but a sweet reality. And so, bidding adieu to Faith and his other friends, he went to Germany to study.

Five years had passed over the hills and valleys of life, and Harry Winthrop, a bronzed and bearded man, with foreign air, strode again his native shore. Since he had left his *alma mater*, the suns of many different lands and climes had kissed his once pale cheek, and he had looked on ruins and stately edifices, and had learned to think. In rambling over the old world he had

first learned man's power and might, and his weakness and insignificance. He went a light-hearted student; he returned a grave, thoughtful, dignified man; a man who felt the importance of life, who realized his own native powers, and who was a man among men.

It was a June afternoon when he strolled up the seminary walk, and entered the chapel where hundreds were congregated. It was the last day of examination, and the young graduates were to read their essays before a criticizing audience. On the platform, but far back, were rows of seats, and eagerly did Harry scan each face to find his country blossom. Curly heads and dark eyes, sunny tresses and azure orbs—from all these how could he choose his Daisy? He knew it was her graduation day, and he resolved to watch the young girls, feeling convinced he would know Faith in a moment. A tall, stately girl, with raven hair and splendid oriental eyes, read her essay first. That could not be Faith. Next came a proud, haughty being, with a cold, reserved air. Then half a dozen passable-looking girls, by no means brilliant, but doubtless possessed of those qualities which make home happy. Mr. Winthrop immediately decided that Faith was not among them. Then, with a blundering air, came a short, plump girl, evidently the light of some farm-house—with auburn hair, blue eyes, a good-natured expression, but plain-featured, with a universal awkwardness. She shrank from reading her composition, looking around fearfully, the paper trembling in her hand, and a blush suffusing the healthy cheek.

That was Faith—so Harry decided. He did not doubt he was right, and he began to congratulate himself on the kind impulse which had led to her education, though no talent and but little close application to study could be perceived in her effusion. He was scarcely satisfied with her progress, but he determined she should study at home—for Harry owned an elegantly furnished mansion in his native city, which was now ready for the reception of himself and protegee.

The young lady whose turn came next, advanced with graceful self-possession, which Harry scarcely noticed, so busily was he thinking of the brown, plump country girl. But his attention was drawn to her well-turned sentences, the close thought, the nice distinctions, the evident love for the beautiful, the true talent displayed, and so well pleased was he, that he turned his attention to its author. She was of medium height, slender and graceful. Her hair was of a rich, sunny brown, and her eyes dark gray. He could only see the color for a moment, then the long lashes swept her cheek. He was struck by the



innocence and purity of the pale, earnest face. He looked at her, watched her movements, forgetting all else, and then he began to wish that Faith's school-days were not yet ended; he wished to leave her at the seminary. She needed further instruction, for her composition showed ignorance and a lack of reflection. He began to think he should hate to see her about his beautiful home, after seeing this girl, who, though she was not strictly beautiful, possessed a glorious soul. The country girl was so material beside this earnest young enthusiast.

Somewhat out of humor, he left the hall and found his way to the seminary parlor. Ringing the bell, he desired to see Miss Faith Winthrop as soon as the services were concluded, and then he gave himself up to thought. He heard the rush of departing footsteps, and he carelessly twirled the leaves of a crimson and gold album, as he heard light, approaching footsteps. He did not look up until he felt a pair of arms thrown around his neck, and a soft cheek pressed to his, and a sweet voice say, "Dear Uncle Harry!"

Somewhat offended at this display from a bread-and-butter school-girl, he gently unwound the clinging arms and looked—not into the face he expected, but the pale, earnest one he had seen with a little heart-fluttering.

"Is it possible that this is my Daisy?" he asked, almost incredulous, seating her by himself on a sofa.

"Quite possible, dear Uncle Harry," she answered, blushing. "I had almost given up your coming. You know you wrote me you would be here a week ago."

Harry did not think it worth while to inform her that the week had been spent in his city home, he, the while, chafing that his peculiar habits must be infringed upon by a romping girl. Neither did he consider it worth his while to tell her how he had dreaded coming for her, and blamed once or twice his "boyish folly" in removing her from her native sphere. He was angry at himself now.

Faith told him about her school-life, and said that her kind preceptress had offered her a situation as teacher, if she desired it, and she thought she would like to accept it. Mr. Winthrop quickly vetoed such an arrangement, by virtue of his authority, and Faith was not sorry. The next morning they were settled in their city home.

Mr. Winthrop had an excellent housekeeper, but conceiving it to be improper, in the eyes of the world, for his adopted niece to have no lady-companion, he said to her, a week after their arrival at their home:

"Now, Daisy, haven't you some school-girl friend you would like to invite to spend a year with you? You will be lonely oftentimes with only an old bachelor uncle, who must give half his time to his literary labors. You might invite two friends, Daisy, and then you shall enjoy yourselves in society."

Faith was not fond of gay society, but finding her guardian really in earnest, she wrote to two of her school-friends, and her invitations were speedily accepted. Mr. Winthrop had expected to endure a perpetual martyrdom after the arrival of the young ladies, and had resolved to bear it as best he might. But, greatly to his surprise, his study was never molested, the library was kept in order, and his literary labors were undisturbed by sounds of laughter and revelry, though the halls, the parlors, the drawing-room, and the young ladies' apartments echoed musical laughter and gay young voices.

The two guests of Faith Winthrop were very unlike. Bessie Randolph was a bright little Southern beauty, possessed of a fortune. She was an orphan, and had been a parlor-boarder at the seminary. She was a wilful, capricious, restless, little beauty, and she loved Faith devotedly, as much as she could and not disregard the claims of a college youth, with whom she became acquainted while at school.

Adele Vane was a tall, slender girl, with pale yellow hair—you could scarce call it golden—light blue eyes and fair complexion. She was the second daughter of a family of seven children. Her mother was dead, and her sister Charlotte took a mother's place with the wild, unruly boys, and the two girls, Adele and Ermance. Her supervision was especially distasteful to the proud Adele. Their father's income was small, and when the invitation to Adele arrived, the girl's heart gave a glad throb, and she inwardly resolved though she went away from home in a style displeasing to her tastes, she would return the betrothed bride of a rich man. Faith had heard Adele say that she was unhappy at home, and her kind heart, rather than any affection, prompted the invitation. Adele was unscrupulous as to what means she employed to gain the end for which she sighed, and she had not been in the house two days, ere she was determined to become mistress of it, and the wife of the grave, dignified man who owned it. He was wealthy, and a fit target for her arrows.

With winning grace she tried to induce him to join their social circle, and enjoy their music and gay chats. He complied so far as to introduce a number of friends to them, and to give them a grand party. Then he became more than ever

studious and taciturn. Sighing, Faith thought of that first week at home—its quiet *tete-a-tetes* and morning walks; the music, in which his deep, rich voice joined hers, and the pleasant readings aloud of new books.

She was half buried among the cushions of a huge easy-chair, in her own sitting-room, and her friends were with her. Carrie was embroidering a pin-cushion, and Adele was busy with canvass and worsteds.

"Faith, dear," exclaimed Carrie, "your cushion progresses beautifully. I wonder for whom Adele is making those slippers? Do tell us, Adele," she said, turning to Miss Vane.

"You shall know sometime, but I shall only tell you now that I shall give them to my lover."

"Your lover! Not here a fortnight, and yet you have a lover?" cried Bessie, in astonishment.

A peculiar smile wreathed Adele Vane's lips, but she answered not.

Though very different, the three girls were each possessed of a share of youthful beauty. If one were to compare them to stones, you would say that Adele was a diamond; brilliant, though neither beautiful nor witty enough to merit the simile, but she was showy. You would call Bessie Randolph a ruby, bright and sparkling. Faith Winthrop would remind you of a pearl—a pure human pearl was she. In society they all attracted admiration, and so were soon absorbed in the whirl of fashionable life. Many ladies offered to play chaperons to the three belles, and thus Mr. Winthrop was rescued from attending them, save at his own pleasure.

One morning he accompanied them to a large party given by one of his lady-friends. He had meant to enter the room with Faith, but in a way unaccountable to himself, he found Miss Vane leaning on his arm, and Faith was with a very fine-looking gentleman, who seemed absorbed in her remarks. Bessie was with a fop, whose forked moustache had evidently received more cultivation than his brains. He was disappointed; and still more, that he found no opportunity to speak to her. She was all the time surrounded, and he longed to hear the animated tones; but Miss Vane, too, was the centre of a delightful coterie, and she still was leaning on his arm. After that evening Mr. Winthrop's studious habits were confirmed, and the girls soon found that all entreaties for him to indulge in society were met by a smile, or perhaps a sarcastic speech. Bessie did not mind this, but the others did. Adele, because it tended to discourage her plans, and Faith because she saw so little of him, except at table. They were all sitting in the parlor one evening, when visitors were announced.

"Mr. Hastings," whispered Adele to Faith, in a tone intended for Mr. Winthrop's ear. "Why, Faith, you haven't seen him since last evening at the opera. He finds in you his beau ideal, I heard him say. There he comes." And she turned to greet the gentleman with a smile.

A blush mantled Faith's face, as Mr. Winthrop gazed searchingly at her, and he too turned to his visitors with a pale face and white lips. He watched their manners to each other, and became convinced that Mr. Hastings loved his ward. The blush he considered proof positive that that love was returned.

Adele was carrying on a gay conversation with the fop who had played the gallant to Bessie, and during the conversation, she made many allusions to "the family mansion," the avenue leading to the house, "the plate" and the jewelry she had inherited. Mr. Trenton, believing her rich, began to pay her exclusive attention. Adele had heard he was rich, and so encouraged him, believing it better to have "two strings to her bow." How would the aristocratic Mr. Trenton have rated himself had he known "the family mansion" was a two-story cottage, "the avenue," a stone footpath, "the plate," a dozen silver spoons and forks, the "inherited jewelry," a watch and chain left her by her mother? His prolific fancy conjured up a magnificent structure of huge dimensions, with a lawn, a park, a carriage-drive; a table laden with all the delicacies of the season, and Adele herself the fair queen of all; the idol of her father, with a necklace of diamonds around her throat, a tiara on her head, bracelets on her arms, and a general profusion and display of miscellaneous gems. The pictures surely were very unlike. Adele did not mention her brothers and sisters, but left him to conclude she was the sole heiress. But if he had known that Mr. Vane was an honest, intelligent shoemaker, in tolerably good business for the small place, he would have returned to Bessie, whose lack of pretension and boasting had made him think her poor.

Bessie, Faith and Mr. Hastings enjoyed themselves in conversation, and did not heed the flirtation going on in the bay window. When the guests had departed, the girls sat in the drawing-room, and criticised the gentlemen, while Faith performed the part of listener. Adele Vane had been saying that Mr. Hastings was conceited, and thought himself superior to most men. To this Faith answered, for she always spoke in behalf of the absent, if there was occasion for defence.

"Adele, I am sure Mr. Hastings is superior to most men; and is it not natural that he who

knows the power of his own mind, should feel it too? He is superior, but not conceited, Adele. If you knew him better, you would not say that. Of all the gentlemen who are attentive to us, he is the most of a gentleman, in my opinion."

"Mine, also," chimed in Bessie.

"I am glad to see that you entertain such a high opinion of him, for he considers you an angel," remarked Adele, carelessly.

Faith blushed.

"I am glad you appreciate him, Faith," said the kind voice of her guardian, at her side.

"Uncle Harry, when did you enter the room?" exclaimed the young girl, in astonishment.

"I have been here since you began talking of Mr. Hastings; I did not suppose the conversation private, or I should have spoken before."

He seated himself on a sofa near Adele. Faith turned her attention to Bessie, and in a moment, arm-in-arm, the two retired to their own apartments, leaving Mr. Winthrop and Adele together.

Nearly six months had passed away, and Adele Vane's object was not accomplished. Mr. Winthrop had not proposed for her hand, and she determined to adopt some decisive measure. The foppish Mr. Trenton still hovered in her footsteps, still considered her "divinely charming, 'pon honaw." He would long ago have proposed for her hand, but her conduct was variable—sometimes encouraging, sometimes repellant, just as her hopes or fears concerning Mr. Winthrop predominated. Then Mr. Trenton put on "property airs," and vowed revenge when the fortune and its fair, imagined possessor should be all his own.

Bright, sunbeam Bessie Randolph made music throughout the whole house, and her presence consoled Faith for the unpleasant addition to their society in Adele Vane. Faith's pure mind each day found something to regret in Adele, but she never spoke of it.

It was the week before Christmas, and the servants were busy preparing dainties. Faith had no more to do with the kitchen than her guests, but she loved to concoct some favorite dish for her guardian, and her presence was always hailed with delight by the housekeeper and her assistants. Adele Vane was very shrewd, and had discovered that it was Faith who prevented her becoming mistress of Winthrop house. She saw that as man seldom loves, Mr. Winthrop loved Faith, and that he thought himself disliked by her. This latter idea she wished to strengthen, and on every occasion she contrived to join Mr. Hastings's name to Faith's. Faith

had told the girls the circumstances of her real life, and that she had no claim on her kind guardian.

One afternoon, the week before Christmas, Faith sat in the library alone. She had been reading the poem "Child Harold," and unconsciously she repeated:

"The day drags through, tho' storms keep out the sun,  
And thus the heart will break, yes brokenly live on."

She looked out of the window, trying to recall the picture she had read. It was a cold, sleety day; the wind blew, and out of doors the gray hue made it seem peculiarly unpleasant to one who sat as did Faith, surrounded by books, pictures, and elegant statues. It was a cheerless day, and sometimes a soft, slow, drizzling rain pattered against the windows, and obscured the next houses, and even the leaden-hued sky. Her thoughts took their tone from the weather. She remembered her sad childhood, and in thankfulness she lifted her eyes, as if trying to pierce through the misty rain, up to where the rain never falls, and all is sunlight, radiant, beautiful. She looked back through the aisles where her feet had wandered; she saw the shadows and sunshine that God had given her, and she saw the flowers as well as the storms. She looked to the future. The shadows were thick in the large, dim library, as she asked herself, "What shall be my future? Bailey says:—

'The heart is its own Fate. Passion is destiny.'

What shall mine be? I am not fulfilling the end for which I was created, idling on silken cushions, and with no thought for the higher things of life. I want intensity, depth, individuality to this life of mine. To live, not to exist; to strive, to battle, to conquer. I am not satisfied with my life," she exclaimed, her face glowing, the color coming and going.

"Miss Faith," said the housekeeper, entering after a preliminary rap at the door, "there is a poor boy in the kitchen, begging for cold victuals and old clothes. Have you any old dresses, or anything for his mother, ma'am?"

"I will go and see him, Mrs. Williams," said the young girl, rising and accompanying her.

A little boy with ragged clothes and tattered hat, and shoes with plenty of holes for ventilation, unkempt hair and honest, clean little face, stood near the door, with basket in hand. A few questions from Faith drew out a story, touching, and artlessly told. The mother was sick, the father was drunk, the baby worried with teething, and the children were too small to work. Bidding the boy sit down, Faith filled the basket with bread and cakes, adding some dainties and

wine for the sick woman. The boy's eyes sparkled with delight, as he lifted his tattered cap, and exclaimed: "God bless ye, ma'am!"

In answer to a few questions more, he told her he was Johnny O'Flynn, and lived about half a mile away.

"Wait till I come back, Johnny," said Faith.

She entered the drawing-room and told the touching story to her guests. With characteristic generosity, Bessie half-emptied her purse in Faith's lap, but Adele said she did not like to encourage beggars.

Faith's pretty blue silk dress was soon exchanged for a quiet gray merino, and with hood and cloak she soon returned to the parlor. Bessie and Adele both declined accompanying her, and with one hand on the basket-handle, helping Johnny, and a small bundle in the other hand, Faith came up from the basement, passing the drawing-room window, unheeding the laughter of the two girls.

Half an hour passed dully enough to the two young ladies. Bessie reclined on the sofa, and Adele sat in the window. Mr. Winthrop entered with his favorite Review.

"Mr. Winthrop, you should have been here a few minutes ago," smiled Adele.

"Why so? Where is Faith?" he asked, now noting her absence.

"She's been hidden somewhere all day, until a while ago she entered to beg for a poor little fellow, who had all the troubles of Job," said Bessie.

"And a few minutes after, we saw her facing the wind, helping an Irish boy carry potatoes, or some such thing," continued Adele, adding: "I cannot see how a person with any delicacy could do so—making herself a sport to the gentlemen who see her." Mr. Winthrop looked grave.

"Faith out in this storm—she is a noble girl!"

Meanwhile Faith was rocking a baby in her arms and soothing it to sleep. The mother, too, was sleeping, and at a table near were half-a-dozen children eating heartily. The mother slept for hours, and woke refreshed, to find the stranger lady still holding the baby and reading aloud from the Book of books to the children, and to a dirty-looking man with a pipe in his mouth, whom the children called "father."

The rain grew heavier, and it was almost dark, so Faith left them, promising in answer to Mr. O'Flynn's uncouth, though well-meant invitation, and his wife's more urgent one, to come again soon. Johnny walked home with her. He was only ten years old, and his warm, Irish imagination was enkindled by the sight of her pale, innocent face, and with boyish ardor he began to love the gentle girl.

Arrived at home, Faith went to her own room, and was soon clad in dry clothing. Mr. Winthrop, unaware of her return, admiring her self-denial, was pacing the library with firm, quick tread, pale face and uneasy air. Sometimes he paused to listen if he might hear her footstep. He had questioned the housekeeper, but she did not know in what direction the boy lived. The servant had lighted the pendant lamps in the library; the evening meal had been eaten without their kind host, who still walked, head bent forward, hands clasped behind him, to and fro across the library, crushing the gorgeous velvet flowers under his heavy tread. His noble face was shrouded in gloom, his lips were compressed.

Suddenly his heart fluttered; he heard a light footstep that he knew. Not caring to betray his emotion, he stepped into a niche, in the shadow of a full length statue of Minerva. Faith entered, smiling sadly; he noticed it with a pang at the heart. Robed in a soft gray silk, which well suited her dovelike beauty, Faith stole to the window and pressed her cheek to the glass. There had been a coldness in Mr. Winthrop's manner to her for weeks, and she could not tell why. Thinking thus, the tears blinded her eyes. She determined to go back to the seminary and become a teacher—with a low, gasping sob, as she resolved on that step, Mr. Winthrop came forward.

"Faith, you should not have been so carried away by such a benevolent impulse, as to go out in such a rain," he said, reproachfully.

"But, Uncle Harry, I think I did some good," answered Faith, meekly.

"I don't doubt it, Faith, but you must have regard for your own health. I wish to talk to you. I received to-day from Ralph Hastings an offer for your hand. I believe he had your heart long ago. I need not tell you, Faith, that he is wealthy, talented, good and noble, for your heart will tell you the last, and I know you too well to suppose wealth would influence your decision. I promised to talk with you, and I told Mr. Hastings to call this evening for his answer. You will see him in an hour, Faith." Mr. Winthrop's tone was cold, hard and reserved.

Adele Vane had been insinuating that Faith loved Mr. Hastings, and that her health was injured by letting "concealment, like a worm in the bud," etc. Mr. Winthrop had remembered that Faith's form had grown slighter, her face whiter and purer, her eyes shining with a light which had nothing earthly in it, but a radiance which perchance was a foreshadowing of the glory of the beyond. He had noticed, too, the wistful quiver of the little mouth and its thin lips, and had sighed as he saw the transparent hands

and the pure forehead, through which the blue veins showed so plainly. He had thought from Adele's words, that this was owing to her love for Mr. Hastings, and the uncertainty as to that gentleman's feelings for her.

"Faith," he continued, "Mr. Hastings will be here soon, and I will leave you to think the matter over seriously, though of course there can be but one answer." He turned to leave the apartment.

"Stay, dear Uncle Harry," exclaimed Faith, with an effort; "will you not give him my answer. A spasm convulsed her guardian's face, as he answered, in a strange tone:

"You know not what you ask." Then he rapidly paced the apartment several times—then stood before her. "I will tell him, Faith, that you accept him. Will you see him this evening?"

"No, sir; and I hope you will not tell him that I accept him either. Please decline his offer in my name, sir."

"Faith, are you insane? Will you do violence to your own heart? Will you voluntarily darken your own life?" asked her guardian, with a strange mixture of wonder and misery in his tone.

"I do not love him, Uncle Harry," said Faith, gently.

"Not love him! Is it possible?"

"Quite possible, Uncle Harry."

"Don't call me 'Uncle Harry' again, Faith. I—but I hear Hastings's step in the hall. Come down to the library in an hour, Faith. I wish to talk with you."

Faith flew silently and unobserved to her own apartment. An hour had passed when her gentle face appeared at the library door, but it blanched to a death pallor, when looking in, she saw her guardian sitting on a cosy sofa, and at his side sat Adele Vane. Mr. Winthrop's feet were enconced within the canvass slippers Adele had embroidered. He was listening intently to her words.

"Ah!" thought Faith, "he wished to tell me how he loved Adele Vane." And she stole back again to her own room.

The rain pattered against the windows, the wind shook the blinds and shutters, and Faith looked out until the city clocks struck twelve. Restless, she knew not why, she lighted a small hand-lamp and stole down to the library, in search of an odd, antiquated book, which she had seen on a certain shelf, in the further corner. It was a book of magic and sorcery, such a one as to frighten such a timid dove as Faith was, but she wanted something exciting, something to subdue her restlessness. She stood with the lamp in her hand, when the door again opened,

and Mr. Winthrop entered. Faith started, as did he, in surprise that it was no burglar, as he supposed.

"I was restless, and came here for a book," said Faith, in reply to his questioning glance.

"Why didn't you keep your appointment with me to-night, Faith?"

"You were too busily occupied to see me, Mr. Winthrop. I came, but did not wish to interrupt you."

"Interrupt me! O, I understand, it was when Adele was in here. Tell me now, Faith, why you rejected Mr. Hastings." His tone was eager.

"Because I did not love him enough to be his wife," answered Faith, coldly, turning to go.

"Wait a moment, Daisy. I have been trying to think if this be a coquettish whim." His keen eyes searched her face.

"No, sir, it is no whim. Perhaps, Mr. Winthrop, as I have few chances to speak to you alone, I had better now say that I wish to return to the seminary as teacher. I think I had better go next week. Good night, sir."

In perfect astonishment her guardian looked at her.

"Will you not stay, Faith?"

"I cannot, sir—I ought not," she cried, gently.

"You must, Faith—you must not go. Will you leave me who love you so?" he cried.

Faith leaned against the books.

"Daisy, I love you better than my own soul; will you be mine?" His tone was eager and passionate.

"Do you not love Adele Vane?" asked Faith, in a low tone, lifting her head from his shoulder.

"Love Adele Vane! No, indeed, darling, I love you, and you alone, with a fervor and devotion of which I have been afraid. Mine—mine, my birdie," he said, exultingly, as she disappeared up the winding stairs.

Adele Vane was too well-bred, too heartless besides, to show any mortification, especially as she vainly believed that her host's keen eyes had not penetrated her schemes. She encouraged Mr. Trenton, who delightedly proposed, and begged the engagement might be a short one. And then, for her plans were but half-accomplished, she by tears, hints, and successful manoeuvres, tried to prevail on Faith to allow the wedding at Winthrop house. This, the fair blushing Daisy did not feel authorized to grant, but Mr. Winthrop, who saw it all, quietly told Miss Vane that it would give him pleasure to have her marriage solemnized in his house.

One bright January eve, in the presence of many guests, Adele Vane became Adele Trenton, with solemn vows and promises. Her two young

friends were her bridesmaids. Bessie Randolph looked like a glorious picture of morning, so bright, so beautiful was she—and Faith like a holy twilight, uttering a holy quiet over all human thoughts and emotions that were sinful; calming one, and making one feel purer, better, and more thoughtful. Faith was one of those who live near to Jesus, who each day grow better and more like the angels.

They visited Adele's home; but there vanished all the proud air-castles of Mr. Trenton's brain. He reproached his bride, who told him that as he was rich, it could not matter. To her surprise, she was informed that most of his wealth consisted in unpaid debts, and he was getting ashamed to meet his tailor. The journey that began so happily, ended in their return to the city with mutual distrust and coldness.

Adele Trenton was present at a small gathering at Winthrop house in early March. The bright little humming-bird Bessie Randolph again enacted the part of bridesmaid, and a tall student's eyes followed her every motion with fond delight and pride. And the bearded, noble-looking man, with the slight form at his side, looking up with pale, earnest face, and pure, truthful eyes, they were Harry Winthrop and Faith his bride. And Adele Trenton sighed, and a faint wish, as faint as the shadow of a cloud on a quiet lake, stole in her mind, that she had lived a true life, been true to her better nature, and true to her God. But she banished the thought, and was as gay and brilliant as if no pain was gnawing at her heart-strings, and as if her life were not a living mockery. Mr. Hastings was gone to Maine on business, and he could not be present. From his joy Harry pitied Ralph Hastings. After the usual bridal tour to the Falls, to Washington, and the principal Atlantic cities, the bridal party returned to Winthrop house, and quiet peaceful happiness. It was pleasant for Bessie Randolph that her lover began to practise law in the city, and pleasanter still for him.

Living nobly up to their high standard, and walking with loving hearts through this earthly pilgrimage, are Harry and Faith Winthrop.

**HEALTH OF AMERICANS.**—De Bow's mortality statistics, compiled from the last census, show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or one and a half per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is near two per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. Virginia and North Carolina are the healthiest States, and have six hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants over one hundred years of age.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.**

BY OSCAR N. KENNELS.

They laid him down in the cold, dark grave,  
Around whose sides the rushes wave;  
They marked his grave with nameless stone,  
And they left him there to sleep alone.

No teardrop fell on the clammy ground,  
No rosebush marks the lonely mound,  
No token reared by a sister's hand,  
For he died far off, in a foreign land.

The thistled plant with its bonnet blue,  
Drank o'er his grave the falling dew;  
And the wildbird sang its sweetest note,  
On the balmy breeze of spring to float.

But he lies all silent there beneath,  
And the wild vine twines his only wreath;  
He has died afar from friends and home,  
And he sleeps unhonored and unknown.

But there were friends that wept on a foreign shore,  
And long they looked, but he came no more:  
And they sighed and started in their home,  
In hope that the loved and lost would come.

But they never knew how he calmly slept,  
And the trailing vine o'er his tombstone crept;  
They met—not on earth, but the golden shore  
Of the heavenly clime, where he went before.

[ORIGINAL.]

**WHO WON HER?**

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"LESLIE."

But Leslie Leonard, lying stretched out at full length on the green turf at my side, with his hands clasped beneath his head and his blue eyes half-shut, made no reply. The sunshine, streaming brokenly through the dancing leaves of the tree above us, played over his broad, white forehead and glorified his beautiful Raphael face.

"Leslie."

"Don't disturb me when I am engaged. Ladies grand chain!"

"In mercy's name, Leslie, what are you doing?" I asked, bewildered.

"Calling the changes," he replied, quietly.

"Who for?" I cried, beginning to have a dim idea of his meaning, as I followed his gaze to a bar of sunshine in which some insects were sporting.

"Those flies. They dance the 'Lancers' as well as ever I saw it danced in my life. The only trouble is, that they will persist in chang-

ing partners on the floor. Forward and address! There—did you ever see a figure gone through with better in your life?"

I could not forbear smiling, but the next instant I was serious again.

"I wish you would let the flies alone and talk with me," I said, after a pause.

"Well, when this figure is through. Balance at the corners!"

As he lay in that position of luxuriant indolence with a half-smile parting the ripe redness of his lips, I gazed as I had never gazed before on the perfect beauty of his face. I contrasted it with my own as I had seen it that morning in my mirror, and then pressed my teeth into my under lip until the blood came. How I envied him his pink and white complexion, his yellow curls and dark-lashed, blue eyes! But it was not for my own gratification that I coveted his beauty. No, indeed. I liked my own dark, irregularly-featured face best, but I knew the eye of the woman I loved would be charmed with his roses and lilies. She loved beauty, as all women do, in any shape, and could I hope that she would turn from his winning eyes to my plain face, knowing nothing of the great, worshipping heart that beat for her in my bosom?

"It is not right," I muttered. "He is none the more worthy of her because his face is perfect. O, if she only knew!"

"What are you talking about, John? and what do you want of me? Tell me while my dancers are choosing partners."

He turned, bright-eyed and smiling, towards me as he spoke. I looked at him steadily a moment, and then, bending forward, I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Leslie, do you love Ellen Vernon?"

Was it my strong will that held his gaze? for the blue eyes did not flinch, though a soft color, delicate and rich as the blush of a girl, tinged his cheeks, and the smile died on his lips.

"Why, John, what is the matter?" he cried, raising himself up after a moment and laying his hand on my shoulder. I was tempted to shake off the friendly touch but did not, only repeated my question.

"Tell me why you ask me this?" he said, wondering.

"Answer me first. Do you love Ellen Vernon?"

"I do."

He made answer in a firm tone with his face flushing and his eyes darkening. I dropped my gaze and turned away.

Kneeling beside me on the grass he wound his arm about my neck.

"John, dear boy—for Heaven's sake, tell me what you mean!"

In my bitter, jealous mood, the gentle, anxious tone chafed me, the caress seemed an insult.

"Save your blandishments and soft words for your wooing, though you will hardly need them with that face of yours," I said, shortly, withdrawing from his encircling arms.

He rose to his feet and stood looking at me as if he feared I was insane. I would not raise my eyes, but looking through my lashes in a sullen way, I saw a light flash over his features as if he comprehended me at last, and then I met his gaze. He drew a quick breath, and with a nervous movement tossed the fair hair away from his face. Then coming to where I stood leaning against the trunk of a tree, for I had arisen, he laid his hand on my arm.

"John, this must not be," he said. "We have been true friends too long to be divided now. That we love the same woman is a sign of good taste in both, I think. We must be fair, and whoever wins must wear."

He smiled in his winning way, and tried to steal his hand into mine as he spoke. It was an old trick of his. I had seen that look and manner a hundred times in his boyhood when seeking reconciliation after a quarrel. Through sheer force of habit, I was about to take his hand, but recollecting myself I drew back. How dare he speak in that way to me when we stood side by side where our faces and forms were reflected in the water? It was an insult, a mockery. I told him so.

"It can never be," I said. "One must give up to the other, or we must choose between her and our friendship. I cannot kiss you or take your hand, knowing that if you were able you would rob me of my dearest hold on life. I cannot be your friend and Ellen Vernon's lover while you support the same claim. You must choose between us."

Standing silent, his gaze wandered across the river shining like glass, across the meadow blue with wild pea blossoms, on the other side, across the wide, brown road beyond, with cattle grazing on either side, and rested at last on a low, red farmhouse, with two large maples before it. And in a great swing which was fastened to the boughs of one of them, Ellen Vernon swayed back and forth. My heart stood still at the sight—Leslie's cheek flushed.

He turned suddenly to me again, at last, and I could see pain in the clear depths of his eyes as he spoke.

"Think a moment, John. Are we to part forever in this way?"

"If you will not—" I commenced.

"I never will," he interrupted quickly. "You will not be fair or generous. You are like a school boy who would fetter his competitor's feet when prepared for a race, and then run for the prize alone. Of course, I will not consent to your terms!"

"Very well, then. That is all."

With my arms folded across my chest, I turned away from him and walked slowly along the bank of the river. I thought that he would follow me, and ask for a good-by grasp of the hand, but he did not. At a bend of the stream I glanced back and saw him standing alone under the tree where I had left him, his gaze wandering over the river and meadow and road, and resting again on the snowy-robed figure that flitted back and forth beneath the old maples which stood before the door of the little, red, farmhouse. I held my hand over my face to smother a sob, which I thought in my selfishness he was unworthy of, as the love I had cherished for him died in my heart, and was carried away by dark thoughts as a corpse is borne forth by stern-visaged bearers. Then lonely, unloved, despairing, I pursued my way.

Well, the summer passed by. During its months I had offered myself to Ellen Vernon and been refused. It was no disappointment. I had never expected that she would marry me, for I had never been fool-hardy enough to construe her friendliness into a warmer sentiment. But I asked her to marry me in sheer desperation—because I was wearing my life away, and because the certainty that she would not be my wife was no harder to bear after I had asked her than before. I met Leslie very seldom during that time, and we never spoke to each other when we did meet. The last time I saw him we passed each other in the street and Ellen Vernon was leaning on his arm.

The next day I went to New York. In the hurry and strife of business old memories were lost. The years rolled by. I became a wealthy, influential man. On my thirtieth birthday, I married my partner's daughter, slipping the bridal ring on her white finger with a last sigh for Ellen Vernon. My wife was beautiful, refined, intelligent and sweet-tempered. I grew a scoffer at the theory of first love. Little children which I called my own, came and nestled in my arms and climbed upon my knees. My hearthstone was a bright and happy one. All this time I had never seen Leslie Leonard.

When I was forty I retired from active business, and purchasing a gem of a cottage in the suburbs of the town, took my family thither. My

wife was more charming than ever in her new sphere, and my little ones thrived as only country babies will. The days were full of calm pleasure. There was no studied, artistic look about the place, but all was shady, and sweet, and beautiful, and people in passing often stopped to admire it.

I was reading in my porch just at sundown one day, and with my youngest child clinging to my knee, when a chaise stopped before the door and a gentleman sprang out. He came up the gravelled walk towards me, and in a pleasant, mellow voice that made me look sharply at him, asked for a glass of water, for a lady. He was a slightly-built, light-complexioned man, about five years younger than myself, and wore a heavy beard of a tawny gold color. Pleased with the request, for simple as it was, it seemed to infer that my place bore a hospitable air, I entered the house for a glass, intending to take the stranger directly to the well, where the clear, spring water was drawn up from its pebbly resting-place in an old, wooden bucket. When I came out I found that he had coaxed my little one into his arms, and carrying her, he followed me to the other side of the house, talking to her as he went.

"What is your name, bright eyes?" he asked, as we walked along.

But my pet put her dimpled forefinger in her rosy mouth and would not answer.

"Tell the gentleman that your name is Ellen," I said, reprovingly.

"Ellen?" said the stranger. "Ah! that is my wife's name."

I stopped, gave him a searching glance, and grasped his hand.

"Leslie!—Leslie Leonard, don't you know me?"

He looked bewilderingly at my face so changed by time, and with the dark hair that shaded it streaked with gray, and then with the old sudden lighting up of his eyes, which I remembered well, flung his arm about my neck, and our bearded lips met as in the old time.

"John Thornton—by my life! Why, you dear, old fellow, I was never so glad to see any one before since I was born," he said, wringing my hand.

"Come into the house and stay awhile. I have got so much to say to you!"

"I would like to best of anything in the world, but cannot! My wife is waiting for me, and we must be in town at eight this evening. But come and see me, and—you are married?"

"Yes."

"Good—and bring your family. Here—" and he hastily scribbled his address on a card,



and handed it to me. "Come immediately—tomorrow!"

"I will come, certainly. Give me the child, while you carry the water."

"Is it yours?"

"Yes."

He grasped the glass and hurried away with my little one clinging to his neck. Standing half-concealed by the shrubbery, I saw him reach the glass of water to a lady who sat in the carriage, and the skirt of whose dress I could see. He said something in an earnest voice, and held the child up to her. I looked eagerly but I could not behold her face as she bent forward to kiss it.

"I wonder how she looks now!"—I said to myself—"if her face has grown pale and careworn like mine? She must be near thirty now. Leslie is still the same frank, warm-hearted fellow. What a fool I have been!"

I went to meet him and receive the glass, the child, and his good-by grasp of the hand.

"Be sure, and come soon. I shall expect you every day till you do come," he said, and then kissed the baby and hurried away. I watched him spring into the chaise and drive off, and then turned and walked slowly up the path to the house.

That evening as we sat alone, I told my wife of the incident of the day, and the story connected with it. She smiled and kissed me, and wanted to see Leslie and his wife, so we agreed to visit them next week. And we went.

Leslie met us at the door, welcoming us with all the enthusiasm of his youth. He said, laughingly, that he had stayed at home waiting for us ever since the day he had met me so unexpectedly. His wife was out, but would be in very soon. Meanwhile we made ourselves comfortable in his cosy little parlor. His house was a small one in the very heart of the city, but perfect in every arrangement. He said that he had lived there ever since he had been married, which was just five years.

In about half an hour afterwards his wife came in. She had not been informed of our arrival, and entered the room in her outdoor wrappings, a little child clinging to her, half-laughing, half-crying. But Ellen Vernon never owned the sweet, radiant face that she turned towards me, as she gave me her hand. The blood that had rushed to my face at her entrance, ebbed away again before Leonard looked at me, and I went down to dinner by her side, entirely at my ease. But that evening, after tea, as Leslie and I sat alone with our cigars, and our wives chatted confidentially in the nursery overhead, I said:

"By the way, what ever became of Ellen Vernon, Leslie?"

"She married a Western lawyer, and went to Illinois," he replied, knocking the ashes off his cigar with his little finger.

"Why didn't you marry her?" I queried.

"Simply because she wouldn't have me," he replied.

And we looked in each other's faces and laughed.

#### A WITTY RETORT.

Engineer Stone, or, as he was more generally called among his acquaintances, "Old Rock," who runs on the east end of the Peoria and Oquawka railroad, is a natural wag, quick at a repartee, and dry as a chip. One day Rock met with a lot of St. Louis, Alton and Chicago railroad boys, at Peoria Junction, and they stepped into Sam Emery's for a social glass of ale. Conductor Hedges, of the St. Louis road, as a sort of sentiment, gave "Old Rock, otherwise Stone, a perfect brick!" That's very good," exclaimed Stone; "here's to old Brush, otherwise Hedges, a perfect stick!" The next that was seen of Rock, he was pursuing a "two forty" gait toward his engine, Hedges, with a stick, close on his rear. This is not quite as good as the repartee of Dick Denton, while a division engineer on the Illinois Central, at a festival several years ago in De Witt county. A fellow named Jack R—, gave as a sentiment, "The two Nicks, Old Nick and Nick Denton." The tables came down with a clatter. Nick rose, as grave as a judge. When the noise had subsided, he said he fully appreciated the honor conferred upon him in being named in connection with Jack's most intimate friend! He hardly knew how to requite the kindness, but as one good turn always deserves another, he would give: "The two Jacks, Jack R— and Jackass." Jack R— collapsed, and the company went into hysterics.—*Illinois Herald.*

#### "GOING TO DO IT."

"Going to do it," never made a fortune, built a house, or won a name. "Going to do it" has been the bane of more people than would fill the census of a dozen New Yorks. The man who is always "going to do it," rarely if ever does it. The only thing he does do is to go out of the world without doing it. If he has a task which must be done, he at once announces, with a great deal of boasting and a great waste of words, time and breath, that he is "going to do it." And while he is thus "going to do it," somebody who is not suspected of "going to do it," does it and reaps the reward.—*Portland Transcript.*

#### NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscure, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene of heaven.  
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark-blue depths;  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circles spread,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night!

SOUTHEAST.

ORIGINAL.]

## A LEAP YEAR STORY.

BY ALICE H. HARRIS.

A CHEERFUL fire blazed up in the kitchen fireplace, and threw its ruddy gleams over the polished floor and homely furniture of the great, wide room. Grandmother occupied an old-fashioned, penitential arm-chair, which was so placed as to command a view of the fire and one half of the room; the rest was in utter darkness. Aunt Ellen—dear, plump, bewitching Aunt Ellen, was seated upon a cricket opposite grandmother, and was holding her face upon her hand and gazing thoughtfully into the blaze.

We girls—Mat, Bess, Nell and myself, who rejoiced in the name of Sarah, corrupted to Saity, had wandered about from one window to another, peering out into the dark, rainy night, and half wishing we had gone to bed at seven o'clock, and escaped such an uncomfortable evening. We were terribly afraid too, that Nell, our little Western cousin, would become disgusted with our dear old Massachusetts, and set off directly for home. To add to our discomfort, Bess began to see ghosts in the corners, and Mat whispered that she believed a black spider had bitten her.

"Girls, come here," said Aunt Ellen, just at this critical moment. "I see you want me to tell you a story," continued she, as we came trooping around her. "Now sit down and tell me what it shall be about."

"A Leap Year story," suggested Bess, upon whom the fact that it was leap year made a great impression.

"Well, a Leap Year story it shall be then," said Aunt Ellen, smiling a peculiar sort of a smile, which we could not at all understand.

"A great many years ago I had a beau—"

"O fie!" said little Nell, assuming a very savage look. But Aunt Ellen only laughed and went on.

"I'll call him Richard for the present, though that wasn't his name. He was a very clever young man, very steady and industrious, and as happy as the day was long. I declare, I never liked any one better in my life."

"Why did you not marry him then?" asked Bess.

"O, I'll tell you by-and-by," said Aunt Ellen, placidly. "Well, we were all walking home from church one Sunday afternoon, when we saw just ahead of us Richard's brother Nathan and my sister Mary."

"I didn't know we had an Aunt Mary," interposed Mat.

"They were walking along very quietly,

neither speaking, apparently contented to just be in each other's sight. Richard looked at them thoughtfully for a few moments, and then said: 'Ellen, what do you think of that match?'

"I just told him that I had done thinking about it at all; for you see Nathan had waited upon our Mary seven years, and was likely to wait upon her twenty years longer. I didn't suppose they would ever be married, for Nathan thought Mary was a deal too good for him, and Mary thought just the same of Nathan."

"'Can't we help them to an understanding?' asked Richard. 'Come, Ellen, you were always a great schemer—just put your wits to work, and by Thanksgiving we'll have a real wedding in the family.'

"'It's Leap Year,' said I, demurely.

"'What of that?' asked Richard.

"'Why, nothing, only that Mary has a perfect right to propose to Nathan, seeing he will never screw up courage to propose himself.'

"'I've got it now,' shouted Richard. 'Nathan is going to spend a couple of weeks in New Hampshire soon, and while he is gone, I will write a formal proposal to Mary, appearing to come from him. Upon the same day you can write one from Mary to Nathan, claiming as her privilege the right to propose to him. Then, presto, the matter is finished, and we shall have the proud satisfaction of knowing that we have benefited the human race.'

"I readily assented to all this, for I was always ready for any scheme that promised amusement, and in this case, I quieted my conscience by saying to myself that we were going to practise a little deception that a great deal of good might come of it. In due time Nathan went on his journey, and on the day agreed upon I sat down to write my letter.

"I never shall forget that day—a pleasant May morning, and the pink and white blossoms of the fruit trees looking so beautifully, and the birds singing at the top of their voices. I was in the room above this, for I dared not write in this room because Mary was here. I had the paper before me, and the pen already dipped in the ink, when suddenly I paused, and thought for the first time seriously of what I was doing. But I remembered that it would never do to leave the scheme half-completed, for by that time probably, Richard had accomplished his part, and so I set myself to work again. I wrote a very firm but modest letter, and ended it by signing Mary's name in full. I was not very particular about imitating her hand-writing, for to my certain knowledge they had never before written to each other. Just as I had finished the super-

scription, Mary entered the room, and expressed some surprise at my occupation.

"Who is that letter for?" asked she, approaching the table and observing it with great curiosity.

"I took it up carelessly. 'Guess,' said I.

"She shook her head. 'I really can't tell, unless you have got a new lover and have been writing to him.'

"'Wrong,' said I, laughing. Pretty soon she went away, and then I hurried to deliver it into Richard's hands, who mailed it for me.

"'There,' said I, to myself, as I walked homeward, 'I'm glad that's done. Now there are some hopes that we shall have Mary married and happy at last. Dear me, I wonder what the folks would say if they only knew?'

"That evening, Richard called to escort me to singing-school. As I was tying on my bonnet, I ventured to ask Mary to go with us, and to my great surprise, she consented. As we three went along, Richard and I talking and laughing, and Mary only speaking a word now and then, we came up behind another party.

"'I never in my life,' said Eleanor Mason, 'saw two such fools as Nathan Richardson and Mary Bright. If she had only managed rightly, she might have entrapped him years ago; and if he had only had the courage of a mouse, he would act like a man and not like an idiot.'

"We fell behind and walked slower. I never was so angry in my life, and as for Mary, she seemed to grow quite faint and feeble all of a sudden. I knew Richard was angry too, but he said nothing, and presently we came to the schoolhouse. As we forced through the entry, Eleanor Mason met us face to face.

"'Good evening, Ellen,' said she, 'and Mary here, too—why, how do you do?'

"Mary answered her in a cool, quiet way, but as for me, I flounced past her, without even looking at her. How Mary got through that evening I don't know, but she did somehow. When we got home, I went directly up stairs, but she said she would come in here and warm her, for the night was rather chilly. So I went up alone, but presently came back in my stocking feet and listened at that door, and then pushed it open a little and looked in. There she was, kneeling by the fire with her head in a chair, crying very quietly. It was evident that Eleanor Mason's words had wounded her deeply, more deeply than I had supposed. Ah me! if Eleanor Mason had only known what a worthless husband she was going to have herself, I think she would not have been so harsh in judging others.

"Well, a day or two went by, and one morning Neighbor Judkins stopped in his ox team,

and after a great deal of preparation, fished out from his coat-pocket a letter, and handed it to mother. Mother put on those very spectacles of hers, and looked, and looked, and looked, and at last, she concluded that it must be for our Mary. Mary had gone to the barn after eggs, and so I took the letter and ran out to find her. There she was perched on a mow, hunting for the speckled hen's nest, and I tossed the letter up to her, and ran off. I saw no more of her until dinner-time, and mother was dreadfully angry to think she wasn't there to wash the vegetables and arrange the table, for I had to do something else that day. Well, while we were at dinner, she came in with the step of a queen, and a face as bright as a June day.

"'Bless the girl!' said mother, laying down her knife and fork and looking at her. Father stared, but said nothing, and I attended pretty closely to my dinner. After dinner Mary washed the dishes as usual, and not a word was said to any of us about the letter. I understood pretty well why this was, for in writing it, Richard had said, in Nathan's name of course, that it would be better to keep the matter quiet until he should get home.

"The days went by. Everybody remarked that Mary looked younger and appeared more animated than we had remembered her as looking or appearing for some time. Mother thought it was owing to her stirring about doing the housework, and not sewing as much as she used to. Father ascribed the change to his nice cider, which was, in his opinion, the cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. I, who was in the secret, knew that Mary was drinking large quantities of an elixir which you know nothing about, children. One evening, father came in with his newspaper, and took a seat just here by the fire to read the news, as was his custom.

A sudden exclamation from father made us all look up; he had his eyes fixed upon the paper, but after a while he lifted them, and shot a queer, quick glance at Mary, and then raised his hand to his mouth, as if to keep back a groan.

"'What is the matter?' said mother. Mary didn't speak, but she kept her eyes fixed on father, awaiting his answer. He took another look at Mary, stammered out something which we couldn't understand, and then folding up the paper and putting it in his pocket, he began to walk up and down the room. Mother didn't ask another question, she understood father too well for that, but she, as well as the rest of us, watched him as closely as we dared. Pretty soon he took down his hat and went towards the outer door, but when he got as far as the entry, he stopped

and called to mother, and they held a long whispered conference there, not a word of which we heard. By-and-by father opened the door and went out, and mother came back to the fire.

" 'Mary,' said she, 'you look tired—you had better go to bed; and Ellen too—I don't want you any longer.'

"We were both young women grown, but we acted upon her hint without a word. Children were better trained in those days than they are now. As we passed through the entry, Mary stooped and picked up something, which she hid in her dress until we were up stairs and safe in our own room. Then she drew out before my eyes the identical paper father had been reading, and which he had somehow dropped in the entry.

" 'O, Mary,' said I, as if the idea had just struck me, 'let me look at that paper a minute; there is an advertisement that I want to see.'

"The fact was, I was anxious that she should not look at the paper that night, for I felt certain there was bad news for her in it. So I said the first thing that came into my head in hopes to get possession of it.

" 'You may have it in a minute, Ellen,' said she, firmly, 'but I must look at it first.'

"Then she seated herself and ran her eye eagerly over the first page. I was in despair, as you may imagine, but not long, for just as Mary was turning the sheet and preparing to scan the next page, I leaned forward and blew out the light.

"How she deplored her carelessness, as she supposed it, which had put out the light. Then she asked me eagerly, if there were any matches in the box, and I groped my way to it, and having ascertained, I answered with truth that there was not one there.

"Just then we heard mother coming up stairs, and we saw the gleam of the light she carried, as she passed by our room door. She went directly on to the south chamber, which we kept for a spare room then, and we heard her moving about in it apparently arranging things, for full half an hour. Then, our attention was suddenly attracted by a noise below, the opening of doors, voices hushed to whispers, and finally what seemed to be a procession coming up the stairway, the sound of feet treading cautiously and planted firmly on every stair, as if the burden that the hands bore was exceedingly valuable.

"I never was so frightened in my life, children. Those mysterious noises in the night-time, too, filled me with more awe than anything ever did before or has since. I whispered to Mary, but she made me no answer, and when I had found my way to her side, I discovered that she had fainted, and was lying on the floor as if dead.

"What should I do? I debated a moment, and then cautiously unlatched the chamber door and passed into the entry. Some one had left a candle upon the floor, probably setting it down hastily and then forgetting it. Though the light was a feeble one, I immediately decided that it was sufficient for my purpose, which was to read that portion of the news in the paper which had so affected my father. So I brought the paper out, unfolded it and hastily looked it over; I was more fortunate or unfortunate perhaps than Mary, for it was not long before my eyes fell upon this paragraph:

" 'We are deeply pained to include among the victims of the late frightful railroad accident, one of our own townsmen, Mr. Nathan Richardson, a young man of whose talents and character it is needless to speak.'

"There was more, but I couldn't read the rest of it, I was so thunderstruck. I understood now the mystery of that evening; Nathan was dead and had been brought to our house, for having no mother or sisters, Nathan and Richard had no settled home. A step startled me and a hand laid on my shoulder made me shiver with fright.

" 'Ellen, what are you doing here?'

"It was Richard, who spoke, but his voice was hoarse, and his face paler and sterner than I had ever before seen it. I held up the paper.

" 'I know all, Richard—he is dead!'

" 'No, Ellen, thank Heaven, it is not as bad as that; he lies in a very critical situation, it is true, but as long as there is life I shall hope.' He brushed his hand across his face as he spoke; they two being alone in the world had more affection for each other than brothers usually have.

" 'Where is Mary?' said he, suddenly. 'Try and keep this from her till the morning.'

"I started; I had entirely forgotten Mary, and had left her lying upon the floor. I took a hasty leave of Richard, brought a light into our room, and after a while I succeeded in bringing Mary to life, though I almost thought then, that it would be as well for her to die, as to come back into such a cruel world. Fortunately for herself and for me, she sank into a sleep, which lasted through the night.

"Scarcely anybody ate breakfast that morning, though nearly all pretended to do so; but it wouldn't do, anxiety made us almost hate the sight of food. Mary had been told, and had borne it beautifully as mother said. We saw nothing of her, for she had gone at once to Nathan's room and was busy in the duties of her new office. And a quieter, more gentle or better nurse there never was in the world.

"Well, time went on, and one day Nathan

was better and the next he was worse, but after a long time the doctor said he would recover.

"I used to watch Nathan and Mary sometimes, and wonder if the affair of the letters was ever mentioned, and each day I half-dreaded to be called to an account for my share in the business. Richard and I often congratulated ourselves upon the success of our scheme, for the pair of lovers for whom we had plotted, appeared almost as happy as we could wish. I say almost, for occasionally I noticed a slight shade on Mary's face which did not betoken perfect happiness. One day, long after Nathan had left our house, I went into that great closet to look for some pieces of a dress, leaving the door a few inches ajar. Mary sat sewing and humming some good old tune; but in a moment the humming ceased, I heard a step in the entry, and in came Nathan, looking, as I noticed through the crack of the door, as if he were perfectly satisfied with the world and everything in it.

"I was still looking, at him, when by a quick movement he dislodged a letter from some pocket, and it fell at Mary's feet. She stooped forward, rather hastily, I thought, and picked it up, just glancing at the superscription, as she returned it to the owner.

"That must be a very valuable letter," said she; "I hardly ever saw it out of your hands whilst you were sick."

"It is invaluable," was Nathan's laughing answer. "I wouldn't part with it in exchange for a mine of gold."

"Perhaps it is from a lady," said Mary, looking as if she would like to see the inside of it.

"Exactly," was the reply, "you've hit the mark; it is from a lady."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were a love-letter," was Mary's next remark, uttered with a laugh, which didn't sound at all natural.

"You are right again, Mary—it is a love-letter. How wonderful that you should guess so correctly," and here he laughed as if the matter was some good joke and intensely amusing. Mary moved away towards the window and kept quite silent, whilst I, like the geese that I was, remained in the closet, half-smothered, hardly daring to breathe, and still less daring to go out and proclaim the truth, that the letter had been written by myself. There was a long silence; it seemed full an hour to me in my uncomfortable hiding-place, then I heard Nathan say:

"Well, Mary, you see I'm waiting patiently to be catechized?"

"She looked at him sharply. 'I don't understand you,' she said.

"Shall I tell you more about that letter;

the subject seemed to be interesting to you just now?" I actually trembled for fear of what would come next.

"I care nothing about your letters," said Mary, in a tone of voice which did not quite agree with her words. "You are able, I suppose, to take care of your own correspondence; or perhaps you would like to have me assist you?"

"To be sure I should," was the mild reply to this last bitter retort; "but at present I've no idea of corresponding with any one, for I have something pleasanter to think of. So you would acknowledge you know who wrote this letter?"

"I of course not. What have I to do with your love-letters?"

"A great deal, I should judge, as long as you wrote the only one I ever received."

"What in the world do you mean? I do believe you are crazy," and Mary looked angry enough, whilst I felt as if I could sink through the floor into China, if by that means I could escape this pair of angry lovers.

"Nathan advanced and held out his letter to Mary. She cast her eyes over it and then returned it, not haughtily but quietly.

"Did you think I could write that letter, Nathan, and then look you in the face afterwards? Some one has done this for a joke, it is not my handwriting."

"It was now Nathan's turn to look indignant.

"I wish I had those jokers here," said he. Mary glanced once more at the letter.

"The date is the same as that of the one which you wrote me," was her remark.

"I wrote you! I solemnly declare, I never wrote you a letter in my life, Mary."

"I couldn't help it, but just at that terrible moment the shelf above me, which I had laid hold of in my agony, gave way, and down came a heap of dishes upon my devoted head. The astounding crash frightened me into a fainting fit, and when I came to myself, I found that I was safe up stairs out of the reach of the infuriated Nathan.

"You bad girl, how could you?" said Mary, leaning over me and laughing. "We've found you out, and Richard, too; but it's all right now; Nathan and I have had our last quarrel."

"And sure enough the next Thanksgiving, there were two couples married at our house, and mother and father lost all their daughters. There, children, there's my Leap Year exploit for you, not to imitate, but to take warning by."

"Aunt," said Mat, "where are Nathan and Mary now?"

"With your father and mother, I suppose," was the laughing reply.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MEDITATION.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

'Tis not in a gilded palace,  
That glows with sapphire's beam;  
But a dense and lonely forest  
Beside a crystal stream,

Where the gentle wavelets ripple  
In a soft, melodious flow,  
And the withered leaves of autumn  
Reflect a golden glow,

That I fondly love to dwell,  
With my heart and harp alone,  
And sing in my plaintive strain  
My world of grief and groan.

'Tis here I've often wandered  
With her I loved so well;  
While the sky above me seemed  
Of happiness to tell.

But she's gone to a better land,  
Which rises to my view;  
Where the angels plume their golden wings  
Through the endless realms of blue;

While I am sitting all alone  
On the sad and mystic shore  
Of the beautiful, babbling, shaded brook,  
That she treads upon no more.

But I'll not tarry long below:  
But a few more dreary hours,  
And I shall come to the pearly gates  
And vine-encircled bowers.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SECRET CRIME.

## A SINGULAR NARRATIVE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Not among the least curious and entertaining experiences in crime, and the fallibility of human penetration to detect its authors, afforded by the records of the English Pleas of the Crown, from a remote period to the present day, is the following strange incident, the very peculiarity of which seems a sufficient warranty of its truth, since efforts of fiction rarely place men in positions so novel, and yet so entirely possible. A dim recollection of having seen a somewhat similar narrative in print a number of years since, has not deterred the writer from offering it to the public, as it must necessarily be new to many.

The locality of the story was the little village of N——, lying half a league inland from one of the coasts, and containing a mixed population, chiefly composed of rough and hardy seafaring

men. By this designation, the reader will understand as well those who were openly and notoriously engaged in the contraband trade, plying a hazardous and illicit, but extremely profitable commerce, between their own country and the neighboring shores of France, as well as those who engaged in the more honest operation of coasting and fishing.

As a natural consequence of this state of facts, the inhabitants of N—— were in a remarkable degree rude and uncultivated. The women, for the most part, were ill-favored and slatternly in their appearance, and the men uncouth, rough and boorish. Nor were these the only unfavorable characteristics of the place. Some of the younger and more daring spirits were criminals, who had fled from other sections of the country, and who had, we may reasonably suppose, been attracted thither by the congenial freedom and recklessness of the smuggler's life. This latter class, while for the most part, young, handsome and remarkably courageous in their peculiar calling, were at the same time, malignant, vindictive and ferocious; the best evidence of which qualities, were the brawls which periodically disturbed the village. The inhabitants of the neighboring towns held the contrabandists of N—— in the worst possible repute, and it was more than hinted that they were guilty of other and more heinous crimes than that of smuggling. But as regards the uncivilized character of the inhabitants of N——, there must be made one exception. For seventeen years there had been growing up to womanhood and beauty, in this unlovely community, a being whose virtues and loveliness might have redeemed it from all its reproaches. Kate Clifford—this was her name—had been rescued when a mere infant by some of the coasters, from a wrecked merchantman, which foundered in a heavy gale near the shore; she, it was believed, being the only person saved from the wreck. Thrown thus, in her earliest childhood, waif-like, among this peculiar people (a people especially zealous in *bad* works), she ripened from girlish beauty into womanly perfection the more speedily because of the wild and careless freedom of her life. Tall and perfectly symmetrical in person, with her dark, eloquent eye and musical voice, she might have well ornamented any higher grade of social existence, in which fate might have chanced to place her.

And yet, there was that in her daily intercourse with the rudest of those who surrounded her, which elsewhere would be sought in vain. They treated her with a deference and respect which fully showed that she was acknowledged among them as a superior being—in fact, she seemed to

hold the same relation with them that a queen might to her loyal subjects.

The leaders of the young and desperate spirits to whom allusion has been made, and themselves the most desperate and unscrupulous of any, were Edgar Carroll and Mark Maynard. Each was the leader of an admiring class, and they had hitherto been rivals in all matters connected with their occupation. Now, however, they met in a rivalry more fierce, more anxious than any which had yet engaged their minds. Both seemed simultaneously to have suddenly become aware of the peculiar beauty of Kate Clifford—and with the headlong impulsiveness which characterized all of their passions, they abandoned for the while all other pursuits, and devoted themselves exclusively to her service. But it was at best a hopeless love from the first. Both seemed to feel instinctively, that a prize so bright as this which they were seeking, was far beyond their grasp—that Kate Clifford, matchless as she was, in her loveliness of person and refinement of spirit, could never mate with them, and that their vanity in this direction was destined to work no profit to either. Yet, with a gloomy, dogged obstinacy, they continually met each other in her society, happy to receive the occasional smiles which the womanly vanity and coquetry of their idol prompted her to bestow upon them, while at the same time, their half-rude, half-bashful advances were received with a quiet dignity which effectually abashed them.

A few words will be amply sufficient to describe the sentiments of the village beauty towards these hopeless aspirants for her love. Secretly despising them both, she yet encouraged their passions sufficiently to keep it alive, from the gratification afforded her by the knowledge that her power had been strong enough to humble two such ungovernable natures to her feet; and in the lack of hearts more congenial to conquer, with a coquettish exercise of her charms of person and mind, which half-invited, half-repelled, and at the same time almost crazed her admirers, she readily coerced them into a perfect state of submissive devotion, that filled their every thought and act.

Not far from the village, separated from it by a strip of the forest, filled with underwood (which we shall have occasion to refer to hereafter), stood the lofty turrets of Grenville Castle. And it was while matters were in the position just described, at the village, that Lord Robert, the present representative of the noble family whose name he bore, took up his abode there, with the avowed intention of continuing it indefinitely.

The history of this nobleman, young, hand-

some and wealthy as he was, was as brief as instructive. Naturally of a generous and impulsive temperament, upon succeeding to his ancestral title, five years previous to the date of this, his first appearance at Grenville Castle, tempted by the example of gay companions, and betrayed by his own too ardent spirits, he had plunged into the whirlpool of metropolitan life, and enjoyed to satiety the intoxication which its splendid sins offered him. Tired and disgusted at length with the heartless emptiness of his life, his better nature once more gaining the predominance, he emerged from the gay haunts of London, forswore its dissipations forever, and resolved to abandon at the same time all his vicious associates and habits. In pursuance of this resolution, he came to the castle, bringing with him a number of domestics, and entered at once upon the new course of life which he had prescribed for himself.

It was the second morning after his arrival, while walking upon the headland which bordered the sea, that he accidentally encountered Kate Clifford. She stood near the edge of the cliff, having removed the gipsy hat which she wore in her occasional rambles, and with her black hair unbound and streaming back in wild luxuriance over her shoulders, her eyes lighted with natural enthusiasm at the scene she beheld, and the red tinge of exercise burning faintly through the rich brunette of her complexion, she was looking off upon the sea, as it heaved its white-crested billows with perpetual restlessness, and flashed back the bright rays of the summer sun. Lord Robert paused involuntarily, and gazed with the fascination of admiration and surprise upon the beautiful girl. Never, he secretly confessed, had he seen anything in the shape of woman one half so lovely—no, not even the proudest belles of the metropolis. How long he might have gazed, unconscious of anything save her presence, must have been problematical; but a slight noise made by him drew her attention towards him, and her color deepened as she encountered his earnest eyes. Raising his hat with a respectful bow, Lord Robert passed on, querying in his own mind who and what the lady—for so he mentally styled her—could be.

His curiosity upon this point was soon satisfied by inquiries, and the story of Kate Clifford's romantic introduction and life among the people of N—, increased his interest in her. Frequent meetings, always accompanied by a bow upon his part, and a smile of recognition from her, speedily ripened into an acquaintance. And that Lord Grenville's admiration gradually warmed into affection, is demonstrated by the fact that he

now sought her company daily, and that their rambles were never as before, taken in solitude.

The event of this intimacy was certain from the first. Its causes may be briefly recited. Further companionship with Kate Clifford had fully persuaded Lord Robert that he had at last discovered the great predominant necessity of his life—a woman, beautiful in mind as in person, of a congenial heart, and who loved him truly and devotedly. And upon his part the passion was most ardently reciprocated; for the first time in his wayward life, he had gained the experience of a pure and earnest passion. What the world might say he cared not. He had discarded forever the heartless conventionalities of his former life, and was now living, and so meant to live, in virtuous and happy seclusion. And after what has just been said, the reader will find no great difficulty in believing that Kate had consented to share this existence with him.

It was hardly eight months subsequent to Grenville's arrival, that the castle blazed with light one evening in honor of the marriage of its lord with the beauty of the village. Every window held a dozen lighted tapers, and soon music lent its witchery to the joy of the evening. A merry company of Lord Grenville's friends, male and female, were gathered within to rejoice in his happiness; and more than one of the gentlemen present, as he looked towards Kate, now Lady Grenville, as, robed in a dress of the purest white, her hair twined with orange blossoms, and her beautiful face beaming with pride and joy, she leaned lovingly on the arm of her husband—more than one of these secretly envied the latter his choice.

And while the music swelled the loudest, while the feet of the dancers tripped the merriest, and the mirth and joy of those within was at its height, a strange and significant spectacle might have been witnessed without. Attracted by the glare of light from the castle, a man had just crossed the meadows which lay between it and the sea, and pausing before the great entrance, gazed curiously at the windows. He was clothed in the dress usually worn by the inhabitants of N—; in addition to which he wore a wide-brimmed hat, slouched low down over his eyes. One of the servants just then issued from the castle, and to him the man directed the inquiry:

"What's all this—what's going on inside?"

"It is my lord's wedding night," was the reply.

"A wedding—who is the bride?"

The servant shook his head.

"He called her Kate, once when I was by. The other name I don't remember, but I should know it if I should hear it spoken."

"Kate?" the other exclaimed, with startling emphasis. "Not Kate Clifford?"

"Yes, that was it. I remember—"

A curse—an oath—an imprecation, so bitter, so fearful, that the servitor recoiled with astonishment, dropped from the lips of the stranger. The latter instantly raised his glaring, bloodshot eyes towards the window of the drawing-room, just above him, where a moment before the shadowy silhouettes of the figures of Lord and Lady Grenville had appeared, sharply defined upon the light drapery which intervened between them and the strange spectator. With the most hateful fury depicted upon his malignant face, the latter shook his clenched hand repeatedly towards the window, uttered another and most frightful imprecation, and disappeared.

Indulgent reader, we have told thus far what might reasonably pass for a love story; your pardon—we had no intention of doing so at the outset. We must censure this insane pen of ours, ever too ready as it is, to scribble its way into the heartsome experiences of life, and to ignore the severe actualities. And if the reader has perchance become interested in this chance love story (for, upon our honor, it wrote itself, almost; that is, the love part of it), we are sure he will pardon us for marring it so sadly as we must, in order to introduce the actual facts upon which it is based.

Two days had elapsed since the wedding at the castle, and the hilarity connected with the event had suffered no perceptible diminution. Upon the morning of the third, an equestrian expedition was projected, and as the plan met the hearty concurrence of all, preparations were immediately made. All were speedily in the saddle, save Lord Robert and his bride, and in a moment they also appeared. The former lifted the lady lightly to her saddle, and then looked for an instant from her graceful form, clad in a closely-fitting riding-habit of green, to the plume which shadowed her face.

"Bend thee hither a moment, my Lady Kate, I have something to whisper," he said, with mock gravity. And as she inclined towards him, yielding to the pressure of his arm, he snatched a kiss from her lips. Her riding-whip descended lightly upon his shoulders, and with a merry laugh she transferred the blow to her horse, which bounded fleetly away. Waving her cap in laughing defiance, she increased the speed of her flight, pursued now by the whole company, headed by Sir Robert. It was the sunniest of April days, the air was soft and balmy, and the hoofs of the horses severed the violets as they



passed, while many a laborer suspended his toil as the gallant cavalcade swept past him, enlivened with gleeful shouts and peals of merriment, as Lady Kate still led the mad gallop over league after league of grassy plains.

Laugh on right merrily, goodly companions! Gaze proudly, Lord Robert, at your peerless bride—kiss your hand again to her, in answer to her repeated defiance! But never again shall she feel the pressure of your lips—that playful kiss was the last! When her lips again meet yours, *two* shall be white and cold, chilled with a lasting coldness!

Running through the centre of the wood which lay between the castle and the village, once before referred to, was a sinuous path, barely of sufficient width to allow two horsemen to pass abreast. The sun had passed perhaps half way from the zenith to the horizon, when our cavalcade entered the forest from the village side, and proceeded leisurely towards the castle. Lord Robert and Kate led the way, riding together, and the others followed, each lady riding by her cavalier. A third of the way had been passed, and the leaders had just turned an abrupt curve in the path. Lord Robert turned his face towards his bride, smiling approval at a light jest she had uttered—the first words of a retort were upon his lips, when the report of a pistol, which still sounded too heavy for that of a pistol, rang through the forest. Lord Grenville reeled in the saddle, clutched wildly at his loosened rein, fell forward upon the neck of his horse and instantly expired!

In men of well-balanced minds, the presence of alarming danger has the effect of exciting instant action. Before the echoes of the fatal shot had died away, four of the gentlemen had thrown themselves from their saddles; two rushed to secure the rearing and terrified horse, which still bore the weight of his dead master; the others threw themselves upon a man whom their quick eyes had detected standing within the wood, still holding in his hand a loaded pistol. The promptness of their action allowed no chance for escape; and though the prisoner at first struggled violently with his captors, he was unceremoniously hurled senseless to the earth by the indignant hands of one of them.

Lord Robert was at once lifted carefully from his saddle and stretched upon the grass, his head resting upon the knee of one of his friends. A round, smooth hole in the very centre of his white forehead, marked too surely the passage of the murderous bullet. Anxiously the companions gathered around the spot, the ladies sobbing with terror, and leaning upon their attendants, them-

selves hardly less moved. Lady Kate was kneeling by the side of her slain husband, clasping his cold hand tightly in hers, and repressing for the moment the crushing agony which blanched her face to a deathly whiteness. One of the gentlemen placed his fingers upon Lord Robert's pulse, but it failed to respond to the pressure. As a last test, his hunting-frock and waistcoat were torn open, and the hand pressed upon his heart. It was still—the breast itself was hardly warm!

"He is dead!" The words fell like the voice of doom upon the ear of Lady Grenville. Turning her eyes in a frenzy of horror towards the man, who was just recovering from the stunning effects of the blow he had received, and who had arisen to a sitting posture—a hand being laid heavily upon either shoulder—and then seeking once more the paling features of the dead, she sank senseless into the arms of one of the ladies, with the feebly-uttered words:

"My husband—*Mark Maynard*—O, you have murdered him!"

Slowly, sadly, and with heavy hearts, the cavalcade returned to the castle, bearing with it the dead, the still insensible lady, and the prisoner. Three days after, Sir Robert Grenville was placed in his ancestral tomb, mourned by his friends, but most of all by his bereaved and heart-broken bride. As for Mark Maynard, he exhibited from the first moment of his arrest, a brutal indifference which added to the universal indignation felt in the neighborhood against him. So prevalent indeed did the absolute conviction of his guilt appear, that it became plainly evident that an impartial trial in the county where the offence was committed, would be simply impossible; and a successful application was made soon after indictment, for a change of venue. London was designated as the proper place of trial, and the cause was accordingly placed upon the calendar of the then next ensuing Old Bailey.

Aside from the deep interest usually attending the examination of a capital crime, the trial of Mark Maynard elicited a degree of excitement and curiosity rarely equalled, even in London. The popularity of Lord Grenville, the singular circumstances of the crime, and general sympathy for Lady Kate, drew together such a throng upon the morning of the trial as the courtroom had never before held.

The evidence of the prosecution was brief, direct, and of itself conclusive. The place and particulars of Lord Robert's death were proved by Lady Grenville, and a number of those who had accompanied them, as well as the arrest of Maynard within ten feet of the murdered man's

horses, holding the discharged pistol. So plain and convicting, in fact, was the testimony, that there seemed no loophole for escape. Upon the part of the defence, however, a most singular and startling fact was proven—and that by the witnesses for the prosecution. Both Lady Grenville and the two who immediately followed herself and husband as they rode through the forest, testified unequivocally, and with positive certainty, that at the instant of the report of the pistol, Lord Robert had turned in his saddle, looking towards Lady Grenville, so that his face was turned directly from the spot where Mark Maynard was discovered! It was further proved that the wound was in the forehead, that the bullet penetrated barely half way through the head, and that not the slightest trace of a wound was visible anywhere else upon his head or body! Here was a contradiction as strange as it was unexpected; and as the facts were shown with the absolute certainty of eye-witnesses, they seemed at first glance to preclude the possibility of the prisoner's guilt. And yet, if Mark Maynard was innocent, who could be guilty? There was but one report—there had been no other human being seen by the party since its entrance into the forest; and the circumstances of his arrest, deeply significant as they were, and which were not attempted to be explained, told heavily against him. Resort was had to other witnesses—every person who had been present was placed upon the stand, and each, so far as his or her position at the moment of the shot allowed a positive declaration, promptly corroborated the facts of the case, as they already stood.

The evidence closed here; and in an argument of great ingenuity and power, the prisoner's counsel insisted that the testimony, as it stood, demanded the acquittal of Maynard. Every conceivable hypothesis was made use of to account for his presence at the place of the murder, under circumstances so suspicious; and it was particularly urged, that no inquiry must be made as to the possibility of the deed having been committed by some other than Maynard; that upon failure to fix the crime absolutely upon him as its perpetrator, he must necessarily be acquitted. The public prosecutor followed, reviewing the evidence at length, and drawing from it the inference of Maynard's guilt; and the judge, in a charge which seemed to incline rather towards the prisoner, dwelt with much emphasis upon the legal principle, that if there appeared to the jury a reasonable and well-grounded doubt of the prisoner's guilt, he must receive the benefit of it and his discharge. For more than forty-eight hours after the case was finally submitted to

them, the jury remained out in doubtful consultation. And when Maynard's friends had grown confident of an unchangeable disagreement, if not an absolute acquittal, they returned with a verdict of guilty!

Upon the following day the prisoner was arraigned for sentence. Upon being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, with the sullen indifference that had characterized his appearance through the trial, he replied:

"Nothing; what should I say, except to say I'm glad *he's* dead? And if there's any doubt as to who killed him, I may as well say now, that I hid myself where they found me, and waited there, because I wished to kill him—and that I *did* kill him! How the wound came in his forehead, I neither know nor care; it's enough to satisfy me, that I put it there!"

None, after this brutal declaration, could entertain a shadow of doubt as to the justice of the verdict, and it was followed by groans and hisses of indignation. The miserable man, unmoved and defiant to the last, was immediately sentenced to death, and a month after suffered the awful penalty of the law, with an unflinching fortitude which was worthy of a better end.

Twenty-five years had passed since the occurrence of the events above detailed, and this lapse of time had almost obliterated the strange tale of the death of Lord Grenville from the public mind. Twenty-five years of chastened sorrow had passed over the head of Lady Kate, and left it prematurely gray. Grief, blunted and enduring, had left her the mere wreck of her former loveliness: yet, true to the memory of her noble husband of a day, as it were, she fondly cherished his remembrance, patiently waiting for the hour which should re-unite them. So rare and beautiful a fidelity as this, gained for her the hearty sympathy and esteem, alike of the peer and the peasant; and thus, secluded from observation, at the castle, she calmly lived out the last years of her sorrowfully romantic life. Occasionally, however, she left her retreat to minister at the couch of sickness, or in the hovel of poverty—and frequently her presence in the cottages of the rude smugglers of the village, caused her name to be coupled with prayers and blessings, from lips which were far more accustomed to boisterous profanity.

Upon a wild, wintry night of January, when the snow fell fast and thick, and the shrieking blast swept in with icy chilliness from the sea, a smuggler lay dying in one of the huts of N—. He was a powerful, stalwart man of the middle

age, and his face, roughly bearded and hardened, bore the marks of fierce and life-long passions. A ghastly sword-wound, laying open bone and brain, received the day before in a desperate struggle with the crew of a revenue-vessel, upon the beach, showed the cause of his prostration. For more than twenty-four hours he had lain there without sense or motion, but sinking rapidly, as could be perceived from his hard, irregular breathing, more faintly drawn at every inspiration. Suddenly opening his eyes, his consciousness returning in the hour of death, he exclaimed, in a thrilling whisper:

"Call Lady Grenville—bring Kate Clifford to my bedside! For God's sake, don't delay—I'm dying—but I *will* live till she comes! Hasten!"

His wife immediately despatched a messenger to the castle, and before an hour had elapsed, Lady Grenville entered the cottage. As she seated herself by the bedside, the dying smuggler fastened his eyes eagerly upon her face, and asked: "Do you know me, Lady Kate?"

She looked earnestly at him, and then shook her head negatively. How could she recognize him? Time itself is a wonderful transformer of the human countenance; but add to this twenty-five years of crime, and the loose rein of all evil passions, and the change must be great indeed!

"Then let me tell you," the man huskily whispered. "Listen, my lady, for I've a strange story for your ear! I am *Edgar Carroll*—and my hand sped the bullet that slew your husband!"

"You—you the murderer!" his auditor exclaimed, recoiling in horror and surprise. "How can this be?—Mark Maynard was convicted and hung for the crime!"

"Ay—and 'twas a fit punishment for the intermeddling fool!" was the vindictive rejoinder, accompanied by a hateful gleam of the eye. "Fool—who made him an avenger?" he continued, vehemently. "I was well satisfied to let him hang. But no matter, let me tell my tale while I have speech to tell it."

"You can forgive me, Lady Kate, for loving you as I did, if not for killing the man whom you loved. I was an idiot to think of you—but you compelled me to do it. You, Lady Kate—you were the cause of Sir Robert's death!"

"In Heaven's name, wretched man, explain yourself! What can you mean?" the terrified woman asked.

"It is true as God's word!" was the wildly-spoken rejoinder. "Why did you craze me with your beauty? Why did you smile upon me, till the lurking devil in my heart made me swear to kill Lord Grenville, because you had chosen him to smile upon, and not me? It was a bitter oath,

I promise you. I swore it before the castle, upon your bridal night—and I kept it most religiously! But hearken only for a moment," he continued, as his listener averted her pale and tearful face, "and you shall know all. I hid myself in the forest, some distance from the path, the next day, with a loaded pistol, and waited for your party to pass. At last the moment came; you rode upon the side nearest me, and Lord Grenville just beyond. I fired just as he turned his face toward you, and the ball lodged in his forehead, as I meant it should. And at the very instant, *at the second* when I fired, I saw the flash of a pistol, directly opposite me; and the bullet from that pistol entered the very tree behind which I stood! You can find it there to-day, without question.

"You will forgive me, Lady Kate? Lord Robert died—Maynard died—I'm dying—and you, too, must one day die! Don't curse me for killing him. Smile once, just as you used to, to show that you forgive it. There—God bless you,—God forgive me!"

A faint smile of forgiveness illumined for an instant the pallid features of the lady. Before the eyes of the penitent outlaw, it shone like the harbinger of eternal peace. Seizing her hand, he pressed it convulsively to his bearded lips, and then fell back upon his pallet, dead.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add the explanation, that Mark Maynard had suffered death at the hands of the hangman, in profound ignorance that he was innocent of the murder of Lord Grenville, in fact. Innocent in fact, but not in heart; and it can hardly be said that the unparalleled train of accidents which consigned him to the gallows, visited him with an unmerited doom.

#### A SCOTCH LEAP YEAR STORY.

A bachelor in the village of Carnoustie, having been left alone in the house with the servant, one evening lately, had been sitting meditatively, when the room door was thrown open, and the fair "help" appeared, and told him that she could live no longer without him, and consequently that he must marry her, and the sooner the better. The astonishment of the gentleman was so great, that some time elapsed before he could reply in the negative, and the damsel was coolly preparing to act as mistress, when he ordered her to quit his presence, which she did after some hesitation. Next morning, acting upon the advice of a friend, the persecuted bachelor dismissed the abigail, who found herself expelled from a house, of which she fondly imagined she would soon become the mistress.

#### HONEST LOVE.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;  
Love is a present for a mighty king;  
Much less make any one thine enemy.—*HANSON.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## HOMESICK.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

I've stood upon the rocky strand,  
And listened to the breakers' roar;  
I've heard the sephyræ die away,  
Low rippling on Lake Erie's shore;  
I've watched the crimson sunset dyes  
Transforming, with their magic wand,  
To more than Eden loveliness  
The flowery realms of prairie land.

I've climbed the Rocky Mountains' height,  
Whose spires far-reaching cleave the sky;  
Who grimly keep their sentry-watch,  
While cycles roll and nations die.  
And I have knelt with reverent awe  
Amid those scenes so wildly grand,  
And wondered if could be more fair  
The haven of rest—the better land.

Yet ever breathes one haunting spell,  
One thought in every whisper borne,  
Of where I twined the orange flower,  
And where the cypress-wreath are worn.  
That home of all o'er this fair earth  
Is closest to my being wed;  
For there first woke my natal morn,  
And there repose my sainted dead.

[ORIGINAL.]

## Trials of Margaret Hepsibah.

BY LYDIA C. GRAVES.

WELL, the mischief was done now to be sure! Immersed in Tennyson, which I had seldom an opportunity of reading, I had relaxed my usual vigilance, and allowed that sacred portal, the garden gate, to be opened by profane hands. Tramp, tramp, tramp! up the garden walk came a pair of feet, encased in a pair of remarkably stout shoes. Thus much of the daring intruder I saw through the branches of the honeysuckle, which was trained over my window.

With unusual heroism and presence of mind, I ran to the door, which opened into the garden and took a long look out. O, horror of horrors! what did I behold! A swarthy foreigner, seated under a currant bush, gathering the blushing fruit into a large basket.

Now I had had warnings enough if that were all; warnings from every member of the household, from "*mater-familias*" down to the pet Effie. The universal cry had been:

"Now, Maggie, be sure and keep an eye on the currants; there's no knowing how many of 'them' strollers there may be about."

Hadn't I also been told that by to-morrow

morning the fruit would be just in a fit state to be gathered; and hadn't it been arranged that we were to go out in a body to perform that duty; and hadn't Aunt Jane been promised a bushel with which to make currant wine; and, O, dear! there was that horrid, hateful wretch, filling his dirty basket.

Harriet Anne, my sister, has a great horror of strollers and pedlars, and invariably slams the door in their faces. I, on the contrary, always view them as very picturesque objects, and treat them accordingly; nothing can be more courteous than the gracious wave of the hand with which I dismiss them from the premises.

Here, however, was a different case; an uncommonly forbidding-looking person, seated in the shadow of our currant bushes, busily engaged in filling the capacious maw of a filthy basket, was anything but a picturesque sight in my indignant eyes. I literally rushed from the house, and planting myself directly by the intruder, I favored him with the following burst of eloquence:

"Take yourself out of this garden at once, sir! What do you mean by coming in here and stealing our fruit?"

No answer! but the villanous face was slowly turned towards me, and a combination of a leer and a smile played for an instant about the ugly mouth. At that sight my wrath bubbled up anew.

"Begone, you wretch! There's the gate! Take yourself out of it quickly!" and as I spoke, I pointed in a theatrical manner at the sacred portal.

No answer! but following the direction of my finger with his eyes, this audacious thief nodded with the air of a man, who, having been requested to look at some rural object in which he had not the slightest interest, was disposed to do all that was courteous and polite in the matter.

A thought struck me; perhaps the man did not understand English! I would try him in Italian. My knowledge of this language is not very great, but I was rather proud than otherwise of the speech which I addressed to the intruder, in the soft accents of his native land.

No answer! far from being paralyzed and cowed by my unwonted effort in Italian, the wretch only went on steadily filling his dirty basket.

I would try him in French, though I was rather dubious about his being a Frenchman. Now, I have studied French all my life, and speak it almost as well as a native. As the people of this nation are unusually polite, I thought it best to word my request in as polite a manner as possible. So I put my strong Saxon phrase into softened French, and lest the feelings of my

companion should be very much injured, I ended my sentence with a courteous, "*s'il vous plait, monsieur.*"

No answer! but I was frightened to observe that the huge basket was more than a quarter full, and that the horrid creature was grinning to himself. Perhaps he was a German, and had wandered from Fatherland to our hospitable shore; I wished, for goodness' sake, that he were back in his own beer-drinking land. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of the German language, and know very well that I shall lose caste among my friends for making such a confession. However, that's neither here nor there.

Many a time have I been drilled upon those gutturals, and don't I hate them? The only practical use I ever put my knowledge to, was upon the occasion to which I am referring. Putting on my loftiest air, I growled out a few words to the thief in the shadow of our currant bushes. The sound seemed to come from some subterranean cavern, and produced more impression upon myself than upon my companion. There was no answer from him, but the filthy basket was almost half-full.

O, dear me! what should I do! I had exhausted my store of languages, and all this without success. It was no sort of use to try Greek and Latin, and as for Spanish, I didn't know a word of it; besides, I was almost sure he was not a Spaniard.

A bright idea came into my head, the thief must be deaf and dumb. Now I had once spent some months in a blind asylum, and as there were some there who were also deaf and dumb, I had learned their alphabet perfectly. I took a new station in front of this voiceless tormentor, and having attracted his attention, I commenced. Before I had got through the first word, down dropped his eyes, the fingers of both hands went faster to work than ever, and, O, horror! the basket was two-thirds full.

What do you suppose I did next? Having threatened in every language, I descended to entreaties in each, commencing as before in English.

"O, dear, good man," I said, "please go away; you'll get caught if you don't. If you'll go right away now, you may have all the currants you've got. Do go, please. If you will, I'll never tell any one about it."

No answer! though I tried the same appeal, irresistible I considered it, in every language, I was mistress of, it was no sort of use. The hardened wretch replied only by a grin.

Time was passing; the sun was slowly but surely travelling towards the west, and that

frightful basket was almost full. All my hopes now clustered about that same basket; just as soon as that was full I expected to see this bold thief march off with his ill-gotten plunder. So it was with a sort of desperate calmness that I watched and waited. Now, it was full up to the brim, but that wasn't sufficient for this boldest of robbers. With almost a feeling of admiration I watched the skill with which he piled one bunch above another, until the basket could bear not one currant more. Then a sense of relief came over me; it was more than brimming full, and now he would surely go off.

He rose, shook himself, cast a look at his stout shoes, moved his basket carefully out of the path, and then walked towards the house.

"Stop!" I cried, "you're going the wrong way; the other path leads to the gate."

This valuable information drew no answer in return. The monster walked straight on to the house, and came through the back door, into the kitchen. I followed in a state of mind bordering on madness. He seemed to divine, with a sort of instinct, which was the door of the closet; swinging it open he looked in, there was nothing there but dishes.

Nothing daunted, he walked straight on, till he came to the cellar door, opened that, and disappeared down the stairs. At that moment I fervently wished he would fall and break his neck; but I was not destined to be gratified. For some moments I heard the creature rummaging around below, and during this time I remained quietly in the kitchen, for I was at my wits' end, and knew not what to do. I had one forlorn hope left; and that was, that in his wanderings, he would fall into a hoghead of water that was placed in the cellar. Vain, indeed, was this hope; for it wasn't long before he re-appeared at the cellar door, and O, horrors! he was laden with food. First, there were the remains of the chicken-pie that we had had for dinner, then a plate of bread, one of cheese, an apple-pie, and lastly a plate of pickles.

These were all arranged, very neatly I must confess, upon the kitchen table, and then my self-invited guest sat down to enjoy himself. At every epithet that I applied to him, for I began with "thief," and ran through the whole scale, my companion only ate the faster and with greater gusto; finding that such a course was only a whet to his appetite, I presently desisted from it.

The chicken-pie disappeared with marvellous rapidity, as did all the other viands, with the exception of one pickle. Indeed the trencher performance was finished without a sign of choking,

and consequently there was no hope of defeating my enemy in that manner.

Having finished his meal, my visitor arose, shook himself again, took another admiring look at his great, horrid shoes, and wound up by looking me straight in the face for the first time, making two or three motions with his hands and drawing our great bread-knife playfully across his throat. I understood him perfectly, he meant simply, "if you tell, I'll kill you."

The moment the door had closed upon him, I both locked and bolted it, and then sat down to have a comfortable cry. Having accomplished this much, I arose, opened the door again, and seizing the remaining pickle with a pair of tongs, I threw it as far as possible into the garden.

"Mag, what in the world are you about?" said Harriet Anne, who entered at that moment, followed by the rest of the family.

"Hum!" said Amanda Jane, who, between you and me, is a very sharp girl—"Mag, what have you had here? Hum—pickles! hum—chicken! hum—cheese!"

"Margaret Hepsibah," said "mater-familias," drawing on her spectacles and casting a severe look upon me, "who has been here, child?"

"O, the garden gate is open," said Effie, who had been making explorations.

"Euphemia Angelina, be quiet," said "mater-familias;" "now, Margaret Hepsibah, has any one been here—tell me, quickly, child?"

"Yes, marm."

"Some stroller, I'll be bound," said Harriet Anne, whose objection to this class of people I have before mentioned.

It isn't worth while to relate the particulars of that conversation between the indignant members of my family and myself. Suffice it to say, that the remembrance of that playful pantomime, in which our bread-knife took a conspicuous part, effectually sealed my lips on the subject of my visitor.

It might have been a week after this occurrence, that "mater-familias" saw fit to make an afternoon visit in company with Harriet Anne, and Effie; consequently Amanda Jane and myself were left at home to employ ourselves according to our own "sweet will." Amanda Jane's "sweet will" soon took her off in company with an escaped convict—no, I mean collegian, in the person of Cousin Charley, who was a dreadful rattle-pate and a great friend of Amanda Jane's. It was with some misgivings that I saw the laughing pair march off arm-in-arm, and realized my lonesome situation; not a soul in the house but myself—and that horrid stroller might come again.

"Au revoir," said Charles, kissing his fingers to me and grinning maliciously, ere he disappeared with his frivolous and unromantic companion over the brow of the hill.

I shall always think that some fatality is sure to attend the reading of Tennyson. Now "mater-familias" had not exactly forbidden me to read that volume, but she invariably looks daggers at it, when it appeared in my hands; so I used to read it by stealth. Following my "sweet will" I had opened the book and was just in the midst of one of the most bewitching poems, when there was a knock at the door.

I jumped up in dismay. What if my stroller had come back again! if he had, I should die on the spot. Goodness! what a relief! As I opened the door, my eyes fell upon a very dapper personage, whose carpet-bag and small trunk revealed the fact that he was a pedler.

"Will you buy anything to-day, marm?" fell upon my ears in the sweetest of voices, agreeably mingled with a slight foreign accent.

I glanced sharply at the person before me. His long, dark hair hung down upon his shoulders, and accorded well with the bronzed complexion, and the dark, glossy beard which adorned the lower part of his face. He was neatly dressed, and wore very respectable shoes; I mention this because I am fastidious in the matter of shoes, and had been disgusted by a sight of those worn by the stroller, whose acquaintance I had made the week before.

"Will you buy anything to-day, marm?"

There he stood, meek and pleasing, his eyes modestly cast downward, his whole appearance just what it should be. Now, I had been warned time and time again, against purchasing of pedlers, for, as "mater-familias" said, "them foreigners were great cheats." But here was a slightly different case; in fact, my heart was melted by the youthful appearance, the modest mein, and the pleasing air of the person before me.

I looked at his wares; there was the usual assortment of needles, pins, tapes, etc., none of which I wanted. I shook my head to signify as much, and he slowly and with a sorrowful air, began replacing the articles. Suddenly his face brightened; he drew a paper from his pocket, and unrolling it, displayed to my admiring eyes, a rich gold locket, most beautifully chased.

"I picked this up one day in travelling, and I cannot find an owner for it. Will you buy it?" His voice seemed to grow more melodious, and his manner more pleasing.

Now, I am passionately fond of poetry and jewelry, and as I twirled this beautiful locket

between my fingers, I thought how delighted I should be to own it. I had for some time been jealous of Amanda Jane who possessed, as a birthday present from "mater-familias," a gold locket similar to this one, but not nearly so beautiful. Here was a rare chance of happiness offered to me, and should I let it slip through my fingers? I timidly inquired the price of the treasure.

"Three dollars, and very cheap, marm," he replied.

Yes, it was cheap; why, "mater-familias" had paid an almost fabulous price for Amanda Jane's, and this one was just as good gold and very beautiful in its finish. I resolved to take it, and running up stairs, procured my purse in which was the sum of three dollars and two cents. Descending, I handed the three dollars to the pedler, who thanked me in that peculiarly sweet voice of his, and then gathering up his treasures, he departed through the front gate.

An hour afterwards, Amanda Jane came slowly sauntering in, and her eye soon caught sight of my treasure, which I had taken pains to put in a conspicuous situation.

"What's this, Mag?"

"A gold locket, dear," in my softest and sweetest tones.

"Where did you get it?" said Amanda Jane, sharply.

"I bought it, love," said I, blandly.

"Of whom?" and she looked at me sternly.

"A pedler, dear; it was so cheap."

"How much did you give?"

"Three dollars, love; isn't it beautiful?" and my voice expressed an unchristian-like exultation, which Amanda Jane must have noticed.

"Margaret Hepsibah, you're a fool!" said Amanda Jane, with a sternness I never knew her to exhibit before.

I looked at her inquiringly; her face was flushed, and she trembled all over.

"Don't you see?" continued she, "that this is my locket, and that it must have been stolen?"

No, I didn't see any such thing, Amanda Jane needn't try to wheedle me out of everything.

"Look here, Mag!" I looked, and saw three letters, A. J. O. which stood for Amanda Jane Onthank, cunningly inscribed upon a portion of the locket.

It is impossible to describe the scene that followed. "Mater-familias" came home in the midst of it, and, O, such persecutions as I endured. Amanda Jane was the most gentle towards me, but the other three were bitter enough. Euphemia Angelina, upon whom I have expended a small fortune in molasses candy, proved a

most implacable enemy. Such is the gratitude of pets!

I sat that evening, moodily devouring the village paper. Such a quantity of trash as they contrive to crowd into that sheet, it is impossible for any one to comprehend unless they have been bored with it once a week, for half a dozen years, as we have. Something new met my eager eye in the shape of a matrimonial notice. "A gentleman, etc., etc., good habits and connection, etc., a young lady of cheerful disposition, etc.," in fact, the usual rigmarole employed in such cases.

I have no great opinion now of the people who insert such advertisements in the papers, but I was only "sweet seventeen," then, and moreover, I was enduring great persecutions from my nearest of kindred. It was under such desperate circumstances that I penned a note to Carolus Flagstaff, the gentleman whose name appeared under the advertisement I have mentioned. I penned it in secret, for I dared not brave the wrath of "mater-familias" a third time. Hadn't I, time and again, heard her say that "people who wrote them" advertisements ought to be "taken" up and put in jail—when "mater-familias" is angry, she is very apt to bid defiance to all rules of grammar—and now if she found me out wouldn't she scold?

To prevent such a discovery, I mailed my letter from the next town, and then waited with some anxiety to hear from Mr. Flagstaff. He was evidently one of those men, who consider "punctuality as the soul of business," for the very next mail brought me a comical-looking document, which informed me that the writer would consider it a great favor if I would still continue to correspond with him, and as business would shortly bring him to our village, he should hope for a speedy meeting. So far, so good; indeed, the only thing that now troubled me, was the style of Mr. Flagstaff's handwriting, which was decidedly poor, very school-boyish, in fact.

In my new and delightful occupation, household troubles were in a measure forgotten. It took just about half my time to write notes, and the other half to take them to the post-office, so that every spare moment was agreeably occupied. In the course of time, Mr. Flagstaff announced to me that he had arrived in our village, and our long-proposed meeting was arranged to take place in a quiet spot near our house.

I put on my prettiest dress that afternoon, for I wished very much to make a favorable impression. Amanda Jane was troublesomely curious to know where I was going, but I would not



gratify her. I don't think I ever looked better than I did that day, when having completed my toilet, I set out for my walk.

I walked on in the best of spirits until I came to the brow of the hill; then I began to wish myself back again, and to wonder what "mater-familias" would say, if she should hear of the affair. "Courage," I said to myself, and then walked steadily on again, until I came to the very spot.

At first I saw nothing, but soon recovering my vision, I discovered to my infinite horror, that same greasy foreigner, who had stolen our currants and eaten our victuals on a former memorable occasion.

"Take yourself off, you wretch!" said I, forgetting that it was useless to talk to him.

The wretch looked at me for a few moments, then slowly opened a capacious mouth, and uttered the loudest ha! ha! ha! I ever heard in my life. The sound was echoed from the top of the hill, and looking around, I saw Amanda Jane coming towards us, almost convulsed with merriment.

"Amanda Jane!" said I, with great dignity. My speech was greeted with another explosion of laughter, so loud and so long, that furious as I was, I caught myself joining in it.

What should I do? Every moment, I expected to see the tall, elegant figure of Mr. Flagstaff coming over the hill—you see, I had made up my mind that he was both tall and elegant.

"Go away at once, sir, else I shall expose you as a thief!" I ventured to say to the hateful-looking man.

He opened his mouth and spoke in a shockingly mocking manner:

"O, dear, good man, please go away; you'll get caught if you don't."

Amanda Jane greeted this feeble attempt at pleasantry with another burst of laughter. Where had I heard those words?

"I picked up this locket in my travels; will you buy it?" and this time, the wretch spoke in the sweetest of voices.

"O, please, Charley, do tell her! if you don't I shall die laughing," and Amanda Jane caught hold of the arm of that dirty foreigner.

Charley! hum! was it possible!

"O, dear, dear!" said Charley, who is the best mimic in the world, "Margaret Hepsibah, recognize in me the thief, the pedler, and—Mr. Flagstaff. I've had the greatest fun, goosey, that ever was, and so has Amanda Jane. We've done nothing but laugh at you the last six weeks; it's almost too bad, I confess, but forgive us, Margaret Hepsibah!"

I managed, in my fury, to speak but one word: "Monster!"

"Come, come, Mag," said Charley, "I am about tired of 'wretch' and 'monster,' and all those sorts of words. Invent something new, and then abuse me as much as you please. You can't think how nicely our currant wine tastes, and all because I selected the richest and ripest berries."

I wasn't to be wheedled into forgiving him, not I. When Charley married our Amanda Jane, it was Harriet Anne who officiated as bridesmaid, not Margaret Hepsibah.

#### LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top, or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy, to bring him up to a man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without it, is almost inevitably thrown away. With it and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.

**PLANT TREES.**—There is no way in which a man can keep his memory "greener" than by planting trees. Napoleon the Third seems desirous of emulating the fame of Henry IV. in his skill in planting. Chestnut trees are making their appearance in all portions of Paris. The Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, the square in the Marche des Innocents, the Place du Louvre, the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Bastille, attest the emperor's energy; and now the south side of the Champs Elysees is to follow the example set it by the north in the variety of its trees and gardens.

#### SOCIETY

Society is now one polished horse.  
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.  
BYRON.

## PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

Constable, in his youth, is said to have attempted the portrait of a gentleman six several times, and in neither could he satisfy his employer—a gentleman of the class who expect the painter to remedy the defects of Nature and supply beauty where there is not even a hint to suggest it. He finally procured a head of Saint Paul—the study of some tyro, in the usual style—and having modernized the drapery, he requested the gentleman to sit again, painting at the same time on a landscape, while his sitter supposed him occupied with his countenance. In due time the painting was sent home, giving entire satisfaction, and receiving the praise of a wonderful production—the gentleman at the same time saying it was a most perfect portrait, and condemning the taste of his friends who protested “there was no likeness at all.”

Hogarth having painted a portrait which a difficult sitter refused to take, metamorphosed it, with a few strokes of his pencil, into the likeness of a gentlemanly ape—still retaining enough of the expression of the sitter to make it known at first sight. It is needless to state that it was soon taken off his hands at a fair valuation. The Art Union relates a story of a lady—an emulative parvenue—who wished to rival another in the expensiveness of her portrait, as well as in that of her equipage. She inquired of the artist the most expensive colors. “Ultra-Marine,” was the reply. “Then paint me all Ultra-Marine.”—*Anecdotes of Painters.*

## WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is exceedingly curious, as being highly characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation: “After some years delay, William appears to have become desperate, and, if we may trust to the evidence of the Chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William’s passion by the violence of his behaviour, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, the chronicler saith not, and we are at a loss to imagine.”—*Miss Strickland.*

## A SHREWD QUESTIONER.

“Friend,” said a shrewd Quaker to a man with a drove of hogs, “hast any hogs in thy drove with large bones?”

“Yes,” replied the drover, “they all have.”

“Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?”

“Yes, they all have.”

“Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over their eyes?”

“Yes, all my drove are of that description, and will suit you exactly.”

“I rather think they wouldn’t suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describes them. Thou may’st drive along.”—*Providence Journal.*

## A RESURRECTION.

In 1800, the 31st regiment was serving in Holland, and at Egmont-op-Zee crossed bayonets with the French bearing the same number; a ball fired during the retreat of the latter regiment, passed through the jaws of a soldier of the 31st, named Robert Hullock; in the course of the afternoon he was buried in the sand hill where he had fallen, by a soldier of his regiment named Carnes. During the night Hullock recovered, and having been lightly covered with sand, crept out and crawled to a picket of his regiment posted near. He was sent to the hospital, recovered, and was serving with his regiment in Malta in 1806. His face having been much discolored, and his voice scarcely intelligible (a part of his tongue and palate having been carried away), he had for some years served as pioneer to his company; a soldier of it died, and Hullock, as a part of his duty, dug the grave, in which he was found on the arrival of the body for interment, still at work, though then nearly ten feet deep. On being drawn out and asked his reason for making it so unusually deep, he replied: “Why, sir, it is for poor John Carnes, who buried me; and I think, sir, if I get him that deep, it will puzzle him to creep out as I did.” On the burial service being read, he proceeded to fill up the grave, and actually buried the man who ten years previous had buried him. Hullock was discharged and pensioned in 1814.—*United Service Journal.*

## EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

When the waters of Glastenbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yovril, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastenbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after, the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not tell your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—*Blackwood.*

## KAFFIR PUNISHMENTS.

Death is frequently inflicted among this nation, and in various ways, most of them diabolically cruel. This is one specimen of the most ingenious and refined cruelty, and one of the most frightful tortures that can be inflicted. The culprit is rubbed all over with grease; he is then taken to an ant-hill, against which he is placed and secured to the ground. The ant-hill is then broken, and the ants left to crawl over him, and eat his flesh from his bones, which they do in time most effectually. The Inquisition never invented a torture so horrible and lingering as this must be. Let us remind the reader that ants are three times the size of those he is accustomed to see in England and their bite most irritating and painful.—*The Cape and the Kaffirs.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE REALM OF THOUGHT.

BY JAMES HOWARD.

Know ye the fair land where the ivy is twining  
 With circlets of laurel and bay;  
 Where there's no weeping, nor sorrow, nor pining,  
 But light and gold-sphyr'd day;

Where the fragrance of flowers is forevermore welling  
 Through the nebulous depths of air,  
 And myriad voices in chorus are swelling,  
 Like the voices of angels fair;

Where the gold-pinked songster mounts the blue sky,  
 And warbles forevermore;  
 Where the azure-tinted billows sweep lovingly by,  
 And kiss the jewel-clad shore;

Where the sephyr's float over the moss-covered glens,  
 And sing in the palm-covered plain;  
 Where Scotia's mountains, and turrets, and fens,  
 Are mingled with India's main?

'Tis the fair, fleeting land of vision and thought,  
 Surcharged with golden dreams;  
 With love and beauty as bounteously fraught,  
 As Elysium's pearly streams.

[ORIGINAL.]

## GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"AND so, brother mine, instead of accompanying our party to Newport, you will persist in burying yourself in the woods?" pouted the rich, fashionable and aristocratic Mrs. Fanny Webster, as her handsome brother trifled with the tassel of his dressing-gown at the breakfast table. "Now it does seem so strange to me, Ellis, that you should want to rusticate when everybody is going to the seaside! I should think you'd had enough of seclusion in that horrid law school, to want to quit your musty books and enjoy society for a season. I declare, it vexes me that you will disappoint me so, when I had half promised Josephine Sumner and her friends that you would make one of our party. And Edward is as much vexed as myself. If he can get away for a week from business, why need you refuse? Come, Ellis, say you will go with us!" urged Mrs. Webster.

"Couldn't, for my word's sake, Fanny. Sorry to disappoint you, but you see the promise of this visit is a year old, made when I was up to Uncle John's for a day or two last summer; and now the old gentleman has written to remind me of it. See here!" And the young man drew forth a square folded letter, minus envelope, and

superscribed in an old-fashioned, cramped hand, "Ellis Leighton, Esquire, No. 20 C— Street, Boston, Massachusetts." "And so you see, sister, 'twouldn't be just right to disappoint him."

"Well, if you care more for old Uncle John's invitation than mine—"

"Or Miss Josephine Sumner's," interrupted Ellis, drily.

"You may go and bury yourself up in that out-of-the-way Suncook!" pouted pretty Mrs. Fanny Webster, the petted bride of six months. "For you're the oddest mortal I ever did see, Ellis! As for Miss Sumner, you never have met the lady; and what put the absurd idea into your head that she cares for you as an addition to our party, I can't conceive! But it's just like you. Men are so conceited, now-a-days! Vanity is the besetting sin of every one of you. Even Edward, he thinks—"

"Just what his little wife Fanny thinks, that he's the best husband, and the handsomest, and wears the most splendid moustache of any man in all Boston! And how little Fanny Leighton did manœuvre to get him, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Webster, coming back into the breakfast room from the hall where he had overheard this conversation. "But never mind me, Fan, scold that lazy brother of yours well, he deserves it all; and give me a kiss, quick, for I must hurry to catch the down town 'bus!" And the young husband hurried away.

"Seriously, brother, I wish you'd put away some of these whims, and let me introduce you to Miss Sumner. She is far from what you imagine her—a gay belle!" persisted Mrs. Webster.

"O, haven't I heard her quoted—her doings and sayings, the style of her wardrobe, her singing, dancing, etc.? In short, have I heard anything else among your young lady friends since I came to board with you, but this Miss Sumner? No, Fanny, thus far have I escaped the Sumner mania, so allow me to go hence free from the contagion." And Ellis was about rising from the table.

"Stay, Miss Sumner is not to blame for being handsome or wealthy," retorted Mrs. Webster. "And how could she help becoming the *mode*, with her attractions? Neither you nor I are insensible to such, if we tell our honest opinions. I won't be deceitful, Ellis, I like handsome people, and gay, fashionable people, but I like goodness, too; and Miss Sumner is refined, intelligent, and noble-hearted, as she is beautiful. If you knew her, you would learn this."

"Ah, most gracious requisites for the belle of a city season. I do not doubt the lady's attrac-

tions," said Ellis, half sneeringly, "but I do doubt her power to number among her admirers your very humble brother, Ellis Leighton. But I must go down town. Do you know that I go in as partner with Esquire Brief—Brief & Co.—in September? Fact, sister, your brother will make a 'rising lawyer' one of these years, provided he sticks to his profession and leaves matrimony out of the question. Can't become both famous and a Benedict in one breath, Fanny; so I'll cut Cupid, and court Coke and Blackstone. As for Miss Sumner, I am glad to hear of her transformation into a noble-hearted woman, for really, sister, I must say before I leave, that I had always judged her to be, what I thoroughly despise, a heartless flirt! But wonders will never cease, and woman is an anomaly. Good morning, Fanny!" And with a strange, sarcastic smile on his well-cut lips, Ellis Leighton ascended to his own room.

"How peculiar Ellis is! Such notions as he persists in about Josephine Sumner! I shall never bring about their meeting now, and they are made for each other! O, dear, Ellis will certainly be a bachelor!" sighed pretty Fanny Webster, over the breakfast table.

"A noble-hearted woman!" repeated the young man bitterly as he entered his room, and, unlocking a private escritoire, took thence an elegant velvet lined miniature on which he gazed with curling lips. "No, you are not to blame for being handsome and wealthy, Josephine Sumner, but you are to blame for being what I know you are, a heartless coquette! And now, to endeavor to ensnare me in your toils again! No wonder you have not dared tell Fanny how we met, and how we parted!" Then he hastily replaced the miniature, turned the key in the escritoire, and a few minutes later descended the staircase to the street door, lightly humming an opera air, apparently the careless-hearted fellow whom everybody took Ellis Leighton to be.

And as he walked down Beacon Street, sedulously avoiding even a glance at the elegant mansion not many rods distant from his sister's door, where Miss Sumner was spending a few months with her maternal uncle and guardian, the rich merchant, Mr. Benton, in whose firm Edward Webster was junior partner—as he walked along, a pair of hazel eyes peered from behind the closed blinds of the drawing-room, and a white hand nervously crushed the silken tassel swaying from the window hangings.

An hour after, blooming Nelly Benton, her youthful, sixteen-year old cousin, came into the drawing-room with a decided pout on her lips,

and sinking on a lounge, and fanning herself violently with her hat brim, exclaimed:

"It's too bad, Josey! I've just come from Fanny Webster's, and she says Ellis is going off, post haste, into the country, and has quite refused joining her at Newport, and here I'd been planning for you two to meet, I knew you'd like him so! It's real mean! I used to like Ellis Leighton, ever so much, but I think he's a great hateful now—that I do!—and I'll tell him so the very first time I have an opportunity. Only to think! he hasn't set foot in our house for these four months, and he used to be so social. It must be that he's afraid of you, Josey, so many gentlemen come here, you know."

"Yes," said Josephine Sumner, bitterly, when left alone, blinding tears springing into her eyes, "yes, Ellis Leighton is afraid to come here, for he thinks me vain and heartless. O, if he but knew—but knew! Can it be that we are never to meet? That I can never explain that fatal mistake?" And the tears dropped thickly on her jewelled fingers.

That day week Fanny Webster's brocatelle upholstered furniture was in brown Holland covers; and, joined by her husband, with Miss Sumner, Nelly Benton and her elegant brother Edgar, and others of their set, comprising a gay and fashionable party, they turned their faces Newportward. And on the twilight of the same day that bore the pleasure seekers from their city homes, Ellis Leighton alighted from the old-fashioned stagecoach at the door of a cool, airy farmhouse in New Hampshire; and Aunt Mary and golden-haired Cousin Bessie came out to greet him, and Uncle John heartily echoed their warm welcome.

Days and weeks went by at Newport. It was the old story over again—the routine of all fashionable watering-places—late breakfasts, where belles, pale and languid from last night's dissipation, slowly sipped their coffee, the forenoon dip in the surf, the ordeal of dressing for a fashionable dinner, the afternoon lounge or nap, the evening ride down the sand, or the hop in the great saloon—and among the many beautiful belles at this pleasure haunt by the sounding sea, none won more admiration than the fascinating Josephine Sumner.

But did this life satisfy her? Can it satisfy any woman who realizes that she was made for something better than a mere puppet of fashion?

"I am so weary, weary of it all!" she sighed, one afternoon, languidly surveying an elegant grenadine ball dress lying over the arm of the lounge in her room, for there was to be a bril-

liant hop that evening. "A hollow round of gaiety. It can never bring me rest; and where will it all end?" And she seemed lost in a deep and painful reverie.

"Why, Cousin Josey, I declare you look blue enough to make one shiver! Are you sick?" And Nelly Benton bounded into the room with all the exuberance of a girl just "out" in society. "Such a splendid time as I mean to have this evening! Brother Edgar says he is going to introduce me to those new arrivals, the Delameres. And I shall dance every polka with him. I could polk all night, Josey! O, don't you think Henri Benoir waltzes divinely? And did you see that splendid seal ring on his little finger? They say his father's the richest planter in Louisiana. And, O, Josey, don't the Dodworths play the Wedding March splendidly? I couldn't stand still last night. Do you wonder that papa laughed, and called me his 'crazy girl?' But, O, I forgot, Josey, here's a letter for you—can't make out the post-mark—Edgar was bringing it up to you!" And she tossed a letter into her cousin's lap.

The belle languidly raised the letter, but when she read the superscription, her listlessness vanished.

"It is from Cousin Lucy," she said, breaking the seal. "And little Cecil is very ill. Dear child, I must go to him!"

"DEAR JOSEPHINE (so the letter ran):—I have barely time to write you a few words by the morning's mail. Our boy, our darling—your pet Cecy—lies very ill of brain fever. The physicians have given him over. It is pitiful to see the dear child's sufferings, and know we can do nothing. We are in great distress. George is unmanned, and I scarce know how to pray for aid. O, must our only darling die? Why cannot we save him? If you were only here, Josephine! You are so cool, so thoughtful, and perhaps—who knows?—you might aid us! 'He dear lamb calls for you continually, moaning for 'Cousin Josey!' 'Cousin Josey!' You remember how he loved you. If it is not asking too much, will you not come to us immediately?"

"Yours in deep affliction,

"LUCY DOANE.

"Suncook, August 1."

Josephine looked again at the superscription. The letter had been mailed five days before, directed to Boston, then re-mailed to Newport.

"Five days ago—he may be dead and buried before now—but I must go to poor Lucy. Nelly, dear, will you ring for Jane to pack my trunk, and please lay out my travelling dress. I shall leave Newport by the evening boat."

"Josey! Josey! Wont Cousin Josey come?" murmured a little golden-haired sufferer, tossing

to and fro on the pillows. "Wont Cousin Josey ever get here, and pull me the strawberries and pretty flowers down by the brook, like she used to last summer? Mama, I want Josey!" And two thin, pale hands were stretched forth imploringly.

"Yes, darling, Cousin Josey will soon be here!" said the mother, leaning over the pillow and bathing the child's forehead. Just then the rumble of carriage wheels came in the yard below. "Go down, George, she has come," she whispered. And the anxious father left the apartment where, for many weary days, he had watched beside his stricken darling.

"How is he, Lucy?" eagerly whispered the new comer, hastening up to the sick room on the threshold of which she met the pale mother.

"Better, thank God! the doctor says he will live—but, O, Josey, it has been so terrible!" And poor, worn-out Lucy Doane sank sobbing on the shoulder to which she was drawn.

"Poor girl!" And the stately Josephine Sumner, the whilom belle of Newport, tenderly kissed Lucy's careworn cheek, then took her station by the pillow. "Go and lie down on the lounge and try and get a little rest. Not a word, dear! I am strong, and not in the least fatigued, and will watch by this little darling here. Let me have my own way, now, please, Lucy!" And so the weary woman resigned the post she had held through weeks of that terrible fever, and sought rest.

"I did want to see you so bad, dear Josey," faintly whispered the little wan sufferer on the pillow. "Everybody was good to me; but papa looked pale, and mama cried, Cecy was so sick—and the doctor gave me bitter stuff—and I wanted you to sing to me and get me flowers. O, I forgot—" And the boy feebly lifted one emaciated hand to his head as if to recall his wandering memory. "He was real good, and got me pretty flowers one time. Mr. Leighton is real good and nice, isn't he, Cousin Josey?"

"Yes, dear," softly answered the stately girl, after a sudden start of surprise, a few tears dropping down on the little child's forehead over which she bent.

"Does it make you cry, 'cause Cecy's so sick?" queried the boy, looking up languidly into her face.

"Hush, Cecil, you mustn't talk, now," softly said Mr. Doane, stepping forward from the threshold whereon he had paused to listen to his boy's words, and no uninterested listener was he to this little episode. "You must try and sleep now, and let Cousin Josey rest. Josephine, let me take your place. And will you step down

into my library a moment before you seek your own room? Go, please, you can trust me, cousin?" he said, catching the expression of her pale, questioning face.

"Yes, I can trust you, Cousin George!" And with a nameless terror at her heart, but a firm resolve, she went below.

There, in the cool, twilight-shaded library, while the household was quiet, they two again met—Ellis Leighton and Josephine Sumner; and there, too, all was explained.

No matter though Ellis did grasp his riding-whip nervously, protesting he had just ridden over from his Uncle John's to inquire for his favorite, the sick boy, and had paused in the library at his friend Doane's request, not knowing that they expected Miss Sumner; no matter though Josephine's proud heart rose haughtily at first against all her previous vows to win an explanation if again she ever met Ellis Leighton—the time had at length come.

Ellis was nothing loath at last to drop his riding-whip altogether, and, grasping his companion's hand, implore her pardon for his impetuous disposition and his doubts of her truth to the vows she had plighted him there in that very room, that pleasant summer time two years ago, when Josephine had been quietly domesticated in her cousin's family, and the student had escaped his studies and the city's heat during a long vacation on Uncle John's farm; and, further, to beg anew her forgiveness for the hasty and cutting words he had uttered, when the next winter they met in a crowded saloon at the house of a professor at Cambridge, and the young law student had fancied that the brilliant, courted woman, whose society was sought by men of intellect and station, looked coldly on her humbler lover.

Meeting her alone one moment that evening, he had flung off her hand, saying proudly and rashly:

"I perceive the mistake you made when you said you loved me. You are free, Miss Sumner."

And now, after nearly two years of estrangement, they talked of those days—of the days when they first met, and when they parted—and here again the fabled sisters who weave the warp and woof of life, gathered up anew the threads and joined them to weave into a golden tissue.

After the storm comes ever the clear sky, and the calm to troubled waters; but not always, after weary months of estrangement, comes peace to two such hearts as those that beat joyfully side by side in the quiet library that still summer's afternoon.

Above, in his darkened chamber, lay the boy Cecil, in a long, refreshing slumber; and weary Lucy Doane slept soundly on her couch; while her husband watched beside his sleepers with a smile on his lip, as he thought of the prolonged interview in the library below from which the repeated neighs of his horse, tethered to a young tree in the yard, could not hasten Ellis Leighton.

And when Mrs. Fanny Webster, on her return from Newport, learned that what her "management" for a whole city season had failed to accomplish had been brought about very naturally "up there in the woods," she manifested a great deal of surprise and joy, and welcomed her brother's affiancée very warmly, protesting she never, never should regret that brother Ellis, instead of going with them to Newport, persisted in GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

### LOVE TOKENS.

The gossips tell a funny story, in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress play the principal parts. Both of the Bayards were suitors for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that, in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passion; but, if the truth must be told, few of our theatrical divinities are endowed with profuse *chevelures*, and if they were, the incessant demand would soon exhaust the supply. Mademoiselle Alio glories in the possession of auburn ringlets, and wouldn't part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her Russian admirers, the Count de L—, and the Baron de M—, both happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their mutual Dulcinea. Each begged for a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented, and without touching a single curl of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels, by which each gentleman received a tuft of his rival's capillaries. The count now wears the baron's "wool" next his heart, and the baron sleeps with the count's scalp-lock under his pillow. What terrible deceivers these "female women" are.—*Paris Paper.*

### HARSHNESS OF DEMEANOR.

There is something in the temper of man so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment, that he who endeavors to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him whom he has thus attempted in a more confirmed and obstinate situation than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.

### THE NOBLE MAN.

Never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.  
He makes no friend who never made a foe.  
BAILEY.

[ORIGINAL.]  
BOATING.

BY EDWIN B. STEINOK.

The sun along the eastern sky  
His fiery arrows huried,  
And morning o'er the far blue hills  
Her misty banners furied;  
The winding river glimmered through  
The tangled thorny hedge,  
The valleys decked with fern and rose  
Came sloping to its edge.

But fairer than the sweet wild-rose,  
Brighter than sunrise sky,  
Was the mantling blush, the pouting lip,  
And the glance of her laughing eye.  
Dear little witch! how the rosy light  
In the roguish dimples hide;  
Is it just the same, I would like to know,  
When *others* are by her side?

Our bonnie boat in the summer breeze  
Rocked lightly on the tide;  
While May, with a dainty hook and line,  
Sat angling by my side.  
You would know by her look of conscious power,  
By the flash of her hazel eye,  
That she knew she could catch, not only the fish,  
But somebody else, did she try!

Did she know, as she tossed the lily leaves  
Over my hands and face,  
That I saw but the snowy drifts that lay  
On her curls with such witching grace?  
Did she know as she flirted the dripping oars  
In her saucy, careless way,  
That every drop was a spark of fire  
In my heart for darling May?

Gay little sprite! how she blushes and laughs,  
Till the tears rain down her face,  
As she piles the oars with her little soft palms,  
With an awkward kind of grace.  
My beautiful pet, my darling, my pride,  
O, would that my life might be  
One long June morn in my bonnie boat,  
Sweet May, alone with thee!

[ORIGINAL.]  
CHRISTINE'S TRIUMPH.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

In the spacious school-room, at Madame L'Estrange's Pensionnat for young ladies, the day before the annual examination, there was a great deal of chattering, laughing and running to and fro, an incessant trying on of costume and rehearsing of parts, and not a little disputing—the collocutors sometimes forgetting their acquired French and breaking into their own vernacular.

It was a motley group, quite picturesque in its variety, and artistically disposed. Here was Christine Roelke, a tall, superbly-shaped German girl, wearing the dress of the queen, which was her part for the next day—for the young ladies were to appear in a petite drama, composed for the occasion by Madame L'Estrange's versatile French teacher, Monsieur Lenoire.

The purple velvet mantle hung in rich folds about Christine's queenly figure, and she bore herself as if she really were a scion of royalty. Those were the days of the republic, and patriotic little French girls sometimes sneered at Christine's penchant for the aristocracy; but she did not mind—she paraded her predilections all the same, and took no pains to conceal her contempt for the *canaille*. At Christine's feet knelt our little English daisy, Lucia Morland—a blue-eyed, brown-haired maiden, modest in mien and graceful in every movement.

Flitting here and there, sometimes assisting Lucia in the arrangement of Christine's train, and sometimes stopping to admire the effect of her own grisette attire, was Annette d'Olivet, the French girl who was to play the part of lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie, known on common occasions as Christine Roelke.

"Voilà, Christine, c'est assez! Now look at me." And she spread out her hands, and set her little head on one side with the most comical air. *Voyez! ma petite blanc chapeau. N'est ce pas charmant?* Who would not be a grisette?"

"Not I," said Christine, scornfully.

"Pourquoi, madame?" said Annette, simply.

"Don't ask foolish questions, Annette," returned Christine, pettishly.

Annette twinkled her bright little eyes with a puzzled air, and whirled away in a waltz. Christine gazed after her contemptuously a moment, and then drawing her work-box towards her, sat down to mend a rent in her fictitious gold lace.

"These people have no more brains than so many wooden puppets," she said, in an undertone.

Lucia looked up quickly, as if she would have remonstrated with earnestness, but she only uttered the word—"Christine!"

"It's true," persisted Christine. "They've no ambition, no pride, no sense of propriety—real propriety, I mean. They're *au fait* in little things, the details of social life, I know; but in nothing else. There's Annette—she belongs to one of the best families in Brussels, and does not value her position in the least. She might as well be a bourgeoisie."

Christine glanced at me, as if she expected



some rejoinder. It was a standing subject of dispute between us. I felt bound to maintain republican principles in virtue of my transatlantic birth.

"And why should she?" I said, with spirit. "All men are born free and equal. '*Liberté. Fraternité, Egalité.*'"

Lucia laughed. Christine curled her lip.

"That's what you call a humbug. All men are not equal; if they were, I—" She paused.

"What would you do?" asked Lucia, brightening up a false pearl.

Christine laughed. "I'd emigrate to another planet. I'd sell my birthright cheaper than Esau did, and think I had got a bargain."

We all laughed, and Christine continued:

"When I was a little girl, I had a young American for a tutor in history and English reading, and he used sometimes to hold forth those absurd democratic ideas; but I knew they were nonsense then."

"Was that the way in which you picked up so many Americanisms?" said Lucia.

"I suppose so. Do you know, Julie, I like your nation? I admire their straightforwardness; and their coarse phrases—for they are coarse—which they have coined, are more characteristic of them than anything else you have. When you become a monarchy and have a hereditary nobility, you'll be worthy to rank with us Europeans."

Of course I made the usual answer that our nobility held its own, in virtue of merit—that in our country moral and intellectual superiority were the only passports to popular favor, etc.—yet haunted all the time by a consciousness of Mrs. Purseproud, whose palace on Fifth Avenue is the resort of the elite of the metropolis, although Mrs. Purseproud hasn't two ideas in her head, and has no more principle than a Carib. I had, too, a dim impression that Mrs. Brahmin, whose great-great-grandfather was a lineal descendant of Vishnu, and whose maternal ancestor was own son to Lord Lyndhurst's valet, might, by the bare fact of her existence, militate somewhat strongly against my theory; but those were the days of my girlish simplicity, when I innocently imagined that ideas represented things. So I swallowed down my ghosts of doubts as confidently as if my moral sense had possessed the toughness of cala.

"How very absurd!" said Christine, indignantly, when I had finished. "How absurd to assert that yonder swarthy little Bohemian, whose ancestors have been peasants ever since the middle ages, is equal to Lucia, in whose veins runs the best blood of England!"

"Or to Christine Rolke, whose mother wrote Von before her name," I added, ironically.

Christine's face flushed, and Lucia looked at me reproachfully. But Christine did not reply. She had that consummate prudence that stands so well in the place of genuine good temper. She always knew where to aim her shafts of satire and scorn, and hence, though she was famed for her power of saying sharp things, nobody feared but everybody liked Christine. Love her, they did not. Love is not for such as she. They must be content with ordinary, surface liking, which is a vastly more common and practical sentiment than love. When a few persons do love such people, as Lucia loved Christine, it does not argue their goodness, but rather that of the simple, trusting souls who cannot choose but love.

I repented of my rude speech in a moment, and asked forgiveness, which Christine loftily accorded.

"Now we are friends again," said Lucia, with her sweet smile.

"How good tempered you are!" said Christine, admiringly. "You, who have both rank and wealth, can afford to be; while we, who have only one or neither, must needs be vexing ourselves at every trifle."

It was my turn to be angry now; but Lucia did not notice Christine's thrust at me, and asked:

"Would you like so much to be rich, Christine?"

She drew herself up with her queenly air, and answered:

"Would I not? I would like to wrap myself in ermine, and flash in gems. I would like to repose on velvet couches, and breathe airs laden with fragrance. And I covet power, too. I would like to preside over a sumptuous household and entertain lordly men at my table. I would like to know that my smile or frown influenced the destinies of a nation, and that my caprice could exalt or depress them."

"You should be the stately wife of the English premier," said Lucia, smiling.

"Or of some intriguing French courtier," I added.

"Or some shrewd Yankee politician," sneered Christine.

Lucia interposed. "I wish I could give you a taste of English country life, Christine. You would like us too, I think. You should have pictures and statuary, and luxurious furniture, to your heart's content. You should have horses and carriages and maid servants," she said, playfully. "Wont you go home with me, Christine?"

I hoped she would refuse, for I was tired of our daily combats and longed for an armistice. I was a waif upon the world, and in the interim of finding a governess's situation, had been glad to accept Lucia's invitation to spend a month with her at her father's country seat. Perhaps I might find a place to suit me in some English family, and then I need not cross the ocean again. All my most cherished associations were on the European side of the Atlantic. My friends were there—it was home to me, and my feeling for fatherland was only a romantic, unpractical sentiment, not strong enough to control my actions.

But while these thoughts were running through my mind, Christine had decided to go to England. I have no doubt she had meant to do so from the time it was first proposed; but now she announced the determination as if it were impromptu.

"I think I *will* go with you, Lucia."

Lucia sprang up delighted.

"O, Christine! will you really? That's a darling girl!" And she danced about, as gaily as Annette might have done.

"Only you must promise that Julie shall not quarrel with me," said Christine, freeing herself from Lucia's embrace.

"O, Julie will be good! I'll get Theodore to take her in charge."

"Ah!" Christine looked into Lucia's face.

"He's only a cousin, my dear?"

"Only my cousin," said Lucia, blushing.

But I knew that he was a betrothed lover, and that our little English daisy loved him with all her heart. Many a moonlight eve, when the quaint old towers of Brussels shone whitely in the clear light, had Lucia told me tales of Theodore Burleigh, her playmate from childhood and her husband, if God willed. I had formed a very exaggerated notion of this piece of masculine perfection, as I afterwards found. Looking at him through the double medium of my own and Lucia's imagination, I had fancied that no king or statesman was his peer. But I am anticipating.

So Christine was going to England. Why should she not, when, as she truly said, she had not a friend in the world who would inquire for her the day after her departure? But why should she go? I had always thought she was qualifying herself to teach French in her own native city of Frankfort.

"Christine?" I said, inquiringly.

At that moment Mademoiselle St. Hilaire rang her bell, and when the chattering ceased, said in her sharp tones:

"It is time for the promenade, demoiselles. You will meet here at seven to-morrow for rehearsal. *Allons!*"

And I followed the rest out, wondering why Christine was going to England.

The next day, the whole large house was in a confused bustle of preparation. In the morning the grand exhibition took place, and every corner of the school-room was crowded. It was a great success, and madame's eyes sparkled with gratified pride and the prospect of future gain. A prize was to be awarded for the best French theme, and we were none of us disappointed when the name of Christine Roelke was announced as that of the successful competitor.

Christine was not beautiful or amiable, nor even a coquette, and yet she had her admirers among the Brusselian youth; and when, with an unwonted flush upon her cheek and with her majestic air, she walked down the passage and ascended the estrade, a loud burst of applause rang out from the great audience. She bent her head, and the director threw the ribbon over her neck and the glittering prize fell at her side. She lifted her eyes, threw one swift, sweeping glance over the hall, and then returned to her place. The long-fringed eyelids haughtily dropped, and except the unusual color, she was apparently wholly unmoved.

But it was a proud moment for Christine, and I knew that her heart beat high with exultant pride.

After the award of the prizes, there was little to hold the attention of the spectators, and the exercises were hurried through. Once free of the school-room, the young ladies hastened to join the troop who had worked all day at the scenic decorations. The folding-doors between the school-room and the adjoining recitation apartments were thrown open, and the place quickly assumed the appearance of a tolerable theatre. The stage was erected at the extremity of Monsieur Lenoire's room, and the French teacher himself was busy in overseeing the arrangements. Lucia and I had no role assigned to us, and we wandered at our pleasure about the house, gathering flowers, assisting in the green room, and walking up and down the cool alleys of the garden. Towards seven, Christine came running down the linden walk.

"Come in, Lucia," she exclaimed hurriedly. "You promised to assist me in my toilet." And she unceremoniously pushed me aside and appropriated Lucia to herself.

I followed them to Christine's apartment and sat down, quietly watching the long auburn curls as they shaped themselves into lustrous coils

under Lucia's skilful fingers. Christine placed herself before the mirror, and as she did so, I noticed that she smoothed out the wrinkles which her late excitement and haste had occasioned, and assumed a more placid expression. It was not favorable to her beauty, which, apart from her regal carriage and figure, and the rich, soft hair, lay rather in expression than in color and form. I have heard her called plain; but those who found her so could never have seen her when enthusiasm kindled her eyes and flushed her cheek. I did not think her beautiful that night when she left us, just before making her debut upon the stage; but when later, stimulated by applause and the consciousness of her own rich gifts, she threw the whole force of her nature into the representation of her part, I was led captive by her loveliness.

When we entered the improvised theatre, the best seats were already filled, and soon the spectators flocked in so numerously that the aisles overflowed, and even the window recesses were crowded. In front were the pupils, in every style of holiday costume, their light drapery waving in the wind, which came in cool and fresh at the windows, and the rounded arms of the English girls and the dark, piercing eyes of the Spanish maidens alike gleaming in the light. In the rear, and encircling them upon either side, were the friends and patrons of the establishment, and conspicuous among them was Madame L'Estrange, radiant in her pride and exultation at this new success. The room was flooded with light, the air sweet with perfumes, wreaths of gorgeous flowers encircled the pillars, and brilliant cloths festooned the walls. It was a gorgeous, festal scene, and when, presently, the curtain rose and revealed a magnificently furnished boudoir, in which stood Christine in her royal robes, and bearing herself so regally, the whole tableau was so enchanting, that the admiration of the audience broke forth spontaneously, and cries of "Charmant! C'est belle!" resounded throughout the apartment. Christine advanced a step, and faced the assembly; instantly every sound was hushed, and the silence, even more than the applause, confessed the effect which she had produced.

The play was a thrilling drama, founded upon one of those episodes in the life of royalty where the mainspring of interest is the working of those feelings common to all hearts, and which only derive an additional power from the prestige of rank.

With the suffering queen, maddened by wrong and repulsed where she should have been cherished, every woman in the house could sympa-

thize, from Annette d'Olivet who flirted with the English teacher, to the Princess Alkoff who had that morning parted from her lord for the twentieth time. When in the last act, the queen, driven to despair, revenges her wrong and holds up in the sight of the spectators the poniard dripping with the blood of her rival, the effect was terrible, and no words could do justice to the impression produced. Could one be so transformed? Was that Christine—that pallid face, those set lips, that almost demoniac rage? The audience went wild. In French fashion, they gave themselves up to the delirium of the moment. Again and again Christine was called before the curtain to receive their delighted homage. Never had such amateur acting been known—rarely had any such professional success been achieved.

Among the audience there was one not a Frenchman, I imagined, though he threw himself into the enjoyment of the moment with a very un-English-like abandon. A slight figure, dark, with a crimson flush on his face—though that might be the effect of excitement—soft, violet eyes, scintillating with light—his whole appearance was novel and *distingue*.

Who could it be? I was familiar with the *habitudes* of Brussels, and this was not one of them. He held in his hand an elegant bouquet, and when Christine appeared for the last time, the fragrant offering fell at her feet. She turned—I saw her glance fall upon him—their eyes met—and Christine bent her head. When I looked at her again, the whole look of the tragedy queen was gone, and a graceful, beautiful woman stood there, modestly blushing at her praises. Who could the stranger be? I turned to ask Lucia, but the play was over, the company leaving, and a dozen rude girls had separated me from her.

I made my way out into the open air, almost dazed with the excitement. I walked around the balcony toward the private entrance. Turning a corner, I suddenly came upon a trio who stood chatting in the moonlight.

"Julie!" It was Lucia's voice, and then Christine's rich tones broke in: "Come, Julie, you are not such a Goth as not to admire these flowers!"

She held in her hand the very bouquet which I had seen her receive with so much *empressment*—and here, close by her side, stood the slight, elegant youth whose movements I had observed. Lucia put her hand upon mine, and with a charming, girlish hesitancy, introduced her cousin Theodore.

I was an awkward school girl, at the best, and

my surprise only increased my discomposure; so as I responded shyly to his courteous remarks, I did not wonder that he ceased to address me and devoted himself to Lucia and Christine. Lucia, indeed, drew somewhat into the shade. It was one of her daisy ways, and I loved her the better for it; but in this pushing, grasping world, he who shoves himself foremost, gets the greatest share of the good things, and so in that epitome of the world which we call society, the daisies and violets fall into the background, however fair and sweet they may be, and the flaunting hollyhocks and dahlias usurp the front rank.

Christine enjoyed her triumph, and they chatted on about a thousand things which could not interest Lucia, but in which Christine's *esprit* displayed itself to the best advantage. Theodore Burleigh had come over, partly on a pleasure tour, partly to await Lucia's return. Arriving at Brussels just before the exhibition commenced and after we were seated, he could not gain access to Lucia, he said, and pleased himself with surprising her among the crowd in the hall.

By-and-by I left them—and Christine followed me, to my surprise. We went up stairs, and as her apartment adjoined mine, she came in and stood before my mirror, unloosing the bandeaux of gems from her hair.

"Julie," she said, suddenly, "do you know I've found my vocation?"

I looked up. Her eyes were glowing, and her color was a vivid crimson.

"I shall go upon the stage," she said, determinedly.

"Why, Christine! with your aristocratic prejudices?"

"I fling them away—no, I hoard them—I'll keep them, and one day I'll win a right to a place among the highest, and by my own genius, too. Julie, you don't like me—but you own that I have genius?"

"Yes," I said, indifferently.

"Yes, I knew it, and before to-night. I'll use my power." She began to pace the room. "I'll not delve for my livelihood like a common person. I'll not spend my life in teaching French to dullards. You blame my ambition. It is my right. My mother wrote Von before her name. Julie, your sneer was directed against the truth. Isn't poverty a curse? It threw us down from our rank, it sent my father into exile, and my mother to the grave. It has driven me to the stage. No matter. My fame shall atone. What is better than fame, fortune, rank, won by one's own exertions?"

"Love—goodness," I answered.

"Pshaw, little Puritan. Now don't bore me with romance. I'll betake myself to my own domain."

"*Tes bien, bon soir,*" I returned, laughingly. She went away, humming an air.

"By the way, Julie," she said, putting her head in at the door again, "is Daisy engaged to this English knight?"

I knew Lucia had not told Christine, but something tempted me to betray the secret, and I answered shortly, "Yes." Christine laughed and shut the door. It was a strange laugh. I sprang up and ran to her room.

"Christine," I burst forth, passionately, "if you meddle in this, may God reward you."

"I hope he will. One doesn't like to work for nothing. But don't fret, my pious little Round-head. He may do as a dernier resort, not otherwise," she said, coolly.

I clasped my hands together in anger. But of what use was it? It was like the surf beating the everlasting rock, only to dash itself to pieces. I lay awake long that night. Some hours later Lucia came up and took her place by me.

"Lucia, dear!"

"Yes, Julie."

It was dark, I could not see her face, but the tone was sweet and calm, and full of content. There were love and trust and joy in her heart, and I prayed God they might ever abide there.

It was a merry party that crossed the Channel and landed on the English shores the next week. Sir William Morland was a frank, hospitable gentleman, proud of his daughter, and valuing her more than anything else in the world. For her sake he gave a cordial welcome to Christine and myself.

It was curious to see how quickly Christine ingratiated herself into his favor, with what alacrity she resigned to him the most comfortable seat, with what changing affability she listened to his often-told story of his last success at the Derby matches, how patiently she bore his little caprices, and ministered to the gratification of his whims. She had the tact to conceal her art, and fairly surprised the simple-hearted gentleman into a genuine liking for her. Sometimes it puzzled me to account for the coolness with which she treated Theodore Burleigh. She left him to amuse himself when they were alone together, she was always busy if he wanted her to sing, and Theodore was forced to devote himself to Lucia. Since the exhibition night Christine had not shown the tragic side of her character. Her role now was that of the amiable, graceful woman, and in that part she could not

rival Lucia. It was her genius that had awakened his enthusiasm, and when she ceased to reveal it he was disenchanted. So for the present my fears were at rest, but I knew that Christine had the power to re-kindle his admiration, and if it suited her purpose she would do so. I heartily wished her a thousand miles off, anywhere that she could not interfere with Lucia's peace.

I knew she had some definite aim in view, and that her conduct was all in accordance with some plan; but I was unused to coquettish arts and could not understand her. Afterward I understood her too well; but at that time I had only an indefinite, vague apprehension of something wrong.

My sweet Daisy, how happy she was all the voyage, more gay and vivacious than was usual in her calm, gentle temperament. When we landed at Dover, I thought if ever Theodore's heart had wandered from her, it had returned to its allegiance, for his manner was now so uniformly the expression of unwavering affection that I could not doubt his devotedness.

It was in the full ripeness of summer that we reached Roselands. Everywhere, in the thick forests and on the open plain, in the green vales and upon the rounded hills, in orchard and garden, in the blue heavens and over the crystal waters of the wave the spirit of beauty brooded. It was something to dwell in the midst of so much loveliness, to wander in the silent forest shades and sit, in the soft, summer nights, in moonlit arbors, coming from the quaint, formal old city, with vivid remembrances of its prim alleys, and stiff, unnatural trees, the free, unrestrained luxuriance of nature had for us a double charm. Christine unfolded wonderfully. The luxury that environed her seemed her birthright. She was at home amid it all, and she drew inspiration from the beauty about her. Her rare, novel loveliness caught a richer glow, her voice modulated itself to greater sweetness, and her genius flashed out more vividly. How could I ever have thought her plain, I said to myself. The whole household noticed the change.

"Christine has grown prettier since coming here," said Sir William, one morning at the breakfast table.

We had all risen except the baronet, and Christine had gone to dress for a ride.

"Pretty! Do you call that prettiness, that brilliant face, radiant with soul? I don't think Christine is pretty," said Theodore, his face flushing, and his eye kindling with spirit as he spoke.

Lucia looked up. The baronet laughed.

"Perhaps I don't choose my words very well," he said, good-humoredly. "She is a splendid girl, you won't deny. I wish we could keep her here."

I glanced at Lucia. She looked quite as usual. If any sorrow lay waiting for her in the future she did not see it. No dark shadow fell athwart her sunny way. Christine still tarried, and Theodore walked the room impatiently. Lucia went to hasten her and they presently entered the room together. The contrast was striking. Lucia's delicate, girlish loveliness had its charm, but Christine's imperial beauty surprised and took you captive. Theodore put her in the saddle, and she thanked him with a gracious smile.

They rode off in advance of us; all the morning they were alone together, and Christine's color was deepened, and her eyes gleamed with exultation when we once more rode up to the steps. From that day it was clear to me how it would be. Natures, impressible as Theodore's, kindle into flame at a glance, and no development of her character, no unamiable thing he might see in her, could now alienate his affection from her.

I was half wild with sorrow and indignation. What could I do? Lucia was blind—God help her! Of what use would it be to arouse her from her trusting dream? Theodore was always kind, and her unsuspecting temperament was content. She did not see his color rise, his eye flash at Christine's coming. She did not notice the wavering voice, the dreamy quietude, or the enthusiasm which her presence could occasion. With her whole heart Lucia had loved him, and with her whole heart she believed in him. Could I speak to Theodore, tell him that this proud, ambitious woman would surely wreck his happiness? As well might I attempt with my weak hand to stay the sea in its tidal flow, as to turn his love away from her. Sir William? What would it avail? I would go to Christine herself, I said, passionately. She would scorn me, she would mock me. No matter, I would go.

I went to her room that night. Lucia was asleep, and Christine could not escape me. She was at her writing-desk when I tapped at the door, and she met me with a guilty face. Her features hardened, however, into an expression of indomitable resolution. She assumed her light, careless air.

"Now, New England, you've come to give me a lecture, I know. Let me introduce you to the audience." And she took my hand and led me into the floor.

I drew my hand away. "Christine, don't

jest, I do want to have some serious talk with you."

"*Tres bien*," she replied, indifferently, and giving me a chair, she seated herself upon a low stool in front of it, and folded her hands in mock humility. "Upon which one of my numerous misdemeanors will it please you to hold forth upon this occasion?" she asked.

"You must know, Christine, what I mean. You cannot think that you are treating Lucia honorably—" I paused.

A slight sneer curled her lips, and she said, coolly: "Proceed, I am all attention."

Her coolness was too much to bear. "Christine," I burst forth, "you will break Lucia's heart, you know you will."

She laughed. "A broken heart! I'd like to see one once. The British Museum would pay a price for it. It would be the eighth wonder of the world."

"O, Christine, it is cruel of you to talk so. You cannot mean it. Love is everything to Lucia—she cannot live without it—and she is so innocent and unsuspecting, too!"

"It does take the edge off one's triumph a little, I confess," responded Christine, quietly. "I wish it were you, now. There would be some satisfaction in being your rival. But Lucia, she might as well be a statue."

"Her trust in you is all the more reason why you should not wrong her," I said, impetuously.

"Perhaps it is. I have never considered the matter."

"Christine, how can you have the heart to do so?"

"I haven't any heart. That's a luxury I cannot afford to indulge in."

"You do not love Theodore, Christine?"

"You can't expect me to tell you that. Why, I haven't even told him yet," she returned, maliciously.

"But I know you do not love him."

"You doubt my capacity, I see. I'm inclined to think you are right."

"Christine, do you mean to marry him? Will a connection with him satisfy your ambition?"

"Now you are reasonable," she said, laughingly, "I don't mind taking you into my confidence a little bit. I don't know whether I shall marry him or not. Perhaps—why not? He is rich, and of good family, though a commoner. On the other hand, a colossal fortune would not come amiss with me, and a coronet is vastly becoming, don't you think so?"

"Then you mean to hold Mr. Burleigh in reserve, and if an earl with a greater fortune presents himself, you'll play Theodore false?"

"Precisely. In coming to that conclusion, you have exhibited an acuteness quite creditable to you. May I ask if you've any further suggestions to make?"

"None," I said, rising, "I only hope your earl will present himself forthwith."

"*Je vous remercie*," she replied, laughing, and I went away.

The next week the house was to be thronged with company, and I fervently hoped that there might be some one upon whom Christine could ply her arts successfully, provided it brought misery to no one else. In four days more a dozen trunks had been deposited in the hall, and half as many visitors ensconced in the guest chambers. On one of these days, at sunset, a coach drove up with servants in livery. Christine, Lucia and I were alone in the library. We went to the window at the sound of wheels.

"That is Lord Dacres's livery," exclaimed Lucia.

"Lord Dacres!" It was Christine's voice.

"Yes; he is a friend of papa's. He lives in Devonshire. O, Christine, you should see his house. It is a perfect gallery of art."

Christine's eyes sparkled. "His lordship is a connoisseur, then."

"He's a bachelor, too," added Lucia, smiling, "but then he's old and personally disagreeable to me."

"Is it the Lord Dacres who makes speeches in parliament?" I asked.

"I dare say, he has 'prodigious talent,' as papa says."

"O, I know," cried Christine, with animation, "he is the leader of the opposition, and the most eloquent speaker on that side."

"And he has a house in Belgravia, probably," I added.

"So much the better," laughed Christine.

At that instant the large bay window in the drawing-room adjoining came down with a crash, and Lucia, springing to the door which was ajar, exclaimed:

"Why, that was Theodore. Here is 'Maud,' which he has been reading, and there he is himself."

I followed her to the window. Theodore was pacing across the lawn, with a quick, excited step. He disappeared in the shrubbery, and Lucia said, musingly:

"What can be the matter with him?"

"Perhaps he is going to be jealous of Lord Dacres," said Christine, with a wicked smile playing about her lips.

We did not meet Theodore again till dinner was served. He came in then, looking pale and

wearied, and as I followed Lucia's anxious gaze into his face, the tears came to my eyes at the thought of so much unrequited devotion.

Christine was brilliant and charming. At a characteristic *bow mot*, Dacres lifted his cold, gray eyes to her face, he had not noticed her before, and something like a gleam of admiration lighted them up. When the gentlemen joined us in the drawing-room, Christine was called to the piano. Music was one of her gifts, and that night she sang divinely.

Lord Dacres was fascinated, and his homage seemed to inspire her, for she outshone herself. His lordship lingered near the piano, and when she rose he led her to a seat and placed himself at her side. Theodore gloomed in a corner, and Lucia tried with sweet gentleness to draw him out of his moody humor. It was in vain. She could not scare the cloud from his brow, and I saw her sweet face grow sad as she sat down quietly alone. By-and-by Christine withdrew her attention from Lord Dacres, and he, perceiving it, politely took himself and his accomplishments to another part of the saloon. I saw Christine glance at Theodore and I knew the magnetism of that look would bring him to the vacant seat. It did, and with subtle art she sought to soothe his wounded love, and the cloud cleared away, his face lighted up with smiles, and Christine basked in the sunshine of tender looks. Lucia watched them with an expression of pained perplexity. She could not make it out.

This was the inauguration of a succession of like scenes. Lord Dacres was enthralled, and it was evident that a coronet would be at her disposal. What would she do? Could I doubt, after the revelation I had had of her heartlessness? And how would Theodore bear it? Would he return again to his love for Lucia? My heart sorely misgave when I thought of his intense, passionate nature, and how he had concentrated all the forces of his soul in one burning love for Christine. One day—it was a soft, September day, when the heavens bent lovingly over the glorious earth, and the golden sunlight flooded the landscape, and in all the air a serene peace brooded like a holy presence—on this day a hunting party had been made up in the morning, and the gentlemen were not expected home till late in the afternoon.

When the shadows grew deep and dark under the oaks, Lucia proposed to me a ramble in the park. I demurred. Christine had been missing since the last hour, and I had a vague fear that her absence might be in some way connected with Theodore. But Lucia insisted, and I could not find an excuse for refusing to go. We went

along the forest paths, Lucia chatting gaily and breaking now and then into a song. But after a time she grew more quiet, and as we entered deeper into the seclusion of the forest, a soberness came over us, and we walked on in silence.

"Let us go to the Glen," said Lucia, at length. It was a wild, romantic spot, and with it were associated dark legends of love and hate and revenge. The servants at the house were superstitious in regard to it, and wondrous stories were afloat of strange shapes seen there in the gray of the morning light. Once before, Lucia and I had been there, and without difficulty we found our way through the mazes of the path. It was shut in on all sides by hills, and seldom visited on account of its inaccessibility. We entered the ravine by the usual way, and pushing aside the tangled boughs that overhung the path, pressed forward. Further on, just on the edge of a brook that rippled through the valley, the gray ruins of a rustic temple, built in the times of the first Morlands, offered a charming retreat. We were near the ruins, when Lucia, who was in advance, suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

She did not reply. With another step I gained her side. She was pale and trembling.

"Lucia," I cried, alarmed, "what is it?"

"Hark!" she whispered.

I stood still and listened. There were voices, the tones came distinct and clear through the silence of the forest. Lucia clenched my hand. Her grasp was like that of icy fingers.

"Hark!" she whispered again, with ashy lips.

It was Theodore's voice that I heard in passionate, pleading tones.

"Christine, darling, speak! You have not played me false? Tell me that this shameful story is an infamous lie."

I put my arm around Lucia. I tried to draw her away—but she could not move—she was like one dead, only the dead are at peace and she suffered. For years the look of agony which was on her face that moment haunted me in my dreams.

"Christine," the voice went on, "Christine, my own beloved, God knows what I have sacrificed for you. Have I not yielded up honor, peace of conscience, everything for your love? When my perfidy becomes known I shall be branded as a despicable traitor—I am one—I know it, but it is for your sake. Only say you love me still, Christine, and I will tell Lord Dacres he lies to his face."

"Lord Dacres has spoken the truth, Theodore."

The words were said in Christine's own cold, cruel tones.



"Christine, Christine!" he shouted, and the appealing horror in his voice thrills me even now, "It is false, say it is false."

"It is true. I have promised Lord Dacres to be his wife."

There was a deep groan, so full of woe and despair that I shuddered at the sound, and then I heard him say:

"O, God, what is left for me now?"

Lucia unloosed my hand. "I must go," she murmured.

"Stay, Lucia, stay!" I put out my hands to restrain her, but in my terror I was scarcely conscious of what she did, and she glided out from the shade of the bushes, and on to the grassy bank where Theodore stood. She went near him.

"Theodore, you do not love me, but I love you, and I pity you. Do not let that cruel woman break your heart. O, Theodore, for the sake of what I was to you once, do not—"

She tottered forward a step. He extended his arms, but a shudder passed over her, and she would have fallen but for me.

"Well, you will not come to me," he said, hoarsely. "You are right; but, Lucia, I did not mean to do you this wrong, God is my witness."

She must have heard him, for a faint smile flitted over her face—she sank back—

"Theodore, Theodore!" I cried, in terror.

He sprang forward, he lifted her from the ground, and his tears fell like rain upon her face. She opened her eyes, and that love which is stronger than death, was in the look she gave him. She half lifted herself, a fearful, wonderful pallor overspread her face, her eyes closed—ay, forevermore. Theodore held her fast for one moment, he kissed her lips and cheeks tenderly, reverently, then he arose and turned to Christine. The low, calm voice in which he spoke was more awful than any outburst of passion.

"This, too, is your work, and mine. Will you not have joy in it? In your princely home will it never haunt you? Will your womanly spirit find satisfaction in it? When you stand before the altar—when you promise love and fealty to Lord Dacres—think of it; think of that poor, broken heart, think of my wronged love, my unutterable remorse—think of it—think of this, Christine!"

He put his hand to his bosom, a gleam of steel dazzled me, a sharp, quick flash blinded my eyes, then a crash, a horrible, stunning sound convulsed the air. A loud, agonized scream from Christine, and when the smoke cleared away, I saw her bending over him, and the crimson tide

of his life was staining her white garments. Christine, Christine, repentance comes too late! You cannot give him life again. She screamed and tore her hair in her agony.

"Forgive me, forgive! I loved you, Theodore! Too late, forever too late!"

And this was Christine's triumph. Years after, the gay world, which had marvelled alike at the rare beauty and impenetrable, cold reserve of Lady Dacres, read with surprise the following announcement in the *Morning Post*:

"We learn with deep regret that the beautiful and accomplished Lady Dacres has been pronounced by her physician, incurably insane. Lord Dacres has the sincerest sympathy of his friends."

#### A PRACTICAL SPIRITUALIST.

A dry old codger, connected with the railroad interests, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never known to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative spiritualist of the ultra school. He listened to and swallowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much pliability of assent that the spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful. A few days since the spiritualist said to his pupil, "The spirit of B— appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose, which was named. "Yes, I know it did," replied he, "and isn't it strange? The same spirit called on me half an hour afterward, and told me not to let you have the money, as it had made a mistake in giving you the order!" The spiritualist hasn't been to see the old codger since.—*New Haven Palladium*.

#### SEWING TO MUSIC.

The effects of music on the senses were oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George the Third. A tailor had an order for a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among the workmen there was a fellow who was always singing "Rule Britannia," and the rest of the workmen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly a lively tune. The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.—*Artisan Anecdotes*.

#### KINDNESS IS POWER.

A conqueror is kindness: far beyond  
The armed victor, who doth thundering preach  
Civilization with the cannon's tongue,  
Woe-bought delights and bloody benefits.  
A gentle word begets a gentle thought—  
Drawing the sting from malice. Better thus  
Than bruise with hate the ignorant serpent's head,  
Who knoweth nothing till you teach it him.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## LIGHTNING ON THE LAND.

In my memoranda of lightning on the land, and of its operations within the field of my research, in the year 1858, says Mr. E. Meriam, writing from Brooklyn Heights, the number of persons stated to have been killed by lightning is fifty-nine, of whom thirty-four were within buildings, seven under trees, sixteen in the open air, two on horseback. There are also two accounts which say the number killed was several. In 1859, the number mentioned as having been killed by lightning is seventy-seven, of whom twenty-seven were within buildings, eleven under trees, twenty-one in the open air, and eighteen not particularized, two accounts say several, and one account says a number were killed. The number of dwelling houses struck by lightning in 1858, is one hundred, of which eleven were burned, one set on fire, four torn to pieces, forty-five badly damaged, thirty-four slightly injured, five not stated to be injured. The number of dwellings stated to have been furnished with conductors which were struck, was eleven, of which four were much damaged, five slightly injured, and two not injured. In 1859, seventy-five dwelling-houses were struck, of which five were set on fire, three torn to pieces, thirteen badly damaged, thirty-four slightly injured, and fifteen not stated to have been injured. Five of these dwellings were furnished with conductors, all of which were damaged, some badly. No case of death by lightning in 1859 in a building furnished with conductors has been known within the field of my research; but in 1858, two deaths by lightning in buildings furnished with conductors are reported, one in Newcastle, Westchester county, N. Y., June 26th, of a lady standing in an open doorway during a thunder storm, and the other on the 27th of June, at Freeport, Armstrong county, Penn. In published accounts, rain-spouts are sometimes called "conductors." On July 8, 1855, a person was killed by lightning at North Prairie, Wis., and on July 18, 1857, another in Walden, Vt., in buildings furnished with lightning conductors. These are all the deaths by lightning in buildings having rods that have been recorded by me in a long series of years. I have met with no account of death by lightning in a building having a metallic roof, nor of a person reposing on an iron bedstead. No case of death by lightning of a telegraph operator while operating with the wires, has been reported since telegraphs have been in use, but during the present year a telegraph operator near Marietta, Ohio, was paralyzed by lightning, and during a snow storm, the telegraph operators at Springfield, Mass, and Hartford, Conn., were severely shocked while operating with the wires.

It is not surprising that lightning conductors should occasionally fail to conduct all the lightning, when it is considered that lightning rods have increased greatly in number and variety, and in many cases, care is not taken to preserve a continuity of the conducting surface, and sometimes conductors are allowed to get out of order, and thus rendered incapable of conducting safely an electric discharge from the clouds. I met with one case where a large quantity of hay was placed around a lightning conductor; had the lightning come down the rod while the hay was

there, it would certainly have set it on fire. My confidence in the great utility of lightning conductors, properly constructed, remains undiminished; but the changes that have been made in the heating, lighting, and introduction of water into dwellings, by the substitution of stoves for open fireplaces, gas pipes for candles, and metallic water pipes, invite the lightning to enter buildings, and when buildings are furnished with rods, sometimes such fixtures attract the lightning from the rod to their surface. The safest position in a house during a thunder storm is a seat upon a chair in the middle of the room, with the feet upon the rounds. I would advise the closing of doors and windows, and in all cases when a person is struck down by lightning, cold water should be freely thrown upon the body, and if animation is not immediately restored, continue the drenching.

## ABSENCE OF MIND.

This anecdote is old enough to be allowed repose, but yet it ought not to be buried. Talking of "absence of mind," said the Rev. Sidney Smith, "the oddest instance happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London, and asked if Mrs. B. was at home. 'Yes, sir. Pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I never existed. I did not know whether I was a dissenter or a layman; I felt as Sternhold or Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sidney Smith. I heard also, of a clergyman who went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turnpike man. 'Why, my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir!' 'No horse! God bless me!' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.'—*Home Journal*.

## A DEAF MUTE.

There lives in Piacenza a deaf mute of extraordinary talents, E. G. M. Moser, a native of Regensburg, who until 1850 pursued his trade as a shoemaker. Since then, he has abandoned the awl in order to devote himself to study, and in a few years has learned, unassisted fifteen languages, living and dead, besides many dialects; he can write them correctly, and make himself understood in each one. He is a very ready accountant, and solves the most difficult problems with wonderful rapidity, by means of logarithms, of which he is a perfect master. He writes a good hand, and can with great speed write backwards words, entire sentences, or even a discourse. In 1848, he fought among the insurgents at the barricades of Vienna, and his left cheek still bears a scar of a sabre wound.—*Piacenza Gazette*.

## EARTHLY JOYS.

Few rightly estimate the worth  
Of joys that live and fade on earth;  
They are not weeds we should despise;  
They are not flowers of Paradise;  
But wild flowers on the pilgrim's way,  
That cheer, yet not protract, his stay.—*ARON*.

[ORIGINAL.]

**MY HOME.**

BY WALTER S. DEVENS.

I struggle on mid hopes and fears  
O'er life's tempestuous wave,  
And misanthropic sobbings call  
My soul unto the grave.

I mingle with the busy crowd,  
Intent on joy and wealth;  
They for a bag of earth-born dust  
Destroy their mind and health.

I envy not the miser's hoard;  
Fame is my only shrine:  
To mingle with the mists to come  
Some memories of mine.

O, 'tis the basest sight that meets  
The eyes of erring man,  
To see on nought a lifetime spent—  
At most a broken span.

Our spirits are of noble birth,  
Encased in casque of clay;  
But mind and memory shall live  
Throughout an endless day.

But mid these musings on the base,  
Polluted use of mind,  
Come visions of my southern home  
With golden hopes entwined;

When I shall leave this hated crowd,  
And lead a life of love  
With thee, dear N—, whose angel form  
Belongs to realms above.

There life and beauty ever beam  
Beneath my trailing vine,  
And round my happy southern home  
Magnolian tendrils twine.

Thus may I breathe my life away,  
Dear N—, beneath thy glance;  
And soothe my mind with memory's sway,  
Wrapt in a beauteous trance!

[ORIGINAL.]

**A BLOODLESS DUEL:**

— OR, —

**THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.**

BY MRS. M. T. CALDER.

It was during the session of the National Congress—never mind the year—at a crowded presidential levee, that a fair, slight woman, too girlishly fragile for a stranger to suspect the dignity of her position, as the wife of one of the most gifted and popular senators from the South, whispered to her companion in the promenade, a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty-five or forty years:

"Cousin George, for my father's sake you must help me now. Have you not heard about those fiery speeches at the capitol between Mr. Dayton and my husband. I have been following every movement of theirs to-night, and I know there will be a duel. Tell me what I can do to avert the terrible crisis?"

The sharp anxiety betrayed in the voice thrilled painfully upon the listener's ear.

"Surely, Mary dear, your own gentle voice has power to still the storm of anger in your husband's breast, and even if not, with all life's blessings about him, will he dare to risk everything for so trivial a cause?"

The true wife flushed crimson with shame at the reproach her words cast upon the beloved one.

"Alas! so perfectly humane and upright, and tender in all things else, he is stubborn, and unapproachable upon that subject. I have pleaded, and reasoned, and adjured him, but he has never ceased to declare he should accept a challenge whenever one was sent to him. O, how I have prayed for some magic power to open his eyes to the wickedness of such an act!"

"Ah, Mary, a little home experience would soon convince him; once face to face with the sorrowful consequences, his false philosophy and flimsy code of honor would speedily perish before truth's imperial reality."

She did not reply. Suddenly as they threaded the crowd, he felt a light trembling of the fingers that rested on his arm. He concluded her agitation betokened the near approach of her husband, but was surprised to find it occasioned by meeting face to face a lady of stately, almost imperial beauty.

A very queen she seemed to have been pronounced by Nature itself, and the graceful, regal head was carried haughtily, as if well aware it merited a weightier crown than that shining coil of raven hair. Not so brightly or coldly flashed the diamond star amid those ebony tresses, as the chilling glance of that large, dark eye, when it fell on the slip fair-haired wife of Senator Phillips.

A haughty bow from the stately southern wife of Dayton, a startled, shivering glance from the gentle northerner, and the crowd passed between; but Mary Phillips turned her white face piteously to her cousin, and whispered faintly:

"Which will it be? One of us must lay aside these festive robes for the widow's sombre veil. Which of us? O God, have mercy! which will it be?"

Singularly enough, all the circumstances about them had contributed to place in an antagonistic

position these two, universally acknowledged to be the loveliest ladies in Washington. First, and most of all, because their husbands represented two opposing parties in politics, and were each possessed of so nearly the same degree of talent and worth, as to place them side by side in the great race for the prize of the world's renown and applause. Then they themselves had become rival stars, likewise, in the gay circles of fashion, neither permanently outshining the other, but each peerless in her own way, fairly representing the peculiar style of her northern or southern clime.

Scarcely had Mrs. Dayton's stately form disappeared amid the throng, ere the pallor on Mrs. Phillips's cheek gave place to a soft flush, irradiating her whole countenance.

"George, George," cried she, "what was that you said to me a little time ago? Do you really believe a little home experience would convince my husband of his error? O, such a wild, daring plan has occurred to me, and yet it seems like inspiration. I can rely on you. Go gather every particular—the hour and place of meeting, and be sure and come to me before we leave. For me, I must see Mrs. Dayton, and speak with her, although I force the interview. Do not try to keep me. Let me go now. I tell you I believe the way has been pointed out to me in answer to my prayers. You shall hear it all, presently."

Later in the evening the rival belles stood side by side, and Mary Phillips's gentle face was sweet and calm beneath the haughty glance of astonished pride flung down upon her.

"My errand is urgent enough to excuse this abrupt address," she said, half apologetically, "for I have come as one anxious woman surely may come to another who shares the same fearful doom that is hanging above herself. Little heed, then, can I pay to etiquette, or past alienation, and speak with you I must."

"To what can Mrs. Phillips refer?" was the distant, repelling reply.

"To the duel your husband and mine have planned, even amidst to-night's festivities," came sharply and distinctly amid the confusion of sounds around.

A shade of pallor on the beautiful face, a scarcely perceptible quiver of the haughty lip. That was all.

"Well."

Mary Phillips gazed at her in utter wonder. "Nay," retorted she, passionately, "it is not well. Is earth's glory and beauty to be suddenly blotted out for me—the happiness of my whole life swept ruthlessly away by your husband's

hand—and it be well? Or if my staff of strength is still left for me to lean upon, must I see the father of my boy, the husband I venerate for all that is noble and upright, disgraced and branded as a duellist? Great Heavens, Mrs. Dayton, can you for a moment encourage your husband in a duel?"

The regal head was thrown proudly back, the dark eyes flashed bright and clear, and unfalteringly came the reply.

"Certainly, Mrs. Phillips, I should scarcely care to see my husband's good name tarnished. I should despise him for a poltroon should he bear insult tamely, and not defend his honor, as a brave man should, when it is wantonly assailed."

A quick, scornful laugh, strange enough from those gentle lips.

"His honor! The honor of a duel! O, how little do you comprehend the sacred meaning of that word! But there is little time to argue here. Look you, Mrs. Dayton, it is but one side my words have dwelt upon. There is another, and Heaven be my witness, it is as terrible for me to think about. It is possible—nay it is probable, he has the firmest nerve—my husband may return unscathed, and yours—O, God have mercy on us both!—what if another sun beholds your proud head bowed in widowhood beside a bloody corpse, ignobly fallen in a foolish, sinful cause?"

There was an earnestness, a prophetic solemnity in her manner, that thrilled the listener's heart. Suddenly the barrier of pride gave way, a convulsive quiver relaxed the haughty lip, tears sprang to the glistening eyes, and the beautiful southerner cried, shiveringly:

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Phillips, you are saying such terrible things you frighten me!"

"Ay, but the reality will be more terrible still. Mrs. Dayton, friend, sister if you will, now is the time for us to act as becomes true wives, and Christian women, would we avert the threatening cloud of agony and shame."

"What can I do?" asked the stately woman, helplessly, no longer striving to conceal her terror and distress, and turning appealingly to the slight, girlish form beside her, whose undimmed, serious eyes were fixed, like some poor cast-away's at sea, upon some distant speck of hope, shining out of the distant horizon, scarcely certain enough for cheer, and yet not vague enough for despondency.

"Let me tell you the wild hope that has flashed upon me. With Heaven's help, Mrs. Dayton, we may yet frustrate this wretched duel, and accomplish a greater blessing yet, open the eyes

of those we love to the fearful sin and wrong they have contemplated."

She held out her hand, as she ceased, and it was warmly clasped. Thus more like devoted sisters than the rival wives who had entered the little cloak room where this conversation had been held, in pride and coldness, they passed out, to mingle again with the crowd, and avoid suspicion of their knowledge of the coming meeting, rumors of which were already circulating in anxious whispers through the rooms.

At an unusually early hour on the morning of the day after the levee, a hack stopped before one of the private dwellings in a fashionable street, and two ladies, closely veiled, and wrapped in large gray shawls, descended hastily, and requested a private interview with the master of the mansion, an influential citizen, and a warm friend of Senator Phillips.

His start of surprise and perplexity, when the veils were raised, and disclosed those pale, rarely beautiful countenances, deepened into sorrowful dismay when their errand was unfolded.

Full two hours of the precious time that was fleeting so rapidly away, was spent in argument, remonstrance and tearful pleading, and still the stubborn heart of Mr. S—— was unmoved, and his iron will unyielding, but when he led them down the steps to the carriage, the little hand of the last slight figure he assisted in was carried reverentially to his lips, while he repeated, earnestly:

"God bless you, Mrs. Phillips, for the true-hearted woman that you are! You have succeeded, where no other could have dreamed of moving me. You have my promise. Even though I lose my friend thereby, I will do as you propose."

A grateful glance from the swimming blue eyes, a feeble attempt at thanks from the quivering lips, and the carriage turned away, to draw up again at another door, where the second of Mr. Dayton resided during his stay in town. It required less persuasion here. Whatever a man of Mr. S——'s well-known integrity would consent to, would be right and proper for Mr. W——, although he added, as he shook his head dubiously:

"I am sadly afraid, ladies, your husbands will scarcely forgive us for making such a farce of this event."

"Never fear, Mr. W——," replied Mrs. Phillips, gravely, "but actors in real life will thankfully exchange a tragedy for the most trivial comedy. But Heaven knows, it is all serious, and thrilling enough still. Only let nothing deter you from fulfilling your sacred promise."

And now the youthful wives were at liberty to return home, and wait the approach of the dreaded hour. What an embrace was that with which they parted, who so brief a time before had barely exchanged the coldest civilities! What a thrilling kiss, and lingering clasp of hands, and what true feeling lent its pathos to Mrs. Dayton's voice, as she whispered warmly:

"Pray for us both, Mrs. Phillips, and pray that the heart of the proud woman you have stirred to better feelings, may never lose your gentle influence."

That evening as Senator Phillips unclosed the door of his private parlor, a radiant figure came flying towards him, and two soft hands imprisoned his tenderly, while the sweet, beaming face was upturned sportively for the customary kiss. It was given fervently, and a stifled sigh came with it.

"God bless you, my own little wife!"

"Yes, Walter, bless me by blessing you. You know that is my constant prayer. And surely, it is generously granted us. We have health, prosperity, and domestic harmony. Do you know, I have been pondering all the day, how little I realized my own happiness, with your love my constant shield from harm. Once came the terrible thought that I might lose you. O, Walter, I dared not look at it a moment, the very faintest glimpse sent such a shivering despair to my heart. O, my Walter, what precious care you must take of yourself, for Charlie's sake, and mine. Poor wee fellow, there he lies asleep on the sofa. He tried so hard to keep awake to say good-night to 'dear papa,' but even while he was babbling about what he should tell you, down fell the little heavy eyelids, and Morpheus has locked them securely now."

She led him to the sofa, where a handsome, rosy boy of three summers lay curled up like a playful kitten, the round, rosy arms thrown up around the nobly-formed head, crushing down a thick cluster of moist, tangled curls. Still holding her husband's hand, and thus compelling him to remain there, she remained some time, thoughtfully gazing down at the pretty slumberer.

The brow of Senator Phillips grew dark with some swiftly gathering cloud, and there was a fixed, white look about his lips, that betrayed some powerful but sternly controlled emotion. Ah, what a pang struck home to the heart of that proud, strong man, as he stood speechless in that Eden of peace and love. He turned away abruptly. He could not bear the sight of his wife and child, those precious beings whose earthly hopes his own hand might dash away

forever, that very morrow. For what? Ah, Senator Phillips, "a shallow reason," said conscience, plainly, when you dared to speak of vindicating honor, and escaping the brand of ignominy. Well might your heart sink, a leaden weight, within the coward breast that dared not say boldly, "My brother, I have sinned. Your life and mine are the Creator's only, to save or to destroy, as seemeth best. Forgive and be forgiven."

No word or look of Mary Phillips betrayed her knowledge of her husband's agitation, and his own emotion required too powerful control for him to detect the nervous trembling of the hand he held so fondly, or the wistful glance that followed him, when he turned away to hide some sudden spasm, called up by her innocent allusion to past or future joys.

Very similar was the scene at the home of the Daytons.

"My beautiful Bella," said the enthusiastic husband, "you are eclipsing yourself to-night. I think I never saw you looking so superbly beautiful as at this very moment."

"That is because I am anticipating the rare pleasure, now-a-days, of an evening's tete-a-tete with you. I am getting quite jealous of political affairs, I assure you, they absorb so much of your time. The truth is, dear George, I am miserably blue, when you are out of sight. What should I do to lose you altogether?" And dropping her head upon his shoulder, she burst into a passion of tears.

Grieved and conscience stricken, he tried to soothe her, whispering softly:

"Bella, sweet wife, you are nervous. I am afraid you are ill. What a foolish girl she is, to be sure!" And he attempted to laugh gaily, but gave only a ghastly glimmer of a smile, while she raised her drenched face, and said, hurriedly:

"To tell the truth, I have such strange fancies, sometimes. I know how weak and foolish they are, but cannot conquer them. When you are away, everything horrible that might occur, comes up before me. But I will leave such a gloomy subject. Let me tell you, rather, how proud I was of you, the other day, listening to you in the senate chamber. How my heart throbbed, and exulted at every eloquent sentence and generous sentiment. There is one, said I, who is ready to stand bravely forth for the right of all mankind, who is at peace with all, and the name I share will never bear a single stain."

"Bella, Bella, how foolishly you talk of such an unworthy specimen of mankind as your poor husband, whose greatest pride is the prize he won when that dainty finger there accepted the plain

gold ring that shames those glittering diamonds near it." And to hide his saddened face, and divert her attention, he bent over the jewelled hand with all a lover's fondness.

She twisted the wedding ring thoughtfully around the slender finger, and said, in a musing tone:

"We had an auspicious wedding that night, did we not? How merry your sisters were, to see me so shy and silent, with the strange awe I could not drive away. I was almost afraid to promise yes to the momentous question, lest my giddy nature should make me fail in some way. But how boldly you spoke, dear George. I remember so well hearing the clear ringing of your voice above the tumult in my heart. Well you might be confident. There is little danger of your failing to love, cherish and protect your Isabel. No earthly temptation could make you peril your wife's happiness."

The agitated husband moved uneasily, dropped the hand he held, and then seizing it, vehemently exclaimed:

"Bella, Beila, in mercy, stop. I am not worthy such a wife as you!"

She looked up wonderingly into his face, but he turned away to the window, and lifted the curtain.

"It is cloudy overhead, is it not?" she asked quietly. "I had hoped so much for a day of sunshine, but I fear there will be a storm to-morrow."

A low groan escaped him. "Ay," he muttered, as he strode hastily from the room, "there will be a storm to-morrow!"

Gray and misty, but without rain or snow, the appointed morning came out slowly from the protecting mantle of night. In a lonely field, barren and bleak, shaded only here and there by a faded, moaning pine, fit rendezvous for such a deed, was gathered a group of gentlemen. Like the guilty wretch he felt himself to be, Senator Phillips had stolen away in the dusk of breaking day from the chamber of his wife and child, little dreaming, however, what a shivering throb his silent kiss upon the pure, pale cheek had sent to his Mary's anxious heart. Little dreaming now, as he stood, calm and haughtily erect, in outward seeming, with the deadly weapon in the hand her soft clasp has sanctified for better aims, how wild and fervent a prayer was rising up for him from those sweet lips he loved so well. Yes, very calm and cool in outward seeming, but what a tumult raged within, as he received the shining pistol, handed by his friend, and glanced over at the pale, grave

face of the man before him. Was he an enemy? His conscience refused to confirm the charge. Nay, but even were it so, without a doubt, could he find within his heart the slightest desire to injure him? He tried to recall the offence. To dwell upon the words that at the time had left such a scorpion sting. How they had dwindled into insignificance! A few excited words of personal abuse! How trivial they seemed for one to refuse to pardon and overlook, who might so soon be pleading at the Great Tribunal above for mercy on his own sins. If true, they were deserved, if false, how speedily his life of rectitude could show the lie. Was it for such a cause his audacious hand was raised against the life his Maker had bestowed? One by one his clear-eyed Mary's arguments came up before him. He confessed them true, and loathed himself that he dared not own them audibly, and yet still he stood erect and silent.

Yes, there they stood, those gifted, generous-hearted men, with pallid lips and burning eyes, but yet no single throb of resentment or enmity in either heart. Gladly would the hands, so soon to speed the fatal ball, have met in friendly grasp; but the world's dread laugh, the world's flimsy code of honor, raised the potent barriers between, and they dared not thrust them down, though standing there, as they believed, to vindicate their manliness and bravery. Therefore, the stiff-frozen ground was measured off, the thrilling signal given, and loud reports and blinding smoke followed, rolling away in time to disclose a party of horsemen close at hand.

"Fly, gentlemen, all the officers of the law are upon us!" cries an agitated second, and in that moment of confusion, not one has thought for anything but escape.

The quick, fleet stepping of flying horses, and rumbling noise of dashing wheels upon the ground died off in the distance, and the lonely field is quiet once more.

"What did you say to S——, Warner? In Heaven's name, what did you say? That you saw Dayton stagger and fall after I had driven off? Have I killed him? O, heavens, am I a murderer?"

"Be calm, Phillips, I will go and ascertain the truth of the rumor."

Sinking back into the carriage, weaker than any sobbing infant, Senator Phillips waited to hear his doom. What a stern, haggard face he raised as his friend returned, slowly, reluctantly, and yet with suppressed excitement.

"It is true, then?" escaped with a heart-wrung groan from the duellist.

"I am afraid I must hurry you away, Phillips, if you would see your wife before you fly to a place of safety."

"Fly? No, no, S——, I have fallen low enough, but not so low as that. I have done the deed, and what man there is left in me will stay and abide the issue. The sooner the punishment comes, the better, if it can only quiet this fiend of conscience within."

"But, Phillips, man, your wife and child. You must think of them."

A cold shiver ran through his stalwart frame. "Why did you not caution me before?" he asked, bitterly. "It is too late now. Life, love and honor all swept away by my own hand, up-raised, like Cain's, against my brother man. Drive away home; home to my poor, ruined Mary. I thought a widow's grief might come upon her. I never dreamed of this!"

He did not speak again, but remained with his face buried in his hands, till the carriage drew up before the steps of his hotel. Slowly and painfully, as if the trembling limbs of fourscore years supported him, he descended from the carriage. As he reached the portal, a tall, graceful lady rushed wildly forth. His pallid face grew more deathly still, as he recognized the agitated countenance of Mrs. Dayton.

"It is you, then, Mr. Phillips?" cried she, almost incoherently. "Tell me, then, if it be true, this fearful rumor they have whispered through the town! Have you dared raise your hand against my husband's life? But where is he? He is not with you. O, tell me he is safe!"

Such a hollow groan for a reply. It seemed to shake the heartstrings of the man, as he strode by, and tottered up the stairs to his own apartment. His wife advanced to meet him, very pale, but with her own, sweet, serene smile. He caught her hand, and his white, dry lips moved, without an articulate sound, and then with a mighty effort he conquered the faintness that oppressed him, and said in a sharp, excited voice:

"Mary, Mary, my pure, good wife, I took you from your happy home to be the angel of my life, to warn me from evil, and keep me from sin, and see what I have done! I have disregarded your warnings, and refused to listen to your gentle pleadings. I have ruined myself, disgraced the name our boy must bear, and wrecked your happiness forever. O, Mary, Mary, I see it now. You were right, and I was a wretch to oppose my sinful reasoning to your purer instinct, but it is too late. I have fought a duel, and stamped upon my soul the brand of Cain."



Sweet and holy was the shining light of those blue eyes, as the wife folded her arms around his neck.

"This is a sorrowful commencement, my own husband, and yet if your conscience is clear, we can bear it cheerfully. You know what you have always said: that it was the only course a man could pursue, and he would have no cause for remorse, however it might result."

"Hush, hush, Mary, you will drive me frantic if you repeat the cowardly arguments I used. They were false—false as the honor I dared to prate about. What do they avail me now, when he who formed the pride and joy of so many loving hearts, a noble ornament to his native State, and a staunch pillar in his country's cause, lies cold and lifeless in the shroud, my hand bedewed with the warm life blood of his generous heart? What was she doing here, that poor young thing my wicked deed has widowed? How bright and radiant she shone, amidst the crowd at the last levee, and is it my work, that this terrible doom has come upon her? O, Mary, in Heaven's name, tell me I have not done this wicked deed!"

He turned his wild, haggard face imploringly to hers, which paled and flushed, and paled again, and then seemed to him to kindle with something of the celestial glory he had dreamed about, in angel visions. Instinctively he held his breath as she advanced, and caught his hand in hers.

"Walter, Walter, you confess it now—all the sin and wickedness of duelling? Tell me again that you do, so I shall be sure you forgive my daring stratagem."

She paused, arrested by a sudden hurrying on the stairs without, a quick, light footstep, followed by a heavier tread, and immediately the opening door disclosed the tear-drenched face of Mrs. Dayton.

"May he come in?" whispered she, anxiously. "I cannot bear it. He is so utterly wretched it will break my heart to keep him so a moment longer."

Mary Phillips's voice was thrilling in its solemnity, as she turned to her husband, who had stood in speechless dismay at sight of the intruder.

"O, Walter, Walter Phillips, vain and useless have been my earnest, heartfelt petitions, as well as our faithful pastor's righteous remonstrance and rebuke. You were obdurate and firm, yet see how this one hour of seeming reality has scattered to the winds your false and flimsy creed. Thank God that from this day you see the character of a duellist in its true light. My

husband, my Walter, forgive your wife, that she had dared to circumvent your plans, and forced you to become—O, God be thanked, no duellist, no murderer—but a true Christian man, who shall confess from his inmost heart, 'that vengeance belongeth to the Lord, and He alone shall repay. See, Walter, here is your reward.'"

She unclosed the door, caught the hand of the pallid, sorrowful man who leaned without, scarcely daring to lift his eyes to hers, and led him joyfully forward. What sudden starts! What vehement words! Ay, and what blinding tears of thanksgiving and gratitude, falling over manly cheeks, as the rival senators, the whilom opponents, in a mortal quarrel, grasped hands, instead of deadly weapons, in a clasp, whose friendliness and brotherly love death only in future could chill or alienate.

Mary Phillips, meanwhile, had stolen away, and quietly returned with the waiting friends, the anxious seconds, who came in, hesitating and doubtful as to the result of the ruse they deemed so unpardonable. Easily were they re-assured at the first glimpse of those brightened faces.

"And are you sure, Phillips, you quite forgive me for removing the balls, and cheating you into supposing poor Dayton finished up?" asked Mr. S——, once more, after the agitated explanations had been required and given. "You know how irresistible that little wife of yours can be. Hang me if I believe I could ever get up a duel of my own after those solemn words of hers!"

Senator Phillips turned where his Mary was bending over her boy, to hide the relieving tears excitement had hitherto forbidden to flow, and said, as well as his tremulous voice of thrilling tenderness would allow:

"My wife, to you we owe this joyful termination of what seemed so terrible a tragedy. No words can thank you now, yet be sure your gentle influence can never fail again. We will trust that other husbands are more easily convinced of their sinful sentiments, if not, pray Heaven they may be saved, like me, by such a wife and such a stratagem."

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#### LIMITED EXPERIENCE.

In former times men knew "by experience" that the earth stands still and the sun rises and sets. "Common-sense" taught them that there could be no antipodes, since men could not stand with their heads downward, like flies on the ceiling. "Experience" taught the King of Bantam that water can never become solid. The "experience" of some wise men resembles the learning of a man who has turned over the pages of many books without ever having learned to read; and their so-called "common-sense" is often, in reality, nothing else than common prejudice.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY WENDELL P. HOW.

The summer flowers are fading,  
And shed their rich perfume;  
The autumn leaves are strewing  
A garland round the tomb—

Where love and light are sleeping,  
Wrapped in the cold embrace  
Of the dank ground that presses on  
Her crumbling, mouldering face.

O, how I wept in sadness,  
And mourned my bitter doom,  
That had consigned her lovely form  
To the chill, dreary tomb!

I thought of the glorious eve,  
But twelve short months ago,  
When I had told my earnest love  
In accents mild and low;

And how the crimson, mantling blush  
Stole to her marble brow:  
She loved—what bliss was in that word!  
But all is altered now.

Then, in the hopeless, cheerless gloom,  
My heart forever sank  
Into the realm of brooding night,  
Where hover vapors dank.

But now I see beyond the mist,  
Upon the other shore;  
She stands there with a golden crown—  
She only went before.

[ORIGINAL.]

## "WALNUT RIDGE."

## A STRANGE GHOST STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## CHAPTER I.

## A NEW LIFE. WANTED—A FARM.

RICHARD T. PEMBROKE he wrote his name, but all his companions called him Dick Pembroke, and he was just the merriest, handsomest, wittiest beau in New York, but by no means a conceited fopling was Dick; but just vain enough to dress in the best taste, in the height of fashion to show off his elegant figure, to play the gallant sufficiently to fascinate all the belles, and to lounge into *le foyer* of The Academy, with that nonchalant ease, which made his copyists ready to strangle themselves with envy. He was the embodiment of that strange species—the fashionable young man of the Nineteenth Century. His parents had died while he was young, leaving him upon his majority the recipient of a

large fortune. His guardians, fond, foolish men, thought that their charge could not receive an education befitting a gentleman in America, so they must needs send him to a foreign school—somewhere near Chester, England—a course which in our own experience we have observed has confirmed many who were fools before, and perpetuated a race of pompous blockheads to bore simple-minded people with their (said blockheads') insufferable stupidity. But in the case of Dick Pembroke he had so much native goodness, and his heart was so large and genial, and his early remembrances of his dear home in New York were so vivid, that even after he had graduated in England, and travelled extensively upon the continent, he returned to his native country with that pleasure which is only known to the returned wanderer; and although by his travels his prejudices were conquered, his notions were enlarged, his views extended, and many useful sciences learned, which books can never teach or pedants show, still he never verified Cowper's lines in the famous *Progress of Error*,

"How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

Richard Pembroke was just twenty-five. And his experiences had been large for a man of that age. Educated, travelled, wealthy, handsome, whole-hearted and witty, it is not to be wondered at, that he was a lion in the select circles in which he moved, and many were the delicious snares which beauty set for this *rara avis*, but in which the wily bird never was entrapped. And at the age of twenty-five, Richard Pembroke was as heart-free as any young, handsome man of the world can be, who has passed before the witching batteries of dark eyes, smiling lips, tender, bewildering hand-pressings and surreptitious foot-tappings, and yet not to have surrendered at discretion. Had Dick Pembroke been merely a selfish, courted man of fashion who indulged in rich attire, extravagant flirtations, luxurious living and expensive friends, he might still to this day have been nothing more; but as he had a vein of good judgment and common sense permeating his lighter character, like a vein of rich quartz through a barren hillside, he all at once awoke to the consciousness that he was leading, if not a wicked, at least an aimless life, and he determined while yet in life's morning to cast off the enervating pleasures and sycophantic, useless friends which he had indulged himself with; the former he had used to kill time, the latter to assist him in doing it.

He now was forming new resolves how he should commence the better life which he was determined to inaugurate. Should he travel again?

O, no! at least, not yet, for he thought of the desires he once had to reach his home and friends; besides this, there were wanting those bright imaginings with which we are wont to invest the ideas of a visit to the Old World, and which he, having torn aside the veil of romance, could not deck his thoughts again with such sweet, illusive, gauzy drapery; all was real—as it was. Should he devote himself to some science, and poring over musty books, and experimenting with strange chemicals, develop and discover to the world some wonderful agent which should be hailed with delight by the economists of nations? No, no! not that. Should he turn author? Write a book of travels? No! every fool who can find a publisher does that. Should he turn to that noblest first occupation of man—farming—the tilling of the soil?

"Make his corn and cattle his only care  
And his supreme delight a country fair?"

And then he thought of the substantial, quiet pleasures of such a life, the health from labor springing, and then the perfect contentment which would open the source of every joy—far from the world's jarring bustle free, amid the scented fields. He thought of all these things, and his cheeks glowed more ruddily with the thoughts; he smiled as though he almost felt the sweet, odorous breezes wafted towards him over banks of sweet flowers and the stacks of new mown hay, and gathering some of the musical murmurs of the tiny brooks over which it sweeps towards him, with soft caresses flinging his long brown hair over his firmer cheeks, his brighter eyes. He almost shouted—here then was something to imagine, here then was real joy. His choice was made. He would buy a farm, and whilst he might indulge in all his intellectual pleasures, he would be a *worker*. Glorious thought! at last one of the world's workers.

But Dick Pembroke was hard to please in the choice of a homestead; he had pictured to himself a charming cottage-built house, almost smothered with creeping vines and flowers, situated upon a slight eminence, where rich sloping fields should delight the eye upon every side, a murmuring brook meandering through mysterious avenues of pines, and a broad river to be seen in the distance, over whose waters he could skim with his fairy-like yacht on the warm summer afternoons. But this kind of a home it was difficult to find. Of course, in the advertisements of the New York papers, there were scores of such for sale, with every natural beauty improved by the art and taste of man, where the fields were so rich and productive, and the yearly increase so large, that new buildings had to be constantly

erected to store the golden grain, and stack the sweet hay and sheaved straw; but upon inspection, these model farms would dwindle down into very profitless, impoverished estates. The modern built house with all the latest "improvements," would become a crazy tumble-down tenement, with props to keep the structure from falling. The "commodious and extensive out-buildings" would be exceedingly primitive in structure, consisting for the most part of stakes driven into the ground, upon which dilapidated rails were laid for joists, upon which cedar boughs were heaped for an inexpensive roof, which would form "extensive cow sheds," around a log barn which would look to have been built specially for a rat harbor, instead of a protection and comfort for such useful animals as horses. "The wells of fine spring water were oftentimes situated in not very romantic dells, the locality approached through dark, luxurious grass, disagreeably suggesting the idea of snakes, and the croaking inhabitants of the springs seemed to intimate by their absolute possession, that they were not frequently stirred up. The "rich meadow lands" were oftentimes unmitigated marshes, and the "salubrious healthy country" was celebrated for that very common but decidedly unromantic disease, "the ague and fever," with the painful consciousness predominating, that you could not possibly take a walk out, but what you were sure to meet a rueful-looking neighbor, who would dismally inform you that "It was his day!" and who after having religiously received "his sweat" was preparing with an indescribable, calm, but (in those districts) usual philosophy to go to work again.

After myriad experiences of this order, Richard Pembroke was quite disgusted in looking after "places," and although not one jot abating his enthusiasm, he determined to bide his time, and not rashly purchase for the purpose of settling; but fate determined for him what he found so difficult to decide for himself. He received a rattling note from his volatile friend, Harry Marshall, who had forsaken city life long before, and was then leading a farmer's life in a picturesque portion of Maryland. Harry's letter, having exhausted all the gossip of his neighborhood, thus concluded:

—"But, my dear fellow, I never was happier in my life; to you, who are enjoying all the pleasures of a gay, city life, I say that there is nothing nobler, more soul-satisfying, than the independent, healthy pursuit of this 'first occupation.' It may seem prosy to you, it is heaven to me. I know you must be dreadfully wearied with your operas, Champagne suppers, insipid dinners, ceaseless flirtations and fruitless toils; I have had a chance to try both, and ten thou-

sand to one, I select this. I miss oftentimes the companionship of yourself and a few other choice friends, but I know you are not complimented when I say I solace myself with my 'imported' Durhams, rare 'Southdowns' and Chester and China hogs; but to be serious, come down and pay me a visit next week. I can't promise you a feast worthy of Apicius, such as Delmonico or that dear Mullet at the club house used to set us, but I will not be such a pagan as to doom you to interminable fitches of bacon—but Aunt Marty shall exercise her best powers to produce you her lightest *omelettes* and *patties*, her most ravishing pancakes and incomparable jellies. Come, and although I cannot ask the gay Spratt or the witty Natt to meet you, whose *bon mots* shall sparkle as we sip our wine (I have some genuine Omartagn left yet) I can at least guarantee you good John Furrow, who is great on ditches, and modest Samuel Beech, our great oracle for early vegetables, and perhaps dovetail in the party, Amalek Ward, who drinks nothing but whiskey, and manages always to be drunk after soup. And then, I do not despair of making you a neighbor of mine besides—there is a charming old farm here, called the 'Dairy' (I hate the name, for everybody has the 'Dairy'), which is for sale. I know you will fall in love with the quaint, old Revolutionary house, so I want you to doff the fine linen and broadcloth, don your homely woolens, and come look after your estate—"

Thus chatted Harry Marshall to his friend, and the next train Dick Pembroke was *en route* for Maryland; but he had a plan of his own in view, and he did not intend to spoil it by acquainting his friend Marshall with it—but he was determined to see this "Dairy," and perhaps present himself to his delighted friend as his near neighbor. He therefore travelled quietly to Maryland, and was conveyed from the railroad station nearly to his destination by stage, the driver of which was one of those chatty, companionable fellows who seem born just to fill such stations, from whom he learned all about the country, the farmers, the crops and a good deal about his old friend Marshall.

"Why, sir, d'ye see Mr. Marshall," the driver would say, "he just makes the best farmer for a gentleman, in all these parts. It would do you good to see his machines—"

"Machines!" from Pembroke, wonderingly.

"Yes, sir. His mowers, corn-shellers, seed-sowers, and—"

"O yes, yes! But tell me," Pembroke suddenly exclaimed, as they drove by a fine old wood, and could see a large house and extensive white-washed outbuildings in the distance, "what farm is that?"

"O, that's nothing, sir."

"Nothing?" asked his inquirer, with surprise.

"No, sir, only Walnut Ridge—the other's the farm."

"Why, what do you mean? Surely that is a very pretty place, and there looks to be considerable land about it."

"Well, sir, you see the Dairy Farm yonder, with the big brick house on the hill there, that is a tract, sir, of over a thousand acres, and Walnut Ridge is only a little slice now—but it is a sad story, sir," added the driver, with a good deal of feeling.

"What is that?" asked Pembroke, curiously, and not a little amused at the man's lugubrious countenance.

"Why, sir, old Gaybrooke—he used to be Colonel Gaybrooke when he lived in the big house—owned the whole of the Dairy at one time, and lived like a gentleman. O, sir, I remember when the house was crowded with lots of company from Baltimore—there was driving and riding, hunting foxes and duck shooting, parties and suppers, no end to 'em, and the old colonel was as courtly as a king, everybody liked him, and he had the best lot of niggers in Harford, and the farm was like a garden-patch, it was, sir. Well, all at once it was whispered the old man was in trouble, that he had signed notes for other people which he had to pay. Then he tried to sell part of the estate, and as money was very scarce then, he could not raise enough by this means. Well, it was advised that he should sell off a few head of his niggers, but the old man loved them too much for that, and he said 'his boys should have a home while he had one.' But Gaybrooke grew sadder and sadder, and he commenced to neglect the place; the fences tumbled down and weren't put up again, and the Dairy wasn't half-cropped. To make a long story short, the sheriff at last got hold of everything, and the whole place was bought for a song, and they soon after moved to Walnut Ridge, just at the end there of the estate. The man who purchased the farm soon moved upon it with his family, but they didn't stay there long, for they declared it was haunted, that footsteps could be heard all over the house at night, and windows slamming awful."

And the driver's eyes got bigger as he was telling it.

"Since then these folks have been trying to sell it, sir, but nobody will live there. But it's a great pity for the old place to go down so, and more, for that matter, for poor old Gaybrooke and his daughter"

"Daughter—ah, he has a daughter, then?"

We are afraid Dick Pembroke was not interested in Walnut Ridge fully till then.

"O yes, sir," continued this budget of news, "as pretty a thing as there is in the country."

Ah, it must be a change for her, what with governesses at home, dancing and music-masters, horses and her own servants, she must feel it sharp, sir—very sharp. Did you say, sir, you were going all the way up to Churchillville?"

"No; I think I will alter my mind, and take a ramble over this old farm. Your account has interested me."

"What, not over the house?" said the driver, with real concern in his tones.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, sir—well—Who-a! Ho-o!—you know best, of course. But I wouldn't go into that house—no, not if you would plug this whipstock with gold. I wouldn't—"

Pembroke smiled at the driver's extravagant ideas of being bribed to enter the haunted house, but laughing gaily, he bounded from the stage, shouted a good-by, and darted through the crazy old gateway directly towards Walnut Ridge.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER.

AFTER Pembroke left the communicative driver, he strolled along leisurely towards the smaller buildings which had been described to him as Walnut Ridge, and he could not but be pleased with the beauty of the scenery surrounding him. At the left, upon a gentle rise, were the neat-looking buildings on the Ridge. Before him the quaint, sombre-looking house of the main farm, built of good solid English brick, and looking as staunch now as it was in seventeen hundred and something, when it was put up; on all sides the beautiful fields sloping towards the dark woods on one side, and to the broad, placid river beyond, on the other. Way off in the distance, amidst picturesque groups of pines, which from his position almost looked impenetrable, the clay chimneys of "quarter" houses loomed above their waving tops, and the cheerful songs of the negroes at work were borne faintly to his ears. On every side the fields were rich with golden grain, or the tall grass intervening and looking like beds of emeralds; the pleasant quiet, that soothing, dreamy stillness in the air, that feeling of peace and repose which the country always brings to him who is satiated with the bustle, glitter and pomp of the world of the cities, in this hour pervaded the soul of Pembroke, and he felt almost sad that he was so near the house at Walnut Ridge, he longed so much to stroll listlessly, carelessly along, his feet straying into pleasant, untrodden paths, almost without his thoughts controlling them.

But he stood before the door of the house at Walnut Ridge. All was quiet in and about the house, the buzzing of the flies only relieving the dead quiet everywhere; but he had scarcely placed his hand upon the door to knock, when a fierce-looking terrier monster flew from behind the wood-pile, and with dreadful bark, and a prodigal display of teeth, seemed disposed to test the tenderness of the stranger's calf, who found now that he would be fully occupied in preventing that disagreeable action. He seized a short stick of wood and parried off the fierce tusks ably, but the animal was indefatigable, and attacked at all points, and there is no doubt but what he would have succeeded in beating in the outposts and taking the fort by storm, had not an ally unexpectedly arrived in the person of an imbecile-looking colored boy, who had only to shout:

"Hi! hi! Snap—hi—be off wid you!" for the dog to creep sullenly, and by his mournful-looking eyes and voracious mouth, we risk but little in saying, regretfully, away.

But this charitable action performed, said darkey seemed to think his politeness should cease, for he stood regarding the heated and puffing stranger with curious eyes, and at last opened his wonderful mouth, from the depths of which issued, as from some caverned recess, a most discordant laugh.

"Hi-yl! Snap come a-near—hab you. Hi! Ha, ha, ho, ho!"

"You rascal, what are you laughing at?" said the poor, provoked citizen. "I'll teach you." And he made a bound, caught the darkey by the neck, and had given him three or four hearty cuffs before the negro was aware that he was caught, and it was now evident the poor black was but half-witted, for although he had a heavy body, his head was diminutive and illy formed, and the instant he had received Pembroke's cuffs, he slunk down upon the earth, doubled himself up in a most ludicrous shape, and uttered such a baby-like, pitiful yell, that had not its sound been so comical, his chastiser would really have been sorry for what he had done. He was upon the point of raising him up, and felt vexed enough to give him another cuff for his childishness, when a hand was laid lightly upon his arm. He turned around impatiently and met a pair of most beautiful brown eyes gazing reproachfully at him.

"Miss—ma'am—I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"Don't whip that poor boy, sir," the owner of the brown eyes said. "He is not exactly right, and has had trouble enough, poor fellow!"

"O, miss, I really beg pardon. I came over

to look at the 'Dairy,' when the dog attacked me, and after the boy called him off, he aroused my anger by laughter; but I am very sorry—very."

The young lady received his intended apology coolly enough, indeed, and then invited him into the house to see her father, who would show him the farm. He followed her in, feeling very mean and properly ashamed of himself, and could any abasement been found which would have removed the remembrance of his conduct from the beautiful girl's mind, we are sure at that moment Dick Pembroke would have accepted it. Mr. Gaybrooke soon received the stranger, and with stately courtesy showed him all over the place. But what charmed Pembroke particularly, was the remarkable looking house, with its wide halls, the high windows and lofty ceilings—the former with the deep, old-fashioned casements—the ancient looking stairways, the wainscotted rooms all indicative of an age passed away. Then the cellars and the heavy archways of solid stone, and the grand, grim old fire-places before which our Revolutionary grandmothers have hobnobbed perhaps, the curious carvings and heavy mouldings along the ceilings, and everything massive and solid as stone, brick, and well-seasoned heavy wood could make it. The wide loft or attic, through the centre of which the chimney passed—and this attic being unplastered, the great weight of the beams and trusses used in the construction of the noble old building could be contrasted with the flimsy structures of the present day—all these things charming Pembroke more than the broad stretch of beautiful land and the glorious prospect of the noble Bush River; for he was looking upon the building as a relic of the Revolutionary era, and with somewhat of an antiquarian's eye. He became the owner of the Dairy Farm, and we will shortly tell the reader why he called it Walnut Ridge.

The autumn following the summer of Richard Pembroke's purchase, he came down from New York to take up his residence in the haunted mansion of the Dairy. During the summer he had extensive repairs going on about all the out-buildings, but he allowed no Vandal hand to touch a column, or disturb a moulding of the old brick mansion-house—that was sacred property. The neighbors far and near were canvassing the new proprietor. Many pronounced him a blockhead, more, a foolhardy, daring young man, to suppose he could dwell in peace in the haunted house, when so many brave men had been terrified beyond endurance. But the fact is, Dick Pembroke cared not a whit about ghosts

or goblins; he was as brave as a lion, above all superstition, and was proceeding to make himself comfortable as rapidly as possible—but he had some secret, very secret plans of his own, which we cannot divulge just now.

And when the brown autumn came, Richard Pembroke moved to warm, genial Maryland. What though the dead leaves strewed the shaded walks, and cracked and rustled crisply beneath his bounding step? What though the sweet wild flowers were withered and pale, and through the dim woods which loomed up beyond the brown meadows the winds bleak and cold were dying with a moan? What though the frost hung blackening on the shrubs, and the dewdrops fell from them in frozen showers, and the many-hued leaves upon every tree and bush blended the gay and beautiful, the mournful and the tender?—His heart was as fresh and green as summer with her bright flowers and singing birds, for he was conscious of a more tender heart, a more enlarged soul, a sweeter hope, a brighter faith. He was living in a delicious dream. Should he awake, it would be with a fearful shudder, a spasm which would rend his heart, destroy his hope and blast his faith. May he not awake! Ah, it is very sweet to love—and Richard Pembroke was in love.

In love with beautiful little Milly Gaybrooke. And she was worthy the affection of any man, and had not cruel fortune deserted her father, crowds of suitors would have been bowing at her shrine. As it was, she had been obliged to refuse two offers from young men who were all very well—good farmers who understood the application of lime and bone-dust thoroughly, but unfortunately lacked a very mysterious and not easily to-be-defined requisite—*soul*; who had no sympathies for any disease greater than the "hol-low born" or "potato rot," and would by no means think of procuring a wife to perform any purer, higher, nobler duties, than to milk cows, make butter, and drop corn in busy season if help was short. And they asked Milly to marry them in much the same way as they would bid for a pair of short-horns, and were refused, as we before remarked; for, although their adversity had taught poor Milly proper humility, she could not quite crush out the seeds of her early education, and choke out the refinement of heart and feeling which was innate.

She had always treated Pembroke with politeness, but yet with a dignified coldness, which taught him she expected, if he recognized her at all—he, the rich proprietor—it must be as his equal, and at the same time conveyed to him, when he addressed her tenderly, that she would

not be foolish enough to engage in any flirtation. Brave heart! Strong, womanly faith! respect follows in thy train. And now the elegant man of the world, he who was wealthy and travelled, and could select with confidence the brightest gem from out the glittering casket of the elite of cities, was timid as a woman when he approached that simple country maiden, and feared and trembled lest she might despise him. He dreamed of her, whispered her name tenderly to the chill autumn winds, almost hoping their harsh gales would carry it to her more softly than he spoke it; blushed when they met like any bumpkin, and if her dress touched his, would think how delicious the slightest contact of the beloved was, and go home to the grim old house, and sitting in the deep embrasure of the window, with the cold moonlight gliding into the deep corners, lighting up some strange carved head or shape, he would dream of her as tenderly and fondly as any school boy, and then run off into a thousand wild fancies of "how complete would this old house be if *she* were here, if *she* could but occupy this seat by me, and *her* merry, musical voice sound through these wide halls." And then he would dash to the blazing fire in the wide fireplace, light the lamps, expel the melancholy moonlight, and smoke religiously until nearly midnight, and tumble through the night with unquiet dreams, but with all he could not forget the fairy Milly.

But the spirits which haunted the old house. Did not Pembroke hear the strange noises which it was alleged drove all its former occupants from the premises? He did, reader, and night after night did he seek a solution of the mystery, but without throwing any light upon the subject. At various hours of the night would he be startled from a quiet slumber by dull, creaking noises, like the drawing back of some old panel from its unused case, or the flashing of strange, flickering lights through the chamber, which would penetrate the shadows here and there, and then suddenly disappear, permeating the darkness and then gradually melting in the gloom; then the sound of footsteps coming and going as though in ordinary occupation, coming nearer and nearer, then ceasing suddenly. On several occasions he had searched every nook and corner of the spacious habitation, expecting at each moment to come suddenly upon the mysterious nocturnal intruder, yet no traces could be found of any human being who could possibly make such noises as he heard. But still, at such times he would instinctively feel that some presence was near—at times he fancied he felt a human breath upon his cheek. But when he paused and

searched, his blood would run cold to find himself the only human being awake and restless, wandering at dead of night in this mansion, with his flickering light casting strange shadows over the grotesque mouldings, and carved ancient heads and figures; each one of which seemed at such times to be endowed with myriad eyes, each one of which would start and blink and glare upon him.

But still, when daylight came, and the broad, genial sunlight penetrated his spacious chambers, he would laugh at his foolish fears, and vow that no ghosts or hobgoblins should drive him from the neighborhood of her whom he loved so dearly. But when night again came round he grew uneasy, and prolonged the hours in the lower parts of the house considerably before he retired to his chamber.

It was a blustering, windy night in the latter part of October. Dick Pembroke felt uncommonly lonely upon this night, and pictured to himself a thousand times the figure of Milly Gaybrooke gracing the comfortable vacant chair upon the opposite side of the fireplace, her plump, round arms nestled among the downy soft cushions, her fair, oval face with the faint color growing into deep, happy blushes as her soft, brown eyes looked fondly upon him. Him—*faugh!* He knew he was growing sentimental as a sixteen-year-old boarding-school miss, but had she not spoken to him so kindly to-day? Had not she relaxed somewhat her coldness? No, Richard T. Pembroke—no! And the fire cracked the negative fiercely out to him, as the last spark died upon the hearth, and he had to go to bed, miserable bachelior, to get rid of solitude. No lights—no fire—if possible no thoughts.

He ascended into his chamber, and after retiring and making himself generally wretched with his thoughts, not one of which originated in common sense, was invested with judgment, or ended in resolution, he fell into an uneasy slumber. It must have been midnight when he awoke, for the old brass clock in the dining-room below, had, with an eccentricity habitual to it, just struck *twenty*, and he gazed around him timidly, for he seemed to feel that unaccountable presence, which the most of us have experienced without being able to define how our belief originates, and yet we are certain that there is a wakeful, human observer by, as that we have no reason to believe so from optical evidence. So Richard Pembroke felt, and he peered cautiously towards the fireplace. There, the backlog was still burning in a smouldering, defiant sort of way, and ever and anon condescended to throw a fitful light across the wainscoting, from which Pembroke could



make out a dim tracery of old beading, which seemed to support some pictures that he had hung there. Then all was obscure again, and sleeping, waking, and dozing off again, Pembroke must have passed another half hour. He awoke partially, stupidly once more. Heavens! what a sight he beheld! When his eyes unclosed, and took in with a waking man's glance the objects in the room, they rested upon a figure standing nearly over him; a light (it seemed to be a small lantern) was held close to his head, partly aside, and flashed a bright, blinding beam full into his eyes, and scarcely could he comprehend his position, ere the figure turned and seemed to float rather than walk to the opposite side of the large apartment. In a moment Pembroke had recovered his presence of mind; he sprang quickly from his bed and darted upon the intruder. He could not escape him now—he was almost to the side of the apartment. Pembroke reached forth his hand to seize the strange visitor by a long cloak that he wore, when suddenly, without a word, with an unusual, excited motion, the pursued seemed to touch some secret spring in the wainscoting, it flew wide apart with a slight, creaking noise, and before the bewildered Pembroke could recover his surprise, the panels shut with a click in his face, much the same as we have seen traps in pantomimes, and silence reigned as profound as though the stillness of night had never been disturbed by any weird presence.

A light was struck, and every portion of the wainscoting critically examined, but not one irregular surface could be detected, or any portion moved, and the next day was spent in as fruitless endeavors as the previous night. Here then, was a mystery. And when Pembroke considered it, he had no difficulty in deciding that his strange visitor was a human being, and had no doubt that it was some deep-laid plot to cause the desertion of the Dairy for some nefarious purpose, and he determined now to watch with zeal for the return of his midnight visitor, that he might bring him to a strict account. He confided his plans to none; upon himself he took all the danger, and providing himself with a good sword and an incomparable "Colt's patent," he felt himself quite able to meet and overcome any common adversary. Faithfully did he watch night after night—no re-appearance, until his haggard face began to attest how his loss of rest was injuring him; but still he was determined to keep his vigil. It was now nearly three weeks since the strange intrusion. A bitter cold night in November, snow had fallen during the day, and as Pembroke had taken a long walk before

he dined, he felt unusually fatigued, and about twelve o'clock his head fell upon his arms, resting upon the round table in front of the fire in his room, and he slept soundly, very soundly from pure exhaustion. In about an hour he awoke suddenly with his hands upon his pistol, and there before him, right at his bedside, was the cloaked figure standing motionless. He was petrified. He raised his weapon—should he fire? No, not upon an unarmed man. He arose from the table, his form was quivering with excitement, his long, curling hair was in disorder around his handsome face. Still the figure stood like stone, his back towards the advancing Pembroke, and the long, dark cloak folded around him, while the light which was in the figure's hand played on the empty bed. So still, so quiet, surely this was not a human soul. Pembroke crept towards him like a tiger about to bound upon his prey, his fingers closing about the butt of his revolver with a nervous grip. He glanced upon the floor as he advanced—*there was snow upon the carpet!* Now he was sure he had a living man to deal with, he ground out these words beneath his set teeth, in angry excitement:

"Villain! I have you at last!"

Still almost motionless, the figure stood like a grim iron statue, if we except a shudder which ran through his frame, as Pembroke spoke; but instead of turning and confronting him, or flying, he moved quietly, slowly, away from the bedside, as softly and noiselessly as though wading through down. Pembroke fell back; he was awe-struck; there was something dreadful in all this. Slowly, mournfully the figure moved around that room, stopping at intervals and uttering such a deep, melancholy sigh, that it was grievous to hear it, so exquisitely sad it seemed, while Richard Pembroke, who a moment before was the furious man, was melted by such a tender sound of mournful heart-grief. Spellbound he watched the walker, as he approached more rapidly the side where he last disappeared. His pistol was now hanging in his nerveless grasp, down by his side, and the intruder might almost have struck him to the ground without resistance, so much was he affected by the strange power of this person and his movements. But now the dark-robed stranger had reached the portion of the room from which his last exit was made, the spring was pressed, the panels flew open, and in another instant the figure would pass through. But Pembroke seemed to recover his senses, he sprang forward rapidly, the pistol fell from his hand, and in falling the trigger was struck violently against the sharp edge of the iron fender, and a loud and deafening report followed. Pembroke

had clutched the cloak, there was a shriek, and when the heavy cloak was dragged away, there, in the secret recess, stood *Milly Gaybrooke*!

But one instant did she look around her; she seemed with a woman's quickness to comprehend her position; her startled, terrified companion, his pale face blanched whiter as he gazed wonderingly at her, the cloak he held in his hand, the secret panel which led into what was formerly her own chamber, and now his—all, all burst upon her like a flash. She had been a somnambulist when a girl, had often wandered from her home, and into dangerous places. Now—heavens!—she had been walking in his chamber. These thoughts seemed to set her mad, her brain was in a whirl, for a moment her vision was clouded, and then with a faint, heart rending moan, she sank upon the cold slabs in the secret recess, swooning.

But now Pembroke understood all. In an instant he recognized the somnambulist, and she had scarcely fallen, ere he lifted her in his arms, and carried her into the room, chafing her hands and bathing her temples as tenderly and respectfully as though she was a dear sister, but O, how much dearer she was to him, as she lay cold and white before him. But when with sobs and hysterical tears she recovered from her swoon, he tenderly reassured her, and told her all. How he had watched, had heard the sounds, and saw the cloaked form, and how he supposed, she was so peculiarly organized, that since her misfortunes her mind would naturally be directed to her dear old home, and consequently to her own chamber, and how he hoped now that she would consent to be his own dear wife, and give him leave to love and cherish her always, as he had done from the moment he saw her sweet face at Walnut Ridge; and how she must not refuse him now through any false pride, for she must remember, too, how happy her dear old father would be to come and live again at the old place—and how—and how—

But the sobs were only of joy now, and the large brown eyes were full of grateful, happy tears, and the little plump, white hand reposed so trustingly in his large palm. And O, it was such happiness there by the warm firelight, in the stillness of the night, to find themselves so sweetly, unexpectedly beloved. But of course Richard T. Pembroke must see Milly Gaybrooke home right away, to Walnut Ridge (God bless it! That shall be the name of the whole farm), and of course, the long black cloak must be wrapped tightly round the sweet somnambulist, and of course Dick Pembroke's arm formed a proper band at the waist to keep it in place, and of course,

of course— No matter what that sour bachelor neighbor Harry Marshall says—they form the dearest, best married couple in the country. And O, do go and see the quaint, old, historical house, and to find the way, be sure to inquire (if even twenty miles away) for Walnut Ridge.

#### THE WORD HUMBUG.

Among the many issues of base coin which, from time to time, were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by James II., at the Dublin Mint. It was composed of anything on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper and brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that twenty shillings of it was worth only two pence sterling. William III., a few days after the battle of Boyne, ordered that the crown piece and half-crown should be taken as one penny and one half-penny, respectively. The soft, mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed, was known among the Irish as *Uim bog*, pronounced *Oom bug*, i. e., soft copper, i. e., worthless money; and in the course of their dealings the modern use of the word humbug took its rise, as in the per cent. phrase, "That's a piece of *uimbug*." "Don't think to pull off your *uimbug* on me." Hence the word humbug came to be applied to everything that had a spurious appearance, or which was, in reality, spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of humbug, i. e., false metal, is the word sterling, which is also taken from a term applied to the true coinage of Great Britain, as sterling coin, sterling worth, etc.—*Notes and Queries*.

#### ITALIAN PRISONS.

It is impossible for an Englishman to form an exact idea of what a prison in this country really is. In those horrible and filthy holes hundreds of human beings are placed, covered with rags and swarming with vermin. Besides disgusting soup and scarcely digestible pieces of meat, the government allows a bajocco a day—a fraction above one-half pence a day—to each prisoner. The jailor is permitted to keep a restaurant to which the prisoners can apply for provisions at ready money. This man, therefore, is the sole lawful purveyor of the prisoners, and can raise the price of provisions according to his pleasure. When I visited the local prison of Rimini, I saw two poor men, who were nearly starved to death. I asked one of them how he had come to such a condition, and he told me that he had sold his daily bajocco to the jailor for three months to come. The *custode*, who was then present, observed that the poor fellow being very fond of wine, had drunk his nine bajocchi all in one day. The half-starved prisoner made no more impression upon him than a starving rat would have done.—*Correspondent of the London Times*.

#### A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;  
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willow brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.—*Roosa*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A FOX-HUNT.

BY WILLIAM S. LEGGISTON.

O'er field and marsh the "pack" are out  
Before the hunters' eager rush;  
Their baying nearly drowns the shout,  
So wildly uttered, "For the brush!"

Madly dashing, daring leaping,  
Ditches, fences, quickly over,  
Starting foxes, lately sleeping,  
From their dark and tangled cover.

In couples run the yelping hounds—  
"In fault!" "He on!" The wind is fair.  
"Again in view!" The whole pack bounds  
In full cry now—they "double" here.

O'er hill and meadow, brake and beach,  
Through "branch" and wood, wheat or clover,  
The panting dogs their victims reach—  
"Tally-ho!"—the "run" is over.

[ORIGINAL.]

## VOYAGE OF THE EVENING STAR.

BY MIRANDA M. ALLEN.

"So you're quite determined upon it, pet?"  
The young girl addressed looked up from her  
embroidery with a bright smile.

"Quite, papa—that is, if you don't object!"

"Object? of course I object. I meant the  
ship should have your own name. 'Evening  
Star!' Romantic nonsense! If I hadn't sup-  
posed you would call her the Lizzie Gray, you  
shouldn't have christened her."

"Now, papa, I can't admire your taste.  
Think how much prettier to name that splendid  
ship for the glorious evening star, than to call  
her after such a prosaic little body as I—Lizzie  
Gray!"

"Nonsense! the evening star can't hold a  
candle to you, Lizzie." \*

The young girl laughed merrily.

"Think of the associations too, papa! When  
the ship comes in sight, it will recall Venus  
rising from the sea. And then I fancy it is a  
good omen. She will be under Neptune's  
especial protection. You know he was always  
friendly to Venus."

"Famous reasoning, that!"

"And O, papa, I can't bear to think of a ship  
having my name. Just fancy the Lizzie Gray  
reported off the Bermudas, laden with so  
many hogheads of molasses. It would mortify  
me to death."

"You're a silly little goose. But you can't

cheat me, you rogue. You've some private and  
personal reason for wanting her called the Even-  
ing Star—you know you have. There's James,  
now—I'll ask him what it is. Don't blush,  
Lizzie. I sha'n't let you marry him, that's cer-  
tain; and you wont run away from your old  
father—eh, child?"

There were steps heard upon the piazza just  
then, a tinkling of the door-bell, and presently a  
tall, fine-looking young man entered. Lizzie's  
cheeks grew rosier, as she gave him her hand,  
and somehow she managed to drop her ball of  
worsted; and what with her quick stooping to  
get it and James's anxiety to save her the trou-  
ble, their heads came together, there was a laugh  
from Captain Gray—and when Lizzie lifted her  
face again, she was rosier than ever.

"Upon my word, you've found out a new way  
of greeting each other. Where did you find the  
fashion, Lizzie?"

"James brought it home from foreign parts,"  
replied Lizzie, rubbing her forehead.

"Well, well, it was a *striking* meeting,"  
laughed her father. "James," he continued,  
"what do you think? This girl refuses to name  
the ship Lizzie Gray, after her worshipful self,  
but goes wandering away among the planets.  
Very vexatious, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, sir—perhaps so, if you had fixed  
upon a name. But since Lizzie was to chris-  
ten it—"

"O, it's all right, of course. If she had chosen  
to call it the Flying Dutchman, it wasn't my busi-  
ness—only the deuce of it is that she didn't  
choose to call it Lizzie Gray."

"Why, papa, if you care so much—"

"I don't care much, child; you shall have  
your own way. And by the by, my way is to-  
wards the shipyard. So good morning to you—  
and mind you don't get sentimental!"

And the stalwart captain now strode away to  
look after the last touches now being given to the  
"Evening Star," and Lizzie and James were left  
alone together.

One would have said that the captain's depar-  
ture had a very sobering effect, for Lizzie could  
not see to tell the scarlets from the crimsons for  
the tears that kept gathering; and whether from  
sympathy, or contagion, James's face assumed a  
very doleful expression. He drew a chair near  
her work-table, but he could not seem to say any-  
thing very consoling. It was only "Lizzie—  
dear Lizzie!"

"I don't know why it is, James," said Lizzie,  
brushing away the sparkling drops, "but some-  
how I feel strangely about the ship. I have  
never felt so about any of your other voyages."

"I think there is always something sad about the sailing of a new ship," said James, thoughtfully. "Always, in the midst of our most sanguine plans and preparations for the future, a sense of sad foreboding comes in to trouble us, and one feels it more in thinking of a vessel's first voyage—so many mysteries lie before her, so many possible dangers to be met. But, Lizzie, there are some reasons why we should both look forward to this voyage, or rather my return from it, with pleasure."

"I do look forward to your return," said Lizzie, smiling faintly. "But it is hard for my thoughts to leap over the intervening absence."

Now James would not voluntarily have made Lizzie cry, for the world; and yet I dare affirm that he was positively glad to see the great drops gather again. Somehow he was more successful in his efforts at consoling her this time, for presently Lizzie's own gay smiles chased away the tears, as the morning sunshine dissipates the dew.

"You must learn to be a famous little house-keeper, Lizzie, while I'm gone. Imagine a little cottage on the hill there, fronting the sea—the snugest, cosiest breakfast-room in the world, with your flowers in the window and the scent of heliotrope in the room—a dainty table charmingly spread—and, above all, a pretty little lady in pink wrapper pouring coffee!"

"O, James, what an imagination!" said Lizzie, looking shyly pleased. "Do you really fancy such things?"

"Indeed I do, and please God it shall not always be fancy, but one day a blessed reality. When I come home from this voyage, Lizzie, I shall speak to your father again. I shall have a right to do so, and for that matter I might now. My salary is adequate and my future promising, but perhaps it is best to wait." He hoped she would not assent so warmly.

"O, yes, I am sure it is, so that papa should not have any excuse for being unwilling. You'll be quite rich then, James—wont you?"

He looked smilingly into her blue eyes.

"Quite rich, Lizzie, if all goes well."

Are our young man and maiden getting sentimental? It is a pity that they should do so, after having been so kindly warned by the captain. It is, however, a vein into which young people are apt to fall, especially when they stand in such a relation to each other as James and Lizzie did—for they had been lovers almost since they were children. Certain it is that it was Lizzie who found a seat upon James's sled, whenever the roads were snowy and the way home from school seemed longer than usual. Sometimes he shyly conveyed a handful of chest-

nuts into her dinner-pail, or, with an audacity which surprised himself, gave her a ripe pear or a bunch of posies. You know that Cupid is an arrant rogue, and with cunning malice chooses the innocent and unsuspecting for his victims; so you can well imagine that when Lizzie and James grew up, they found themselves hopelessly fast in his toils. Not that James had even the least wish to escape them. He wore his chains very cheerfully—as why should he not, when they bound him to such a charming girl as Lizzie Gray? If you had seen Lizzie's home, you would never have thought to find so pretty a bird in it, for it was a wild, bleak-looking place—nothing but the tossing, moaning sea and the white beach in front, long ledges of rock on either side, and in the rear, wide fields arid and cheerless as coast lands usually are. It was apart from the town, too, and Lizzie had few companions and few amusements. There was reason enough for sadness and moping discontent, if Lizzie had not been gifted with as gay a temperament as ever a young maiden was heir to. You would recognize it in her sunny face all aglow with its gladness, in the twinkle of her blue eyes, and in the very wave and toss of her nut-brown curls that flirted with the summer airs in such joyous abandon.

This merry spirit kept her singing about the house all day long, just to let out the music that was in her; it made her the idol of James's heart, and the light of her father's eyes. It was inseparable from her beauty, for Lizzie had beauty—as what New England maiden has not? She bloomed in the dark, old house; and for one to meet her there unawares, was like finding a flower in a gloomy cavern. In the dreariest places on the wide earth—hidden caves damp and noisome, upon the mountain tops, in the green chambers of ocean, and even upon the shores of that frozen sea which in awful loneliness and strange, weird power, sobs around the poles—mosses green and fresh, lichens, and tender, pale blooms of many names, grow in their simple beauty; and thus, in the most unpromising corners, human beauty will blossom.

I don't know that Captain Gray appreciated his daughter fully; he probably wouldn't have understood the romance that nestled away in her heart, but he knew she was amiable and charming—and when he counted up the thousands he should give her, he was smitten by the wish of adorning them with other thousands. Never much given to sentiment, the brief period of his life when he wooed Lizzie's mother with as romantic professions of love as most people sometimes utter, had slipped out of his memory; and he did

not see why Lizzie could not like a rich ship-master's son as well as her cousin James—an energetic, well-principled young man indeed, and toward whom the captain felt kindly as the nephew of his lost wife, but whose good qualities were not numerous or attractive enough to out-balance the substantial advantage of wealth. This was the captain's view of the matter, and it was that which most unromantic middle-aged people would have taken. Nevertheless, as a professed story-teller, I feel bound to protest against the captain's notions, and I quite approve of the course Lizzie and James pursued. Their relationship made it natural that they should meet often and familiarly; and you know that often, under pretence of knitting closer the ties of consanguinity, Capid styly manages to do a little business on his own behalf. The captain's ambitious views in regard to Lizzie were quite well known among his intimate acquaintances, even when she was a tiny maiden of three or four; and as she grew to womanhood, beautiful and winning, it was not to be supposed that he would relinquish his plans, and, therefore, when James modestly made known his affection for her, and besought the father's sanction, he was not much surprised, though a good deal grieved, to find his suit coolly waived as if it were a mere boyish freak.

"A very pretty fancy, my boy!" said the old captain, with provoking good humor. "Very natural, too—yes, very! But of course you see it won't do at all. Lizzie your wife! Ha, ha—a capital joke—a very pretty fancy! Excuse me, but it's really quite amusing. It is very fortunate you've such a sober old fellow as I to keep you right, else you might really carry this piece of nonsense to ridiculous lengths—yes, really. A capital joke, upon my word!"

Very provoking it was to James to be treated thus; but he was a cool-headed young man, and seeing it would do no good to get angry, wisely kept his temper. He resolutely set to work to win Lizzie by making himself her equal in a worldly point of view. Out at sea, when the storm roughened the waves, it was the thought of her that kept him cheerful and hopeful. He had made several successful voyages, going out as supercargo; and taking at the same time a personal interest in the speculation, he had accumulated a considerable sum—the more creditable to his ability since he had a mother and young brother to provide for out of his gains. When he came back from his last voyage, he had found a new ship building, whose principal owner was Captain Gray. Somewhat to James's surprise, he was offered a share in the vessel, and in the

profits of her first cruise. He did not hesitate long—though it was a three years' absence which was before him, if he accepted, and hitherto he had been away not more than a twelvemonth; but if the absence was long, and a dreary interval lay between, a vision of so much happiness rose up on the other side, that he was tempted to consent. The lovers had fancied that the captain's offer was an indication of kinder dispositions towards James. Perhaps they would not have thought so, if they could have read his thoughts as he walked down to the shipyard on the morning of which we have spoken, throwing back his head and swaying from side to side as he went—for the captain belonged to the genus of marine animals, and having been caught late in life, had never been thoroughly acclimated on shore.

"That was a bright thought of mine," he chuckled to himself, "to send that fellow off for three years. If young Simonds don't cut him out, he's a spooney. I hope James will do well, too! Kindest thing I could do for him—not to let him tie himself down to a wife! Young folks never do know which side their bread is buttered on. Just the thing for me, too! That money of James's came just in time to prevent my taking up that last note. Confounded tight place I got in, there! Old Simonds's work, I'd wager; but I'll keep straight now." And the captain shook his head, as his great Newfoundland was wont to do upon coming out of the water.

The bright days of June saw the last touch put to the Evening Star—the captain and crew had been engaged—the ship launched and christened in presence of a numerous crowd of spectators, and in the full blaze of sunshine and beauty and festal attire. It was the largest and most costly vessel that had yet been built in the village of K—, and few of the coast towns of Maine had sent out nobler craft than that bleak village. Great had been the interest felt in the Evening Star by the good townspeople, and there was a feeling of personal pride in her successful completion. Most of the seamen, too, were natives of the village, the captain was the son of a prominent citizen, and it was natural that a sense of ownership in her should exist among the people.

In busy preparation the weeks slipped away, and at last one July day the Evening Star lay in the harbor, ready to spread her white wings and float away with the next tide. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and James stepped upon the wharf, and making his way through the crowd of idlers which pressed around, took the

path which led to Lizzie's home. It was his last visit upon shore, and the natural sadness of departure was heightened by an ominous foreboding which depressed his spirits, and which, strive as he would, he could not shake off. Three nights previous, a strange dream had come to James. He was not of an excitable temperament, or the prey of morbid fancies, and that this dream should make so vivid an impression upon him, surprised him even more than the dream itself.

In his sleep, he passed through all the incidents immediately preceding the departure of the *Evening Star*—he saw the canvass spread in the rosy glow of sunset, heard the cheery voices of the sailors as they caught the enthusiasm of putting out to sea, looked back at the crowd of eager faces upon the wharf, and further on at the white spires of the village churches and at the brown, weather-stained mansion where he knew Lizzie was grieving over his departure. He seemed to see the darkness thicken and night close in around the outward-bound ship; then he listened to all the familiar sounds upon ship-board—the creaking of cordage, the tramping of feet across the deck, and the orders of the captain. He had seen the sun go down in calm splendor, leaving a rich crimson in the west; and after sunset he had caught sight of a dark, vapory mass lying near the horizon. But he noticed it only slightly, and had not thought of a storm breaking the serene quiet of that summer night. Now, however, as in fancy he sailed away in the *Evening Star*, the wind began to blow up from the southwest and moaned in strange, inarticulate sobs through the shrouds. Rapidly the sky darkened, and a vast leaden sheet hung over the sea; the waves swelled, and black caverns opened as if to engulf them.

The wind increased, and the clouds were rent as by a hand of fire; higher swelled the waves, and fiercer blew the wind, when suddenly—O, awful sound!—the peculiar roar of the surf dashing against the rocks, indicating breakers not far away, startled him into the fearful sense of danger. He knew that a low, treacherous reef lay near the mouth of the bay—not always in sight, but occasionally at low tide appearing, rising above the water in a shape which had won for it, among the coastwise folk, the name of the Cat's Back. Many a goodly ship had been betrayed into ruin there. Was this to be the fate of the *Evening Star*? In the vivid phantasm which held him captive, the *tableaux* now succeeded each other with appalling swiftness. The hurried shouts of the captain, the superhuman endeavors to keep her off the reef, the

wrenching asunder of timbers, the conquering waves, the shrieks of drowning men, the pale faces and uplifted hands seen by the lightning, passed in swift procession before his mental vision, and thrilled him with a terror that real danger had never roused. A blank, fearful darkness settled over the sea; it waited forth in long sobs that gave no hint of the dead who slept beneath.

The scene shifted; the *Evening Star* lay in her moorings, he stood upon her deck, when suddenly he seemed to be falling—falling down infinite distances—and with this undefined terror haunting his brain, he woke. Again and again had this dream visited him, precisely similar in every detail, and so real had it become, that it haunted him in his waking hours. It threw its gloom over the leave-taking—it invested the future with a terrible darkness.

He thought over all these things, as he went to take leave of Lizzie; and what wonder was it, if, when he stood at her door, his face should wear an expression of even deeper sadness than the thought of going would naturally write there. He heard her step in the passage—the door opened, and a sweet face met his, sad and pale. Another moment, and she lay sobbing in his arms. It was a sad, sad parting—and to James made doubly so by the ominous forebodings which he would not disclose to her. Just before he left her, Lizzie said:

"Do you know, James, why I wanted the ship named the *Evening Star*?"

"No, dear. Why was it?"

"You know I shall see the ship disappear in the southwest, and I liked to associate it with the beautiful planet that will rise over the sea, in that direction, all these autumn evenings that are coming. It will seem a happy omen."

He left her soon, and she was not one of those who thronged the quay to witness the departure, for the captain's house lay two miles away from the village.

The anchor was lifted. James stood upon deck, and there was shouting and waving of hats. Suddenly Captain Gray saw James pass from sight, and still gazing, the crowd presently observed an unusual commotion on board the vessel. A boat pulled off and neared the shore. Excited murmurs were heard in the throng. They pressed to the water's edge.

"What's the matter?" shouted Captain Gray.

"Mr. Sanford is injured, sir. He slipped in going down the cabin stairs, and fell with his head against a step."

James was carried, wounded and senseless, to his mother's cottage. The kindly neighbors thronged in—a physician was called.

Half an hour afterward, Captain Gray met Dr. Morley on the cottage steps.

"Well, doctor, will the lad recover? Is it a bad case?"

The doctor shook his head. "It might easily have been, but now I think we shall bring him round. He must be kept quiet, though. It will be a sad disappointment to the poor fellow, just on the eve of sailing."

"Ay! so I was thinking. The ship touches at Charleston; he might go on by land and join her there—eh, doctor?"

"Very likely, Captain Gray. We'll have him in sea-going order in a week or so, I dare say."

"There's no need of fretting Lizzie with this to-night," said the captain to himself, as he walked home. "She won't sleep a wink if I do. I'll go in and see how he is in the morning. Time enough then." And so the captain kept the accident to himself.

That night Lizzie sat upon the rocks and watched the white sails of the Evening Star grow rosy in the sunset light, and at last fade away in the distance. The night came down chill and dark. The incoming waves poured forth their eternal anthem to the silent stars that now began to shine out in the sky, and sad and weeping Lizzie rose up from her rocky seat to go home. She noticed that a black cloud lay close down by the horizon, and the wind blew up with a wild, evil sound. At home, in her safe nest, Lizzie could but listen to the wailing blasts which now grew louder and more fierce. Before midnight, the tempest burst in all its fury. That storm is still remembered as the most direful and terrible known on that coast for years. How can we describe the anxiety, the dread of the morning, the yearning sorrow, which thrilled the hearts of the villagers that night! Many a family had sent away its chief joy in the outward-bound ship, and many prayers beseeched the mercy of God from lips that seldom breathed forth supplications.

The agony of suspense was over with the night, and a fearful certainty settled down upon those who had wavered between hope and fear. The eager eyes that bent their gaze seaward could discover, lying high on that fatal reef, clearly seen in the morning sunlight, broken masts and fragments of timber—too sure signs of the ruin which the cruel sea had wrought. And with the tide came floating in the well-known tokens—a familiar garment, a chest-cover, or some recognized part of the sailor's outfit. At what time the Evening Star met her fate—whether the seamen clung to the ship, or took to the boats—what sufferings they endured, and how

they braved them—the few, sad remains gave no sign, and the ocean kept the secret well. No idle babblers is the sea. Not in swelling tide or rushing waves does it boast its conquests, but hidden in its great bosom, it shall hold them till that day when all graves shall yield up their dead.

What is it that makes Captain Gray so pale, as he hurried towards his home? He has learned all that he can ever know of the fate of the ship he had so prided himself upon. Is it that alone which makes his face work so strangely, or is some bitter emotion awakened within him?

He goes straight to the sitting-room where Lizzie sits gazing out of the window with a wan, frightened face.

"James did not sail in the Evening Star, child. He was brought on shore because of an accident which occurred to him; but it was not serious, and this morning he is quite comfortable. Lizzie"—and the old man choked a little—"if you love each other, I will not put any more obstacles in your way. The hand of God is in this."

We will not follow our lovers further now. There was something too sacredly sweet in their re-union for words to touch. James went to sea no more. Further inland, where the soil is kinder, where the maize rustles in the summer breeze, and wild flowers grow, he made a home for his singing-bird.

It may be a strange tale that I have told you, but it is an "over true one."

#### TALE OF AN ELEPHANT.

Tell my grandchildren, said the late Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, writing home from India, that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days, he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and, then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!—*Sketches from India.*

#### UNCHANGING LOVE.

O, the heart that has truly loved ne'er forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose.  
MURRO.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CASSAME.—A SONG.

BY MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

Softly on the evening air  
Falls the low, sweet melody  
Of the wood-dove sitting there  
By the grave of Cassame.

O'er the little grassy mound  
Droops the mourning willow-tree;  
And the gentle flowers around  
Weep for lovely Cassame.

From the distant rocky shore,  
List, the moaning of the sea!  
'Tis for her who comes no more—  
'Tis a dirge for Cassame.

E'en the wind-harp 'mong the trees,  
Whose best song is wild and free,  
Sadly bids the wandering breeze  
Wail for sweet, lost Cassame.

Sing on—moan, and wail, and weep.  
Bird, and wind, and solemn sea!  
Wanders up among the stars,  
Spirit of lost Cassame.

Purer, holier, or more bright,  
Other angels cannot be,  
Than that one in heaven to-night,  
Whose sweet name is Cassame!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LAND PIRATE.

BY CLAUDE ROSSITEUR.

It was in the summer of 1844, that the events described in this narrative occurred. I was on my way from Cincinnati to New Orleans, in the Crescent City—long since gone to decay. My business in the latter city was to draw up a will, and transact other necessary business for a friend of mine, a New Orleans planter, who, finding himself in declining health, had sent for me, with the promise of abundant pecuniary recompense for my services.

At that time the whole country was ringing with accounts of the bold deeds and daring outrages of the famous land pirate John Murrell, and his gang of cut-throat vagabonds. Various exaggerated reports were afloat respecting his redoubtable band, as also of his own appearance; one account representing him as a big, burly fellow, with fiery red hair and strength enough to hold a mad bull by the horns; another, as a small, slight, but active and powerful man; while a third, differing from both the others, ascribed to him the olive cheek, the raven hair, and the fierce, vindictive temperament of the haughty Spaniard.

Among the passengers on board the steamer was one with whom I soon formed a most agreeable acquaintance. Of fascinating address, Monsieur Breteuil—for so he christened himself—was as agreeable a man as it was ever my fortune to meet. One evening, as we leisurely paced arm-in-arm up and down the promenade deck, inhaling the perfume of a couple of choice Havanas, I mentioned the various reports of Murrell's personal appearance, which I had heard. When I had finished, he threw away the remnant of his cigar, laughed pleasantly, and said:

"All of those accounts are exaggerated or untrue. I once saw Murrell!"

"You!" I exclaimed; "how, when, where?"

"On my plantation, a few miles south of Memphis, though he seldom ventures so far South, as his head quarters are said to be in Northern Tennessee. Well, as I was saying, he came to my plantation, attracted thither by the report of one of his spies, that I had several thousand dollars at that time, for which I had no particular use, as the robber chief informed me in the course of a confidential conversation which took place at the time, respecting the quantity of filthy lucre which I was supposed to have in my possession. I will not give a detailed account of the robbery, but will proceed to describe Murrell, as he then appeared. He is tall, well-proportioned and muscular, with black eyes, brown hair, and a dark complexion, and must be about thirty-five years of age."—By the way, an excellent description of himself in all points, except his hair, which was black and curling.

"Why," said I, laughing, "you make up so strong a case against yourself, that I am almost tempted to call an officer at the next landing, and have you arrested for robbery, murder, and other high crimes and misdemeanors."

"Nonsense!" said he. But I fancied he looked startled, as he spoke. "Come," he added, "let's go into the cabin; the night-air is chilly, and I have a headache."

I consented to his proposition, and we accordingly repaired to our state-room; when Breteuil, complaining of indisposition, soon retired. I immediately followed his example, and was clasped in the arms of the drowsy god. In my dreams that night (I always dream), the forms and names of Breteuil and Murrell were strangely commingled; and it was a relief to me when I awoke about midnight, and found myself in my berth, with the night lamp burning dimly overhead. As I lay, debating inwardly, whether I should remain where I was, or go on deck and enjoy the beautiful moonlight, a faint groan smote upon my ear, apparently coming from the



berth of my friend, followed by the exclamation ;  
 "Some water, Marston—for heaven's sake, some water !"

I was quickly on my feet, and by his side with a glass of water, which he drank eagerly. His face was flushed, his breath labored and painful, coming in short, quick gasps, and before day-break, he was in a raging fever. When the doctor of the boat was called in, he shook his head mournfully, and declaring it to be a severe case of intermittent fever, advised his being taken on shore at the next landing. With good care and nursing he (the doctor) felt assured that the patient would recover; without it he must most certainly die. I did not hesitate to take his advice, which was proffered with an air of candor and sympathy. And a rude but comfortable litter was immediately constructed, covered with cloaks, blankets and pillows, upon which the sick man was placed, and carried ashore by strong and willing hands.

I procured the best accommodations the boat afforded, and installed myself head nurse. It were needless to recount the incidents of his illness, even if I had space or inclination, which I have not. Therefore suffice it to say, that the naturally strong constitution of my patient eventually triumphed over disease, though not until after an illness of several weeks. His gratitude to me was unbounded, and expressed in the warmest manner. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to travel, we took the boat for Memphis, where we parted—I continuing on my way, while he went, as he said, to his plantation, inviting me to visit him on my return, which request I assured him I should be most happy to avail myself of.

I reached New Orleans, transacted my friend's business, and after a stay of a fortnight, started for home with a light heart and heavy pocket. I arrived safely at Memphis, and then, remembering my promise to visit Monsieur Breteuil, I hired a horse and set out for his plantation. It was a fine, though rather sultry, day in August, the merry "Month of Sheaves," and my spirits rose, as I gazed on the fine country through which I was passing. I had rode several miles, and began to think I must be somewhere in the vicinity of my friend's plantation, when, as I entered a tract of land thickly covered with a large growth of underbrush, I was startled by the words :

"Your money, or your life!" uttered in a hoarse, menacing tone.

At the same moment a tall fierce-looking man stepped forth from his concealment, and seized

my horse by the rein, while two more presented themselves, each holding in his hands a rather ugly-looking "persuader," cocked and ready for instant service.

Now I am not a coward, and having a considerable amount of money about my person, I determined to make, at least, an effort for the preservation of both life and property. Accordingly I drew forth a pistol, and knocking down the fellow at my bridle-rein with the butt, I spurred my horse forward, and levelling the weapon at the nearest ruffian, I pulled the trigger. The villain dropped to the earth with a groan and a curse, at the same moment that a couple of bullets whistled by my head; but before I could draw my second weapon, half a dozen more surrounded me. I was dragged from my horse, fierce faces were over and around me, and I thought it was "all up" with poor me; therefore I began casting up that mental balance of good and evil deeds, which every man is supposed to form when about to die, and finding that the evil predominated over the good at an alarming rate, determined to make one more desperate effort for the regaining of my lost freedom. The man who had been prostrated by the blow from the butt of my pistol, had, by this time, recovered his senses, and now strode savagely to the place where I sat surrounded by my captors, his hand upon the hilt of a knife which peeped from his bosom, and with a look of most determined hostility on his swarthy face, down which the blood trickled from his bruised forehead. As the reader may well conjecture, my position was none of the most enviable, surrounded by men who would not have scrupled at shedding my blood under ordinary circumstances; but having wounded two of their number, my situation was perilous in the extreme. Already were red hands uplifted against my life; already bright knives were glancing in the sunlight. I made a desperate effort to break from the grasp of the strong hands that held me. It was fruitless; and so, commending my soul to the mercy of Heaven, awaited the fatal stroke, when—"The man who strikes a blow, dies!" came in loud and authoritative tones.

The men who held me loosened their grasp, and I leaped to my feet, and gazed around in search of the owner of the voice, which I thought I had recognized. Finally, my roving glance fell on his form. I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sprang forward with the cry :

"Great Heaven! Monsieur Breteuil, do I see you here?" on my lips, at the same moment seizing his hand.

"Not Monsieur Breteuil, but John Murrell!"

he replied, with a burning cheek. Then turning to his men, he continued: "My men, it is my wish that you leave us alone. This man is my friend. Pick up poor Brady and carry him to the cave, where I myself will soon join you."

He waved his hand, and the men sullenly obeyed, casting hostile glances at me as they withdrew.

"And now," he said, when we were alone, "how is it that I find you here?"

"I might with propriety ask you the same question," I replied; "however, I will satisfy your curiosity. I was, when stopped by your cut-throats, on my way to the plantation of one Breteuil, who is said to reside in these parts! And now, having answered your question, may I take the liberty to propound a similar one, and to inquire what brought you here?"

"Why, my vocation, of course," he replied, with a merry laugh. "I heard from one of my spies that a well-dressed individual was approaching on horseback and sallied forth to give him a surprise; but the surprier was in this instance surprised. I felt a strange aversion to presenting myself, and gave the business into the hands of my lieutenant. The sound of pistol-shots recalled me from the painful reverie into which I had fallen, and I hurried forward, intending to command your release. I reached the margin of the road just as my men were raising their knives to strike, and was petrified with astonishment when I beheld your face. You know the rest—and more," he added, his voice taking a lower, softer intonation as he spoke,—"you know that my everlasting gratitude is yours, for your generous and self-denying care of me when incapable of caring for myself."

He continued: "The description I gave you of the famous robber was correct,"—taking off his hat as he spoke, and disclosing a head covered with brown hair. "I had assumed that disguise in order to avert suspicion. There was, on board the *Crescent City*, a large amount of money and plate, which I had determined to obtain possession of, at any risk. My plot was in a fair way for succeeding, when it was prevented by that unlucky fever, through which you nursed me so tenderly. Here we part, probably forever; but first accept this ring," holding out to me a glittering circlet of diamonds. Then, seeing me hesitate, he said, while a look of pain crossed his features: "Take it; I came honestly by it; it was my mother's."

A tear trembled on his dark lashes as he spoke, and dropped upon his bronzed cheek. The mention of that name "mother" had stirred the fountains of his soul, and the strong man wept.

I urged him earnestly, as I took the ring, to abandon his present way of life. But he replied, while a sad smile broke over his countenance—a smile such as a fallen angel might have given as he gazed once more on paradise:

"No, my friend; it is impossible. I am too far gone. There is no redemption, no turning back for me. Farewell, my friend, may God bless you!"

He wrung my hand and was gone! Gone, while I stood gazing after him like one in a dream! I mounted my horse, and rode slowly and sadly back to the city, thinking sorrowfully of this man whose splendid talents might have raised him to stations of power and honor; but which, prostituted to the lowest, basest purposes, would probably bring him to the gallows.

I never saw him but once since. I was being shown by the warden over the Tennessee State Prison, several years afterwards, when, on reaching the workroom, I saw a face with melancholy black eyes, which brought back the memory of other days. His glance encountered my own, he started, turned pale and red by turns; and respecting his grief and shame, I was about to withdraw my earnest gaze, when the warden, mistaking my emotion for curiosity, said:

"That, sir, is the famous land-pirate, robber and murderer, once the terror of Tennessee—John A. Murrell!"

I turned and left the prison with a saddened heart.

#### CHURCH BELLS.

There is something beautiful in the church-bells—beautiful and hopeful; they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride, and envy and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make the earth seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your weekday craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come!" cries the church-bell, "and learn to be humble—learning that, however daubed and stained, stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay. Come, Dives, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come," cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, "come and learn what is laid up for ye!—and learning, take heart, and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

## The Florist.

No sooner has the cold withdrawn,  
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;  
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,  
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;  
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er—  
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door;  
And apple-trees at noon with bees alive.  
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.

LUCAS HUNT.

### Requisites of Flower Culture.

It is well known that plants absorb their nutriment by the roots, and this nutriment is conveyed through the stem to the leaves, when it is subjected to a process by which a large proportion of water is discharged—the rest is submitted to the action of the atmosphere, and carbonic acid is first generated and then decomposed by the action of light. Carbon is now under the form of a nutritive material, which is conveyed back into the system of the plant for the development of all parts of the structure, and a proportion of the secreted matter is afterwards ejected from the plant. This excrementitious matter does not injure the plants of other species to any considerable degree; but it soon renders the soil unfit for the culture of plants of the same species, which will deteriorate if cultivated above three or four years in the same spot. Flowers therefore require, in order for their successful culture, not only a change of soil, but that it be refreshed with proper moisture. One great point also to be observed in rearing flowers is, not to overload them with rich or watery food, or they will abound in leaves, while the number of blossoms will be scanty. They must have plenty of light till full-blown, after which they should be carefully shaded so as to preserve their colors, and prolong the season of bloom.

### The Chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum has of late quite divided popularity with the dahlia, because it is easily grown, blooms when there is little else to make a show, and is not easily affected by frost. These should be obtained now in pots, and if the garden is already occupied, put them in larger pots, that they may grow unchecked until the period arrives for planting them. This is generally when some of the annuals are going off and are removed; then the chrysanthemums may be turned out of their pots into the open ground, for they are handsome in foliage before they bloom. Let it be understood, if there is room to plant them, that the sooner they are in the ground the stronger they will grow; but the tops must be pinched off as they grow up every fortnight till the last week in July.

### Seedling Geraniums.

The French amateur florists are remarkably successful in the production of new seedlings of some classes of flowers. For years the old scarlet geraniums have been grown, without showing any remarkable or distinct new colors, being chiefly various shades of scarlet or pink; the French, however, have within a short time past raised some quite new sorts. Among the recent sorts are the Rubens, a rosy crimson, and the Damage, an exquisite shade of salmon pink. There are also the Nemesis and Consuello; the former a delicate shade of pink, with large white centre and an immense fringe; the Consuello a rosy scarlet.

### Treatment of Evergreens.

The distribution of evergreen trees and shrubs is among the most interesting operations in the formation of garden grounds and their improvement. They give at once a clothed appearance to what was bare ground; and also, by their change of position, they effect an almost entire alteration in the aspect of the place. In all cases, it is advisable that the ground should be well drained and trenched; and where poor, it should be enriched with fresh soil or manure, or both, especially when the shrubs are young and small. Light sandy soils are greatly improved by moderate additions of clayey loam or peat earth. In transplanting shrubs of considerable size, it is preferable to put the enriched soil or manure close around and in contact with the young fibres. As many roots as possible should be preserved in lifting evergreen shrubs for transplantation. When they are large, or a little above the size usually procured, they should have large balls—and it will be proper to reduce the head of the tree, as otherwise the branches will die from their inability to support their former amount of foliage.

### Requisites of a perfect Dahlia.

For a perfect dahlia the general form should be that of about two-thirds of a sphere or globe. The rows of petals forming this globe should describe unbroken circles, lying over each other with evenness and regularity, and gradually diminishing until they approach the top. The petals composing each succeeding row should be spirally arranged and alternate, like the scales in a fir-cone, thereby concealing the joints, and making the circle more complete. The petals should be broad at the ends, perfectly free from notch or indentation of any kind, firm in substance, and smooth in texture. They should be bold and free, and gently cup, but never eart or quill, or show the under sides.

### Flower-Garden Soils.

The operation of digging is the most efficient method of moving the soil of the flower-garden. Although tiresome as well as disagreeable to an inexperienced person, a little practice makes it comparatively easy, so that in a moderate degree it may be done with facility, even by a lady. In digging for immediate planting or sowing, pains must be taken to break the lumps, and reduce the soil to what is called a fine tilth. All stones should, of course, be carefully removed, as well as all other undesirable substances—and this can only be thoroughly done when the soil has been well pulverized.

### Trapa.

Water caltrops. Aquatic plants, natives of Europe and the East Indies, with white flowers and very curious nuts, which, when cooked, resemble in taste those of the chestnut, and are equally wholesome. The rhizome should be planted, or the seeds sown, in loamy soil, at the bottom of the water in which the plant is to grow.

### Helenium.

The species are generally tall-growing perennial plants, with large yellow flowers. They are increased by dividing the roots. There are two or three annual species which are quite hardy, and only require sowing in the open border. The handsomest of these is *Heicium quadridentatum*, which has bright orange-colored flowers like a rendbechia.

### Tacamahac.

The Indian name for the Balsam Poplar; a species that should be cultivated in ornamental plantations for the beautiful yellowish green of its leaves, which appear very early in the spring.

## Curious Matters.

### The Milk Tree.

In a narrative of travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, just published, Mr. Wallace describes an extraordinary tree called the milk tree, which was one of the first wonders he saw near Para. The fruit is edible, and full of a rich and very juicy pulp; but strangest of all is the vegetable milk, which exudes in abundance when the bark is cut. It has about the consistence of thick cream, and but for a very slight peculiar taste, could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine produce of the cow. From some logs that had lain nearly a month in the yard, several notches were cut with an axe, and in a minute the rich sap was running out in great quantities. It was collected in a basin, diluted with water, strained and brought home at tea time and at breakfast next morning. The peculiar flavor of the milk seemed rather to improve the quality of the tea, and give it as good a color as rich cream; in coffee it is equally good. The milk is also used for glue, and it is said to be as durable as that used by carpenters.

### An Infernal Machine.

Senor Gonzales de Candamo, owner of the railroad from Lima to Callao, received a note from an anonymous source demanding a thousand dollars, telling him he should die on a certain day, if the money was not forthcoming. Candamo, who loves money better than his life, paid no attention to the threat. On the day designated a man entered his fine house with a box under his arm, and was making his way up stairs to Senor G.'s room, when he accidentally dropped the box. An explosion followed, doing a good deal of damage to the house, but no one was injured.

### Strange Discovery.

Wonders are the order of the day. In the stomach of a dead cow at Double Springs, Kentucky, were found eighty-two balls of hair, varying in size from four to ten inches. They were almost round, hard, and perfectly compact. For a number of years past, during the hog slaughtering season, the hair had been purchased and spread on the ground to dry. Where this hair was spread last season, the grass grew up in the spring. The cow, in eating the grass, must have swallowed the hair, forming the various balls.

### A Dog with a wooden Leg.

Mr. Robert Howard, landlord of the Railway Inn, near the Droyliden Railway Station, England, has in his possession a Scotch terrier with a wooden leg, which runs about with scarcely a perceptible limp. The dog had its right forefoot amputated by an express train some time ago, and a veterinary surgeon from Manchester, being informed that it was a favorite pet, not only dressed its wounds, but shortly afterwards supplied it with an artificial limb, of which it appears somewhat proud.

### An unwelcome Tenant.

A man named Job Sneath, who lives near Fostoria, Pa., while harvesting one day, lately, was taken suddenly ill, and during the evening vomited up a live lizard over four inches in length. He has no idea when and in what manner it got into his stomach, but he has been in bad health for several months. Similar instances have been recorded before of such occurrences, which have proved fatal, or have been attended with protracted sickness and suffering.

### Herculeans above Ground.

Five ancient cities, deserted and forgotten, have been discovered in the Great Desert, beyond the river Jordan. A report made to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Mr. Graham, an Englishman lately returned from travels in the East, gives the particulars of the discovery.—“They were as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them—the houses retaining the massive stone doors, which are a characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. Further eastward other places were found where every stone had inscriptions in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet, but probably referable to the Hamyaritic alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia.”

### A wonderful Ape.

A vigorous specimen of the ape family called cynocephalus, or dog-headed, has been presented to the zoological gardens at Menzies by a skipper. The animal is said to be prodigiously strong, and equally savage. He made desperate efforts to seize some of the sailors, to whom he had a dislike, and a very strong iron chain was necessary to restrain him. They were even obliged to saw off some of his canine teeth. His appearance is very odd, the head being exceedingly long, the muzzle occupying two-thirds of the whole, the eyelids flesh-colored, the limbs elongated and slender, and the tail the same dimensions as the body. He is beginning to behave himself respectably now, but at first he was extremely fierce and sulky.

### An old Umbrella.

The Hartford Courant says:—An umbrella, at least fifty years old, in perfect repair, and worth a dozen of our modern umbrellas, was left in our office some time ago by a gentleman who inherited it from his sister, who carried it for fifty years, and dying at the age of eighty-two, left it as an heir-loom to her brother. The old gentleman, forgetting that he had been in the counting-room, searched everywhere that he could think of for his lost relic in vain. He was delighted the other day on dropping in to look over the exchanges, to see his old friend, the umbrella, quietly awaiting him.

### Natural Wonder.

A beautiful limestone cave, embracing a number of fine chambers, glittering with stalactites, has been discovered near the town of Placer, in El Dorado county, California. One chamber is one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide. At one end there is a magnificent pulpit in the gothic style. It is completed with the most beautiful drapery of alabaster striae of all colors, varying from white to pink-red, all overhanging the beholder. Immediately under the pulpit there is a beautiful lake of water. Another chamber, still more splendid, measures two hundred by one hundred feet.

### Curious Circumstance.

Recently, a bird belonging to a lady of Buffalo, as it was flying around the room, happened to pick up a hair, and flying with it to its cage, commenced some evolutions with it, as though it were about laying the foundation of a nest. By-and-by the hair became entangled in its legs, and flying around the cage, it got over the perch and then around its neck. The lady, after some time observing that the usually musical little pet was silent, went to the cage, and there found the little warbler actually suspended by the neck from its perch, and almost in the agonies of death.

**Remarkable Accident.**

One of the most terrible accidents that has ever happened through the agency of crinoline occurred, lately, in one of the English ports on board the Royal Albert, a vessel of the British navy. One afternoon, while the decks were thronged with visitors, the dress of a lady, in passing one of the signal guns, caught the percussion-hammer, and brought it over upon the face. The gun, which was loaded with blank cartridge, went off, and one of the crew, who unfortunately was either standing in front of the gun, or had been working about it, had his arm blown off close to the shoulder. The sad event caused much consternation as well as regret among the visitors, and the lady who had unwittingly been its cause fainted.

**Singular Death.**

Mrs. Caroline E. Capen, of Stoughton, died from a very singular cause, recently. She had spent the evening at her sister's house, about three-quarters of a mile from her own residence, and started for home alone, declining to trouble any one to go with her. After nearly reaching home, a dog suddenly sprang up close to her, barking furiously, at which she was very much frightened, causing a rupture and sudden hemorrhage, accompanied by a violent coughing, and after proceeding a few steps she sank down exhausted. Some one passing discovered her, and she was carried home, where about two hours after she died. She was a healthy woman, aged about twenty-two years.

**Eccentric Will.**

In a will drawn up by the late Count Stephen Szechenyi, in 1833, is the following passage:—"I wish my body, if possible, to be taken to England, in a country in which I have learned so much, in order that it may there be dissected. My reason for wishing this is, that my example may tend to diminish the dislike which is felt by the English to the dissection of the bodies of their relatives." In a will drawn up in 1841, Szechenyi expresses a hope that if ever a Walhalla should be constructed in Hungary, its founders will give his remains a place in it, as a reward "for his good intentions" toward the land which gave him birth.

**A natural Curiosity.**

In Greene county, Virginia, there is a remarkable natural curiosity, known as the "Tidal Spring." The water issues out of the ground in a bold stream sufficiently strong to turn a small grist-mill, and it continues to flow for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the water ceases to run, and in two minutes' time not a solitary drop of water is visible. In the course of an hour or two the water commences flowing again, and flows twenty or thirty minutes, when it again ceases. In wet weather it flows every hour, and in dry weather it flows about seven or eight times every twenty-four hours.

**A Father's Legacy in 1546.**

In the will of Robert Dunkinfield, of Dunkinfield, dated March 23, 1546, is the following passage:—"I give unto William Dunkinfield, my son and heir, my great two-edged sword and my less two-edged sword, which I do wear myself, with my great new buckler, and my short arming sword, with my dagger which is garnished with silver, and also my battle-axe, with all other harness belonging to my body; and I will that my executors shall deliver all to him at such time as he shall be able to have the governance of the same himself."

**A rare Curiosity.**

A specimen of the aerolite stones which fell in Summit county, Ohio, recently, has been exhibited at Pittsburg. It is the largest one that fell, and is almost indescribable as to shape, being so irregular; but we should call it a quintessence. Its weight is one hundred and three pounds. It contains a considerable quantity of sulphurates of iron and some nickel. Very many of these stones fell during the said shower, yet no one was injured. The one of which we are writing was seen to fall, but so buried itself that it was with considerable difficulty found. We presume it will be taken to the Smithsonian, or some other scientific institute. A professor of Yale is making such examination of these stones as he thinks will enable him to tell whence they fall.

**A Wonder.**

Thomas Hall, a linen-weaver in Ireland, has finished a shirt entirely in the loom. It is woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders and wrists. The neck and wristbands are doubled and stitched, there is a regular selvage on each side of the breast, and where stitching ordinarily is, so it is in this shirt. In short, it is as perfectly finished as if made by an expert needlewoman. This shirt has been exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who are completely satisfied that it is actually the production of the loom, without any assistance of the needle.

**Mammoth Cave in California.**

A letter dated Negro Hill, California, on the 16th ult., and published in the Sacramento Standard, explains in detail the discovery of a mammoth cave in Eldorado county. While a party of men were excavating for a lime kiln, they broke through into a cave of immense size: Mayor Swan, of Sacramento, subsequently explored it for two hours, and visited several large rooms of several hundred feet in length, by nearly as many broad, until he was brought to a halt by a lake, the extent of which is as yet unknown. The floor, as well as stalactites, are all of a beautiful crystallized white marble.

**Desperate Bet.**

A young man, who works in the coal mines of Gill, near Charleot, lately made a bet of a few glasses of beer, that he would lie down on the railway and let a train pass over him. He performed his mad freak, placing himself lengthways in the middle of the line between the rails, making himself as small as possible. He won his bet, but at the expense of a severe burn on the back of his neck, from a piece of lighted coke falling on him.

**Singular Shower.**

Recently a remarkable shower of frogs took place at or near Port Jervis. At Troy, lately, during a rain-storm, there was a shower of stones, averaging from about half the size of a hen's egg to the size of a small bird's egg. Seven picked up promiscuously weighed an ounce and a half. Every stone had the smoothness and polish peculiar to water-worn pebbles; they were supposed to be Lake Superior agates.

**A Sneezing Fit.**

Dr. Mosler, of Giesen, relates the case of a girl, who, suffering from an affection of the ear consequent upon an attack of typhoid fever, was suddenly seized with a sneezing which lasted for eighty hours. Reckoning ten sneezes per minute, he makes out that the girl must have sneezed 48,000 times.

## The Housewife.

### Scalloped Tomatoes.

Take fine large tomatoes, perfectly ripe; scald them to loosen the skins, and then peel; cover the bottom of a deep dish thickly with grated bread-crumbs, adding a few bits of fresh butter; then put in a layer of tomatoes seasoned slightly with a little salt and Cayenne pepper and some powdered mace or nutmeg; cover them with another layer of bread-crumbs and butter, then another layer of seasoned tomatoes, and proceed thus till the dish is full, finishing at the top with bread-crumbs; set the dish into a moderate oven, and bake it near three hours. Tomatoes require long cooking, otherwise they will have a raw taste, that to most persons is unpleasant.

### Onion Oustard.

Peel and slice some mild onions (ten or twelve, in proportion to their size), and fry them in fresh butter, draining them well when you take them up; then mince them as fine as possible; beat four eggs very light, and stir them gradually into a pint of milk, in turn with the minced onions; season the whole with plenty of grated nutmeg, and stir it very hard; then put it into a deep white dish, and bake it about a quarter of an hour. Send it to table as a side-dish, to be eaten with meat or poultry. It is a French preparation of onions, and will be found very fine.

### To stew Carrots.

Half boil the carrots, then scrape them nicely, and cut them into thick slices; put them into a stewpan, with as much milk as will barely cover them, a very little salt and pepper, and a sprig or two of chopped parsley; simmer them till they are perfectly tender, but not broken; when nearly done, add a piece of fresh butter rolled in flour. Send them to table hot. Carrots require long cooking.   
● Parsnips and salsify may be stewed in the above manner, substituting a little chopped celery for the parsley.

### Boston Gingerbread.

Three cupful of flour, one cupful of molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and milk enough to make it of the right consistency to roll out. Rub a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg into the flour, and add the other ingredients; roll in thin sheets, and rub over with molasses and water before putting in the oven; bake with a moderate heat.

### Lemon Tartlets.

The juice of two lemons and the rinds grated; clean the grater with bread only, using sufficient crumbs to take off all the lemon-peel; beat together with two eggs, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and quarter of a pound of butter. This is sufficient for twelve tartlets, and will be found very excellent.

### Cinnamon Biscuits.

Half a pound of dry flour, one pound of lump sugar finely sifted, one pound of butter, powdered cinnamon to taste; the whole to be mixed with a glass of brandy or rum, then rolled very thin, and baked in a quick oven.

### Blacking for Stoves.

Mix the luster with the white of an egg; have your stove cold, apply with a brush, rub till perfectly dry, and you will have a luster nearly equal to that of a new stove.

### Preparation for Yellow Pickles.

Two ounces of red pepper, a head of garlic, half a pound of bruised mustard-seed, one pound of mustard, half an ounce of turmeric, a handful of allspice, cloves and mace, one pound of green ginger scraped clean; pour on a gallon of boiling vinegar; cover close, and let it steep. Prepare whatever vegetables you choose by pouring on hot salt and water, and letting them stand three days; add a lump of alum, wash clean, and put on the preparation. The mixture should stand eight or ten days.

### Pickling Hams.

To each ham put one pound of bay-salt, two ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of black pepper, and half a pound of common salt. Mix the above ingredients well together, and rub upon the ham; let it lie four days and turn it every day, then add a pound and a half of treacle; let it remain in the above pickle for a month, and rub and turn it every day. Put it into a water a day before it is cooked, and boil three hours.

### Valuables.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them with fine salt.—If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.—A hot above held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.—A small piece of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.—Ribbons should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed.—Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

### Burnett's Cocaine.

This article, manufactured solely by that enterprising firm, Messrs. Burnett & Co., of Boston, is the best and most celebrated article for the hair that has ever been introduced, and is recommended by physicians throughout the whole country. This concern use nothing but the purest articles in their manufactures, which have a high reputation wherever known and introduced.

### Grape Vines.

Keep the soil light around your grape vines. If the earth is dry, irrigate often with soap-suds, and mulch carefully with straw or leaves. The "Isabella" and "Carawba" always succeed admirably under this treatment. The grape is a valuable fruit, and should be cultivated largely by every one.

### A Gargle for Sore Throat.

Half a pint of rose-leaf tea, a wineglassful of good vinegar, honey enough to sweeten it, and a very little Cayenne pepper, all well mixed together, and simmered in a close vessel; gargle the throat with a little of it at bedtime, or oftener, if the throat is very sore.

### To remove Marks of Rain from a Mantle.

Take a damp cloth, and damp the place marked with the rain; then take a hot iron and iron the mantle all over, and the marks will be removed.

### Lemon Cheesecakes.

The rind of a large lemon; squeeze half of the juice, three eggs, half a pound of lump-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, to be melted.

### The old Man's Secret.

An aged clergyman, who had known not one day's illness, was asked his secret. "Dry feet and early rising," was his reply; "these are my only two precautions."

**Stewed Spinach.**

Pick the spinach very clean, and wash it through two or three waters; then drain it, and put it into a saucepan, with only the water that remains about it after the washing; add a very little salt and pepper, and let it stew for twenty minutes, or till it is quite tender, turning it often, and pressing it down with a broad wooden spoon or flat ladle; when done, drain it through a sieve, pressing out all the moisture, till you get it as dry as you can; then put it on a flat dish, and chop or mince it well; set it again over the fire; add to it some bits of butter dredged with flour and some beaten yolk of egg; let it simmer five minutes or more, and when it comes to a boil take it off; have ready some thin slices of buttered toast cut into triangular or three cornered pieces, without any crust; lay them in regular order round a flat dish, and heap the spinach evenly upon them, smoothing the surface with the back of a spoon, and scoring it across in diamonds.

**A choice Pudding.**

Make a crust as for a fruit-pudding, roll it out to fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and eight or nine in width; spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserve of a similar kind, and roll it up in the manner of a collared eel. Wrap a cloth round it two or three times, and tie it tight at each end. Two hours and a quarter will boil it.

**A good cheap Cake.**

A pound and a half of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and half a pint of milk—the milk to be made warm, and the soda dissolved in it. Mix all well together, and bake in a slow oven.

**Puffets for Tea or Breakfast.**

One pint of cold boiled milk, one pint of home-made yeast, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and five eggs; to be mixed into a stiff paste, or rather batter, which must be put into the baking-tins to rise, and, without taking out, be baked in the usual manner.

**Dessert Biscuits.**

Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, half a teaspoonful of cream, two eggs, leaving out the whites; roll them out thin, cut them in whatever shape you think proper, and bake them in a quick oven.

**French Mustard.**

One ounce of mustard and two pinches of salt are mixed in a large wineglassful of boiling water, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

**Rice Cheesecakes, equal to Lemon.**

A quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of ground rice, boiled and beaten; mix well with sifted sugar to taste. When quite cool, add the rind and juice of a lemon, and two eggs well beaten. This will keep a month in a cool place.

**Nice Pudding.**

Five eggs well beaten, half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of raisins chopped, and half a pound of sugar. Boil three hours in a mould.

**Stewed Peas.**

Take young, tender green peas, and put into a stewpan with sufficient fresh butter to keep them from burning, but no water; season them with a little black pepper and a very little salt; set them over a moderate fire, and stir them about till the butter is well mixed through them; let them simmer till quite soft and slightly broken, taking off the lid occasionally, and give them a stir up from the bottom; if you find them becoming too dry, add some more butter; when done, drain off what superfluous butter may be about the peas, and send them to table hot. They will be found excellent. To the taste of many persons they will be improved by a lump or two of loaf-sugar put in with the butter, and also by a few sprigs of mint, to be removed before the peas go to table. Lima beans may be stewed in butter, as above; also, asparagus tops cut off from the white stalk.

**Horse Radish.**

Perhaps no vegetable so really useful is treated with so much neglect as the horse radish. Scraped into shreds or grated fine and soaked in vinegar, it becomes an excellent condiment for meat and fish; it has medicinal uses also, in cases of dropsy, scurvy, and rheumatism. It stimulates digestion, exciting the glands into action, and warms up the blood in a healthful manner. Aside from all domestic uses, it is worth raising for market.

**To clean Cane Chair Bottoms.**

Turn up the chair bottom, and wash well, so that it may become completely soaked. If very dirty, use soap. A slight washing of the upper part with a sponge, or flannel and water, will suffice. Let the chairs dry in the open air, if possible, or in a place where there is a thorough draught, and they will become as tight and firm as when new, provided they be not broken.

**Tough Meat.**

Those whose teeth are not strong enough to masticate hard beef should cut their steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook according to fancy. The same process will answer for any description of tough meat.

**Transparent Paper.**

Paper can be made as transparent as glass, and capable of being substituted for it for many purposes, by spreading over it with a feather a very thin layer of resin dissolved in spirits of wine. Fine thin post paper is best, and the mixture must be applied on both sides.

**To clean Looking-Glasses.**

Remove the fly-stains and other soils with a damp rag, then polish with a soft cloth and powder blue. The glass of picture-frames may be cleaned in the same manner. Be careful not to rub the gilding on the frames with your damp rag.

**Milk of Roses.**

Sweet almonds, two ounces; rosewater, one pint; white wax, white Windsor soap, and oil of almonds, of each one and a half drachms; spirits of wine, three ounces. Mix, and add oil of lavender, otto of roses, etc., to perfume.

**Cream Pie.**

Half a pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonful of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE AGE OF MACHINERY.

We doubt if this age differs from all the other ages in any one particular so much as in being the age of machinery. In the past civilization, much as they accomplished, excelling us in many particulars, machinery did not come into general use, or it was of the simplest character. At the highest point of Egyptian civilization wheat was ground by women in a hand mill made of two stones; or, at best, by larger stones turned by oxen. The fine linen of Egypt was spun from a hand distaff, and wove in a loom of the simplest description. Thousands of men were employed in works which would now be done almost entirely by machinery. Now, machinery does a large proportion of all our work, and is every day coming into wider use. Machines make almost everything, and machines make machines. If we travel, the steam engine propels us. Our food is prepared by complex machinery. Our clothing is spun, woven, and sewed by machines. Machines knit our stockings, and do the largest part of the work in making our shoes. The pin that fastens our garments is completely made, headed, pointed, and polished, by a series of machines. The hook and eye are made from the reel of wire by a machine which seems to possess human intelligence. Unless our readers are very considerate, they scarcely know how much they are indebted to machinery. The paper you hold in your hand has come through a long series of machinery. It has passed through the cotton-gin—a very simple, but most important invention; few have done more for modern civilization. It has been squeezed in the cotton press. It has been carded, spun, woven, worn to rags; then washed, picked in pieces, bleached, ground to pulp, squeezed through rollers, and finally come out an endless sheet of white paper. The linen and hempen portions have passed through their peculiar processes. Then come type-making machines, and printing machines, and with some little brain labor, which cannot yet be done by machinery.

**THAT'S THE WAY.**—A storekeeper on Union Bar, Fraser River, was fined by Judge Bigbie £100, or in default of payment, to six months' imprisonment, for selling liquor to Indians.

### THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

A letter from a gentleman now resident in Paris says: "There seems to be a great disposition in the French to visit England at present, and a greater number than usual of English are coming over to France. This interchange of visits and the intimacies which spring out of them, are tending to remove prejudices which are the growth of our mutual ignorance of each other. A few weeks since a wholesale dealer of Paris applied to me for an introduction or two in England, whither he was going for the first time, and on his return he called to express to me the satisfaction he had experienced. In the course of our conversation he remarked that he had found the greatest prejudice against Frenchmen among those persons who had never been in France, and that, on the contrary, he invariably experienced the greatest civility from those Englishmen who had travelled in his native country. I met another person, a few days ago, who had returned from England. He had been quite notorious among his acquaintance for his hostile feeling towards Englishmen, and for being in favor of going to war with them. On his return, on being asked whether he retained his former opinions, he replied, 'No; I have so completely changed my views about England and the English, that I hardly dare confess my present feelings to my friends.' Let us only have a few years of the operation of the new treaty, and the old feelings between the two countries will, like this individual's, be entirely changed."

**COMPARATIVE.**—An exchange says, the most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman, the next is man, then Berkshire pigs.

**PROGRESSIVE.**—The latest imported Yankeeism, says Punch, is, that a Yankee no longer marries a young critter now, he "annexes" her.

**SHEET MUSIC.**—Bound in neat and cheap style at this office and returned in one week.

**AN HONORABLE PEDIGREE.**—Printers are probably descendants of the Incas.

**SLEEP.**—The man who was lost in slumber, found his way out on a night mare.



**A SINGULAR CASE.**

France, of all the countries in the world, is that in which the most singular suicides occur, and to the long list of eccentric self-murderers which it has furnished, we must now add another of a very singular complexion. A Mrs. C— has been living for ten years in a petty little house on the road from Paris to Sevres. She kept but one old female servant, rarely went out, and was continually occupied in reading and writing. This old lady—she was about sixty-four years old—said she was engaged in literary labors, was a gay and cheerful person, and no one suspected her of entertaining suicidal ideas. Notwithstanding this a commissary of police was summoned one fine morning recently to verify the fact that she had hung herself in her bedroom. The public functionary found on a table in her room the following curious letter, endorsed "My Last Will :—"

"I am disgusted with life, and am resolved to make an end of myself, as the proverb says, 'no sooner taken than hung,' that is to say that I shall immediately execute the resolve I have just taken. I shall not falsify this proverb, which is an allusion, and which owes its origin to the tragic end of three members of parliament—Brisson, Larcher and Tardif—who, in the days of the League, were arrested at 9 o'clock, by order of the Sixteen, confessed at 10 and hung at 11, on the 16th of November, 1691. I must confess, moreover, that I have always had a great predilection for folks that have been hanged. In the first case of my library is a manuscript work composed by myself. It is a history of all the celebrated persons who have been hanged. I should also avow that the idea of hanging myself never occurred to me; only I began to be terribly weary of losing my taste for everything, even for reading, my favorite recreation. Suddenly the idea of hanging occurred to me, and I only snatch time to write this letter and then finish my existence. I desire that the rope which shall serve my purpose shall be divided among the neighbors of the two houses adjoining mine; that all my property shall be turned into cash; that from the sum it yields, a yearly pension of a thousand francs shall be paid to my old servant, and that the rest of my inheritance shall be invested in such a way as to be divided into ten equal parts, to be distributed to the first ten poor families of which a member, father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister, shall be hanged, from and after my decease. The functionary, mayor, commissary of police, or other higher official agent who shall verify my suicide is charged with the execution of the contents of

this letter, which I declare to be my sole and valid testament."

Unfortunately for the families of the prospective victims of the rope, the old lady only possessed a life-rent, which expired completely with her.

**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**—In nearly all of the so-called "bitters" which are offered to the public, there is one most deleterious ingredient, viz.—spirituous liquors; indeed, it forms their usual basis. Now it is a well-known fact in medical treatment, that all such articles, though they may produce a momentary tonic effect, yet there is sure to follow a reaction as debilitating as the first effect is bracing. This is not the case with the celebrated Oxygenated Bitters, which do not contain one drop of spirituous liquors, but are compounded upon pure scientific and chemical principles. The success of these bitters in all cases of dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, general debility of the system, and like weaknesses, has won for them an enviable reputation, until they are becoming throughout this country a household necessity. S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston, are the manufacturers, but the bitters are sold everywhere, in town or country.

**PHYSICIANS IN AUSTRIA AND FRANCE.**—In the Austrian empire there is one physician to each thousand of the inhabitants. In France there is only one medical man for each two thousand of the inhabitants.

**PROFITABLE.**—The fund of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, amounts to \$650,000, and the interest annually derived is \$38,325. The expenditures amount to about \$33,000, including \$9000 for salaries, \$9000 for publications, etc.

**A TRUISM.**—One of the old writers says, "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; but a wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find a fool ready to answer."

**AHEM !**—Women are a great deal like French watches—very pretty to look at, but very difficult to regulate when they once take to going wrong.

**SIGNIFICANT.**—The Russian government has contracted for an enormous supply of shot and shell, for whose especial benefit, who knows?

**CHURCHES.**—The city of Cincinnati, Ohio, contains over one hundred churches.

It is so.—War is murder set to music!

**REMARKABLE CAREER.**

The Newcastle Chronicle traces the remarkable career of the Rev. Blythe Hurst, incumbent of Collierly, near Lanchester. This clergyman was born at Winlaton, in 1804, his father being a smith. At seven years of age he was taken from school and was sent to make small nails at the smith's shop. To the age of fifteen he attended a Sunday school, and in the meantime commenced to learn the business of a patten-ring maker. About the time he was fifteen, Mr. Hurst was led to think seriously about religion, and joined a dissenting body. He became a local preacher, and devoted all his leisure to mental improvement. He married early and had to provide for a family; but contrived to purchase the necessary books to gain a knowledge of the French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic languages. While at work he used to write upon his "flame stone" (the stone suspended before a smith's fire to protect the eyes of the workman) the conjugation of the verbs in whatever language he was studying, and in the evenings he wrote his exercises and translated them. In the beginning of 1840 Mr. Hurst, being then an effective local preacher among the New Connection Methodists, replied in a pamphlet to some lectures delivered by one of the disciples of Mr. Robert Owen; and this work was brought under the notice of Dr. Maltby, the then Bishop of Durham, who at once wrote that, "although it might be written by a common man, it was the production of no common mind." The bishop interested himself in the case, advised Mr. Hurst as to his course of reading, and supplied the means of following out this recommendation. A feud in the New Connexion Church at Winlaton had induced Mr. Hurst and others, to leave, and to become members of the Church of England; and, in 1841, the "learned blacksmith" was ordained to the curacy of Garrigill, near Alston. He was subsequently appointed to the living at Sealey, near Hexham; and since then to that of Collierly, near Lanchester, which he now holds. Mr. Hurst's preaching is said to be of a very high order; and, in a course of lectures which he has delivered in Newcastle, he displayed great information upon the Sinaïtic inscriptions and on Egyptian hieroglyphics.

**AGRICULTURAL.**—Hon. George S. Hillard, of this city, will deliver the annual address before the Barnstable Co. Agricultural Society in October.

**CLERICAL.**—The number of American clergymen is not far from thirty thousand.

**THE SCHAMYL FAMILY.**

A letter from Moscow, gives the following details respecting the family of Schamyl: "The Iman Schamyl has two wives, Zeidote and Chouanate. The first is about thirty years old; she is not handsome, but is very well educated, and exercises great influence over her husband, who consulted her on his most important affairs previous to his surrender to the Russians. The following fact affords proof of her influence over Schamyl: The Iman wished to marry his daughters, Naphisate and Fatimate, by a former wife, to two of the most influential Naibs in Circassia. Schamyl, at his wife's desire, changed his decision and married his daughters to two of his wife's brothers. This circumstance produced a very bad effect on the mountaineers. The Naibs resolved to revenge themselves, and they did so on the first opportunity, when he was finally attacked by the Russians. Schamyl's second wife is handsome; she idolizes her husband, and concentrates her entire affection between him and her daughter Sophiate. Chuate looks on Zeidote as a dangerous rival, and uses all her efforts to compete with her in dress. The wife of Kazi-Magoma, Schamyl's eldest son, is extremely beautiful. The wife of Schamyl's second son, who holds a commission in a Russian lancer regiment, is likewise extremely handsome. Schamyl's daughter Fatimate, who is married to the brother of Zeidote, is but fifteen years of age, and her husband seventeen. Schamyl has likewise three younger daughters, Majeonate, Bachon-Mossedon, and Sophiste. The first is extremely beautiful, but club-footed, which causes her father great pain, as he is devotedly attached to his family. The ladies of Kalonga, where the celebrated prisoner resides, visit his wives and daughters. When Schamyl is present at these visits the Circassian ladies cover their faces with their veils. A Russian lady asked Schamyl to permit the likenesses of his family to be taken, to which he consented on condition that their portraits should be taken by a lady. This condition was complied with, and the likenesses were executed."

**THE JAPANESE CAPITAL.**—The city of Yedo, the capital of Japan, is said to be, without exception, the largest city in the world. It contains 1,501,000 dwellings, and the unparalleled number of 5,000,000 inhabitants.

**AT A DISCOUNT.**—A thousand dollar carriage, made thirty years ago at Middletown, Ct., for General Jackson to ride in, has recently been sold for sixteen dollars and fifty cents.

## WHAT JOHN CHINAMAN EATS.

If ever the "Central Flower Land" is thrown open to the world, and travellers pour in to study its scenery and manners, the first thing to be done will be to establish English and American hotels there—for it is very evident that John Chinaman "can't keep a hotel," at least cannot cater for European or Yankee palates. Just think of what the "critter" lives upon. The Chinaman long since found out that he could not afford to waste anything, and so conquered his repugnances and acquired a taste for many products of Nature that we rigidly exclude from our tables. The popular classes first attacked provisions disdained by the rich; from them, the children of necessity, these articles crept into use among the upper classes, and finally were generally adopted.

In Europe, the flesh of the dog is considered as the worst of all meats; in fact, is proscribed as utterly inadmissible. Now the Chinese have decided otherwise; they fatten dogs that are growing old and eat them, and the butchers' stalls are as regularly provided with dog's meat as with any other kind. The farmers, in fact, breed a species of dog adapted to fattening, which they call "butcher's dogs;" it is a kind of wolf-dog, with erect ears, and distinguished from others by having the tongue, palate and whole interior of the throat black.

It has been asserted that in certain of our eating-houses cats sometimes do duty on the bill of fare as rabbits; but the Chinese make no mystery of what they cook and eat. They regard cat's meat as excellent, and at the provision stores you see enormous cats hanging up with their heads and tails on. On all the farms you meet with these animals chained up for the purpose of fattening with refuse rice which would otherwise be lost; they are huge creatures, and the inactivity in which they are kept enables them to take on flesh readily.

The rat, too, occupies an important place in the Chinese housekeeper's list of delicacies. They eat it fresh or salt, salted rats being specially destined for consumption on board of the junks. The farmers have establishments where they raise rats as we do pigeons, for the market. In favorite corners of their ratteries—we must coin a word—they place bottles with wide necks mortared into the masonry. There rats make their nests, and from time to time the enterprising proprietor visits them and takes away the young, just as we collect squabs in a dove-cote.

We think we have said enough, however, to justify our premises, and to show that John Chinaman can't keep a hotel to our taste. The distance between a Chinese restaurant and the table

*d'hôte* of the Revere or Tremont House, is more than the circumference of the globe, it is immeasurable. Yet the poor fellows are not to be blamed for their tastes—their teeming millions make it a necessity to live on what we should reject with abhorrence. And supposing the Chinese immigrants to adhere to their tastes in this country, it is quite easy to see that nothing is to prevent their becoming rich here; their living must cost an inconsiderable figure.

## THE BELLS AND THE WIDOW.

Jean Raulin, a monk of Cluny, in the 15th century, relates the following story to show that church bells say whatever you wish. A widow asked her curate if he thought it would be well for her to marry again. She said she was without means of support, and had an excellent servant who was well skilled in her late husband's profession.

"Marry him," said the priest.

"But what if he should become my master?"

"Don't marry him," said the curate.

"But how can I support the weight of business left on my hands by the poor dear departed?"

"Marry him, then."

"But suppose my servant is only thinking of getting possession of my goods to waste them?"

"Then don't marry him."

As the woman persisted, he advised her to listen to the bells, and do what they counselled. She obeyed, and heard the tongues of bronze ring out, "Marry your servant! marry your servant!"

She married him, accordingly, was plundered and beaten, and went to the curate with the story of her woes, and a complaint against the bells. The priest told her she had not heard what they said, and ordering them to be rung again for her, she heard them say very distinctly, "Don't marry him! don't marry him!"

How many of us distort the advice we receive into a sanction of our wishes, no matter how plainly and decidedly it condemns us.

**QUESTION AND ANSWER.**—Why is a man who carries a watch invariably behind in his appointments? Because he's always behind his time.

**PRESCRIPTION.**—Sawdust pills are said to be an excellent remedy for the dyspepsia, if taken in a woodhouse.

**JESTING.**—A witty man can make a jest; a wise man can take one.

**GRATITUDE.**—Warm in those who expect a bounty.

## ANECDOTE OF POWERS.

Several years ago, and before Powers became known as a sculptor, an actor called Drake—Alick Drake—had his headquarters at Cincinnati. He was a great favorite with the citizens, but particularly in the song of "Love and Sausages," which they compelled him to sing nightly, three or four times. Powers, who was at the time employed in some mechanical capacity about the theatre, took it into his head to make a waxen counterfeit of Drake, in his character of "Love and Sausages," which he did; and to test its correctness, he adopted a ruse with the audience. The curtain went up—Drake came out and sang his song as usual, retired, and was, as usual, encored. The shouting continued until the curtain was re-hoisted, when there stood Drake in the middle of the stage, hat in hand, in the act of bowing, as he had always done. But the audience were surprised to find that he still continued in the same position, and made no attempt to sing. Shouting and vociferations commenced, but no sign of life from Drake, and in the midst of applause, groans and hisses, the curtain descended. "What can be the matter with Drake?" inquired the audience. "He's struck dumb," says one. "He's paralyzed," cried another. The shouts of "encore!" commenced, and once more the curtain arose—the actor was found bowing, as before, but this time he sung "Love and Sausages" better than he had ever done in his life. His previous conduct was still unexplained, and loud shouts and applause called for an encore. After the noise had continued for some time, the curtain slowly arose, disclosing to an astonished audience two Drakes upon the stage! Both stood in the same position, both wore the same dress, both had the same figure, the same features and the same identical look, with which Drake was in the habit of commencing his "Love and Sausages." After the audience had sufficiently signified their surprise, Drake at length moved, and explained the circumstances. Had the ruse been repeated, bets could have been had to any amount that no one in the front of the theatre could distinguish the real Drake from his counterfeit presentment.

PARIS AND NEW YORK.—The population of the capital of France does not much if any exceed that of New York city.

"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."—This celebrated music, we believe, has never been arranged for the piano.

IRON ORE.—Is found very abundant in Liberia.

## SELF-PORTRAITURE.

Very few plain ladies are aware of their plainness, and of these few, it is rare that one admits it. Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent d'Orleans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners: "From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will, as I hate everything that incommodes me. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head whenever I passed before the mirror—everybody else did. I answered, because I had too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness! I must have been very ugly in my youth. I had no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large, with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover anything like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The king often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter."

"MERRY," INDEED.—In Great Britain, statistics show us that there are only 103,839 persons whose income is over \$750 a year, while the number of paupers is officially set down at over fifteen hundred thousand. "Merry England!"

MILITARY.—Napoleon, during his military career fought sixty battles. Cæsar fought only fifty.

LOVE.—Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of men is far more keen-eyed.

NOW-A-DAYS.—The commonest mode of dying for love, is turning red hair into black.

**SUGAR.**

Until a comparatively modern epoch, sugar was neither considered a luxury nor a necessary of life. It is a question whether it was known to the ancients; but Salmarius in his exertations upon Pliny, and Matthiolus on Dioscorides, lead us to believe that it was so, and, indeed, the former assures us that the Arabs have used the art of making sugar, as we now have it, for nearly a thousand years. In the Bible, allusions are made to "the sweet cane which came from a far country;" but the cane was not cultivated, and the saccharine matter was allowed to ooze out of the cane itself, and to harden like gum. It was known as "Indian salt," and only used as medicine, for which purpose, about 800 years ago, it began to take the place of honey. Our word sugar is derived from the Arabic *soukar*, but its Latin name is *saccharum*, now applied to all sweet tasting fluids. The sugar cane grows in any hot climate, and is supposed to have been brought into Europe first from the interior of Asia to Cyprus, thence to Sicily, Madeira and the Canaries. The Portuguese and Spanish navigators introduced it into the West Indies and tropical America, whence we now obtain our supplies of sugar. There are other varieties of sugar produced by different plants. Thus, in North America a large proportion is extracted from the maple tree, and in France from the beet root. Sugar in plants is analogous to fat in animals; as if it were the end a plant had in view by its vitality to produce and lay up in store within itself—sugar; hence, the subservience of plants to man in this case is self-evident. Nearly every flower-cup contains a minute portion of sugar, which, being gathered by bees, we are familiar with as honey, the peculiar flavor of which depends upon the blossoms it is taken from. Grapes are so full of sugar that, when dried, white crystals of it are found within the fruit, and which may be seen when raisins are cut open.

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**ALTERED FOR THE BETTER.**—The common expression "acknowledging the corn" is now modified and refined into "admitting the maize."

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**LUXURIOUS!**—The dying words of Mirabeau were: "Crown me with flowers, intoxicate me with perfumes, let me die to the sounds of delicious music."

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**A LIFT.**—Garibaldi found \$5,000,000 in the royal treasury at Palermo. This will be a great help to the Italian sons of liberty.

**A CURIOUS CAT STORY.**

The Paris Pays tells the following cat story, which may be a "canard," and may be a verity; there is no knowing when these French editors speak the truth: "In the Budget of the Imperial printing-office, which is now before the legislative body, is an item which has excited considerable curiosity, it is for cats. It appears that, in order to preserve the stores of paper, printed and unprinted from the ravages of mice and rats, a considerable number of cats have to be kept in the establishment; and the expense of giving them food twice a day, and of paying a man to watch over them, is sufficiently great to form a special item. These cats were once nearly the cause of war between the director of the Imperial printing-office and the director of the archives, whose gardens are adjacent. The latter has in his gardens a small, artificial river, and he kept in it a number of rare, aquatic birds. He perceived that the number of his birds decreased almost daily, but he could not tell how; at last he discovered that they were killed by cats, and he set snares by which a number of these animals were caught. The keeper of the cats in the printing-office perceived his feline stock diminishing, and he suspected the workmen of the establishment of killing them. But one day a cat arrived with a fragment of a snare round its neck and led to the discovery of the whole truth. The director of the printing-office thereupon complained that his cats were killed, while the director of the archives said that he would not allow his birds to be devoured; but at last an arrangement was made to the effect, on the one hand, that every issue of the printing-office should be closed to prevent the invasion of cats into the gardens of the archives, and on the other, that in the event of one by chance escaping it should not be put to death.

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**ILLEGAL ATTIRE.**—A party of males and females have been arrested in Portsmouth, Ohio, for walking the streets—the males in female attire, hoops and all—and the females with pantaloons on.

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**PARIS.**—One hundred millions of dollars are still to be expended on Paris. What a city it will be!

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**ORIENTAL WIT.**—Indulging in dangerous pleasures, says the Burmese proverb, is like licking honey from a sharp knife.

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**A WELLERISM.**—"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the saucepan.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Eighty thousand children are born yearly in London—two hundred and twenty a day.

The annual appropriation of \$50,000 for the purchase of books for the British Museum is continued, and its new reading-room is crowded with students.

The English census tables show the average number of children born in England to be about 2000 a day, and the average number of deaths about 1300 a day.

Colonel Gowen, the American employed at Sebastopol in raising the sunken Russian ships, has caused several hundred cypress and other trees to be placed within and around the English cemeteries in the Crimea.

Mr. Fairbairn's gigantic plan of a Free Art Gallery and Museum for Manchester, is in a fair way to be realized. Fifteen gentlemen have subscribed £1000 each, twenty others £500 each, and fifty more £25 to £250 each.

The London Exhibition of 1862 is a fixed fact. The guaranty fund of \$250,000 has been raised. Arrangements for the building will be commenced at once, but it is not expected the "first stone" will be laid before July, 1861.

The Grand Jury of Oswego, New York, have published a card, notifying managers of fairs and festivals held by church societies that the practice of disposing of their goods by lottery is contrary to the statute, and must not be persisted in.

During the last year, says the *Lancet*, the women of Great Britain have borne above 2000 children a day, 769,190 in the year; but death struck down above 1300 a day, 503,003 in the year—and reduced the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

The London Punch sneeringly says that Heenan exhibits qualifications for a member of our American Congress. And why not? Gully, an English prize-fighter, became a member of the Imperial Parliament after he had been whipped almost to death by his opponent.

During the past year Mr. J. B. Gough delivered 175 of his addresses in the provinces of England, 14 in Exeter Hall, and 10 in theatres, halls and chapels of London. In the provinces, it is estimated that over 140,000 listened to his arguments and appeals, and over 4000 signed the pledge of total abstinence.

The Imperial Library at Paris is in process of re-arrangement and cataloguing. Seven large volumes of titles of printed books, relating to the history of France, have already appeared. Of the 2,500,000 engravings, 800,000 have been catalogued. Two reading-rooms are now opened in connection with it—one for chance visitors and general readers, and another for students.

It is said that Alexandria (Egypt), is fast losing its Eastern aspect. European residents have rebuilt many of its streets, and now occupy the handsomest part of the city. The Protestant, Catholic, Greek and Jew has each his well-kept house of worship, while the mosques and minarets of the Mahomedan are neglected and crumbling down.

The damage occasioned by the bombardment of Palermo is estimated by the journals of that place, at more than twenty millions of ounces (£10,320,000).

A journal issued since the revolution at Palermo, and called *L'Unita Italia*, comes out with the following motto at the head of its programme:—"One country, Italy; one king, Victor Emmanuel; one hero, Garibaldi."

The Inverness Courier says, we have to record the death of our venerable townsman, General J. Mackenzie, the oldest officer in the British army, who expired at his house in Academy Street, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

A railway has just been inaugurated by the Prince Regent of Prussia, from Königsburg to the Russian frontier, ninety-four miles in length. At Eydkhunen it joins the Russian line from that place to St. Petersburg.

Ninety-three French paper makers have petitioned the Senate, praying for a heavy duty on the exportation of rags, and in favor of restricting other nations from participating, so far as rags are concerned, in the benefits of the Commercial treaty with England.

When Garibaldi went on board the English ship Hannibal to meet the Neapolitan commander, he wore the full uniform of a Piedmontese general, but his usual working dress includes nothing more ornamental than a red flannel shirt, a slouched hat, and a colored cravat.

A portrait bust, in marble, of Grace Darling, the heroine of Ferne Island, Northumberland, who rescued the crew of the Forfarshire steamer, wrecked in 1838, has been executed by Mr. David Dunbar, of Carlisle. This is the fourth bust of the same subject made by the same artist.

A gentleman in England has sued and recovered damages from a railway company, who, regardless of their time-table, withdrew, without previous notice, a certain train advertised to start at a certain time, whereby he suffered pecuniary loss. The court held that the published times for starting were a species of contract, and had been violated.

The London Times notices the fact that a journeyman printer, a very steady, upright and deserving old man, has recently become the possessor of \$200,000, by the decease of an uncle in Australia. He had been employed in the shop, where he was working at the time he received the news of his accession to wealth, for more than forty years, without intermission.

The libraries of the Rev. John Mitford and of Mr. S. Weller Suiger, among the choicest in their contents of anything relating to old English literature, have been lately sold in London. Among the many remarkable works sold was a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," with corrections and alterations of the text throughout, in the autograph of Pope, which brought \$46.

There is a married couple in England whose united ages amount to 188 years—Evan Jones, aged ninety-six, and Lettice Jones, ninety-two. They have been married seventy-two years, and for sixty-six they have been members of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; they are enjoying tolerably good health, and reside in the chapel-house belonging to the above-named body.

## Record of the Times.

There are said to be fifteen thousand children in the city of San Francisco, California.

The Howard Association of New Orleans spends \$50,000 a year in acts of charity.

There are now on deposit in the savings banks of New York city, over \$40,000,000!

It is said that not a single divorce was ever obtained in the State of South Carolina.

The average amount of blood in the human system is set down at fifteen quarts.

No less than 200,000 hemlock trees are cut down annually in the United States, to furnish bark for tanning purposes.

New Bedford is about to start an extensive boot and shoe factory, and also another cotton mill. Oil is getting dry—in the way of profits.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

Mr. Edwin Booth has received as his share of the proceeds of the several engagements performed by him during the last fall and winter season, some \$20,000.

Mr. Eben M. Emery, of West Newbury, has a clock that has been in one place in his house ever since May 17, 1751, and is now a good time-keeper.

The textile fabrics now made in Philadelphia and its vicinity are estimated at the annual value of \$35,500,000, and that more than half of this amount arises from cotton, either in plain or mixed cloths.

The Artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, has already reached the unprecedented depth of twenty-four hundred feet, or nearly half a mile. It is the deepest well in the world, but as yet discharges no water, nor exhibits any signs of it.

The Brooklyn, (N. Y.) graveyards are doing a lively business. The interments in Greenwood from September 5th, 1840, till June 9th, 1860, foot up 76,790; Cypress Hill, same time, 42,000. Total, 118,790.

Mrs. Swisshelm says that she wore a two dollar and a half bonnet seven winters without altering. The fact is, these plain old ladies' bonnets do wear a long while, for the gentlemen never want to rumple them.

A young sewing-girl has brought an action in a New York court against her landlord, for, as she alleges, thrusting a pistol ramrod through her cheek, and severely beating her because she declined paying an extra week's rent for her rooms.

A needle may be magnetized permanently by passing the north pole of a magnet from the eye to the point several times, the friction being always in the same direction. The magnet must always be lifted up when it reaches the point.

At Lansing, Michigan, a young man was assisting a female domestic late at night into a back window of her master's house, when the master, supposing that robbers were attempting to gain admittance, fired a revolver, dangerously wounding the young man.

There are 406 students in the University of Virginia—a large number.

The Australians are entering largely into the cultivation of the grape vine.

Corporeal punishment is about to be abolished in the public schools of Pennsylvania.

A large colony of Swedes have just settled in Iowa. Forty thousand will soon follow.

In Chicago they think they can make gas out of a certain stone found there.

Successful experiments have been made with General James's rifled cannon, lately.

Powers now asks \$1000 for a bust. The price usually paid artists in Italy is from \$400 to \$600.

The San Francisco Bulletin has been sued for \$40,000 damages for calling a lawyer Squire Dogberry.

The Ohio Journal of Education gives an account of a school in that State where, out of thirty-five scholars, nine boys chew tobacco, and five girls are smokers.

Emigrants continue to pour into New York. The number of arrivals make a total of 53,191 since the commencement of the year, against 40,003 for a corresponding period in 1859.

The wool clip of Ohio will amount to about nine million pounds, and as it has been sold at good prices, it will bring into the State over four millions of dollars.

Ten million dollars have been contributed by the citizens of Boston toward objects of a public nature of a moral, religious or literary character, during the last half century, of which we have authentic accounts.

Two five dollar gold pieces were found in the stomach of an ox, which was recently slaughtered in a town in California. The supposition is that the animal chewed up some buckskin purse for the salt it contained, and thus swallowed the money.

Some individual who might be better employed, and who shows an indefatigable industry worthy of something sensible, has discovered that the number of grains in a bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds, is upwards of six hundred and thirty-nine thousand.

The trustees of the late Senor D. Joaquin Comez, one of the wealthiest merchants in Havana, Cuba, have distributed among various charitable institutions \$303,000. Besides this, Senor Comez, while living, gave \$20,000 to the sufferers of the late war with Morocco.

The Condersport (Pa.) Journal, under a marriage notice, acknowledges the receipt of four quarts of green currants, which it seems to consider payment in full for the advertisement. The announcement is also made that "We take all kinds of produce for marriage notices, where money is scarce."

The total amount of appropriations passed by both houses of Congress is \$45,543,000, added to which is the light house appropriation of \$637,000; for private bills, \$1,000,000, and for permanent appropriations \$8,173,000. This makes the total appropriations for the next fiscal year, \$55,353,000.

## Merry-Making.

To cure poverty—sit down and growl about it.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate (sin till late).

Why is an orderly schoolmaster like the letter C? He makes lasses into classes.

What female namesake of the poet Dante is very musical? Ann Dante.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A step-further.

It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

There's a man at Camberwell so fat, that they grease the omnibus-wheels with his shadow.

Why is the practice of praising children like opium? Because it's laudanum.

What is a poor man to do, who has no virtues? Why make a *virtue* of necessity, of course.

"Death loves a shining mark." Gentlemen with brandied noses will take warning.

The young Queen of Portugal lately asked her husband at dinner what wine he preferred. "Port-you-gal!" was the reply.

Why is a pan-cake baking on a griddle, like one of the most gifted of modern poetesses? Because its *Browning*.

A boy in Paris, hearing the National Guard cry, "Hurrah for reform!" shouted "Hurrah for chloroform!" which made a hearty laugh.

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's *scent* to me," replied the other.

The difference between an oyster and a chicken, is that one is best just out of the shell, and the other isn't.

A lady in reply to some guests that praised the mutton on her table, said: "O yes; my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicure*."

A countryman who saw for the first time a hooped skirt, hanging at a shop door, called to ask "what bird they kept in that cage?"

Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the balls to *graze*.

"Don't give me any more emetics," said Pat, to his physician; "they do me no good; I have taken two already, and neither of them would stay upon me stomach."

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying his rent. "O," exclaimed Frank Matthews, "you mean the left-tenant."

"That baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family. Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun flower."

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears clipped—they are entirely too long for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

Pickles in glazed paps, cross-dogs, and delays, are dangerous.

When a lover has once won his lady, they both straightway become *one*.

Why are geese like opera dancers? Because no other animals can stand so long on one leg.

What is that which brings on an illness, cures it, and pays the doctor? A draught (*a draft*).

We know a dandy who is so fastidious that he is always measured for his umbrella.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because we have to look out for him when the bell rings.

It is said that if you stop up rat holes with old search warrants, every knowing rat will leave the premises.

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.

Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

"Dear Laura, when we were courting, you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I am paying your bills, you seem to get *dearer and dearer*!"

Editors, however much they may be biased, are fond of the word "impartial." A Connecticut editor once gave an "impartial account of a hailstorm."

"As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots—so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful! my boots!"

There is a man in Indiana so thin, that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle, and watches his adversary through the touch hole.

A lover writing to his sweetheart, says: "Delectable dear—You are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence, and molasses stand appalled."

A man in Liverpool electrified humanity and astonished "the faculty," by saying that "much of the sickness of the town was occasioned by bad health."

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The first quarrel—that odious cigar!

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Result of last tableaux.



Next morning.



Becomes a family man,



And quite subdued by a sense of his responsibilities.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 4.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1860.

WHOLE No. 70.

## STATE PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

WE present herewith a series of sketches illustrative of the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass., representing, in order, a convict in his prison dress, a view of one of the cells, the kitchen department, the prisoners in marching order, and an exterior view of the prison from Prison Point Bridge, all accurate delineations by an accomplished artist. The subject of prison discipline has engaged the attention of the noblest and best minds in England and this country, and the treatment of those who have offended against the laws is now more humane, more philosophical and more effectual than at any previous period of the world's history. An eminent writer says: "The true and only real object of punishment is the prevention of crime. There is, of course, a great latitude of choice in the means which may be adopted for the attainment of this object—a latitude to be limited by a just regard to the rights inseparable from human nature, however depraved, by a correct view of the true power of society over its members, and by a wise estimate of the probable effect of the means employed. In most ages of the world men seem to have imagined their rightful power over their fellow-men absolutely unlimited, and have inflicted punishment on the violators of the law apparently without regard to any other consideration than their own pleasure, and the degree of guilt they have attributed to the offender. Acting with this apprehension of their own unrestricted power, they have, at the same time, exhibited the most narrow acquaintance with the almost infinite variety of means of punishment. They have confined themselves very much to the effects of physical suffering, as if that were the sole remedy which could advantageously be applied to moral depravity; a depravity often increased, if not caused, by the temptations to which physical suffering has itself exposed men. It has happened, too, as in many other human pursuits, that the end has been forgotten in attention to the means; and the object has appeared to be rather secretly to harass and oppress the subjects of punishment, than either to deter others from the commission of crime, or to amend the habits of the guilty themselves. None would be prevented from the commission of crime by penalties which were unknown; and in the extreme depression of every physical and mental quality, it were ab-

surd to expect any reformation of the unfortunate subjects of human severity. In all ages and nations of which we have any record, from the most civilized people of ancient times to the most civilized of a more modern era, have such extremes of severity been used in the punish-

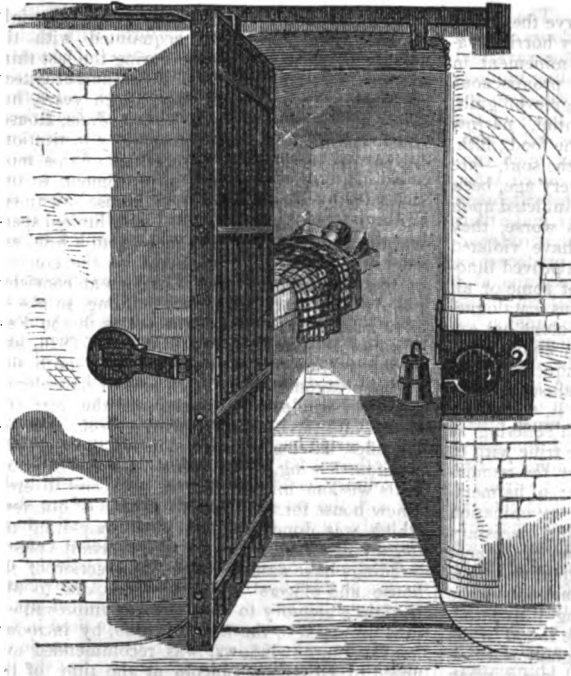


CONVICT IN PRISON-DRESS.

ment of criminals as justly to deserve the appellation of cruelty. Torture, in every horrible variety; chains; stripes; solitary confinement in darkness, dampness and idleness; promiscuous crowding of offenders, of every degree of guilt, in the same loathsome, pestilential, narrow vaults; insufficient and unwholesome food; filth, illness of the body and sickness of the soul,—are some of the evils which have, in every age, been wantonly, carelessly and ignorantly inflicted upon the violators of law; and, what is worse, they have been inflicted on those who have violated no law; upon many who have been proved innocent, after suffering the infliction of some or all the ills enumerated in this atrocious catalogue, and upon many whose imprudence alone has exposed them to the vengeance of an equally imprudent creditor. Society has, unquestionably, a right to punish the offenders against its laws and against those of God; but has it, under any circumstances, a right to inflict such suffering as we have named? Has it a right to trifle with or endanger the health, the intellect, or the remaining principles of any, even the worst, of its members? It requires no metaphysical examination of the reasons on which the first and necessary power of society is founded to answer in the negative. All feel that the proper adaptation of the means to the just end of punishment ought to be constantly kept in view. A striking illustration of the truth of this remark may be found in the universal outcry of horror and indignation which was heard throughout the civilized world when Howard disclosed the misery everywhere suffered by the prisoner; in the guilty consciousness with which those who exercised control over prisons universally shrank from the disclosure of the atrocities committed under their authority, or at best, allowed by their negligence; and to the immediate formation of associations to promote the necessary reform in the construction and government of prisoners. From the year 1777, when Howard's work on the prisons in England and Wales was first published, may be dated the origin of the study of the best system of prison discipline."

The State Prison, at Charlestown, Massachusetts, is considered as a model institution of its kind. The original structure was erected in 1804 and 1805, and consisted of a central building and two wings. The central building combined the warden's office, officers' quarters, guard-room and kitchen. The wings contained the cells, now remodelled into modern size and properly ventilated, as well as hospital apartments. The centre building is now discontinued as the warden's office and guard-room, these being located in portions of the structure since erected. In 1826, under the administration of Governor Lincoln, the present North Wing, so called, was built on the Auburn system, but though at that early day it was considered a model of humanity and propriety, yet at the present day, with the increased knowledge of prisoners and prison discipline, it is looked upon as barbarous, from the coffin-like size of its cells, its narrow areas and its gloomy port-hole windows, in the exterior walls. In 1850 the legislature passed an act for an enlargement of the State Prison, and appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose. The plans of this enlargement were the

joint production of the late Rev. Louis Dwight (a name familiar to all acquainted with the history of prison discipline during the last third of a century) and Gridley J. F. Bryant, architect, of this city, who, for the last fifteen years, has made the erection of State Prisons, Jails, Houses of Correction, and other reformatory institutions his peculiar study. A description of this most extensive and important improvement to our State Penitentiary, is given in House document 140 of the legislature of 1850. Our limited space will not permit us to make more than a brief extract of what was accomplished by the erection of these additions. The enlargement consisted mainly of a central octagonal building, so placed as to be joined to and connected with the East Wing of 1804 and the North Wing of 1826, and by the erection of a new wing on the south side of this octagon building, as a part of the enlargement, the whole structure assumed the form of a centre, and three wings radiating from three of the sides, leaving a fourth side for the reception of a fourth wing, at such time as the legislature in its wisdom might deem it necessary to erect a new house for the warden and officers' quarters, which was done in 1854, thus completing the fourth arm of the "cross," which form the prison buildings have assumed since the erection of the house and officers' quarters. It is due to Mr. Dwight's memory to state that the improvement now proposed to the wing of 1826, by introducing the large windows, was recommended and urged to Governor Lincoln at the time of the erection of this part of the institution, and was further urged and made part of the plan of Messrs. Dwight and Bryant, adopted and erected in 1850, but for want of funds was deferred. In the annual report of the Board of Inspectors of the prison, dated October 1, 1858, and accompanying the reports of the officers of the institution, we find much valuable information respecting its condition for that year. The inspectors, Messrs. P. J. Stone and John A. Goodwin, say: "The prisoners, as an almost universal thing, have been prompt, orderly and respectful, appearing to be governed by a high degree of good feeling towards their officers. Many of them have shown an unusual and most encouraging desire to form fixed habits of industry and behaviour, so that on regaining their liberty, they may be prepared to lead virtuous lives. We doubt if in these respects so good a state of things ever before existed in the prison. We attribute the improvement mainly to the mild, even, discriminating, yet impartial and decided discipline maintained; to the fact that for nearly two years no corporal punishment has been inflicted in the prison, and in no small degree to the law of 1857, which virtually secures a small monthly commutation of sentence for continued good conduct. This wise provision has been observed by us to have a very salutary influence over some convicts from whom trouble would ordinarily have been expected, the keeping in their almanacs (which are given to all) a record of the days thus gained, and expressing a determination so to conduct as to secure the full benefit of the statute in question. The last few months of a prisoner's term, like the closing week of a long voyage, hang much the most heavily; when, therefore, a convict can thus shorten a one year's term twelve



CELL IN STATE PRISON.

days, a three years' term seventy-two days, a five years' term one hundred and twenty days, or a ten years' term six hundred days, he has a very strong incentive to good behaviour. A few months' perseverance in the decorum thus induced, does much towards forming in the convict permanent habits of obedience and self-control, and developing in him a more hopeful and therefore more kindly and teachable disposition. We therefore consider this law as a very valuable addition to the legislation concerning the prison. During the year, as will be shown by the warden's statistical tables, there has been a remarkable uniformity in the number of prisoners. There are now five hundred and fifty-four cells and but four hundred and eighty-three prisoners, a surplus that we trust may never be reduced. The health of the convicts has been excellent; indeed, no better testimony can be desired, than that afforded by the hospital records in favor of the faithfulness of the officers in attending to the matters of diet, cleanliness, clothing, warming, ventilation, etc. Down to the last fortnight of the year, no death had occurred among the six hundred and thirty-eight different prisoners that have been under their charge. Of the two deaths during that fortnight, one was the result of an injury produced by the carelessness of the victim, and the other was that of a convict free from all apparent disease, who was cut off without a moment's warning by a derangement of the heart. The inmates of the hospital for the year have averaged four, and for the last six months only three and a half. Very few villages of the same population can show so satisfactory

sanitary statistics." Of the labor of the convicts the inspectors say:—"For the last three years the entire labor of the convicts, excepting those employed in the cooking, clothing, laundry and repair departments, etc., has been let out to contractors, a system pursued in part for several years previously. We are satisfied that this is incomparably the best plan for the State, and that it is no less advantageous to the contractors. That the bids for the labor are all low at the best, is no fault of the system. We doubt if any other legitimate method of employing the convicts could have been devised by which they would have earned to the State anything like the sum which during the past year has been received by the prompt payments of the contractors. It is often asked why our institution cannot become self-supporting, like the prisons of some of our neighboring States. In several, if not all, the cases thus cited to our apparent disadvantage, we are informed that an important part of the prison expenses is paid direct from the State treasury, instead of, as with us, coming from the prison revenues. Thus, the prison of one of these States last year paid to the

State treasury about \$3000 as the excess of its earnings over its expenses; but a fact that does not appear in the annual report of that prison and that was unknown to the highly esteemed official gentleman who called our attention to the result, is that the salaries of the warden and his deputy, of the clerk and chaplain, and some similar items, are paid direct from the State treasury, thus absorbing the surplus earnings and considerable more. It would give us great gratification to be able to render our prison a source of revenue to the State; no pains have been spared, nor will be, to bring it as near this point as possible. We do not, however, think it reasonable to expect that at present a moderate amount will not be required from the State treasury to meet the excess of ordinary expenditures above the ordinary receipts. The appropriation of \$15,000 made by the present legislature for the current year, will doubtless prove sufficient for the purpose." The financial condition of the institution at the close of 1858 is certainly satisfactory as briefly stated, viz: Liabilities, nothing; assets, \$6,062.69. The inspectors urge an appropriation for the accomplishment of two alterations in the prison. "The most extensive portion of the main building, known as the North Wing or 'New Prison,' was completed about thirty years ago. The outer windows are little more than slits or loopholes through the massive walls, admitting little air and less light. The cells, in themselves narrow and with very clumsy entrances, have doors mostly solid, which give the inmates but a small share of the scanty allowance of light and air ad-



mitted with the outer windows. The outer wings are provided throughout with doors of open grating, set deep back in the wide doorways, and with broad arched windows extending uninterrupted from the basement of the wings to the eaves. Thus is admitted a perfect flood of the light and air essential to cheerfulness and health. The modern doors, too, from their open construction and sunken position, are much safer, offering vastly greater facilities to the watchmen who, during the night, in felt slippers, make their silent tours of inspection along the numerous corridors and galleries in turn. Our predecessors in 1853, in their annual report, recommended that the north wing be altered to conform to the others. We hardly concur in the opinion by them expressed, and beg leave to call attention to the suggestions and estimate of the warden in connection with the matter, as made in his report. The subject of a classification of the inmates of this prison, has attracted much attention in former years, but no substantial progress has been made towards its accomplishment. The inspectors in 1852, and again in 1853, strongly urged the adoption of a system of rigid classification, giving many forcible reasons therefor. We have carefully considered the subject, yet we have no plan to propose, nor are our minds fully made up as to the extent to which a system should be carried to secure the greatest good to the convicts, and the highest degree of efficiency to the prison in its combined character of a penal and a reformatory institution. Our reasonably well enforced system of silent labor and separate cells for eating as well as sleeping, destroys the force of some of the strongest arguments in favor of any close degree of classification, while our system of large contracts would be in direct collision with any such gradation. Applied to a prison with three or four times our number of convicts, a somewhat thorough classification according to character, could doubtless be made to the advantage of all concerned.

"During the last few months the prison yard and the arrangement of the shops have been much improved. The unsightly structure known as the "old chapel," has been taken down and the range of shops with which it interfered, lengthened twenty feet. A new laundry, invalid room and repair shop have been fitted up, and many other changes made for the promotion of economy, order or neatness, and health. The various improvements made have cost but little, as the materials were nearly all on hand, and most of the labor was done by convicts not wanted at the time in any of the shops. In this matter were displayed the taste, skill and prudence of Hon. Gideon Haynes, who on April 1st succeeded J. L. Porter, Esq., the faithful and estimable warden of the establishment. Mr. Haynes at an early day won our confidence and respect, and a longer experience has fully justified the high expectations then formed. Just before the accession of Mr. Haynes to office, the vacant post of deputy-warden was filled by the appointment of Mr. Benjamin L. Mayhew, for some time connected with the house of correction in Middlesex county. Mr. Mayhew is a worthy assistant of his superior, and by his energy and straight-forwardness and due regard for those under his charge, warrants us in expressing our

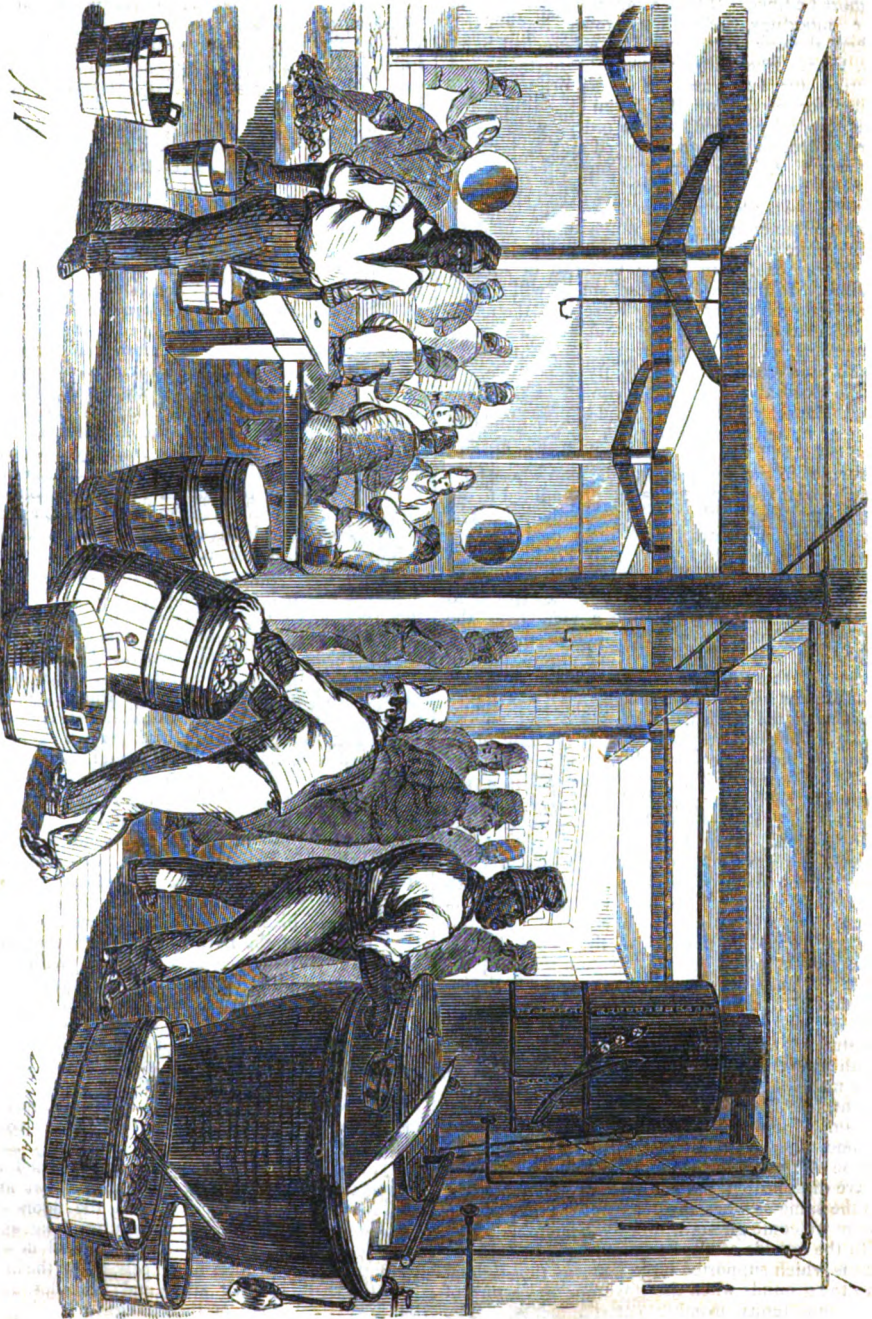
entire satisfaction with his department. William Pierce, Esq., continues to perform, with highly commendable fidelity and earnestness, the numerous and widely diverging duties attached to the office of clerk; his long experience and consequent familiarity with the affairs of the prison under five different wardens, giving his services an especial value. In April, Dr. W. B. Morris ended his term of service as physician, and was succeeded by Dr. A. B. Bancroft; and Rev H. E. Hempstead having resigned as chaplain, Rev. Joseph Ricker of Woburn, was appointed in his stead."

We have reason to believe that the commendation bestowed on the officers of the prison is justly their due. Hon. Gideon Hayes has proved himself a thoroughly efficient warden, firm, humane and energetic. We approve highly of his views of the discipline and treatment of prisoners as expressed in his efficient report to the governor, from which we make the following extract: "Not a stripe has been inflicted during the entire year; the cat has been laid aside, I trust, forever; solitary confinement has been substituted, and with the very best result. I am aware that not only many of my predecessors, but others whose philanthropy and kindearredness cannot be questioned, have doubted the expediency or success of this experiment; but nearly two years' experience has satisfied the most skeptical upon this point. The argument heretofore used in favor of the lash has been, that by this mode of punishment the State was not deprived of the labor of the convict, as would be the case were they shut up. That they should be required to work is very true, and that the institution should pay its expenses is certainly desirable, but not the first or more important consideration. Dollars and cents should not weigh against discipline and reformation; excessive severity always tends to harden the heart. The stoutest man that ever breathed will succumb beneath the lash; he may be conquered but not subdued, and he returns to his work neither a wiser nor a better man, but too often with feelings of hatred and revenge rankling in his bosom. Upon the other hand, there is not, probably, any degree of personal severity which produces so powerful an impression upon the human mind, as solitary confinement. Thus condemned to his own thoughts, he has an opportunity of reviewing his past misconduct. In fact he must reflect, and he knows that the length of his punishment rests with himself; for the course I have universally pursued, has been to release a man the moment he expressed a willingness to return to his work, and promised to obey the rules. Nothing humiliating is ever required of him; he understands that the past will be forgotten if his future conduct deserves it. A day or two will hardly elapse ere a change is visible, and the proudest spirit will solicit enlargement, with promises of the utmost industry and quietness; and instead of the State suffering from this system, an examination of the records will show fewer days lost from this cause, considering the number of convicts, than many of the preceding years. Instances could be cited where all other methods had failed, and the subjects given up as incorrigible and hopeless; yet, under this treatment they have become changed, and are now among the most industrious and best be-

haved men in the prison. The old theory that prisons ought to be, not merely places of restraint, but of restraint coupled with deep and intense misery, and that so much evil is repaired by so much misery inflicted, has become obsolete." As the prison is now conducted, the unfortunate in-

mates are assigned no unreasonable tasks, the food is good and sufficient, their quarters well warmed and ventilated, and no punishments are inflicted calculated to harden and irrevocably degrade them. Seclusion from the world, with constant occupation, is the extent of punishment.

KITCHEN DEPARTMENT IN STATE PRISON.





## LOCAL SCENES.

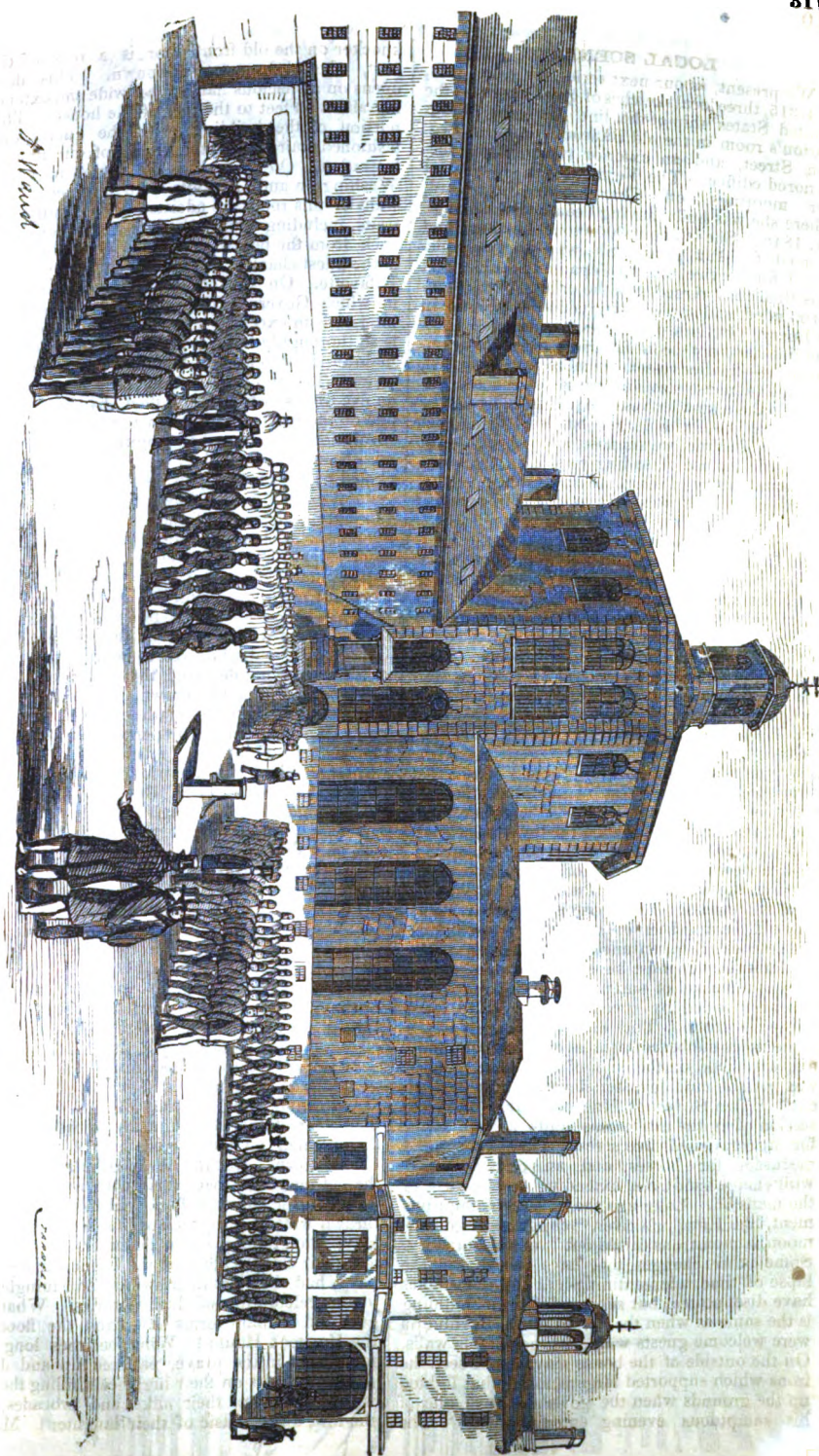
We present, as our next series, on pages 313, 314, 315, three local sketches of great interest—the United States ship-of-the line *Vermont*, Washington's room in the old Hancock Mansion, Beacon Street, and an exterior view of that time-honored edifice. The *Vermont* was sketched at her moorings, off Charlestown Navy-Yard, where she was built, having been launched Sept. 14, 1848. She is about 3000 tons burthen, and pierced for 122 guns. She was originally detailed for service on the Japan expedition, and was then fully rigged, but the orders were countermanded, and she was stripped and laid up in ordinary. Of late years, these monster ships-of-the-line have not been favorites with naval authorities—smaller vessels are more easily handled, and the immense size and range of the modern guns make a smaller vessel equal in effectiveness to a large one, with larger batteries of smaller calibre. In time, we suppose, steam will almost supersede the use of sailing vessels in the navy. The steam navy of England and France is now enormous, and it behooves our government to build up a steam navy as rapidly as possible.

No Bostonian needs a description of the Hancock House, yet all will be glad to preserve a picture of it, and our countrymen in other States and cities will welcome all that we can publish in reference to the homestead of the man whose bold and graceful signature was the first affixed to the immortal Declaration of Independence. The mansion occupies nearly the most commanding site in Boston, and its stately, old-fashioned architecture attracts the eye amidst the crowd of buildings extending from the State House to Charles Street. It commands a view over the tree-tops of the upper Mall, across the broad Common and the forest of chimneys and of masts, of those distant heights where Washington planted his cannon when the town was in possession of the British. Formerly it had an extensive view on every side, for, at the date of its erection, the west end of Boston was a kind of rural wilderness. The house is more than a century old, having been erected in 1737, by Thomas Hancock, Esq., an uncle of the signer of the Declaration. It must have been regarded at that time as a marvel of sumptuous architecture. It was surrounded by green pastures filled with browsing cattle. The hill, which derived its name from the beacon which crowned the summit, and stood on the site of the State House, was then of much greater elevation than at present. When Governor Hancock came into possession of it, the estate was quite a little farm, for it comprised five acres. There was some pasturage for horses, and an orchard filled with choice fruit-trees, extending in the rear of the mansion. Long ago the shears of improvement, like Hotspur's river, "clipped a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out" of the territory. Some other changes, too, have occurred in the lapse of time, a large dining-hall and the stables have disappeared, but substantially the building is the same as when the heroes of the Revolution were welcome guests within its hospitable walls. On the outside of the house may still be seen the irons which supported large lanterns that lighted up the grounds when the governor gave one of his sumptuous evening entertainments. The

knocker on the old front door is a relic of the past, when bells were unknown. This door opens on a spacious hall, 15 feet wide and extending about 40 feet to the rear of the house. This portion of the building, with the quaint, old-fashioned staircase, is the subject of our first illustration. On the right is the parlor in which Washington and Lafayette were received. The walls of this room are adorned with family portraits, including a fine head of Governor Hancock, from the pencil of Copley. Over this room is the guest-chamber, at one time occupied by Lafayette. On the other side is the chamber in which Governor Hancock died. The whole interior is in excellent preservation, and the house is so thoroughly built, that it will probably remain in its present condition for another hundred years. The architects of the past century had an eye to posterity. Here, then, lived and died one of the most prominent actors in the great revolutionary drama, the "flagitious rebel," who, with Samuel Adams, had the honor of being excluded by General Gage from the benefits of the general pardon he proffered after the battle of Lexington, president of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, successor of Peyton Randolph as president of the National Congress, president of the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and for many years governor of Massachusetts. Here was the home of the man who was present at the coronation of George III., and who lived to be an active agent in the events that deprived that monarch of the brightest jewel of his crown. No man staked more on the fortunes of the Revolution than John Hancock, for his property was located in the very focus of the "rebellion." And who can forget how, with a patriotic devotion worthy of Publicola, he bade General Washington "cannonade Boston, though it should make John Hancock a beggar?" In front of this old mansion he walked and talked with Samuel Adams, discussing the gravest question on which man can be called to deliberate, and, when he had given in his adhesion to the popular cause, within that house he gathered the bold spirits of the Revolution to "plot most precious mischief." A sad scene the windows of the old house looked down upon when British troops were encamped on Boston Common, and scarlet uniforms blazed among the white walls of their canvass city. That old pile blazed many a time, and oft gave back the roll of the British drums and the bray of the British trumpet, and it shook with the heavy cannonading on that day of days, when the flower of the British army withered before the freemen on the sacred hill of sacrifice in Charlestown. But the day of tribulation passed, the old mansion blazed forth with a festal glory it had never known before, and its portals were thrown wide open by the hospitable owner and his lady, when the American defenders of our soil, and their courtly allies of the French army and navy, had sheathed their swords and mingled in joyous celebration of their victories. What august and brilliant forms have trod the floors of the Hancock House! What beauties long ago mouldered in the grave, pattered up and down those old stairs on their high heels, filling the hall with the rustle of their silks and brocades, and the low, sweet music of their laughter! Magis-

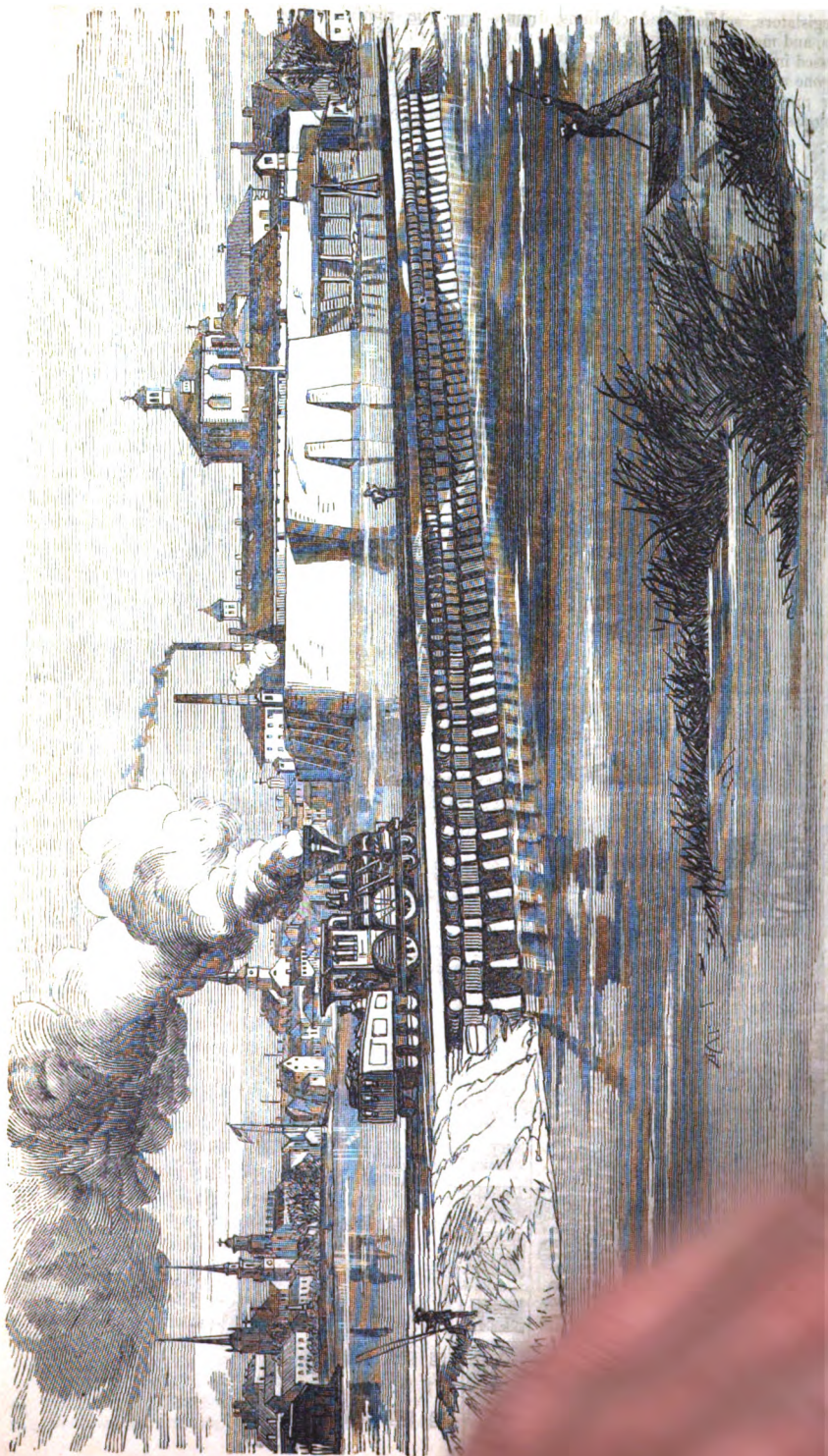


THE PRISONERS IN MARCHING ORDER.





LOCAL SCENES.



VIEW OF THE WASHINGTON STATE PRISON, FROM POINT BRIDGE.

trates, legislators, soldiers and civilians, divines and wits, and men of learning, the rich and poor, have passed in and out of these portals. They are all gone now—and yet the house is haunted by their presence, and graced by a thousand charming associations.

The reminiscences of such old fabrics are fraught with a thousand sacred and social recollections. Could their walls but speak, to what thrilling scenes would they often give utterance—rivaling the boldest creation of romance!

U. S. SHIP-OF-THE-LINE, VERMONT, OFF CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.



## A FLEMISH ROMANCE.

One night an angel appeared to Charlemagne, ordering him to rise and become a highway robber. The monarch, at first astonished, believes it to be a dream, and pays no attention to the injunction. But the angel repeats the order, and Charles is forced to recognize the finger of God. He obeys. On his road he meets a knight clad in black armor, mounted on a charger also black. It is Elegast, proscribed by the king on account of his irresistible propensity to the profession of a robber, a pastime much in favor at that time with many of the nobility. They both ride on in company, and Charles is not long before he ascertains that this man, hunted down like a wild beast, is more attached to his suzerain than are many of his courtiers. They arrive before the castle of Eggeric, one of the king's chief vassals. Elegast, who, to his calling of robber, unites the talent of subjecting all persons and things to his enchantment, casts into a deep sleep every living being within the precincts of the castle. But when he wishes to carry off the saddle belonging to Eggeric, the bells with which it is ornamented make so much noise that the vassal and his spouse are awakened. The latter declares that the noise is imaginary, and that the mind of her husband is only agitated by disturbing thoughts. Eggeric then avows to her that he is at the head of a conspiracy which is to break out on the following day, and to end in the assassination of the king. The lady, related to King Charles, tries to dissuade her husband from this wicked project. Eggeric, as a last argument, strikes her on the face with so much violence, that the blood gushes from her nose. Elegast steals towards the bed

of the married couple, receives into his glove the blood of the lady, and, pronouncing some magic words, the whole castle is again plunged in sleep. He then relates to the king all that he has overheard.

Charles, thus forewarned, takes his precautions, and at the moment when Eggeric, with his friends and vassals, penetrates into the royal dwelling, he is arrested. The king having ascertained on all points the truth of Elegast's statement, punishes the traitor, whilst, on the other hand, he reinstates his faithful servitor in the possession of his rights and property. Charles then understands why on that night God had forced him to appear in the character of a robber. —*History of Flemish Literature.*

## ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

The two leaves of the Eusebian Canons, executed on an entirely gold ground, and ornamented with small portraits in circular compartments, preserved in the British Museum, are the most celebrated and interesting relics of the kind possessed by England. They are painted on both sides, and the coloring is very beautiful.

The ancient copy of Virgil preserved in the Vatican at Rome is considered the finest illuminated manuscript in the world. It contains fifty paintings, five of which, however, are very badly defaced. One of these, still bright and clear, represents Achates and Æneas inspecting the works undertaken by Dido for the beautifying of Carthage, and another, King Latinus receiving the ambassadors of Æneas. Mechanics and artisans at work, the instruments they used, and the sculptures they wrought, are here preserved for the



WASHINGTON'S ROOM, HANCOCK HOUSE.

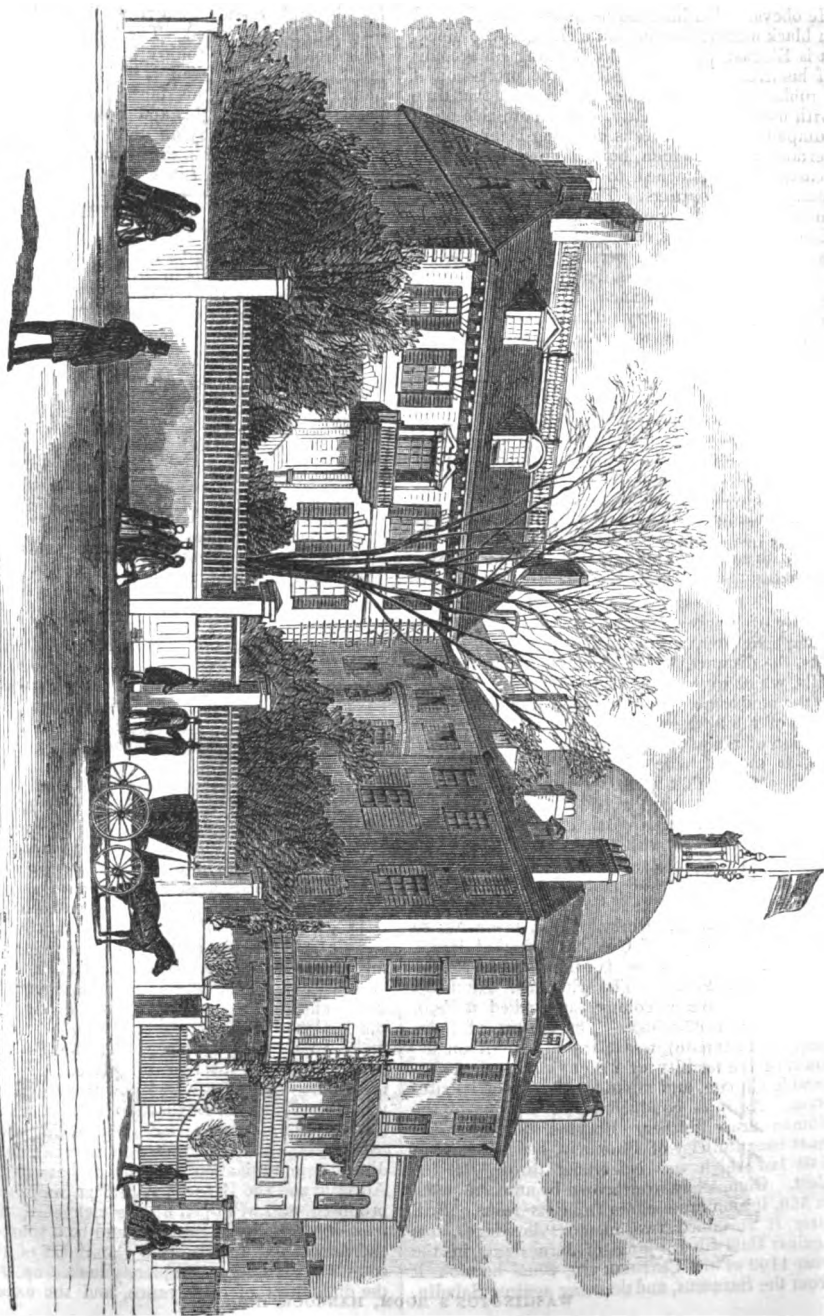


modern eye. This manuscript is supposed to date back to the fourth century.

In the Imperial Library at Vienna are preserved several beautiful Roman manuscripts of the highest antiquity. Among the number are a calendar decorated with allegorical figures of the months,

and the "Dioscorides," a work of great interest in the history of painting, inasmuch as the text speaks of a drying oil, and the illustrations exhibit an artist at work with palette and easel, and slab for grinding his pigments, differing little from those now in use.—*Boston Transcript*.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON.



## EUROPEAN SKETCHES.

The artists and engravers still enable us, while sitting at our own firesides, to glance at the remotest lands and familiarize ourselves with the most distant scenery. Availing ourselves of this privilege, let us pay flying visits to Alexandria, in Egypt; to Beirut, in the darkened and unhappy Syria, where our Christian brethren are now suffering from the sanguinary hate of the Moslem, and at one of the most pleasing features of Trieste.

The first engraving is an excellent general view of the famous city of Alexandria (Iskanderyeh), Lower Egypt, with its minarets, fortifications, its pier, lighthouse and shipping illuminated by the rays of the rising sun. It communicates with Cairo by the Nile, and the Mahmoudieh canal. Our readers need not be told that it derives its name from its founder, Alexander the Great. The modern town is built on a peninsula, anciently the island of Pharos. The ruins of the ancient city cover a vast extent of the mainland. The present population is about 60,000, including 8000 troops and the workmen of the arsenal. Some of the wooden buildings, such as the pacha's palace, the naval and military hospitals and the schools, are really fine structures. Indeed the traveller, in some parts of Alexandria, might fancy himself in a European city. The Turkish quarter is, however, irregular and dirty. Alexandria is still the great commercial emporium of Egypt, and a large share of business is transacted here. The trade is increasing.

The view herewith published of Beyrout, Beirut, Beyrouth, or Bayruth, as it is differently spelled, is the best we have seen of that celebrated city of Turkey in Asia. It is seen stretched along the water, with its white houses and minarets, the distance being crowned by precipitous hills, which give a singularly romantic character to the landscape. In the foreground are specimens of the high caps and curious costume of a portion of the people. Beyrout, anciently Berytus, is the pachalic of Acre, Syria, twenty-five leagues from that place, and twenty-four from Damascus. Its history is lost in the night of time. Fable assigns Satum as its founder. Strabo speaks of it with praise, and it is mentioned by Pliny, Ptolemy and Dionysius. Berytus was the country of Sanconiaton, the celebrated historian of Phœnicia, who is said to have lived in the time of Semiramis, or, according to others, in the days of Gideon, judge of Israel, about 1245 B. C. Glass is said to have been invented at Berytus. The Emperor Augustus made it a Roman colony, and called it Felix Julia, after his daughter. The epithet of Felix (happy—fortunate) was attributed to it on account of the fertility of its environs, its incomparable climate, and the magnificence of its situation. Agrippa conducted two legions of the Roman army thither. Berytus, becoming the most beautiful city of Phœnicia, had a school of civil law which was celebrated throughout the East. Completely overthrown by an earthquake in 566, it soon arose again from its ruins. Still later it sustained two memorable sieges, one against Baldwin I., king of Jerusalem, in the year 1109 of the Christian era, when he took it from the Saracens, and the other against Saladin,

sultan of Egypt and Syria, in 1187. Saladin finally reconquered it, after a long resistance, and was then crowned sultan of Jerusalem, Damascus and Cairo. In 1197, the Crusaders and the troops of Malek Adel met between Tyre and Sidon, on the borders of Nahr-el-Kasmieh. Victory having perched upon the Christian banners, the inhabitants of Beyrout fled at their approach. The victors of Kasmieh, according to the chronicles, found in the abandoned city provisions enough for three years, and a sufficient quantity of bows, arrows and slings to load two large ships. Since the period of the crusades it has almost always remained under the rule of the emirs of the Druses, princes of Lebanon. One of the most celebrated of them, the emir Fakhr-Eddin, made it his capital and habitual residence. He had brought home from his Italian travels, and a sojourn of nine years at the court of the Medici, in Florence, a taste of architecture and the fine arts. All the buildings ordered by him were in the Roman style. The sultan Murad IV., jealous of his power and renown, ordered Kut-chuk Ahmed Pacha to depose him. Vanquished and carried prisoner to Constantinople, Fakhr-Eddin was decapitated, and his head exposed at the seraglio gate. Still his sons succeeded to his authority. About a century since, his race having become extinct, the authority was vested in an Arab family. Beyrout is situated on a tongue of land which protrudes into the transparent waters of the Syrian sea. On the right and left are a few rocks covered with Turkish fortifications, and producing a highly picturesque effect. It has three gates and a khan (*entrepot* of merchandise). Open on the seaside, the other sides are surrounded by walls constructed by the emirs, and flanked by Saracenic towers. The houses, shops and bazaars are generally well built of stone, and loftier than those usually found in Syria; the roofs are terraced. The streets are paved with flag-stone, and are narrow and tortuous, and the water is so bad that the women are obliged to procure it from the surrounding country. The ancient ruins scattered about Beyrout do not allow us to doubt that the modern city occupies a portion of the ancient site of Berytus. On the west side are a cistern, and the remains of an aqueduct and ancient baths; towards the sea are the ruins of a semi-circular monument, supposed to have been the theatre of Agrippa. The population of Beyrout is composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics and Mussulman Arabs.

Trieste is the only seaport in the Illyrian provinces, the duchy of Austria, and the greater part of Hungary, and its great commercial importance, and its recent rapid development under the policy of the present emperor of Austria, make it a noteworthy place. Trieste has lately been the place of meeting of representatives from the different railways which now traverse Germany. The line from Laybach to Trieste, which is now finished, is one of the greatest importance to Austria, and to Germany in general, since a direct communication is opened between the Adriatic and the Baltic. A further line is now proposed, and will open up the rich corn countries of Croatia and Hungary, and be a source of enormous wealth. Hitherto the riches of these countries have been completely locked up, from the difficulties of conveyance, and the expense



attending it, there being really no roads deserving the name in either of these parts of the Austrian dominions. In many parts, at a distance from the Danube, the crops of two or three years have been housed, without the possibility of the proprietors disposing of them, as also the exquisite wines of the country, which are almost unknown out of it, from the damage they receive by the carriage over the tracks, which cut up the country, and which tend rather to impede than promote exportation. A species of infatuation seems to have possessed the Austrian gov-

ernment, until the accession of the present emperor, in regard to these countries. The encouragement which the emperor now gives to everything which tends to improve the trade of Austria will, eventually, render her one of the richest countries in Europe, and the port of Trieste will far outshine the glories of ancient Venice. The situation of the town is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, and few places can vie with it in cleanliness. The whole town is paved with flag-stones, and the greatest attention is paid to keeping the streets clean. There are several

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.



excellent hotels; of late years great improvements have been made, several magnificent buildings have sprung up. The bathing is very good, and the new baths afford every convenience for sea bathing. The new baths are in a very pretty style of architecture, and are admirably conducted and liberally patronized by residents and strangers. The "Ferdinandum" is a beautiful palace lately erected, a fine structure, and commanding a most extensive and romantic view. These elegant structures show what improvements are making in the modern part of the ancient city. Trieste is a very old place. It was of importance under the Romans, by whom it was called *Tergeste*, and has the remains of an amphitheatre and some arches. In the middle age it was the capital of an independent republic. It was taken by the French in 1797 and 1805. Trieste is finely situated on the gulf of Trieste, at the northeast extremity of the Adriatic Sea, and 73 miles north-northeast of Venice. The old town is built on the declivity of a steep hill, crowned by a fortress in a ruinous condition, and enclosed by old walls, and the new town *Theresienstadt*, *Josephstadt*, and the *Frazen-Vorstadt*, bordering the sea on a plain at its foot. It has altogether a very thriving appearance, and its streets are crowded with men of all nations. The new town is very well built, and few cities on the continent can vie with it in the solidity and comfort of its private dwellings, while its public edifices are, many of them, models of taste and elegance, that would do honor to the architecture of any city.

#### "HE MEANS WELL ENOUGH."

O, no doubt; but the question is, why don't he behave as well as he means? What is the use of a man's being so odd and eccentric that nobody knows what to make of him, unless he has an apologist and an interpreter like you always at hand to explain. Isn't it just as cheap, in the long run, to be good-natured and polite, as to be morose and surly? And does not a man feel better in his own secret heart when he is conscious of being the former, than he does when the shrinking and uncertain air of those who are obliged to approach him, proclaim that he is the latter? Certainly it does, for our thoughts are always busy sitting in judgment on our own selves. Any man who carries such a bearing that no timid person, or no woman, can approach him without dread, does not need to be told *from without* that he is *no gentleman*. He knows it perfectly well. He is not yet reclaimed from the savage state.—*Minnie Melnotte*.

#### THE EIGHT K'S.

The celebrated Henry Clay was denominated the Eight K's by a coterie of wags in Washington. He acquired this title thus: A gentleman sitting in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, during an interesting debate, wished to point out Mr. C. to his friend, a foreigner, who sat beside him, without disturbing the house, and wrote upon a card for him thus: "The gentleman to the left of the speaker in a klaret colored coat with krimson kollar, is Mr. Klay, member of Kongress from Kentucky.—*Washington Globe*.

#### AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

A Fort Riley correspondent of the *Pittsburg Despatch* gives a description of an Indian funeral, a ceremony which is only witnessed now in the Far West: There was a procession of wagons, drawn mostly by small Indian horses, called ponies. The first wagon contained a rough coffin and six old squaws, three on each side of the coffin, all kneeling, with heads bowed in mournful silence. The horses, also, walked slowly along, with their heads near the ground, as if conscious that their last sad duties were being performed for another of the native sons of the soil. The second, third and fourth wagons contained children (the youngest in front), all silent, some with downcast eyes, and others gazing at the scene in wonder. Then followed quite a number of the Indians on their ponies, all in single file, no two riding abreast. In the rear were several old Indians on foot, tottering along as if they, too, had nearly blossomed for the grave. They came to the entrance of the graveyard; the coffin was carried to the grave, a ring was formed around it, all kneeling, and as it descended, a low, moaning sound was commenced, which seemed to swell until it became sweet but mournful to the ear, then it died away in the same low sounds with which it began; all arose, and one by one left, a few of the near relatives of the deceased remaining to ponder over his untimely death.

#### WASHINGTON IRVING A PLAY-ACTOR.

Writing from Dresden to his friend Leslie, in 1823, Mr. Irving thus concludes one of his letters: "I have been fighting my way into the German language, and am regaining my Italian, and, for want of more profitable employment, have turned *play-actor*. We have been getting up private theatricals here at the house of an English lady. I have already enacted *Sir Charles Rackett* in 'Three Weeks after Marriage,' with great applause, and am on the point of playing *Don Felix* in 'The Wonder.' I had no idea of this fund of dramatic talent lurking within me; and I now console myself that if the worst come to the worst, I can turn stroller, and pick up a decent maintenance among the barns in England. I verily believe nature intended me to be a vagabond.

"P. S.—I hope you intend to make some designs for 'Bracebridge Hall.' I would rather have the work illustrated by you than by any one else."

#### A MAHOMEDAN PROPHECY.

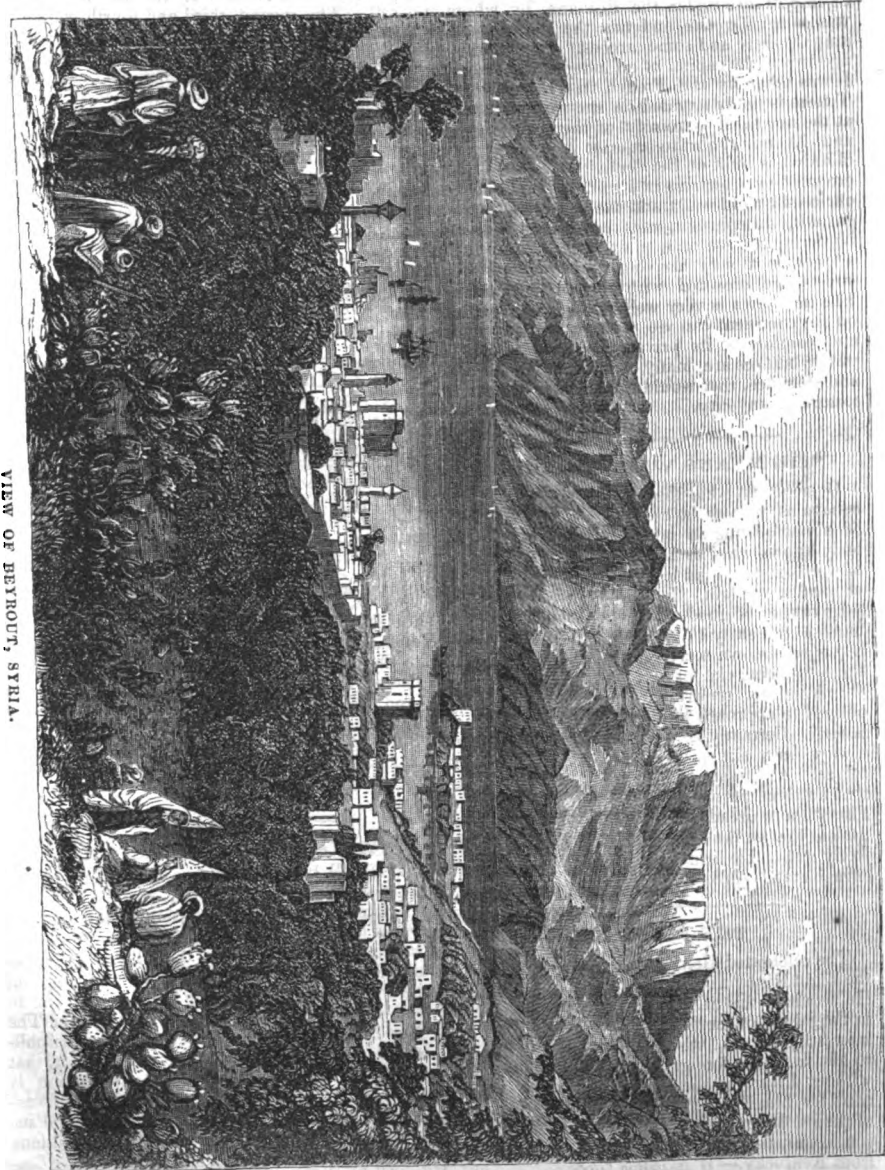
It is well known that many Mahomedans are impressed with the belief that the days of their religion are numbered. Among the striking events foretold by Mahomet, as certain to precede the final consummation, is the following remarkable one: "The first of the greater signs of the end of the world is, *that the sun will rise in the West*. The Beirut correspondent of *The World*, in quoting this language, gives this philosophical and Christian interpretation of it, that the "sun" of Christianity and civilization is now arising, and is to arise from the great transatlantic "West," upon the night of oriental superstition, and give redemption to the millions who now follow the religion of the Koran.—*London Globe*.



**PLEASANT HOMES.**

The homes of America will not become what they should be, until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture on the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of a child. Is this the whole of human life? A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and wider pasture. The influence of such a home on him in after life will be just none at all, or nothing good.

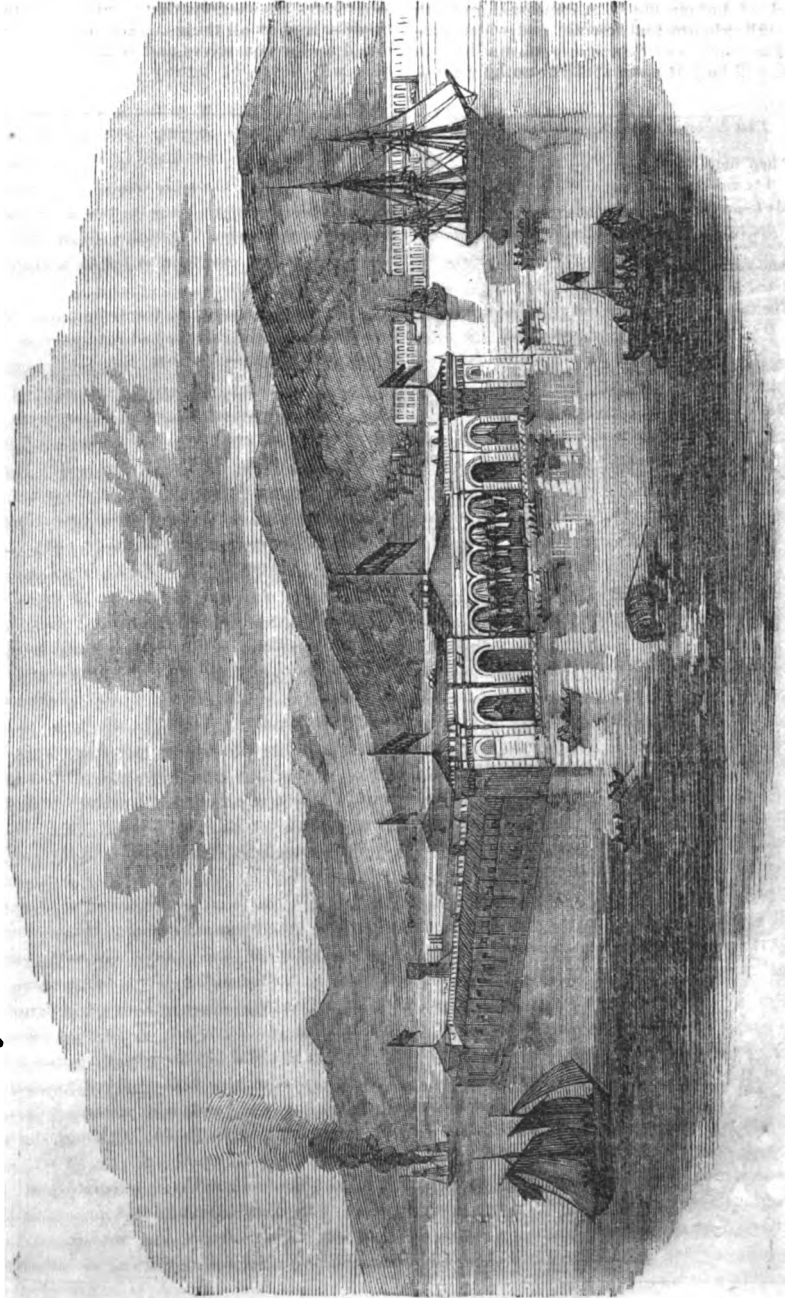
Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities; into villages; they swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's presence obliterates associations that should be among the most sacred of all things. We would have you build up for yourselves and your children a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home



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which will be to all whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting and precious spot on earth. We would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship, and happy associations. Out from such a home we would see ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. And then

we would see you and your wife happy. Do not deprive yourself of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.—*Home Educator.*



THE NEW SEA BATHS AT TRIESTE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN!

BY MRS. S. P. MINERVE HAYES.

O, would I were a child again,  
To dwell in sunny bowers;  
Where kind affection hides the thorns,  
And only gives us flowers.

I'd roam all day the grassy dell,  
And climb the mountain height;  
And deem the stars were diadems,  
That crowned the brow of night.

Then, hidden mid the tall damp grass,  
I'd find the violet blue:  
Its fragrance wafted on the breeze,  
Betrays its charms to view.

And gazing in the limpid brook,  
I'd fancy I had seen  
The Naiad, that in olden time  
O'er brooks and lakes reigned queen.

And when the hour for rest had come,  
I'd seek my humble bed,  
While guardian angels vigils keep  
Above my sleeping head.

O, would that childhood's innocence  
Might be our manhood's pride;  
And every sinful heart be saved,  
For whom our Saviour died!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAD CAPTAIN.

## A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

At the early age of twenty-one years, Augustus Rayner, the hero of our story, was appointed to the command of the fine ship Chieftain, a first-class vessel of fifteen hundred tons, which had been launched but a short time before from one of the shipyards in the vicinity of New York city, and a better seaman, more worthy commander, or more estimable man never trod a quarter-deck.

His personal appearance was decidedly prepossessing. A tall and well-proportioned figure, remarkably handsome features, and a finely-shaped head, gave him an appearance of superiority, while his many noble qualities made him a favorite wherever he was known. Although tender-hearted and susceptible of affection as a child, he was a man of undaunted courage, and the very soul of honor and integrity. Indeed, he would have died sooner than commit a mean or dishonorable action; and, as he gave all with whom he was in any way connected the credit of

possessing the same high-minded and inflexible honesty of purpose as himself, he was, perhaps, too credulous, and liable to be deceived and imposed upon.

As a subordinate officer on shipboard, he had gained the respect and esteem of his inferiors to such an extent that, when it became known that he was to command the Chieftain, scores of the very best seamen then ashore presented themselves at the shipping office, and begged to be enrolled upon the ship's papers upon any terms. All could not be shipped, of course, but from having so large a number to select from, the shipping master was able to retain the best men in the merchant service, and when the Chieftain sailed, she had aboard as fine a crew as ever broke a biscuit, or knotted a rope-yarn.

Previous to assuming the command of his first ship, Captain Rayner had remained on shore for nearly a half year. Having no parents living, he had spent the greater portion of this time at the house of his only sister, who had been recently married, and who resided in the western part of the State of New York. During his visits at this place, he had formed an acquaintance with a young lady of great beauty and many winning traits of character, who, being a distant relative of his sister's husband, and residing in the same town, was on terms of intimacy with the family.

To arrive sooner at the more important incidents of our narrative, we will omit details, and simply state that ere the susceptible sailor had known the fair Lucy Granville a single month, he had fallen madly in love with her; while her manner toward him, and the nature of their intercourse, seemed a proof to disinterested observers, as well as to Rayner himself, that she not only encouraged his attentions, but fully reciprocated his love.

At length it came to be regarded as a settled matter by their mutual acquaintances, that Augustus Rayner and Lucy Granville would one day be united in the bonds of matrimony; and Mrs. Harding, Rayner's sister, frequently joked him upon the subject, sometimes warning him, half in jest and half in earnest, to beware of Lucy, as she bore the well-deserved reputation of being a coquette, and had already "jilted" half a score of sighing swains, although she was yet scarcely eighteen years old.

But neither raillery nor warning had the slightest effect upon the youthful commander, who had never before known the meaning of the word love, but who had now fixed his affections upon an earthly idol, with an intensity of devo-

tion of which few men are capable ; and before his departure upon his first voyage in the Chieftain, he had confessed his love to Lucy, and they had become formally betrothed, with the unqualified sanction of the young lady's relatives, and the hearty approval of their mutual friends.

In a few days after this happy event, the Chieftain sailed from the port of New York, bound to the coast of Chili, thence to an English port, and from there to the West Indies and home. It was a long voyage, but the thought that Lucy's letters would await his arrival at each port, and above all, that she had promised to become his wife upon his return, cheered and sustained Captain Rayner in his long absence from home. At Valparaiso he received several letters from home, including one from Lucy, filled with protestations of eternal love, and speaking in enthusiastic terms of the happiness which awaited them in the future.

Upon his arrival in England, he found another letter awaiting him, but less enthusiastic, and, it seemed to him, less fond than the former ; but still so acceptable, that in his joy at receiving it, he soon forgot the momentary pain which its apparent coldness had occasioned him. When he reached the West Indies, however, and found there no letter from Lucy, a terrible suspicion took possession of his mind. He soon, however, rejected the idea of infidelity on the part of Lucy as being unjust and absurd, and patiently hoped from day to day to receive some message from her. At length the Chieftain was once more ready for sea, and still no letter had been received, and though this neglect occasioned Rayner no little pain, he endeavored to satisfy himself that it arose from some delay of the mails—for in those days the ocean mails were not as certain as at present—and consoled himself by anticipating the joy in prospect for him at the termination of his voyage.

In due time the Chieftain arrived at New York, and Rayner, having first despatched letters to his sister and to Lucy, to inform them of his arrival, proceeded, as soon as his ship was paid off, and he felt at liberty to leave her in charge of the mate, to the town in which Lucy resided.

He hastened to the home of his sister, and his first question, after the customary salutations had been exchanged, was in regard to Lucy. To this he received only an evasive answer, but something in his sister's countenance gave him cause to fear that she had some intelligence of a painful nature in store for him. He begged her to tell him the worst, at once, and at length she yielded to his entreaties, and informed him that Lucy had been recently married to a wealthy

merchant of New York city, whither she had gone to reside.

These terrible words had scarcely been uttered, when Rayner gave a deep groan, and fell insensible upon the floor. He was immediately placed upon a couch, and a physician was hastily summoned, but for hours the wretched man remained insensible, and when, at last, he was restored to animation, a brain fever of the most violent and dangerous character had seized upon him.

For many days his life was despaired of, and through long weeks of intense suffering, he raved ceaselessly of the cruel girl who had forever destroyed his peace of mind. Nor was his reason restored with returning health. On the contrary, he rose at length from his sick bed, a wretched maniac.

He was soon removed, by the advice of his physician, to a private lunatic asylum, where he remained for several years in a state of quiet imbecility for the greater part of the time, with occasional fits of violent madness, however, during which it was necessary to confine him with the utmost care.

As the months rolled on, these fits became less and less frequent, and the attendant physicians began to entertain strong hopes of his complete recovery. Nor were they disappointed. He continued to grow more and more quiet and rational, until, after he had been for five years an inmate of the asylum, he was discharged in perfect health, and recommended to avoid henceforth all violent excitement, lest his malady should return.

He soon obtained a command in the same employ in which he had formerly sailed, and for many years continued to follow the sea with more than ordinary success. He amassed considerable property, and at length was able to purchase a fine clipper ship ; but, even then, he seemed to have no thoughts of retiring from his profession. Indeed, active occupation had become a necessity to him ; for he had never fully recovered from the terrible shock which the infidelity of the only woman he had ever loved had given him, and a deep melancholy had settled upon him, which might be speedily increased to insanity, should his mind be left free from the healthful cares of business, to feed only upon its own dark, morbid fancies.

Being himself well aware of this, he allowed himself no rest from his labors, but taking command of his new ship, and investing the remainder of his capital in her cargo, he endeavored to banish all thought and recollection of the past, in the active pursuit of gain, for which, in itself, however, he cared nothing.

Eighteen years had rolled over the head of Captain Rayner, since first he trod the quarter-deck of the Chieftain, as its proud and happy commander—proud in the attainment to an honorable and well-merited position, and happy in his new-born dream of love—and he was still ploughing the seas, and visiting every quarter of the globe, in the capacity of master and owner of the good ship Syren. Although he had not yet passed the usual age of manhood's prime and glory, the silvery threads which were already visible among his jet-black locks, and the furrows which had begun to mark his still handsome features, indicated that grief had anticipated the work of years.

He had just discharged a cargo of cotton, which he had brought from New Orleans, at Havre, and his ship was nearly ready to sail upon her homeward passage to the United States, when a middle-aged gentleman applied to him for passage in the Syren for himself and daughter. Although of late Captain Rayner had been averse to taking passengers, preferring comparative solitude to the society of strangers, he could not well refuse the request of the gentleman, who accordingly engaged passage under the name of Manning, and on the eve of sailing, came on board the Syren, accompanied by his daughter, a very lovely girl of seventeen.

Captain Rayner was not on board at the time, and, as Mr. Manning and his daughter had retired before his return to the ship, he did not meet them until the next morning at the breakfast table. Having risen early, he had gone on deck to superintend the operation of heaving the anchor under the bows, for it had been decided that the ship should sail with the morning tide; and when he returned to the cabin, the passengers and first and second mates were already seated at the table.

As he entered the cabin, Miss Manning was seated in such a position that he was unable to see her face; but when, in obedience to a signal from her father she rose for the purpose of being introduced to the captain, and turned toward him, Rayner started in amazement, and trembled violently, while his countenance became pale even to ghastliness.

"Captain Rayner, allow me to make you acquainted with my daughter Emily," said Mr. Manning; but ere the captain could reply to the young lady's courteous salutation, his fearful agitation had been observed by all at the table, and Mr. Manning continued: "Why, captain, you are very ill! Can I assist you in any way?"

"No, I thank you, sir. It is merely a momentary pain to which I am subject; I feel re-

lieved, even now." And grasping the arm of a chair for support, the captain saluted his fair passenger with evident effort, and apologized for his apparent rudeness upon the plea of a sudden and severe spasm of pain.

But the incident had imposed a feeling of restraint upon each one of the party, and there was but little conversation around the breakfast table that morning, beyond what common courtesy demanded; but whenever Emily Manning glanced toward Captain Rayner, she met his eyes fixed upon her in a manner which rendered her most uncomfortable, and almost frightened her, for there was something fearful in his gaze which haunted her for many a long day afterward.

Shortly after breakfast, the anchor was catte<sup>d</sup>, the topsails and courses loosed and she<sup>d</sup> home; and in a few hours more the Syren was breasting the billows of the open Atlantic under full sail, and before a strong breeze, which continued for several days. At length, however, the wind hauled suddenly ahead, and a whole week was passed in beating to windward under short sail, and with but little progress upon the proper course.

During this time, the intercourse between Captain Rayner and his passengers had been rendered most unpleasant by the singular and unwonted manner of the former, who had suddenly thrown aside the courtesy and affability, which heretofore he had ever exhibited toward those around him, and had become distant, reserved, and almost unpardonably rude in his intercourse with Mr. Manning and his daughter. Moreover, he had suddenly assumed an extremely haughty and overbearing manner toward his officers, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in tyrannizing over the crew.

Such a vast and inexplicable change in their commander whom they had ever regarded as the exact opposite in temper and disposition from what he now appeared, occasioned great surprise and speculation as to its cause among officers and men. Many were of the opinion that he had suddenly become addicted to intoxicating drink, and that he, the most estimable of men when sober, became a perfect demon under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, but the mate, who had sailed with him for many years, scouted this idea, and declared, with a mysterious wag of his head, that if he were at all superstitious, he should certainly believe that Captain Rayner had become possessed of a devil!

Meantime, matters grew rapidly worse. Frequently at meal times, Emily Manning discovered the captain glaring at her in such a wild and ferocious manner that she felt compelled to leave

the table and retire to her state-room. At length this state of things became so unendurable that Mr. Manning, albeit he was not a very courageous man, ventured to demand an explanation from Captain Rayner; but his only response was a furious and almost demoniac demonstration of rage and indignation, which struck terror to the heart of the timid passenger, and caused him, henceforth, to hold his peace.

On the twelfth day of the passage a violent gale suddenly arose, and it became necessary to shorten sail with the utmost possible haste. Captain Rayner was promptly on deck, at the commencement of the gale, and for a time, delivered his orders for taking sail, in his wonted cool and deliberate manner; but as the storm waxed fiercer and fiercer, the war of the elements seemed to arouse a similar tumult in his bosom, and he poured forth his commands in the most furious manner, accompanying each with some fearful imprecation, and bidding the men perform many tasks not only unnecessary, but impossible. Never before had his officers or crew seen Rayner so violently excited, and more than one superstitious tar began to experience a feeling of awe, as he gazed upon the captain's flushed cheeks and glaring eyes, and thought, with a shudder, of the power which the evil one is said to be sometimes permitted to exercise over mortals.

At length, however, the sail was reduced to close-reefed topsails, fore staysail, and reefed spanker; and Captain Rayner, completely exhausted by the violence of his passion, and his frantic exertions, retired below, to the great relief of his harassed and over-worked crew. He was seen no more on deck, during the remainder of the day or the following night, being confined to his state-room, the steward said, with a violent headache, and symptoms of fever.

During the night, the gale rather increased than diminished, and by dawn of day, the mate, who had spent the entire night on deck, had caused the fore and mizzen topsail to be furled, and the royal yards sent down.

Shortly after breakfast, Miss Emily went on deck, accompanied by her father, to enjoy the sublime and awful scene presented by the raging, tempest-tossed sea. There are few things in nature more grand than the wild ocean, when the storm spirit is abroad in his might;

"And when the ship from his fury flies,  
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore;"

and Emily long continued to gaze upon the wide expanse of heaving, foam-capped waves, with a deep and vivid appreciation of the grandeur of

the scene. Presently Captain Rayner sprang up the companion ladder, and glancing aloft, exclaimed in a voice of thunder to the mate:

"How dare you furl the topsails without my orders, sir?"

"Why, sir, it was blowing very hard at the time, nearly as hard as it is now, and as I knew the topsails must come in, I thought it was not worth while to disturb you," replied the mate.

"Blowing, was it? Well, do you suppose I care for the powers of the air? No, indeed! I fear neither men, demons, nor the elements! Send hands aloft immediately to loose and shake the reefs out of the fore and mizzen topsails, and out of the mainsail as quickly as possible."

The mate stared in the captain's face, in mute astonishment; but a repetition of the command, enforced with a volley of fearful oaths, caused him to hasten forward and give directions for loosing the topsails.

All eyes were now turned toward Captain Rayner, who stood beside the mizzen-mast, holding by the pipe-rail, and trembling violently. His countenance bore an indescribably haggard and ghastly appearance, but his eyes gleamed like coals of fire, and ever and anon sparkled with fiendish glee as he looked abroad upon the stormy sea, and upward, toward the men, upon the yards, engaged in obeying his orders.

With great difficulty the fore and mizzen topsails were sheeted home and hoisted, and the maintopsail enlarged to its full extent by shaking out the reefs, was, at length, mast-headed. The effect of this additional canvass upon the greening spars, and straining hull of the ship, was, indeed, tremendous. She heeled over to leeward until her lee channels were submerged, and it was with no little danger and difficulty that the men were able to pass from one part of the deck to another.

"Loose away the topgallant sails fore and aft, and the foremast staysail!" shouted Rayner, to the astonishment and terror of all, as soon as the topsails had been set.

A loud murmur of disapprobation was heard from the crew who had assembled abaft the mainmast; and even the mate stood for a moment in a state of indecision as to whether his duty to himself and the rest of the ship's company would allow him to obey these last commands.

"You surely are not going to put more sail upon the ship!" said Mr. Manning, in a low voice, catching the mate by the arm, when Captain Rayner's attention was for an instant diverted.

"It would be mutiny for me to disobey, al-

though it will be a suicidal act to set the topgallant sails in this gale; and if Captain Rayner persists in his present course of action, we shall all be food for sharks before many hours," was the reply.

"Mr. Stephens!" exclaimed the captain, at this moment, "why do you not obey my orders?"

"The masts will not bear another inch of sail, sir, and—"

"Ha, do you refuse to obey, you dog? Steward, bring me a revolver!"

The pistol was instantly brought, and Captain Rayner, having presented it to the mate's head, exclaimed:

"If you do not send the men aloft to loose the topgallant sails in less than half a minute, I'll blow your brains out!"

The fierce glare of his eyes and the rigid contraction of his lips indicated that he would certainly fulfil his threat; and the mate, who, though a brave man, was not ready to throw away his existence, while a chance of saving it remained, promptly yielded to necessity, and ordered hands aloft to loose topgallant-sails.

In silence the men obeyed, but they felt, as they ascended the rigging, that the Syren was doomed to certain destruction. Mr. Manning approached his daughter, who still remained on deck and besought her to retire below; but although she was now fully aware of the impending danger, she resolutely declined, for there was a kind of fascination in the scene, and she knew that if the ship must be lost she should be no safer below than on deck. For a few minutes no sound was heard save the roar of the winds and waves; then the cry from the sailors upon the lofty yards, of "Sheet home!" was faintly heard above the shrieks of the gale, and presently the three topgallant sails were flung to the breeze, and swayed up to the mastheads.

With this increase of canvass the Syren fell almost upon beam ends, and the waves began to make a clean sweep of her main deck. The men sprang to her live-lines, and with the energy of despair succeeded in preventing themselves from being swept overboard, while those who stood upon the quarter-deck grasped at whatever means of support were at hand. The masts swayed like reeds, and the shrouds seemed ready to burst asunder with the tension, while every timber in the hull creaked and groaned with the strain it was compelled to bear.

Despair was fast chilling the life-blood in the veins of all, when a yell and a demoniac laugh from Captain Rayner startled them so fearfully as to divert their thoughts in an instant from their dangerous situation.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shrieked, as he quitted his hold upon the mizzen rigging, and danced madly about the deck. "Ha, ha, now we go! Blow, blow, ye winds—harder! harder! There are demons waiting for us down below, and we shall soon be at anchor in the infernal regions! O, now I am happy once more—my hour for revenge—sweet revenge—has come! You who have enjoyed my misery these many long years, are bound direct to the place of eternal torment! Ha, ha, ha! But Lucy Granville, fair traitress, you fiend in the guise of a beautiful woman, shall go home with me by a still shorter route!"

And as he spoke, he sprang toward Emily Manning, and clasping her in his arms, bore her shrieking and helpless to the lee rail. Ere a hand could be extended to stay his progress, he had leaped upon the rail, and crying in a fearful tone, "Farewell, gallant comrades, we shall soon meet again in the realms of death!" was about to plunge headlong, with his insensible burden, into the boiling sea, when a huge wave burst over the quarter, and hurled him back with Emily still clasped to his bosom, upon the deck. A moment more, and a dozen pair of stout arms had grappled the maniac, and torn the fainting girl from his embrace.

In spite of his frantic and almost superhuman efforts to free himself from the grasp of his captors, the madman was immediately bound hand and foot, and borne to his state-room, foaming at the mouth, and gnashing his teeth in frenzy. He had scarcely been secured in his berth, when, with one terrific crash the three masts of the ship went by the board, and the ill-fated Syren was reduced in a moment, to a helpless hulk.

Providentially, the wreck of her spars, which dragged alongside, held her head to the wind, until a couple of spare royal yards had been raised and stayed for jurmasts, upon which sufficient canvass was placed to heave the ship to, when the wreck was promptly cleared, and all hands set at work preparing the boat for immediate departure, in case of necessity.

It was soon ascertained, however, that the ship had not sprung a leak, and when upon the following day, the gale subsided, three substantial jurmasts were rigged, and a spread of canvass made from the spare sails aboard, under which, after three long and tedious weeks, the mate succeeded in navigating the ship safely into port, by which time Captain Rayner had fully recovered from his temporary madness, and its effects upon his physical organization, and was once more possessed of his reason.

Shortly after he had been carried below, and bound in his berth, he had fallen into a deep



slumber, from which he awoke, still deranged, and seriously ill of a fever, but no longer violent or dangerous.

But the strangest and most romantic part of our story yet remains to be told. During the captain's illness and convalescence, he was nursed with the most tender and unremitting care by Emily Manning, the daughter of his once-loved Lucy, who had long since passed away from earth. As soon as Captain Rayner's reason was restored, mutual explanations were made, by which the following facts were brought to light.

The captain had never ascertained the name of Lucy's husband, nor had that gentleman ever heard of Captain Rayner; but when Mr. Manning and his daughter came aboard the *Syren* at Havre, the wonderful resemblance of Emily to Lucy Granville at the time when he first became acquainted with her had been the cause of Rayner's fearful agitation; and by bringing a train of vivid and painful reminiscences to his mind, had induced, by slow degrees, the violent attack of madness which had so well-nigh proved fatal both to himself and the innocent cause of his insanity.

In his madness he had become possessed of the idea that Emily was in reality Lucy Granville, and had sought to take her life in revenge for her fancied treachery. It also appeared, from the statements made by Mr. Manning to Captain Rayner, that Lucy had died of a lingering disease, a few years after her marriage. The skilful physician who had attended her, had expressed the opinion that her malady arose from mental rather than from physical causes, and that some secret trouble was rapidly wearing away her life. The event proved that his opinion was correct. Mr. Manning earnestly besought his wife to confide to him her secret griefs; but she firmly refused to do so, until, upon her deathbed, she confessed that she had never loved him, that she had married him only for his wealth, and that she had never loved but one man, who, driven to madness by her marriage with another, was now an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Remorse for her infidelity to him had destroyed her peace of mind, and finally hurried her to an untimely end. The name of this person, however, she had never revealed.

Captain Rayner's connection with Mr. Manning and Emily did not end with the arrival of the *Syren* at her destined port. On the contrary, the peculiar nature of their relations caused a strong friendship to spring up between the parties; and Captain Rayner, having retired from his profession at the termination of the voyage,

became a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of Mr. Manning.

The perfect resemblance of Emily to her deceased mother, as he had known and loved her, caused him to regard her with peculiar affection and reverence; and when, as their acquaintance grew into a strong and mutual friendship, he discovered that she was in reality the almost angelic being which he had delighted to picture his first love in his dreams, rather than what she really was—a woman possessed of the common frailties of her sex—the love which he had ever borne toward the mother—undiminished, even, when he knew that she was lost to him forever, was naturally transferred to the daughter.

But little remains to add. In less than a year after Captain Rayner had relinquished the command of the *Syren*, he became the happy husband of Emily Manning, who, although more than twenty years his junior, loves him with a pure and devoted affection, alike rare and beautiful.

And now in the enjoyment of all that can render life happy, he is realizing an ample compensation for the years of grief and sorrow which are fled never to return; the gloomy morning of his existence has been followed by a bright and happy noonday, a serene and peaceful evening.

#### BELLS IN THE FIDGI ISLANDS.

A few words respecting the Tongian, or rather Fidgian bell; for it is manufactured in the Fidgi Islands (South Pacific). The Tongians like our bells very well, on account of their strong and melodious vibration; but for range of sound, their *lali* is far superior. Imagine the trunk of a tree, three or four feet long, slightly bevelled at each end, and hollowed out in the form of a trough. It is placed on the ground upon some elastic body, generally upon a coil of rope; and to protect it from the rain, covered by a sort of roof. When they want to give the signal for divine service, they strike the mouth of the *lali* with a mallet, which produces a sort of stifled roar. I should have thought that it could only be heard to a short distance; my mistake was great. There are *lalis*, the distinct sound of which may be heard to a distance of twelve miles when the air is calm. And yet when you are near it, the sound is not sufficiently loud to startle you in the least; but as you recede it becomes clearer, more mild, and harmonious. When you go to a village and hear its *lali*, do not judge from the distinctness of the sound that strikes your ear that you are approaching the place, for you may be mistaken. The *lali* is, therefore, the favorite instrument at Tonga, and deservedly so. It is named in the same manner as we give names to our bells. On feast days the Tongian artists perform on the *lali* peals that are not wanting in harmony. They rival each other in ability and skill, and are doubtless no less proud of their performance than our bell-ringers in France.—*French Missions.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

BY W. L. T.

I am thinking, my dear, of the morning  
 When you stood at a stranger's side,  
 And he promised to love and cherish you,  
 Though weal or woe betide.  
 So you spoke the solemn vow,  
 And breathed the mystic word,  
 And though your accents faltered low,  
 The listening angels heard.

Then came the sad farewell,  
 And your smiles with tears were dim,  
 As you bade sweet childhood's home adieu,  
 To go afar with him.  
 Ah, they missed your gentle presence  
 More than words of mine can tell;  
 And strangely dark grew that pleasant home,  
 Where the sunshine used to dwell.

The lilacs still blush in beauty,  
 Bursting petals deck the trees;  
 The syringas have opened their creamy cups  
 To the kiss of the honey-bees.  
 Sweet carnations in every border  
 Cast perfume upon the breeze;  
 And your rosebush, all laden with glory,  
 Blooms bright by the gray willow trees.

But they miss you when the morning  
 Bathes the earth with rosy light;  
 They miss you when the evening walks  
 In glittering robes of white.  
 And they miss you when the flowers bloom  
 Beside the cottage door;  
 For the hand that trained those blossoms bright,  
 Plucks the opening buds no more.

[ORIGINAL.]

## STEWED LOBSTER:

— OR, —

## RAISING A GHOST.

BY A SENATOR'S WIFE.

THE thinking world is divided into two classes—those who believe in ghosts and those who do not. Of late years, some very vigorous writers, such as Mrs. Catherine Crowe, in her "Night Side of Nature," and Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," have openly avowed their belief that the spirits of our friends revisit earth; and they boldly advocate the doctrine of the influence of dreams. A greater than either, Dr. Johnson, was deeply tinctured with superstition, and no one can accuse him of not having possessed strong common-sense on all ordinary subjects.

I know all that has been said of the absurdity of imagining that while no ghosts glide along

great battle-fields, or emerge from the waves where naval actions have been fought, we should find in some obscure hole or corner where a single person was done to death, that solitary shade returning to complain of the shedding of its blood. Creaks of gold, the portion of a fortunate interpreter of a dream; wills abstracted to be discovered after the due adjurations of at least three nights. These, and such as these (putting wonders out of the question), constitute at least nine-tenths of the causes of ghostly visitations all over the land, and seem hardly of sufficient importance to call the spirit from its dread abode.

I do not believe there have been many murders in my family. No maiden aunt drowned herself for love; no grim uncle murdered his brother, no gentleman of the family has had to complain of any cruel Barbara Allen; or, on the other hand, no Margaret's grizzly ghost to glide to William's feet. I have lived, too, in haunted castles, traversed by ghosts in all directions, and not been molested by anything more dreadful than the larceny of rats behind mouldy wainscots; and I have looked down from dizzy battlements, from which, according to the most authentic legends of the country, ghosts or wraiths, or ladies of the lake, nightly were to be seen in all directions, and by dozens, without catching anything more visionary than the glancing of the moonbeam upon the bubbling spray of the torrent underneath. It is, therefore, not without some reason I may ask the favor of being deemed not remarkably superstitious on the subject of ghosts or of dreams; and yet—but I shall let the reader see and determine.

My childhood was passed in a remote district of New England, where at that time, the old, imported superstitions had not died out. From an old governess I imbibed principles which taught me that belief in the surrounding superstitions was not only absurd, but sinful. Her education, alas, like much other education, was like Penelope's web. I undid the toil of the morning lecture of the governess, by swallowing with thirsty care the putting-to-bed stories of the nurse. Emancipated from the trammels of education, I ran the usual gauntlet of young ladies of my rank. I danced and flirted a season or two, and then my hand was given to a cousin some degrees removed—given indeed with my consent, and something more than my consent—given with full heart, and if it were free this moment, dear Horace, and you asked for it, it should be yours with as perfect truth and happiness, as if the last ten years, blotted out of time, were to be repeated to-morrow.

His family residence was a venerable mansion, and there I spent the first two years of my marriage. We made one formal visit of a short fragment of a season to Boston, but Brownvale was our abiding home. Ambition suddenly came over my husband's mind, and during one of those Boston visits he was persuaded to allow himself to be put in nomination as Senator to Congress. There was a great deal of worry about it, but he was elected. As he was rich, the expense was no object, and the bustle and excitement of the election amused me greatly. It was now necessary that we should have an establishment at Washington. We secured a handsome residence and furnished it splendidly. Nothing was left undone or wanting, that taste or wealth dictated. It was a large house, but no part was neglected, from the massive splendor of the drawing-room to my own pretty *bijou* of a boudoir.

We gave very gay parties in our very gay house, and Horace was quite happy with his new toy. I went out a great deal, and attracted as much admiration as generally falls to the lot of a lady who presides over *recherche* dinners, and opens her house to distinguished people. Yet I felt infinitely lonesome, for all that; neither my health nor my inclination suited the eternal round of visiting, and I gradually diminished my nights of going out. I missed the hospitable dinner parties and joyous frolics of New England, and in truth I was very much alone. The senate, then in the full vigor of the session, occupied many of my husband's nights, and gave ample business to every hour in the day. Our dinners were taken at any time he could spare. Being very little of a politician, I could not force myself to feel any great interest in the general conversation, except so far as they amused or excited my husband; and I am sure that if he had taken it into his head to follow pugilism with as much zeal as he did politics, I should have lent as attentive an ear to the controversies of the ring, as I did to those of the senate chamber.

It was altogether against his wish that I narrowed my visiting circle, but I felt myself unequal to going through what was no more than a fagging duty. If I had a conquest to make, a daughter to marry, or any other such stimulus, it might have been a different case, but I had nothing of the kind. The consequence of all this was, that I spent many evenings alone in my gilded apartments. I generally occupied myself in reading, from the time Horace left me, and his return—very often broad daylight discovered me still so engaged. I cannot flatter the authors whom I read, that the intense interest of their

volumes had not in the intermediate time occasionally acted as a narcotic. For this waiting up I received many a gentle chiding, which generally terminated by an assurance that the session would soon close, and that then we should all again breathe the bracing air of New England.

"We shall then forget these follies," he would exclaim. "I wish from the depths of my soul I had never embroiled myself in them." This would be said with the air of a much-enduring man, who was making the most enormous sacrifice for the good of his country. I saw that the career in which he was now engaged gratified him to the centre of his soul, nevertheless; and I encouraged him accordingly to undergo his sufferings with due resignation, for which I was sure of being rewarded with an affectionate kiss, and with the seriously-bestowed title of "my dear, good little wife."

One evening I had a small dinner-party, consisting almost exclusively of ladies, upon which he barely looked in for a moment. We chatted through the hours pleasantly enough, and our numbers gradually fell away to three elderly ladies and myself. We were all natives of New England, and my companions had spent most of their time there. Prattling chiefly on our own family traditions—we were all cousins—brought the hours very near to midnight, and such refreshments as ladies can venture to take had made their appearance, when it suddenly occurred to the oldest of the party, Aunt Patience, that something in the shape of supper would be acceptable.

"I know you have a lobster in the house," she said. "Suppose you stew it for our supper—I know just the only right way to do it."

So a cloth was laid, and a large blazer, such as we cook venison steaks on, got ready. Aunt Patience would trust nothing to the servants, and commenced her work. The meat of the lobster was placed in a silver chafing-dish, over it was poured a bottle of claret, and various condiments were added. After simmering fifteen minutes the stew was cooked, and I can tell you I never ate anything in my life half so delicious. I indulged in it freely, and soon after supper, my friends having gone home, and Horace not returned, I retired to my sleeping apartment. They were in a distant part of the house, and when I had dismissed my maid, I was almost as much alone as if I had been under another roof. The room in which I seated myself and began to read, was large and dimly lighted by my table-lamp. I felt a troublesome sensation of loneliness. The very splendor of the furniture by which I was surrounded only augmented the solitariness of

my situation. Many hands, I thought, had been here busily employed—the ingenuity, the labor of many an hour set to work to produce what I dimly see all around; but the workman has departed, and his voice is hushed. I became excessively nervous. I was half afraid to look at the pictures, and the patterns of the paper on the walls assumed in my eyes figures and appearances anything but agreeable. I got up and walked about the room and opened a window. This, except that it let in a draught of cold air, did me no service, for the back of our house commanded only views of stables and their yards. I closed the sash and returned to my book; but the same class of ideas recurred.

The volume I was reading contained one of Edgar A. Poe's strange stories—"The Wonders in the Rue Morgue." I recollected how defenceless I was if any one should break into the house through the stable-yard, into which I now regretted having looked. All this was very weak, I admit; but my situation, then of a delicate nature, made me fidgetty. I determined to call to my maid, who slept not far off on the same floor, and with her to pass the hours which might elapse before the return of Horace.

I rose to do so, but my purpose was at once arrested as I looked at the door. Was it magnetism? I saw the handle of the lock distinctly turn. There was no one nearer it than myself. I rubbed my eyes and looked round with the most piercing scrutiny of gaze. It moved again. There was the most perfect silence all around. I sunk back in my chair, but my eyes could not withdraw themselves from the handle of the lock. It moved once more, and I all but fainted. I endeavored to rise for the purpose of ringing the bell, but I had not the power to stir; I essayed to call out, but my tongue refused its office—There I remained in a state of semi-consciousness, looking with fixed gaze at the door. I do not know how long this may have lasted; it could not, however, have been more than a quarter of an hour, perhaps not so much. The lock-handle, in the meantime had not moved any more.

"It must be a mere delusion," I said, "and I should be ashamed to give way to such fancies. I'll call Martha, and she must help me in sleeping them off." I mustered courage, therefore, to rise; but I confess, when I came to turn that mysterious handle, my very heart sunk within me. I conquered my apprehension, however, and turned it without encountering anything very alarming in consequence. I hesitated a little in opening the door, but this feat, too, I summoned up sufficient energy to perform. I looked into the little ante-chamber outside. It was dark,

but had been undisturbed. Everything was there as I left it. Ashamed of my silliness, I proceeded towards Martha's chamber, which I found locked. Martha was smoring, and I tried in vain to rouse her. So I made up my mind to return to my own room. I had to pass the landing-place of one of the stair-cases on my return, and I saw in a distant room on the floor beneath, some flashings of a light which seemed to be partially obscured. My alarm now returned, but it was supernatural no longer. The servants had long since retired to rest, and no one could have produced a light with any other than a felonious intent. What was I to do? While I hesitated, the matter was decided; my lamp had attracted the notice of the people below, and they lost no time in running up stairs. In a moment I was surrounded by five men disguised. The tallest of the party knocked the lamp out of my hand, and one of them told me I should not be hurt. They had already secured the plate in common use, but I was commanded to show them the iron safe in the closet next our bedroom, where the rest was deposited. This done, the tall man was in great haste to depart. Something seemed to agitate him with a convulsive gripe, he caught me by the arm.

"Resistance is death," said he. "It is useless for you to ring for the servants, some of them can't hear you, and some of them won't."

A dreadful suspicion flashed across my mind. Can these people any of them belong to my household, and if they do, have they murdered my faithful servants before proceeding to rob the house? I was not allowed much leisure to pause on these reflections, for the tall man demanded to know where I had stowed away my jewelry. He shook me violently, and while doing so, the crape mask fell off of his face, and I could not help crying out: "O, Richard—Richard! can it be you?" He was an old, silver-haired domestic, or factotum of our family, who had dandled me a hundred times upon his knees, and who I had every reason to believe, was at that moment at Brownvale, in New England. Alarmed, the other villains now made off, and I was left alone with Richard.

"This will never do, ma'am," he said. "I took it you were in bed, and tried the handle of the lock of your room. I hoped to have moved away without molesting you, but it's now too late—it's now life for life!"

"You'll not murder me, Richard?" I asked, in an agony of fear.

"Not if I can help it; but I won't let you hang me, either."

"I swear—"

"Nonsense! Give me your jewels. They will put me out of the reach of the law for a few hours, at all events."

"I will take you to them."

"Make haste then."

I tremblingly obeyed, and he made a hasty sweep. He was about to retreat, when the sound of carriages was heard in the street.

"Here they are," he cried, with an oath. "I must chance it through the stables. But no one is to be left behind to tell tales."

He levelled his pistol at me and fired. The ball passed through my hair. I closed upon him and held him with all my might, and he fired again. There was a flash, a dreadful crashing noise, a hasty trampling of feet up stairs; the room was filled with noise and smoke, amid the gloom of which the villain seemed to vanish, and my husband stood over me. I sank into his arms. "My brave Horace!" I said, and burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear wife," said he, "what can bewitch you to stay up so late? See what you have done! Just as I opened the door, you gave a most vigorous jerk forward, which has knocked your lamp off the table, smashed it all to pieces, and singed the prettiest of your curls."

This, then, was the flashing and the crashing, the smoking and the burning, which had drawn visions of robbers and pistols, and all the other terrible things, before my dozing eyes.

I never ate stewed lobster again for supper. It's very nice, but dreadfully indigestible.

#### UNITARY OSTRICHES.

The hatch of a single ostrich amounts generally to from thirty to forty eggs. Sometimes several couples unite to hatch in partnership, in which case a large hollow is dug out, the centre of which is occupied by the oldest pair of birds, the others ranging themselves around at regular distances. When the eggs have all been laid, they are pushed over to the middle nest, but not mixed; and while the eldest bird is occupied in hatching, the others sit around in the places where the eggs belonging to them were laid respectively. These associations are composed of birds of the same family—the old ones in the centre of the circle being the parents of the others; but the social system is only resorted to in places where herbage is very abundant. As many as a hundred and fifty eggs have been found in one of these combined nests. The Arabs say that those of each couple are disposed in a heap, each heap surmounted by the first egg laid, which is destined for the nourishment of the young ones when they break shell.—*Markland.*

#### EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Here sin could blight or sorrow lade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there.—*COLERIDGE.*

#### TOO BLUNT FOR POLITENESS.

If older people talked as frankly as little children, there would be less deception in the world, under a mask of courtesy. Here is a story of a little boy who said outright, what a great many people feel without saying:

In a family with whom I am acquainted, there is a four-year-old, who rejoices in the name of Harry. Harry's mother had been very sick, and his grandmother had made frequent visits to the house during the time of her daughter's sickness. When the mother recovered, the grandmother, thinking her services no longer needed, discontinued her frequent visits, and only called occasionally. On her visiting the house one evening, she was much surprised at hearing Harry ask why she did not call during the week previous.

"O," said she, "you didn't want me, did you?"

"No," said he, with the most innocent expression imaginable, "but don't you often come when we don't want you?"—*Mother's Journal.*

#### SPANISH LADIES.

But here come two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old *duenna*—close, watchful, and important as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet—at their heels; for this is a country where hearts are tinder, and sparks are always at hand. They look, as all Spanish ladies do to English eyes, full-dressed; so that a street full of Spanish ladies at the fashionable shopping hour looks very much like an open air ball-room. Their hair is glossy as a blackbird's wing; soft, I dare say, to the lover's hand as a mole's fur. The mantilla gathers round on their shoulders in a cascade of blackness; and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which, it is said, takes seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb—the Cadiz beauty is famous—the Spanish walk is an institution. These ladies float along; walking, as June does, on clouds; there is no stalking tramp here, no tremendous, vigorous exertion of muscles. No, there is only a gliding, a divine passage, not to be accounted for by vulgar, mechanical laws.—*Life in Spain.*

#### THE SERFS IN RUSSIA.

The plan proposed by the Russian government for the emancipation of the serfs has been harmoniously adjusted, and is being successfully put in operation. The plan presented to the czar by the Russian nobility, for the emancipation of the serfs, gives them the power to lease lands and make contracts for two years, when it is hoped they will be able to support themselves. The czar's plan contemplated immediate emancipation, and the gift to each serf from his master's territory, of sufficient land to support him. Emancipation is desired by all parties, but the nobles are not willing to give up serfs and land both. The plan of the nobles is understood to have been accepted by the czar.—*Boston Traveller.*

The lash that man does not object to having laid on his shoulder—the eye-lash of a pretty woman.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WE MET BENEATH THE GLARE.

BY WILLIE WARE.

We met beneath the glare  
Of artificial light;  
'Twas in a scene of gaiety  
Upon a festive night.  
Gay forms were whirling past  
Amid the mazy dance;  
Rich music floated round,  
The senses to entrance.

Thy face so pure and sweet  
I saw that festive night;  
Thy form with grace replete,  
Thy smile so gay and light.  
Thine eyes expressive, mild,  
Of heaven's own deepest blue;  
Thy hair in ringlets hung  
Of a rich auburn hue.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"Mr friend Madaline Carter is coming to visit us, Alice."

Mrs. Lund looked up wonderingly into her husband's face, as he spoke. The name of his friend was a strange one to her. She had never heard him mention it before.

"Madaline Carter!—pray who may she be?" she asked. "And when is she coming?" she added, glancing quickly around the little breakfast-room.

Mr. Lund smiled and tossed a gay, dashing-looking letter into his wife's lap.

"Read for yourself, if you please," he said, "and then tell me how you like it."

With a puzzled expression upon her pleasant face, Mrs. Lund read, what perhaps pleased her, and what perhaps did not, for she had a strong control over her features, and did not allow them to betray her secrets. At any rate, when she finished reading, she drew her white forefinger laughingly across the commencement of the letter, which was, "My dear Arthur Lund," and said:

"Ought I to like that, dear? A strange woman using that 'possessive my,' as we used to say at school, in connection with your name?"

Mr. Lund shook his head. "Do you like the penmanship?" he queried.

"It is very beautiful," she answered, evasively.

"But that is not it—do you like it?" he persisted in saying.

"Yes, well enough. But you know I am seldom drawn very strongly towards gay, handsome people."

"But how do you know that she is gay and handsome?"

"The penmanship indicates as much."

"You are right, Alice, and Arthur knows it. If I were in your place, I wouldn't have her come here at all." The voice came from a low window-seat near by.

"What! is Hester here as early as this in the morning?" said Mr. Lund, evidently somewhat annoyed. "So much comes from settling down within a stone's throw of one's old home. Now, chatterbox, what have you to say of Miss Carter?"

"That if I were in Alice's place, I wouldn't care to have her here—nothing more or less."

"And why not?" queried her brother.

Hester looked annoyed. She did not know whether it would do for her to speak her mind or not. Shaking her head, she said, archly:

"You wouldn't like to have me tell why, Arthur Lund!"

"Nonsense! How thankful I am that I didn't choose such a little goosey as you for a wife. Alice will have a pleasant visit with Miss Carter, I am sure, in spite of your mischievous croakings. Don't mind her, Allie."

Alice stood looking alternately at her husband and young sister-in-law, striving to comprehend the meaning of their words. There was a perplexed expression about her well-formed mouth, and in her clear brown eyes. Whatever her thoughts were, she kept them to herself, for she remarked, after a moment's pause, in an indifferent, careless manner:

"She will be here Wednesday—to-morrow. I will have everything in readiness for her. Never fear, Arthur."

Her husband bent down and kissed her, as she spoke. She returned the caress mechanically, and let her eyes wander searchingly over his face.

"Never mind Hester, Alice. Miss Carter is a very agreeable young lady," Mr. Lund said, as he turned away.

This was all of the morning's conversation, and yet, upon the young wife's heart a shadow had fallen. Going to the window, she watched her husband as he walked down the garden-path to the street. The June sunshine glimmered through the trees upon him. The birds were singing from every bush and shrub. On either hand the sweet-mouthed flowers leaned towards him as if for caresses. This was what Alice's eyes took in; to her heart there was no deeper meaning, perhaps. She was restless and uneasy.

After a while she glanced back towards the breakfast-table, still untouched. Near it, in a heavily-cushioned chair, her sister-in-law Hester sat reading. For a moment, as she looked upon her, an unworthy question framed itself upon her lips. But she did not ask it. She had little need to, in fact, for Hester, anticipating her, closed her book and joined her at the window.

"Don't feel badly about it, Alice," she began. "I'm sure Arthur never cared at all for Madaline—at least, not half as much as he does for you. But at one time they were very intimate, and mother and I were afraid he would marry her. But that was a long time ago!"

Alice smiled.

"Is she beautiful—fascinating—did you say?" she asked.

"Yes, after a fashion. She has splendid eyes; such as will draw one this way and that. She sings well, too, and has a queenly way of doing everything. But she isn't half as sweet as you are, dear."

In this assurance there was something inexpressibly touching to the young wife; at least, her peculiar mood made it so. There was a little fluttering in her throat for a moment, and then her eyes were suddenly dimmed. But she did not speak, only rested her fair hands on the head of her sister, and tried to look down the shaded way that led from the wide, deep window. What a pleasant, happy home this was (so she thought)! How blessed had she been above all other women!

In the perfect arms of memory she was carried back into the past. All the struggles, trials and temptations of her life arose up before her. They were not few, for with her own hands she had made herself a place in the busy world. Not few, I say, but at the early age of twenty-three, she had conquered life. By this, I mean that she knew it as women twice her years seldom do. No matter how. Perhaps it was through her own heart. Love is a great purifier sometimes, and comes like a rapid fire to clear away the rubbish from our eyes. Blessed is he who can read and interpret what he sees! So Alice loved and learned. Standing there, she thought of it. The birth of her love had given her great pain. When she looked at it steadily and well, her heart was brimmed with joy. We ought to thank God every day, we who love, for the sweet privilege of loving. Its return is the gift of another—itsself power.

Why, with all her experience, the thought of Madaline Carter should jar so strongly she did not know. As her husband's friend, she was prepared to welcome her—as her own, she was

afraid from her present feelings she never could. That was the dark side of it. Having naturally a sunny heart she soon found the brighter one; and in an hour's time to have looked upon her as she went around her pleasant home, one would have said that the evil spirit was wholly exorcised away.

It was one of the pleasantest of June evenings that Madaline Carter came. With her husband Alice was waiting upon the portico to receive her, when the carriage drove to the door. She had expected to meet a handsome woman, but for so much beauty she was not prepared. For a moment she started back as one will when a sudden light breaks upon them.

"I am happy to welcome you, Madaline!" Mr. Lund said, shaking her hand cordially. And then turning to his wife, he presented her.

Madaline's proud eyes flashed widely open upon her. At a glance she seemed to take in her whole character. How much a single look will express. The one that passed between the two women was fraught with meaning. It said, "I shall hate you!" From Madaline's eyes it was like a swift, strong blaze; from Alice's like the piercing gleam of a star—sharp and lancetlike. This was their meeting, although the while they clasped their white hands together and smiled. While Alice went to the kitchen, Madaline congratulated Mr. Lund upon his happiness, his home, his wife. She did this with a touch of tenderness in her clear, skillfully managed voice.

"I always knew, Arthur," she said, in her old, familiar way, "that sometime you would be nested down in just this way for life. Isn't it delightful?"

"Very," Mr. Lund answered, smiling. "I used to prophesy, too, if I remember rightly," he added, a little archly.

"But you were a false prophet. I know you were then."

"Yes—no! Circumstances entirely justified my conclusions. You'll admit that, I'm sure."

"Not even that."

Mr. Lund smiled again. He was used to her evasive answers. They seemed to please him. From her manner he was led to watch her closely. How beautiful she was! As he thought this, a little tender breeze swept up from the fragrant paths of the past. It was so pleasant that he deemed it harmless. So he turned his face towards it. It grew stronger then, and swept through his heart even. Ah, Mr. Lund, what a dangerously delicious pleasure was that!

Madaline Carter came for a visit of a few days, but they lengthened out into weeks, and still she did not speak of going. At dinner, one



day, she said, turning her face towards Mr. Lund, while she fixed her eyes upon Alice:

"I have a friend in the city, or rather an acquaintance, who wishes much to call here. He once knew Mrs. Lund he tells me."

"Ah, and who may your friend be?" was the answer.

"Mr. Ralph Morrison. He is here from Penn on business. Some people call him very attractive. What is your opinion, Mrs. Lund?"

At that moment Arthur raised his eyes to Alice's face. It was so white that it startled him.

"Are you ill?" he asked, rising quickly from his chair.

"No, no—pray be seated," she answered, glancing deprecatingly into his face. "I was a little dizzy—it has quite gone now."

Madaline had watched her closely meanwhile. There was a satisfied, knowing look about her mouth and in her eyes. A poor reader of human faces would have known that there was a certain triumph at her heart.

"I hope the thought of seeing Ralph Morrison does not affect you so, Mrs. Lund," she said, gaily. "I shall feel obliged to warn Arthur of him."

Alice's face crimsoned, and for a moment she did not answer. Even Arthur seemed a little disturbed at her strange appearance, for he raised his eyes to her face, as though anxiously awaiting reply.

"I would advise you to do so, Miss Carter. Perhaps he will appoint you to watch me closely when the gentleman calls," Alice said, at last, laughingly.

"Perhaps so," Madaline answered, opening her eyes to their full width.

"I hate you!" was the look that passed between them then, fierce, deep and strong. Mr. Lund felt it. The swift current touched and thrilled him, but he was like one standing in the dark.

In the evening following, Ralph Morrison called. He was a dark, handsome man, with a smooth tongue and a soft voice. Mr. Lund did not like him, and so gathered his dignity about him like an icy garment. Alice was very quiet, and a little paler than usual; but Madaline was all grace and beauty. Her eyes shone like stars. They were so bright that what was lying in their depths could not be seen. Before he left, Mr. Morrison spoke a few low words to Alice, and as he did so, Madaline scanned the face of Mr. Lund closely.

"They were friends once," she said, seeing how indifferent he was.

He glanced towards them quickly at this, and

then looked inquiringly into her face. Her words were simple enough, but they were weighed down with meaning. As if annoyed, she drooped her eyes, and playing with her bracelet, remarked, in a confused, half-troubled way:

"Excuse me—I—I supposed you knew all about their acquaintance, and yet I might have known—never mind. See! Mr. Morrison is bidding Mrs. Lund good night."

He was, indeed! But why should Alice stand blushing before him? Arthur Lund was startled out of his composure for a moment. He turned to Madaline. She had risen from her chair, and stood with her beautiful head bent thoughtfully forward.

"I am quite puzzled," he said, in a low tone. "I must hear more of this," he added, quite forgetting himself.

This was but the beginning of disquiet. With Arthur Lund it increased daily. Between Alice and himself a strange coldness sprang up, but Madaline was everything to him. I do not say that he was conscious of this, but doubting his wife, he made her his friend.

It was so like old times to be with her, he would say to himself. So like the pleasant days of his youth it seemed to listen to her sweet, musical voice. Sometimes he used to wish that she could not read him quite so easily; that she did not know quite so well of the little trouble between Alice and himself. But after awhile he ceased to think of this even, and Alice went further from him. How would it end? As the beautiful enchantress willed perhaps. But the good angels of earth are many. They watch as well as the bad.

Madaline told Arthur that Mr. Morrison and Alice had been lovers once. She said this in an artless, innocent way, as though she did not half comprehend what she was saying. But she drank in every word eagerly.

"Why did they not marry?"

"There had been a misunderstanding between them—they had not quite comprehended each other," was the answer.

"And now?"

"O they could see how it was now, of course. People could always see when it was too late to remedy an evil."

"Yes, yes—but had they loved deeply?"

"Yes."

The word came with a sigh. At that moment it fell welcomingly upon his ears. Madaline had loved him deeply, perhaps, he thought. Involuntarily he raised her hand to his lips.

Ah, Arthur—Arthur Lund! could you have seen the white face bent towards you at that mo-

ment—could you have seen the terrible look of agony that passed over it, you might have stayed your feet from the path which they were treading. The beautiful hand would have scorched your lips like fire!

Softly, noiselessly, Alice stole up the wide stairway to her chamber. In the darkness she fell upon her knees, clasping her hands across her forehead. Her prayer was:

"Be merciful—merciful, dear God!"

"It is so cruel, so miserably cruel!"

So Hester Lund kept saying to herself, as she sat by Alice bedside during the illness that followed that night. But Alice did not speak at all, only mutely with her large brown eyes. She kept her white face hidden in the pillow, and muffled the heavy sobs that broke so constantly upon her lips. At first, Arthur came to see her, but Hester suggested to him one day, as she saw him nearing his wife's chamber, with a troubled expression upon his face, his mouth stern and his brows knit, that it would be better for him to allow Alice a few days of uninterrupted quiet. He looked at her keenly as she spoke, and his fine lips curled into a smile.

"Then I am a trouble to Alice?" he said, in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"I did not say that you were. But something troubles her, I am sure of that," was the quick answer.

"I do not doubt there is. I have ample proof."

"And so have I!" retorted Hester, under her breath, turning away.

This conversation was in the upper hall. At the door of her chamber, which was slightly ajar, Madaline Carter listened to it. Her beautiful face gleamed in its triumphant joy.

"We will see—we will see, Alice Lund, who conquers!" she said, clasping her hands together, and bending her regal head upon them. "To fail is to die, and that you begin to feel! But for this little quick-eyed Hester I must keep a sharp lookout."

When Madaline went down to dinner that day she wore her sweetest smiles.

"How was Mrs. Lund?" she asked of Hester.

"Very well," was the cool reply, given with a corresponding glance.

"Would she be down stairs soon?"

"That had not been thought of much yet."

"She (Madaline) would have visited her, but she feared that she might disturb her."

"She most certainly would," was the prompt, decisive answer.

Arthur Lund raised his eyes in surprise. Hester looked him firmly in the face. Madaline

watched them smilingly. "I must see to that Hester," she thought to herself.

Ah! that would have been well, Miss Madaline.

At the expiration of a week, Alice insisted upon going down stairs. Hester protested that she was too weak, and even Arthur expressed a fear that she might endanger her health by so doing. But she was firm in her resolution, and so at tea-time that day, she took her place at the table again. She was looking poorly. None felt this more keenly than did Hester, and in consequence she hated Madaline Carter most deeply. How the little play would end she did not know, but she thought to herself, that in it she would not be an idle character—that she would help the plot to a speedy *denouement*, if possible.

How strange it was that Ralph Morrison, who had absented himself from the house during Alice's illness, should make his appearance on the first evening which she spent down stairs. To Arthur Lund it was inexplicable. To all appearances, it was the same to Madaline. But Hester was content to watch without wondering.

Alice was lying upon the sofa when Mr. Morrison was announced. Her husband was near enough to her to see the faint color arise in her cheeks at the mention of his name. With a quick, hurried glance about him, Mr. Morrison bent over Alice and whispered a few words. When he turned away, Hester went at once to her.

"Tell me what he said, Allie dear," she began, taking her hand.

"That he was happy to see me in the parlor again," she answered, raising her eyes wonderingly to Hester's face.

"And was that all?"

"All?" (still wonderingly.)

"That is well. Sometime you shall know why I asked you."

Madaline clenched her white hands together, and under her breath cursed Hester Lund. For what, she knew not. The girl's face was unreadable as a sealed book. There was nothing to be gathered from that. Perhaps her step was a little firmer, her head, always finely carried, took a more confident poise, as she turned from Alice to her seat again. There was something, at any rate, that jarred with Madaline's thoughts. All around, it was an unpleasant evening. But Mr. Morrison was never more witty or entertaining. To Hester it seemed dull, and she knew that it was the same to her brother, that aside from Alice he cared little for the company. His eyes constantly sought her face. His head was bent towards her as he spoke. Once in a while, as though suddenly conscious of betraying too deep

an interest, he would turn his face towards Madaline, but it would be for a few moments only, and then to Alice again.

When he turned to leave the room that night, he drew his kerchief from his coat pocket, and as he did so, a delicate little note dropped to the carpet, close at Arthur's feet. Mr. Lund stooped to pick it up. Of a sudden his eye caught the superscription. It was in the fine, delicate penmanship of Alice! He put his foot on the note and bowed Mr. Morrison from the room. For a moment he stood as white as marble. The perspiration gathered in large drops upon his forehead. His lips were tremulous, but not with speech. He knew then, when she seemed to go forever from him, how deeply and well he had loved Alice; that his passion for Madaline was no more to that, than is the first breath of spring to the rich glow of midsummer. He gathered the note in his hand and crushed it there.

"What is it, Arthur?" whispered Hester, softly.

He waved her away with his hand. His eye sought Alice.

"Not now," she said.

He turned around. Madaline had stolen quietly from the room.

"Yes, *now*!" he said, almost fiercely.

Alice looked up, and he went to her. "You are no longer my wife!" he said, looking into her white face, as he spoke.

She started up wildly. As if to crush her down again, he held the note before her eyes. She read:

"DEAR RALPH:—I shall be down stairs this evening. If you love me come! ALICE."

"I never wrote it. Arthur—Arthur! believe me," she cried, sinking back upon the sofa in a deep swoon.

"You have killed her!" said Hester, as he turned away.

He rushed out of the house, down the gravelled pathway into the street. He did not know or care where or which way he went. So he wandered about till nearly midnight. He was drinking from the same cup that he had pressed to Alice's lips.

"Morrison's heart-blood should pay for the wrong!" he said to himself in the heat of his mad passion. Then he thought of Madaline. Instinctively he cursed her, and then himself in turn. At last, he turned towards home. He gained it by a roundabout way that led him to a back gate situated in the remotest part of his grounds. He entered it noiselessly. Walking slowly up the smooth path, densely shaded upon

either side, he caught the sound of voices. His first thought was, that Alice might be there keeping tryst with Ralph Morrison. He listened shudderingly. Behind the thick screen of rustling trees and shrubbery, Morrison and Madaline were talking. How long they had been there he had no idea. But they were talking of him, he thought. Hearing his name mentioned, he moved more closely towards them.

"The plot deepens," Madaline said. "I had no idea that it would work so well. You have acted your part nobly, Ralph."

"Why should I not? Alice Thurlow did not turn from my heart's best love for nothing. I swore to her then, if time was spared to me, I would strike at the tenderest part of her life. The blow is deep, she thinks, now, but she has not felt it yet! Do you remember how white she grew when I first spoke to her? She had not forgotten my words. They will go to her grave with her."

"I pray they may," said Madaline, in a tone of deep passion, "and as for me, I care not how soon. She took my heart away from me, when she wedded Arthur Lund. I have been a fiend ever since. I stood at the parlor door to-night when he held the note before her eyes. How happy I was, when I saw that agonized look break over her white face. She little thought who had mixed the fiery draught that was raised to her lips. And Arthur—"

"You are a strange woman, Madaline," said Morrison. "I like your strength and bravery. But you are shivering with the cold. Let me lead you to the house."

"No, I am not cold," she answered. "Life is too deep for that to-night. This revenge is maddening, intoxicating! My brain is on fire! My heart seems burning out!"

"I must insist upon your going in."

He said something more, but Arthur could not quite distinguish what it was. Something about living until the victory was entirely won, was the burden of his words as they moved away.

When Arthur reached the house, he found Alice asleep. He bent over her couch. He could see then how sadly she was changed—how pale and thin she had grown. She turned upon her pillow, and whispered his name brokenly. Tears gathered in his eyes. His heart was full.

"Forgive me!" he cried, as she opened her eyes upon him.

"O, Arthur, you wronged me! I did not write that note. I do not love any one but you. You are all that I have in the great, wide world!"

He took her hands tenderly in his, and in broken sentences told her what he had learned. And

more, he told her of this strange infatuation, now gone forever; and he promised, with the help of God, to be all in the years to come that he had been in the past, tender, true and loving.

The next morning he carried Alice down to the breakfast-room in his arms, and placed her close beside him at the table. Madeline looked wonderingly upon him. She was so taken by surprise, that she forgot the part she was playing.

"I did not think to see you down, Mrs. Lund."

Arthur bit his lips. "Are you quite well this morning?" he asked, raising his eyes to her face.

"O yes, quite well!"

"Then you did not take cold last evening?"

"Take cold?" she repeated, changing color.

"Yes, Mr. Morrison was apprehensive that you would. And it was extremely careless of you standing out in the night air so long. Did you go out immediately after leaving the parlor?"

"No—that is—"

"You stopped to glance through the parlor door while Alice read your note, perhaps?" he queried, in the same cool, collected tone.

She flashed her eyes upon him. They shone like balls of fire in her great anger. She arose from the table. Trying to speak, her rage nearly choked her. "I hate you, Arthur Lund!" she said.

"Indeed!" he answered. "Your feelings are emblematic of change. My regards to Mr. Morrison when you meet him again. Alice and I would be pleased to have him call at his leisure."

She swept out of the room without answering. An hour later she was on her way to the depot. She did not stop to thank her kind host and hostess for their protracted hospitality, or even to bid them a good morning. For a long time they sat at the breakfast-table, Arthur and Alice, while Hester read by the window. The breezes came in deftly, laden with summer's dying perfume, the canary whistled and trilled in its cage, the sunshine threw its golden lines farther and farther across the snowy linen of the table. The young wife smiled—the shadow had risen.

**SAVE YOUR PAMPHLETS.**—Much valuable matter is lost by a neglect to bind and preserve the pamphlet literature of the day. Dr. Johnson gives a hint to American as well as to English librarians when he says: "There is no nation, perhaps, in which it is so necessary, as in our own, to assemble, from time to time, the smaller tracts and fugitive pieces, which are occasionally published; for, besides the general subjects of inquiry which are cultivated by us, in common with every learned nation, our constitution in church and state naturally gives birth to a multitude of performances, which would either not have been written, or would not have been made public in any other place."

## WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.

Women should be trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without always knowing why, read the present and future, characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage, "mother wit" save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the home ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty and ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.—*Country Gentleman.*

## TYROLESE BRAVERY.

We now arrived at Prutz, and felt we were on classic ground. We crossed a bridge over the foaming torrent. Up to this point the Tyrolese once allowed the enemy to advance. No sign of resistance met them. They heard no sound but the rumbling of the river below, until a mysterious voice shouted from some hidden spot, "Shall we begin?" and the word "No," echoed down the pass. Onward the enemy marched—the defile became narrower—there was only room for the torrent and the road between the mountains. And now a resolute voice was heard to cry, "In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose!" when rocks, stones and trees rattled down the steep sides of the mountains into the very midst of the enemy, while the Tyrolese riflemen started from their hiding places, and helped to pour destruction on the foe. It is recorded, that an old man who was thus plying his deadly weapon, was attacked by three soldiers. He fired and killed the first, with the butt-end of his weapon he beat down the second, then he grasped the third, and leapt with him into the gulf, shouting, "For God and Tyrol!"—*Through the Tyrol to Venice. By Mrs. Newman Hall.*

## LOVE.

When vexed by cares and harassed by distress,  
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,  
Let Love, consoling Love, still sweetly blow,  
And his assuasive balm benignly shed;  
His downy plume o'er thy pillow spread,  
Shall lull thy weep & sorrows to repose.  
To love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

Mrs. Tighe

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PINE.

BY LESLIE MORSE.

When gusty winds whirl in the roaring pine,  
 And tossing its hair as if drunken with wine,  
 Singing and singing some plaintive bassoon,  
 Each treesy harp walling and walling in tune:  
 Now faintly and low the soft monotone dies,  
 Then shrieking with elfy locks swung in the skies.  
 Tell me, O pine-tree, art thou the haunt  
 Of spirits, who sigh with a shivering chant  
 O'er hopes which the young heart cherished and fed,  
 And dreams which alas! in a mockery died—  
 Whose ghosts have now come, all frantic and pale,  
 To sigh in thy fringe, O pine, with a wail?

Æolian pine, on a million of strings  
 Thy music awakens and o'er thee rings:  
 Now shrilly and loud as a war-note's rush,  
 Then the pean grows soft as a twilight hush;  
 Humming and humming some old love note  
 That flowers on the stream with their pale fingers wrote,  
 When it wandered away from their loving embrace,  
 To crown with its pearl-foam a later won face.

O, many an hour 'neath the pine-tree I've lain  
 On the green-waving hill o'erlooking the plain,  
 And the poplars marked, in the windy play,  
 Flash up their linings of silver and gray;  
 To the sapphire skies all smiling above,  
 And the soft yellow air so mellow with love.  
 And athwart it the wild bird, sauntering, flings,  
 The amethyst plumes on the edge of her wings;  
 And the brown bee's song, as he swims like a boat  
 On the amber sea, has a murmurous note;  
 And among all the arches, and all of the aisles,  
 Where the sunlight creeps with its golden smiles,  
 And Echo steals on with her pale lips apart,  
 Comes music that wakens the dreams of the heart—  
 Breathing of love, and of hope, and desire,  
 Passions which melt all the soul in their fire.

Silver dews falling among the white flowers,  
 Nightingales' songs in the rose-colored bowers,  
 The reeds and the rushes, with moonlight waves,  
 By starry winds beaten in musical staves,  
 And the twilight rain—O, they all combine  
 In the music that plays o'er the emerald pine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DEAD MAN'S SIGNATURE.

BY MARK A. OSGOOD.

THE sun had gone down behind the distant hills; even the last faint streaks of purple and gold which for a time lingered in the western horizon, had melted away, and the shades of evening were fast coming on. The day had been an unusually warm and pleasant one for December, but a sudden change had taken place in the weather; dark, angry, windy clouds had arisen in the north, and were fast creeping over the clear, azure heavens, and the howling, whistling

blasts came sweeping through the naked trees, bereaving them of the last remnant of leaves which remained of their summer's glory, and whirling them around and around with amazing velocity, at last deposited them, with a multitude of their dried, seared companions, amid the clefts of rocks, by the walls and roadsides, beneath the hedges and in the valleys, and in other receptacles prepared for their wintry abode.

It was upon this evening, so dismal, dark and cheerless, that two men might have been seen standing just within the narrow confines of an old, dilapidated shed, one of the appendages of a large, substantial brick house, engaged in earnest conversation. One was a ruffianly-looking man of about thirty, of medium height, short and thick-set, with coarse, irregular features, long black hair, and heavy, frowning brows, from beneath which a pair of eyes gleamed bright and piercing as an eagle's. The other was a person of an altogether different look and mien. In his countenance both intellect and art were expressed; his light, springy gait, free and easy manners, ready command of language, and especially his rapid, graceful gestures, all denoted a man from the higher walks of life.

"Dixon," said the villanous-looking individual I have just described, as he cast an uneasy glance around to assure himself that no listeners were near, "can it be accomplished?"

"Without the shadow of a doubt."

"And there is no danger of detection?"

"Not if you've got the wit of a goose to carry it out," said the other, drily.

"Have you matured your plan?"

"Yes."

"And you swear to stand by me through thick and thin, come weal or come woe?"

"Provided you'll give me a good taste of the chink after we get it. I don't go into such business for nothing," answered Dixon.

"I am not the man to bicker about a few hundreds, when thousands are at stake. Give me a lift, and you shall set your own price. But what is your plan?"

"The old man you say lies in the northwest chamber?"

"Yes."

"Does any one sleep in the immediate vicinity?"

"Only old Grannie Reed, and she has been deaf as an adder these dozen years."

"So much the better for our purpose. 'Well, you must affect for once a little filial affection—'"

"That's rather a hard matter, but when gold is in question—" interrupted his companion.

"Silence, you fool!" exclaimed Dixon, impa-

tiently. "Will you take up the whole time talking? Hear me, man: thus far he's had the whole town in to see him, but say to the old woman and the family that you consider the chamber of death ought to be free from intrusion; tell them that as this is the last night your father's remains lie unburied, as an affectionate and dutiful son, you desire the privilege of performing the sad office of watching by them in private, and that for this night you wish to be left to the free and undisturbed indulgence of your own sad reflections. Well, after you have got them all off, do you at precisely twelve o'clock place a lamp in the window as a signal that all is ready. I'll be outside with my men waiting for it, and we'll come and knock three times lightly on the front door. Then come down and let us in. Now don't go to blustering about and make such a racket as will wake up all the mice in the house—for if we get caught in the scrape, it will go hard with us. I'll come with the papers all made out, to convey the property into your hands. I am an old hand at facsimiles; I'll take your father's dead hand within mine and affix his signature to it. It shall be so exact an imitation, that even a Philadelphia lawyer can't detect it from the genuine. Dick Howe and Joe Maynard, my clerks, shall come with me as witnesses. That's necessary, you know, for if the family go to raising a rumpus and carry the affair into court, we must have something to fall back upon, and they be there to swear before judge and jury that the will is both legal and genuine, signed, sealed and delivered into my hands by old Jacob Scneider himself. Now you've my plan, what's to hinder its being carried into execution?"

"Nothing," returned the other, musingly; "only two men and yourself to pay will draw pretty well from my pockets."

"Fool!" muttered Dixon to himself. "I believe, upon my word, the fellow would hang himself to make a cent! Tight, miserly scoundrel, if I undertake the job, I'll make a good deep hole in his coffers."

Reader, you have now obtained an insight into the character of two of the principal actors in my story, and if you will go back with me a little, I will introduce you to others who are henceforth to figure largely in this sketch.

Jacob Scneider was a German by birth, a farmer by vocation, and a miser by reputation, by nature and education. He had emigrated early in life, and by dint of great shrewdness and economy, had managed to purchase a large tract of land, rich, fertile and productive, upon the beautiful banks of the Susquehannah. This

land had taken a sudden rise, and had doubled and trebled in value, till Jacob Scneider became what the world calls a man of property—worth somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty or one hundred thousand dollars. But if a high estimate was placed upon his estates, a very low estimation was certainly placed upon his character. He was parsimonious and miserly to the last degree. Gold was the sole and ultimate object of his existence. It was gold—bright, shining, glittering gold, for which he thirsted and hungered; gold—which had warped his mind, bent his tall, athletic form, brought deep furrows to his brow, turned his hair prematurely white. And now he had gone and left it—gone into the presence of the most high God, to receive at the bar of judgment his reward or condemnation! What that sentence will be, eternity alone will reveal. He had lived unhonored and unloved, and there were none to mourn for him or lament his death, and "only those who inherited his estate rejoiced."

Besides his widow who survived him, Jacob Scneider left two sons to receive his patrimony. To say that Thomas, the elder, was his favorite and exact counterpart, moulded in the same mould, is sufficient; but Harry, the younger, was as different from him as night is from day. He was handsome, smart and intelligent; and through the liberality of a wealthy bachelor uncle, his mother's brother, he had received a good education. If Thomas was his father's favorite, Harry was his pride; but he had in some degree become alienated from him—he obstinately refused to adopt his peculiar ways of thinking, and to submit his business to his supervision. And after a stormy interview in which Harry asked of his father pecuniary aid and was stoutly denied, he was too proud to recur to the same subject again, and after leaving the "paternal mansion," commenced business for himself upon a small scale.

Between Harry and his brother, no feelings either of affection or sympathy ever existed. Their characters were as far apart as the north pole is from the south; their views, feelings, tastes, wholly unlike. Thomas had long regarded him with a jealous eye, and deep-rooted feelings of animosity had for years rankled in his breast. Although the mere common civilities only were exchanged, yet they had hitherto lived peacefully and harmoniously beneath the same roof; but scarcely had the breath of life departed from the body of old Jacob Scneider, before Thomas was plotting and caballing in his heart means and ways by which he could appropriate to himself the greater portion of the old

man's wealth. One half of the inheritance, except his mother's third, rightfully and lawfully belonged to Harry; and how to get full and entire possession of it, was the thought that occupied his soul by day and night. He had plenty of art and roguery, and had contrived in his business transactions to "feather his own nest" in cases equally difficult; but to accomplish this, required not only a long head but a thorough knowledge of certain points of law of which he was ignorant. But Lawyer Dixon was a man cunning and shrewd, and, like himself, ready to resort to any means to satisfy his unbounded love of gain, and to him he determined to apply. As he expected, the wily lawyer greedily caught at the bait; a bargain was immediately struck up, an exorbitant price was agreed upon, to be paid to Dixon out of the profits in case he succeeded in attaining his object, and a scheme devised. What that scheme was, has already been unfolded to our readers.

After his long conversation with Dixon in the shed, Thomas returned to the house and took his accustomed seat by the fire, and waited impatiently for the time for the family to retire.

"I'll sit up to-night and watch by my father's remains," he said to the kind-hearted neighbors who came to volunteer their services. "He has been a good and tender parent to me, and it will afford me a melancholy gratification to watch by his lifeless body the last night it remains with us."

"It's natural," said old Grandmother Reed, with a sigh. "Thomas and his father always did take to one another amazingly. But you must be careful and keep the doors shut, and the windows all down, for they say cats haunter dreffully after dead bodies, and I've hearn 'em tell how they'd break through the windows and come down the chimneys to get at 'em."

Half an hour later, Thomas Scneider found himself sitting alone in the chamber of death. His father's cold, lifeless remains lay stretched out before him shrouded and ready for the grave. The room was cold, cheerless and dismal; a lamp burned dimly on the table, adding still more to the already forbidding, funereal aspect of the apartment. Without, the wind was howling and whistling mournfully, shaking the casements with every blast; the rain, too, was pouring down in torrents, and came beating against the windows with tremendous force.

Thomas Scneider was a man of tried courage and daring, but somehow, to night every sound startled him; the creaking of the shutters, the barking of the house-dog, even the striking of the kitchen clock, almost made him spring from his seat. But the hours slowly passed away and

twelve o'clock came—the signal for his lamp to be placed in the window to announce that all was ready. Then followed three quick successive raps at the outer door, and Thomas Scneider arose, slipped quickly and noiselessly down, and cautiously opened the door. Three men entered with moccasined feet, and, with a tread light and noiseless as that of a panther, rapidly ascended the staircase which led to the dead man's room.

Closing the door carefully after him, Dixon drew from his pocket a will he had previously prepared, and approaching the bed, removed the sheet which had been spread over the corpse, and taking one of the hands which was lying upon the breast, he placed a pen between the thumb and finger, and guiding its motions, wrote in a large, bold hand the name of Jacob Scneider. This done, he replaced the sheet and hand in its former position, and with a satisfied smile, and a significant nod, passed the paper to his comrades.

"There," said he, in a whisper, "I defy all the lawyers in the State to prove its falsity! The old man writes as well as if his soul was in his body."

A triumphant smile lighted up the grim visage of Thomas Scneider, and his keen, eagle eye dilated with joy, as it fell upon the forged signature—so perfect and exact a counterfeit, that he himself, if he had not been a witness of the operation, would never for a moment have had a doubt of its truth. This done, Dixon replaced the will in his pocket, and with his comrades, withdrew as silently and cautiously as they had entered. Thus far, all worked well.

One week passed by—the funeral rites had been solemnized—all that remained of old Jacob Scneider had been consigned to the cold and narrow grave—and what was to be done with the gold he had left behind him? was the question which followed his decease. He had debased his soul to obtain it, and he had gone now where the vast treasures he had accumulated here, would avail him nothing. Who would now be the possessor of his wealth?—had he provided liberally for his widow?—had he left a will? Such were the questions which traversed from mouth to mouth, and both Gossip and Rumor were busy in solving them. At last a report was in circulation that in Lawyer Dixon's hands the old gentleman had entrusted his will, and curiosity and expectation were upon tiptoe to fathom its contents. For once Rumor, with her thousand tongues, was right. Lawyer Dixon had in his possession a will, one of his own manufacture, which had been signed, sealed and witnessed, as we have seen. But now a week had passed since the funeral, and the worthy gentleman of



the legal profession thought it expedient to present himself at the house and duly inform the family of its existence.

Great indeed was the astonishment of Mrs. Scnider and Harry, when the fact became known. Old Jacob had, all through his life, a great horror of will-making, and had always entertained the superstitious notion that death invariably followed the making of a will; and although he had been repeatedly urged by his wife to make some final disposition of his property, he had never as yet yielded to her importunities. Moreover, Dixon was a man whom he had been frequently known to declare was trickish and knavish—one who, with soft words and pretty compliments, stole into the hearts of the ignorant and unwary, as a wolf steals into a fold at night to plunder and devour. These circumstances made it all the more improbable, to the family of Jacob Scnider, that with his thorough knowledge of the character and cunning of this man, he should have selected him, of all others, to repose confidence in and make sole executor of his will.

"It is false!" exclaimed Harry, in an excited tone, the moment the visage of the sleek attorney was fairly outside the door. "It is a shameful, deep-laid plot, dyed with fraud and lies, to get into his own empty pockets a few hundreds of my father's money. But I'll defeat his object! I'll riddle to the bottom this mystery, and bring the villain to justice!"

"Pretty complimentary!" sung out the smooth, silvery voice of Dixon, who it seems had not stirred from the door where he had been an attentive listener. "Well, break up the will, prove it a forgery, and bring me to justice, if you can! I defy all the power in the State to do it."

One o'clock, that afternoon, was the time appointed for the reading of the will in presence of the Scnidors and the two clerks who had witnessed it. Dixon read in a slow, solemn tone, what he emphatically asserted was the last will and testament of Jacob Scnider.

"To my dearly beloved wife, Mary Scnider, who has been a willing and able helpmate, and has, for thirty-three years shared with me the joys and sorrows of life—to her I leave just what the law allows, were it to take its course, viz., the income of a third of my whole property, which, after her decease, is to descend to my elder son Thomas.

"In view of the fact that my younger son Harry has an uncle, a worthy and wealthy bachelor of position and influence, who for years has regarded him in the light of a son, and has frequently declared his intention of making him his

sole heir and legatee, I have deemed it unnecessary to make further provision for him than to bequeath to him a few mementoes of respect and affection, viz., a twenty-dollar gold piece—the first I ever earned—which is to be found in the upper drawer of my old red chest, sewed up in the top of a blue stocking, the sword and other military equipments belonging to my deceased brother John, and worn by him on the bloody field of Waterloo, four pewter plates, the dying gift of my grandmother, and the old family Bible. To bestow upon him these precious relics of the past, is the strongest proof of affection I can give him.

"To my elder son Thomas, as he has no expectation to rely upon, I give and bequeath the remainder of my property, my bank and railroad stock, real and personal estate, except the bequests I have already mentioned. If my sons desire that my body shall rest quietly in the grave, let there be no strife or contention in regard to the settlement of my affairs. Let my wishes be executed to the letter; otherwise, my grieved spirit shall haunt and harass them till the day of their death."

A silence still as midnight followed the reading; dissatisfaction was expressed on every countenance, and a murmur of discontent and doubt ran around the assembled company.

"Would you like to see the will?" politely asked Dixon, as he handed it to Harry, who was standing leaning against the mantel shelf silent and motionless as a statue.

"My father never made that will, sir," he said calmly and composedly, as he fixed his clear blue eye full upon the lawyer's face.

"Do you mean to insinuate a doubt as to its genuineness?" asked Dixon, his lips quivering with rage as he spoke.

"No, I insinuate nothing—for insinuations are unnecessary. It is a bold-faced scheme of fraud and knavery, got up by villains and rascals to deprive me of my lawful, hereditary rights. But it shall be defeated. Sir, it shall go before judge and jury; my father's sentiments shall be known—"

"Not so fast, young man," interrupted Dixon, with the blandest smile possible. "Averse as your father always was to the making of his will, yet a short time previous to his death certain events occurred to produce an entire alteration in his views on the subject. Hear me!" he exclaimed, seeing Harry about to speak. "Just nine weeks before his death, he came to my office; a deep-seated gloom had settled upon his countenance, and his soul, he said, was oppressed with sorrow. 'Friend Dixon,' he

began, 'my end is approaching. I have been warned of it by raps and dreams and unmistakable signs.'

"'Pooh!' said I; 'don't give way to idle fears. You're hale and hearty as I am, and likely to live these dozen years.'

"He shook his head mournfully. 'Death has sent his forerunner to warn me of my approaching end, and something tells me,' he added, laying his hand upon his heart, 'that the warning is true. Yesterday I was sitting all alone by the kitchen fire, pondering upon the events of the day, when I heard the town clock strike twelve. I looked to see if the clock on the mantel-shelf agreed in time, and saw both the minute and the hour hand pointing directly to the figure of 12, then slowly both hands began to reverse their motions till they fell back down to the figure of 6. That means something, thought I; some invisible power is at work. It's the harbinger of evil—"coming events cast their shadows before;" and as I wondered and conjectured, the pendulum began to go with astonishing velocity, swinging to and fro, beating against the case at each successive motion. Then the striking commenced—one, two, three, four, up to sixty-nine times—slow and measured as the tolling of the bell. Then a rapping followed right on the wall over my head; just sixty-nine distinct raps were given. There, thought I, I am as good as a dead man; and that night I dreamed that in just six weeks, at just half past six o'clock, I shall breathe my last. My mortal career is almost ended, and all that remains for me is to close up my earthly concerns and prepare to meet my God. I wish you to write my will, to be my executor, but to keep all knowledge of its existence from my family till all is over."

Upon concluding his story, Lawyer Dixon, with ill-suppressed triumph and pleasure expressed in his face, called his clerks to swear themselves as witnesses of it. Then turning to Harry he demanded what further proof he needed to convince him of its authenticity?

Harry took the will; every letter was perfect in its formation, every quirk and mark exactly as his father was in the habit of making, and yet he was unconvinced! He felt there was an inexplicable mystery in the affair, and that to solve it he must enter an intricate labyrinth, and solve a deep, skilfully laid plot with an artful, designing lawyer to contend with on one side, and a selfish, avaricious brother on the other.

"Annie, my love, I have told you of the blight that has fallen upon my prospects. Had I known that I was to be basely robbed of my patrimony,

I would never have asked you to unite your destiny with mine. My love for you cannot be crushed out of my soul—it is a part of my very existence—but it should have gone down to the grave unrevealed and unsuspected by any one. I hoped to have been able to offer with my heart a home and a position in life worthy of your acceptance, one in which your birth and education so eminently fits you to adorn; but it is all over now—the golden bubble has burst, and I have now only a strong arm and a willing heart to depend upon."

"And are not these sufficient to ensure success? Cannot an humble home with love like ours be a happy one?" asked Annie, smiling, as she gazed with eyes full of admiration and tenderness into the face of her lover.

"Can you relinquish the luxuries to which you have been so long accustomed, and walk with me the rough pathway in life?" said Harry, with a sigh.

"Are not our lives," replied Annie, reproachfully, "so interwoven that the fluctuating tide of fortune must fail to affect us? O, Harry, you little know the depth and strength of a woman's love, if you think that the loss of a few paltry thousands can wean her heart from the man she loves?"

It seemed as if the very fountains of love and tenderness within the soul of Harry had suddenly burst forth; with glistening eyes and an overflowing heart, he answered:

"If my golden charms of happiness have vanished like vapor before me, so long as I possess the priceless treasure of your love, my darling, I am rich; yes, richer than all the mines of California could make me without it, were they to open and unfold their treasures at my feet. I would fain linger longer by my Annie's side; but it's late and duty bids me go."

Then with a few more words of endearment, a few more assurances of love, and a long, fond embrace, Harry turned to the door and sprang lightly upon his horse, already saddled and bridled, and with a touch of the reins and a parting wave of the hand to Annie, rode rapidly away.

Business of a two-fold nature had brought Harry Scneider to Harrisburg. His principal and paramount object was to obtain legal advice in regard to the feasibility of prosecuting a lawsuit, by which he hoped to establish his own hereditary claims, as one of the heirs at law. The next, and not unpleasant duty he had to perform was to visit his affianced bride, Annie Morris, to whom he had been betrothed for more than a year.

It was a full three hours' ride to the old home-

stead, and Harry set off upon a brisk canter in the hope of reaching it by eleven o'clock. It was a cold, but calm, clear evening. The moon shone out in all its brilliancy, and the twinkling stars lighted up his lonely way, and as he gazed into the far-off distant heavens and contemplated upon the infinite power, the majesty and glory of the great Creator, his soul was lost in a strange bewilderment of wonder and adoration. Then he thought of his loved Annie, who, with true womanly love and devotion, had poured the balm of consolation into his sad, dispirited soul, and had yielded to his guidance and keeping all the pure, warm affections of her young heart, and of his father, whose grave was unwatered by a single tear, and of the inexplicable mystery which hung over their final settlement of his property.

A full hour had passed in one profound, continual reverie, when the clattering of a horse's hoofs behind him made him turn to see who was approaching. But what was it that made all the blood recede from his face, his eyes almost start from their sockets, the bridle drop from his hand, and his feet shake in the stirrups? Harry Scneider was a man of determined bravery. There was no deed of daring he dared not attempt, no danger, however imminent, he feared to face. Had he suddenly encountered a powerful foe, wielding the implements of death and destruction, he would have shed his life's blood before surrendering; but to be unexpectedly brought in contact with spirits from the unseen world, clothed in bodily form, was enough to appall the stoutest heart.

In the rider of the coal black steed, he recognized his father, clad in his accustomed garb, a gray coat, blue homespun pants, heavy leathern shoes, and a large, broad-rimmed hat, beneath which his thin, silvered locks were plainly visible; his face could not be distinctly seen except that a deadly pallor overshadowed it, and the hand that guided the spirited animal was dexterous and skilful as ever; faster and faster he rode, and nearer and nearer he came, and a voice hoarse and solemn as the tomb called out:

"Harry Scneider, Harry Scneider!"

Terrified and horror-stricken at this unexpected apparition, Harry's first impulse was to touch the reins of his horse and fly; then commenced a regular John Gilpin race—the ghost of the departed was pursuing the living—hills, valleys, meadows and pastures were swept past as a ball is shot out of a cannon.

Fleeter and fleeter rode Harry; still the spectre relentlessly followed, and always keeping just such a distance in his rear; but the courage which had momentarily forsook him, soon re-

turned—his curiosity was excited. If it was indeed the ghost of his dead parent, why run from it? If the object of his nocturnal visitor was to terrify him, he certainly had attained it; if it was his intention to rob or murder him, he could have done it with far less trouble to himself, and no possible chance at exposure; at any rate, he would confront his unwelcome companion, whether friend or foe, and with this determination he reined in his horse, wheeled suddenly around, and with a bold face and resolute bearing, demanded "who he was, and why he sought him?"

The spectre seemed taken by surprise at this unexpected movement.

"I am Jacob Scneider, your father," he answered, in the same hollow tones, as he made a halt, and stationed himself at a short distance from Harry, beneath the spreading branches of a majestic oak, where the pale light of the moon could not fall upon his face. "O, Harry, my son Harry, my youngest born, the spirit of your dead father is grieved and troubled! It cannot rest in the grave so long as there is strife and contention about the poor, insignificant heaps of gold he has left behind him. Gold, gold, it is the root of all evil! It divides the hearts of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; it drags down the body to the grave and sinks the soul in perdition. O, Harry, the soul of your father cannot slumber till peace and harmony be restored to his family. Let my will be executed as it is written; let all quarrellings and bickerings cease, otherwise my angry spirits shall harass and torment all who refuse to obey my commands. With these words, an impressive shake of the head, and a defiant gesture, the spectre touched the reins of his horse, and was soon lost from view in the shadows of night.

Harry sat as if petrified, gazing into the midnight darkness long after the vision had disappeared. His dress, his silvery locks, every look and gesture wore so exactly like his father's! He remembered the concluding clause of the will, could it be that it was indeed genuine and legal, and that the distressed spirit of his parent was indeed wandering in this terrestrial sphere, to haunt and harass, as it had threatened, all who refused to obey the mandate of his will?

It was a late hour that night when Harry Scneider arrived within sight of the old homestead, his paternal mansion. A full bright light glared from the sitting-room. What did it mean? Had anything unusual occurred? The family of Scnders were notorious for keeping early hours. "To go to bed with the chickens" had been old Jacob's motto. Since his death,

however, the hour for retiring had been changed, but now nine was the latest hour a lamp was allowed to burn.

Anxious and curious to ascertain the cause of so uncommon a deviation from the established custom, Harry slightly shook the reins of his horse, and cantered briskly up the yard. Hastily dismounting, he attempted to open the door, but it was locked. He then knocked, and called loudly for admission, but all was still and silent as if the whole household were wrapped in profound slumber. At last a window was opened cautiously, and noiselessly over his head, and the pale, terrified face of Mrs. Scneider appeared.

"O, Harry," she faltered out, in low, tremulous tones, as her eyes fell upon her son, "I am so rejoiced to see you! We have been so frightened—I do believe the house is haunted. We've heard rappings, whisperings, the stamping and tramping of feet—"

"It's the spirits, they are up out of their graves, wandering up and down the earth, visiting the wicked and the ungodly, and warning them to be ready for the great and notable day of the Lord," interposed old Grandmother Reed, who had been a member of the family for some time past.

"Did you see any one?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said his mother, in a somewhat calmer tone. "I was sitting by the window, darning stockings, when suddenly I heard a tramping and rapping overhead, and a voice called, 'Look out of the window, Mary Scneider!' and, Harry, as sure as I am a living, breathing woman, there stood the figure of my buried husband, dressed in his common gray coat and blue pants, with his broad-rimmed hat on, and his white hair hanging down beneath it; and he looked pale and sad, and mournful, and leaned heavily on his brass-headed cane for support. It was no phantom of the imagination, Harry. If my eyes are old they did not deceive me."

"What did he say?" inquired Harry, eagerly, for the thought crossed his mind that his mother's ghostly visitor and his own travelling companion of the evening were one and the same.

"Mary," said he, in low, solemn tones, "my soul is disturbed; my property is sowing the seeds of discord and dissension in my family, and I have assumed once more bodily shape, to visit my earthly habitation, and entreat my sons to execute my will in the manner it is written. I speak from the spirit world. If peace and good will prevail, I shall go back to my last resting place and slumber undisturbed till the day of the resurrection, otherwise I will torment and harass them as long as the breath of life remains."

"There," exclaimed Harry, as his mother concluded, "this is the first clue I have been able to obtain to the mystery connected with that will. I am convinced by this circumstance that a number are deeply intriguing against us; but I'll sift the matter to its very foundations. I'll ferret out the scamps who have had recourse to ghostly visitations to accomplish their ends, and they shall not go unwhipped by justice."

"Where are you going?" asked his mother, as Harry took the lamp and was leaving the room at hasty strides.

"Up stairs, up to the old oak chest, to see if the clothes are gone."

It was as he had surmised: the chest had been visited and ransacked, every article of wearing apparel belonging to old Jacob was gone, coat, hat, cane, shoes and pants, all had been taken, and the chest was entirely empty.

That night sleep refused to visit the eyelids of Harry Scneider; they remained as wide open as if they had been fastened. His mind was filled with all sorts of surmises and conjectures. The events of the evening, so far from intimidating him into submission to the loss of his lawful rights, made him the more determined to vindicate them, and to carry the will into court. He remembered perfectly well that in his last interview with Dixon before going to Harrisburg, he had threatened him pretty strongly, and saw at a glance that the wily lawyer was exceedingly averse to having a legal investigation made of the matter.

"Would it not be better," said Dixon, in his usual bland, silvery voice, "for your brother to buy you out? To settle upon you a certain sum for the relinquishment of your claims? A lawsuit would be an expensive affair. It would unquestionably go against you, and the cost of the suit would be thrown upon you to pay."

This conversation he recalled to mind, and that Dixon and the ghost were acting in concert, there could be no doubt, and that their object was to terrify him into submission.

To defeat this object, and unravel the mystery concerning the will, all the energies of his mind were bent. Ah, Lawyer Dixon little knew, with all his art and cunning, that in arousing the slumbering fire of Harry Scneider, he had a powerful foe to cope with, fully, if not more than, his equal. A scheme was devised—to produce the re-appearance of the ghost was a part of it—the rest will be unfolded to our readers.

In pursuance with the course of action he had marked out for himself, another visit was paid to Dixon. He protested more strongly than ever

his determination to adhere to his purpose of resorting to the law to establish his rights, declared that the will should be proved a forgery, and the perpetrators of the foul act be brought to justice. In vain Dixon expostulated and sought to dissuade him from his purpose. Harry was not to be moved. "We'll see," thought he, as he left the office, "if this interview has the desired effect of bringing around another ghostly visit."

Evening came, and found Harry seated at the window of the sitting-room overlooking the garden. The light had been purposely extinguished, to render him invisible to all outsiders, and a pair of loaded pistols were upon the table beside him. He was waiting for the re-appearance of his nocturnal visitor, and was determined to bring matters to a crisis. He had not long to wait. At precisely nine the garden gate creaked on its hinges and opened slowly, and a figure slightly bent forward, clothed in the usual garb of a gray coat and blue pants, advanced, and stationed itself within a few yards from him.

"The spirit of Jacob Scnider," began the spectre, in the same hollow tones, "is grieved at the jarings and disputes—"

"Stop," cried Harry, "we have had enough of this lingo. If you are indeed the spirit of my buried father, a bullet will do you no harm; if you are a living being, come here to delude and impose upon us, it will settle our accounts."

With these words he discharged one of his pistols. The ball whistled harmlessly over the head of the apparition as he had intended, but the pretended ghost quite forgetful of the character in which he was acting, with a terrific shriek took to his heels and sprang upon the garden wall, which he attempted to clear at a bound, but unfortunately the stones were loose, his footing gave way, and he fell back to the ground, bringing down upon him a large, heavy stone in his fall. At this sight Harry rushed out, and with one stroke of his strong arm removed the stone from the crushed and bleeding limb, and seizing its owner by the collar, dragged him without ceremony into the house, and presented him to the astonished group. Pulling off the broad-rimmed hat from the head, and the white wig under it, the features of Dick Howe were revealed.

"Villain!" exclaimed Harry, with one finger upon the trigger of the loaded pistol pointed directly to his breast, "confess instantly what you are here for, and who your accomplices are, or your life shall pay the forfeit!"

"Mercy, mercy, in the name of Heaven!" shrieked out the poor, terrified wretch, as he staggered to release himself from Harry's iron

grasp. "Spare me, I entreat you, and I'll reveal all."

"Then tell the truth and nothing but the truth, or I'll shoot you as you deserve," replied Harry, without moving a hair's breadth the muzzle of his pistol.

And Dick Howe, in low, faltering tones revealed, without any attempt at concealment, the whole story of the will, from beginning to end. That Thomas Scnider, to appropriate to himself the whole of his father's property, and by a promise of a five thousand dollar reward, in case he succeeded, had induced Dixon to join him; that the will had been written by him, and he had penetrated into the dead man's chamber, and in presence of Thomas and the two clerks for witnesses, had affixed, by holding the dead hand within his own, his signature to it. He said that he himself had practised to some extent the art of ventriloquism, and was able to imitate almost any person's manner and gait, as well as their voice; that Dixon, fearing an exposure in case a legal investigation was made of the matter, had hired him to steal the clothes, and by means of a wig and paint, to personate old Jacob, and appear to the family in the way we have seen.

The next day all the sheriffs in the town were out scouring the country for the missing rogue; but all to no purpose—Dixon had wisely and prudently decamped. As for Thomas, his brother not only generously and humanely forgave him, but divided equally with him the inheritance of their father.

Years have passed, a great change has taken place in the old homestead. White paint and green blinds have added much to its appearance; a large, handsome piazza adorns its front, and bay windows its sides; a green-house has been erected, where the old shed stood, in which plants, rich and rare, many of them of foreign importations, bloom perpetually. The grounds, too, have been laid out with unequalled skill and taste. Fruit and ornamental trees, and an endless variety of creeping vines and shrubbery have been set out, and flowers of every hue and description blossom in its spacious gardens. The old wall has been removed where Dick Howe took his lackless leap, and a thick, heavy hedge has arisen in its stead. Earth can present no fairer, lovelier spot, no fireside more winsome, no home more happy, or hearts more loving and devoted, than its inmates, Harry Scnider and his charming family.

#### SEEK AND FIND.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

HERRICK.

(ORIGINAL)

## I'D TWINE A WREATH.

BY ALFRED WALKER.

I'd twine a wreath  
Of flowers fair,  
To deck this brow  
So marked by care:  
A wreath of flowers  
From fame's bright vine,  
And leaves of laurel  
With them twine.

Their fragrance rich  
Would cheer my heart,  
And bid my grief  
And care depart;  
They fade not like  
The flowers of love,  
But live as bright  
As stars above.

I seek not flowers  
Of love below:  
They fade and leave  
Nought, nought but woe;  
But fame will live,  
Will live forever—  
The laurel crown  
Will fade—O, never!

(ORIGINAL.)

## LITTLE LILY.

## A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY AUNT MARY.

ONE cold winter day, when the snow-flakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a good queen sat sewing at a window which had a framework of black ebony. And as she sewed, and looked through the black framework at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the white linen. Then thought the queen within herself—"O, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the ebony framework!"

Not long after, a little daughter was given to her that was as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony, and therefore was called "Little Lily."

Soon after, the good queen died; and when a year had passed away, the king married another lady. She was a beautiful woman, but vain and tyrannical, and could not endure that there should be any one in the world that should be thought to be more beautiful than herself. Now she had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she went and looked at herself in it, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

the looking-glass answered:

"Lady queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then was she content, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

Now little Lily grew apace, and became every day more lovely, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. So it was that when one day the queen asked her looking-glass again:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

it answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as fair may be,  
But Lily's a thousand times fairer than thee!"

When the queen heard this, she became pale with jealousy and anger. From that hour forward, as often as she looked upon little Lily, her heart burned within with hatred towards the maiden. Her jealousy and pride increased daily, and at last became so great, that she could not rest even at night. Then she sent for a servant, and said to him:

"Take the child out with you into the forest; I cannot bear the sight of her. And when you get to the forest, kill her, and bring me back her lungs and liver as a token that you have done so."

The servant did as he was bid, and carried little Lily away to kill her. But when he had drawn his dagger, and was going to plunge it into the child's heart, she began to weep, and said:

"O, good man, spare my life! I will run about in the wild wood, and never come home again."

Little Lily was so young and so beautiful, that the servant had compassion on her, and said:

"Run away, then, my poor child. The wild beasts will soon have eaten thee up."

In his heart, however, he was right glad he had not killed the child; and as a young fawn just then came bounding past, he struck it down, took out its lungs and liver, and brought them to the queen. The cook was ordered to salt and dress them, and the wicked woman ate them up, and thought she had eaten little Lily's lungs and liver.

The poor child was now all alone in the forest, and in such distress, that she trembled all over. She looked and looked at the leaves upon the trees, and did not know how to help herself. At last she began to run over the sharp stones, and through the briars and thorns; but though the wild beasts passed her on her way, yet they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet could

carry her, and night was about to close in, when she saw a little house, and went in to rest herself. In the house everything was small—small, but pretty and neat, as nobody can tell. In it stood a little table spread with white, and seven little plates upon it, every plate with its spoon, and seven little knives and forks, and seven cups besides. Against the walls were seven little beds ranged all along, and seven little sheets on them, white as snow. Little Lily, being very hungry and thirsty, ate out of every plate a little crumb and bread, and drank out of every cup a drop of wine—for she did not wish to take the whole away from one only. After that, because she was so tired, she lay down on one of the little beds; but none of them fitted—one was too long, another was too short, but at last the seventh was just the size. She laid herself down in it, and after saying her prayers, fell fast asleep.

When it was quite dark, came the masters of the house, who were seven dwarfs who dug and dived for ore in the mountains. They lighted their seven little candles, and by the light they saw that somebody had been in the house—for nothing was standing in the same order that they had left it. The first said—"Who has been sitting in my chair?" The second—"Who has been eating off my plate?" The third—"Who has been taking a bite out of my cookie?" The fourth—"Who has been eating my crumb?" The fifth—"who has been using my fork?" The sixth—"Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh—"Who has been drinking out of my cup?" Then the first looked round and saw a little hollow in his bed, and said—"Who has been in my bed?" The others came running and cried—"Somebody has been lying in mine, too!" But the seventh, when he looked into his bed, beheld little Lily, who was lying there fast asleep. Then he called the others, who came running up and cried aloud for very wonder, and held up their seven little candles to look at little Lily. "O, goodness!" they exclaimed, "what a beautiful child!" And so great was their delight, that they could not think of waking her up, but let her sleep on in the little bed. And the seventh dwarf, hove about, slept with his companions, and so passed the night.

When it was morning, little Lily awoke, and when she saw the seven little men, she was greatly afraid. But they were kind and gentle to her, and asked—"What is your name?"

"My name is little Lily," she answered.

"How did you come into our house?" asked the little men once more.

Then the child told how her stepmother had

tried to put her to death, but that the servant had spared her life, and after that, she had run the whole day, till at last she had come to their little cottage.

"If you will manage our house for us," said the dwarfs, "cook, make the beds, sew and stitch, and keep everything clean and tidy, you may stay with us, and you shall never want for anything."

Little Lily promised, and remained with them. She kept their house in the best order. Every morning they went to the mountains in search of ore; in the evening they came back, and their meal must be ready for them. All the day through the maiden was alone, but the good little dwarfs warned her, and said:

"Take care of your stepmother, who will soon learn that you are here. Therefore, let nobody in."

Now the queen, who thought she had eaten little Lily's lungs and liver, never dreamed but that she was the first and fairest lady in the world. So she stood before her glass, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

But the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as may be;  
But little Lily who lives in the glen,  
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,  
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

Then she was afraid, for she knew that the glass never spoke untruth. She also saw that her servant had deceived her, for that little Lily was still alive. So she hated poor little Lily so much the more, and set about devising some fresh plan for her destruction; for as long as she was not, for certain, the fairest in the land, she could not rest. She colored her face, put on the dress of an old pedler-woman, and made herself so that no one could have known her.

In this disguise, she went across the seven mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried:

"Fine wares to sell, cheap and good—fine wares to sell!"

Little Lily peeped out of the window, and said:

"Good day, my good woman! What have you got to sell?"

"Good wares, pretty wares," said she; "snoods of all colors, my pretty maid."

With that, she took out one that was made of parti colored silk.

"I may let the honest woman in," thought little Lily, and thereupon undid the bolt, and bought the pretty snood.

"Child," said the old woman, "how pretty



you look! Come, I'll put it on very nicely for you."

Little Lily had no suspicion; so she stood up and let her fasten on the snood. But the old woman threw it hastily over her neck, and pulled—and pulled so hard, that at last little Lily lost her breath and sank down as if she were dead.

"Take that, for being the fairest!" said the old lady, as she hurried away.

Not long after, at eventide, the seven dwarfs came home, and great was their dismay to find their dear little Lily lying on the ground as if she was dead. They lifted her up and cut the snood asunder, upon which she began once more to breathe, and by little and little came back to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said:

"The old pedler-woman was certainly the queen—take care not to let anybody in when we are not with thee!"

Now the wicked woman, when she got home, went to her glass and asked:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as may be;  
But little Lily who lives in the glen,  
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,  
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

When the wicked queen heard this, all the blood ran to her heart, she was so dismayed; for she knew well that little Lily was alive again.

"But now," she said, "I will fall upon a plan to destroy her without fail." And with the witch's arts, she made a poisoned comb.

Then she dressed herself in the disguise of an old woman, and away she went over the seven mountains to the house of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried:

"Fine wares to sell—cheap and good!"

Little Lily looked out, and said:

"Pass on your way, good woman; I dare not let anybody in."

"Nobody can blame you for looking, at least," said the old woman, as she drew out the poisoned comb and held it up.

The simple child was so taken with it, that she let herself be befooled, and opened the door. When she had looked at the comb and fingered it every way, the old woman said:

"Now I will put in the comb nicely for you!"

Poor, innocent little Lily gave the old woman leave; but scarcely had it been fixed in her hair, when the poison began to work, and she fell senseless on the ground.

"Thou paragon of beauty, now is thy fate

sealed!" said the wicked woman, and went away.

By good luck, it was not far from evening when the seven dwarfs came home. When they beheld little Lily lying on the ground as if she was dead, they at once suspected her wicked step-mother. They therefore made a search, and found the poisoned comb; and when they had drawn it out, little Lily came to herself again, and told them what had passed. Then they entreated her once more to be on her guard, and not to open the door to any one.

As soon as she got home, the queen stationed herself before the glass, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then it answered as before.

When she heard the glass speak this way, she trembled and shook with rage.

"Lily shall die," she exclaimed, "though it costs me my own life!"

With this, she went into a secret chamber and there made an apple that looked beautiful on the outside—white it was, with rosy cheeks—so that whoever gazed on it, longed for it; but inside one half of it was so poisoned, that whoever took the smallest piece into his mouth, was sure to die.

When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and so away she went to the cottage of the seven dwarfs. She knocked, and little Lily looked out of the window and said:

"I dare not let anybody in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me."

"Very well," answered the peasant woman; "I only want to get quit of my apples. There is one as a present for you."

"No," said little Lily, "I dare not take anything."

"O, I suppose you think it poisonous!" said the old woman. "Look you! I will cut the apple in two. Do you eat the red cheek, and I will eat the white." And as she said this, she held out the poisoned half of the apple.

Little Lily felt a great longing for the beautiful apple; and when she saw the peasant woman eat a piece of it, she could resist no longer, but took the poisoned half. Scarcely had she taken a bite of it, when she fell down dead. The queen laughed, and said, triumphantly:

"White as snow—red as blood—black as ebony! this time the dwarfs cannot waken you again."

And when she inquired as before of the glass at home, it answered at last:

"Lady queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then she was satisfied.

The seven little men came home at night, as usual, and found their dear little Lily lying dead on the ground. Their grief was excessive. They placed her on a bier, and they all seven sat around it, mourning for three whole days. After that, they would have buried her, but that she still looked fresh as a living creature, and still retained her beautiful red cheeks.

"We cannot bury this still lovely creature in the black earth," they said. And so, by their art, they made a transparent coffin of glass, where you might see in from every side.

In this coffin they laid little Lily, and upon it wrote her name in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon a mountain, and one of them always sat beside it and kept watch. And the birds came, too, and mourned for little Lily—first an owl, then a raven, and last of all, a dove. Little Lily lay a long time in the coffin, and did not change, but looked as though she were asleep—for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony.

Now it fell out that a king's son went to hunt in the forest, and came to the house of the seven dwarfs to pass the night there. He saw the coffin upon the mountain, and the beautiful child inside. Then he said to the seven little men:

"Let me have the coffin; I will give you whatever you desire for it."

But the little men answered:

"We would not part with it for all the gold in the world."

Then he said: "Do give it me, for I cannot live without seeing little Lily—I will honor and esteem it as the thing nearest to my heart."

Hearing him speak thus, the good dwarfs took compassion on him and gave him the coffin, and the king's son ordered his attendants to bear it away on their shoulders. It so happened that they stumbled over a bush; and with the shock, the piece of the poisoned apple which little Lily had bitten fell out of her mouth, and she came to life again. Then she raised herself up and said—"Kind heavens! where am I?"

"Thou art with me!" cried the king's son, full of joy; and he told her what had happened. "Come with me to my father's castle, and thou shalt be my bride."

Little Lily consented, and their marriage was celebrated with great solemnity and splendor.

Now little Lily's step-mother was invited along with the rest to the feast, and when she had decked herself in her finest attire, she said to her glass:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,  
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as fair may be,  
But the young queen's a thousand times fairer than thee."

At this, her rage was terrible. When she entered the castle and saw little Lily, she stood stock still with terror and dismay. Meanwhile a pair of iron slippers, heated in a fierce fire, were brought in; and in these fiery red shoes, the queen was made to dance. Nor was she permitted to stop, until she had danced herself to death.

#### BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

It is the opinion of those persons best acquainted with the district, that when the diamond mine at Chapada was first discovered, in 1845, there were found 4000 to 5000 carats of diamonds a month, and several persons agree at estimating the quantity during the year 1846 at 10,000 to 12,000 carats per month. The produce then began to diminish considerably, and last year much fewer were found. It is difficult to say whether this diminution absolutely occurred through a failure in the production, or whether the great losses that numbers of the speculators encountered occasioned many people to abandon the search after these precious gems, the value of diamonds having fallen considerably in the European market.—*Brazil: Stray Notes from Bahia.*

#### MAPLE SUGAR.

The Aroostook Herald says, Madawaska is the great sugar producing district of Maine. The French people there make a business of making maple sugar during the sugar season, and it is brought here for sale in large quantities. Last Tuesday our neighbor Hines, over the way, bought thirty-five hundred pounds of this native production. One man bought twenty-four hundred pounds. These people mould it into queer and fantastic shapes. We saw one cake moulded into the form of a house, while some of the ornaments are artistic in the extreme. The manufacture of this article is rapidly increasing every year.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt!" "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may become your superiors."

#### FLOWERS.

With fairest flowers,  
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The saured harebell, like thy veins: no, nor  
The leaf of aglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweetened not thy breath;  
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corpse.—SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

LA REVERIE.

BY LINNIE.

The firelight danceth o'er the wall  
With playful, changing gleam;  
And bygone years come floating back,  
A half-forgotten dream.

Dim, shadowy forms go flitting by  
In noiseless, rapid flight;  
While through the past and memory sheds  
Her mellow, chastened light.

Amid the gloom dark starry eyes  
The light of love impart;  
Again thrills back the music  
To my crushed and broken heart.

Within my soul there rings a voice,  
A rich and melting tone:  
A lingering echo, that awoke  
To these fond words "mine own!"

Again a flushed and happy face,  
Lit with love's magic glow,  
Is bending o'er me, bringing back  
The joyous "long ago."

Embracing arms with warm caress  
Are gently round me thrown;  
I wake once more to life and hope—  
I am not now alone!

But hush, O heart! a spectre dark  
Goes hurrying by thee now:  
O God, 'tis Death!—his shadow falls  
Upon that noble brow.

It paleth, fading suddenly;  
Before that icy chill  
The soul's rich melody grows faint,  
The warm heart's throbbings still.

The tolling bell rings out a knell  
That echoes in my brain;  
Before me glide with muffled sound  
A mournful, funeral train.

The lonely hours, the wild despair,  
The deep but "stifed moan,"  
Come back and whisper mockingly,  
For aye thou art alone.

Alone! I have a God, and know  
My prayers are not in vain;  
For in yon heaven with joy 'tis given  
To join love's broken chain.

But now oblivion's veil sweeps down,  
In darkling folds o'er all;  
The dim past fades amid its shades,  
As the firelight on the wall.

And as the last ray flickering dies,  
My visions all depart;  
And naught disturbs the silence,  
Save the beating of my heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

UNCLE JOE'S OLD CLOAK.

BY LUCY F. WINSLOW.

"WHY, Jemima, how tired you do look!"

"Well, marm, it's enough to tire a body to death to work a week at Miss Brown's with that onruly pack of young ones."

"Don't it beat all natur that a woman will bring up a family so?"

"I never see sich actions in all my born days. While I was there they got a fightin', and Thomas Jefferson knocked Napoleon Bonaparte agin the corner of that old-fashioned chist of drawers her grandmother left her, and raised an awful black and blue spot on his forehead; if it had hit him on the temple, he'd never known what hurt him. Then Fisher Ames pinched Baron Steuben's ear with the fire-tongs, and if he didn't holler I'll miss my guess. Well, one artemoon Miss Brown went and changed her gownd, for a wonder (I should think Mr. Brown would git tired of seein' that dirty gownd every day of his life), and she washed Amanda Melvina Fitzallan's face and hands and put on a clean tire. Amanda Melvina come in and sot down as still as could be (that child would be sumthin' if she only had anybody to show her how), and Miss Brown had got a talkin', and I jest begun to take a little comfort, when Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski come tearin' in, and wanted Amanda Melvina Fitzallan to come and help him make mud pies. She told him she didn't want to, 'cause she had a clean tire on. 'You needn't be so stuck up,' says he, 'and think you're a lady, 'cause you haint.' And he grabbed a double handful of ashes (Miss Brown always has a peck in each corner) and throwed 'em all over her tire and gownd! If my fingers didn't itch to git hold of that youngster!"

"Well, I allays said so, and I say so still—folks needn't have sich actin' young ones. When mine did anything I told 'em not to, I jest laid the birch about their legs till they danced Menuno, I tell ye! But law! Miss Brown haint got no force; she means well, but what is the use of meanin' well, if you don't do somethin'?"

"That is jest my mind. For my part, I had rather see a woman like brother Simon's wife, bring something to pass, if she does scold, than one of your easy, shiftless sort, that are allays good-natured 'cause they haint got life enough to git mad."

Jemima Hill was one of those spinsters not infrequent in New England, who without any great

fault, and with an abundance of good qualities, had failed of awakening the grand passion in the hearts of the stronger sex. In a word, Jemima was not magnetic. No smarter hand at a quilting-bee, or an apple-paring, no better dairy-woman could be found in all the country round, than Deacon Hill's darter Jemima. Neat as wax-work their roomy, unpainted kitchen was with frequent scourings. Neither was Jemima a scold (though she sometimes spoke with energy, just as you and I do, dear reader, when we are provoked), and unlike the frequently-drawn type of that much-maligned class designated "old maids," she was no busybody. As she went from house to house in the capacity of tailoress, when asked if she knew aught of the truth of certain reports, her curt reply was, "She had as much as she could do to 'tend to her own business, without meddling with other folkses." But when sickness or death came among her acquaintance, her services were promptly tendered and gratefully accepted. Her mother, "Aunt Dorkias," had been a famous "doctress woman," and when infirmity rendered it difficult for her to leave her home, her mantle fell on "Darter Jemima."

But tailoring was her forte. In this field, her genius shone pre-eminent. What a ripping and piecing and turning and sponging followed her advent in any family. Old garments saw the light of day which had hung in dark presses for many a year, from the many-caped cloak for men, to the cloth habit mother spun and wove for herself, and which had been "taken for broadcloth." Men past their prime, who were subsiding into grave, elderly citizens, arrayed themselves in garments whose style could date back twenty years. It showed them to be men of steadfast mind, above the fopperies and fooleries of the present day; for then, as now, old people mourned over the degeneracy of the age, and sighed for a return of the good old times. Let us look back one hundred years, and see if simplicity was the order of the day.

I find by referring to the journal of the first pastor of Portland, Maine, a description of the dress of one of the beaux who went a courting in 1750. He wore a full-bottomed wig and cocked hat, scarlet coat and small clothes, white waistcoat and stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and two watches, one on each side!

Saying that young folks didn't like to dress like old folks, and for her part she thought it was best for every one to have their clothes cut as they wanted them, she unrolled, to the great gratification of the Beau Brummels of the region, a pattern of the pantaloons worn by brother Simon's wife's brother, who tended store in

Portland. With such high authority, the youthful swain went to see his sweetheart on the next Sunday evening, with the gratifying consciousness that "his close sot as well as Jim Miller's, and his was cut by the Saco tailor, and a nation sight easier."

Though Jemima never professed to love children, she was exceedingly popular with little boys. All the little boys on her circuit rejoiced in the possession of two pockets, one on each side just like father's, and she insisted on a liberal allowance of bright buttons, which were disposed in shining rows on the jacket, to the unbounded admiration of the wearer. Jemima seldom spoke of herself, but one of her exploits she narrated occasionally to her intimate friends.

"One fall, when I went to Miss Giles to work, I knowed I should have to git along most anyhow. Their rye had rusted, and Mr. Giles reckoned considerable on his rye, and he was taken sick in haying time, and to crown all, one of their best cows died the fust of the fall, so I was purty sure they'd have a hard time to make both ends meet, 'specially as Mr. Giles hadn't got his farm paid for. I allays liked Miss Giles. She's a real good woman, tries to help her husband along all she can, and bring up her children to behave themselves, so I made up my mind to be as scrimpin' of my trimmin's, and git along jest as cheap as I could.

"I thought if Miss Giles offered to pay me when I come away, I'd jest tell her that I'd no occasion for the money, and would ruther 'twould be in Mr. Giles's hands for a year to come than not. You see it would not have done to offered to give it to her, she'd taken an affront. My bill wasn't no great, 'tis true, but in a family every cent counts.

"Arter I'd altered Mr. Giles's old coat into a monkey jacket (for it was so worn out it couldn't be made over any other way) and making him a waistcoat out of new cloth, Miss Giles says to me, 'I expect you'll be purty much discouraged when I show you what I've got to make the boys' close out of.' And sure enough, I was discouraged when she brought along that old blue broadcloth cloak with three capes, that her Uncle Joe used to wear afore he went to Massachusetts to live with son Moses. Miss Giles said:

"Arter Aunt Sebee died, Moses wanted his father to come and live with him, but Uncle Joe stayed with us, 'cause he hated to leave the place. At last Moses come down from Massachusetts for him. You see Moses was a shoemaker in Lynn, and as he'd got to be a little forehanded he felt kinder sot up, and so he says, 'Father,' says he, 'you must fix up a little, you

must not wear that old cloak to Lynn, you know.'

" 'Moses,' said the old man, 'I've taken a great deal of comfort in that old cloak, more'n ever I shall take on this airth agin.' And he fetched a deep sigh.

" 'O, father,' says Moses, 'when we get you up to Lynn, we'll cheer you up. There's lots of things for you to see, and that'll take up your attention, and then you'll feel better than you do here.'

Uncle Joe said nothing, but I knowed he'd hanker arter the old place, it's nateral for old folks. So when Moses went to Portland the next day, he bought his father a new hat and the cloth for a new greatcoat. He tried to get his father to have a stylish pair of boots, but Uncle Joe says:

" 'Moses, I've worn this kind of boots ever sence I left off wearin' buskins, and I can't change my boots for nobody. 'Taint a great while I shall want any.'

" 'Moses didn't say nothin' more, 'cause that made him feel kinder bad, but off he starts down to your house, to git you to come and make the coat, 'cause he knowed you could suit his father better'n anybody.

" 'The mornin' Uncle Joe and Moses started for Lynn, Sarah Ann says, 'Uncle Joe,' says she, 'how smart you look! What a nice greatcoat you've got.'

" 'Yes, child, yes,' says Uncle Joe, says he, ' 'tis a good coat—a nice coat, and I'm much obliged to Moses for it, but 'taint the old feelin', child, 'taint the old feelin'.'

" 'Poor Uncle Joe! I pitied him, 'cause I knowed he was thinkin' how he used to wear that old cloak when Aunt Sebee was 'live, and how many times she'd helped him on and off with it.'

" 'Well, Miss Giles wanted me to make a jacket and trowsers for Zeky and Sammy out of that old cloak of Uncle Joe's. 'Twould have been an easy matter enough for boys a good deal bigger than they was, if the cloak was good for anything; but, law me, seems though nigh 'pon half of it was worn threadbare, and there was spots on some parts; so, take it long and large, it did look despart.

" 'Thinks I to myself, 'Now, Jemima Hill, you've got agin a stump, if you never did afore.' I was jest agoin' to say I'd give up beat this time, when I happened to look at Zeky and Sammy, who stood right at my elbow, looking up into my face as though life and death depended upon my answer, and I couldn't find it in my heart to say 'it can't be done,' for I knowed they'd be dreadful disappointed. Thinks I to myself, 'Je-

mima Hill, you've got jackets and trowsers out of 'mazin' small patterns in your day, and if you ever sot your wits to work, you'd better do it now.' So, says I to their mother:

" 'Miss Giles,' says I, 'it'll be a hard rub, but I shan't give it up, till I've brushed and sponged and pressed it all out.'

" 'I should have had it all ripped apart,' says Miss Giles, 'but I didn't know as you could do anything with it, and it's handy now, just as it is, to wrap round the children mornin's, when they ride to school on the ox-sled.'

" 'So Miss Giles and Sarah Ann clapped right down, and ripped it apart in less than no time. Then, arter I'd brushed it well, I went to work to take out the spots. I had a bottle of stuff July Mills sent me from Boston, that was the capsheafe of anything I ever see for takin' out spots. July Mills and her father and mother live in Boston now, but they used to live in Portland. The father was a ship-builder, and many and many's the load of ship-timber my father's hauled him years ago. Well, Mr. Mills allays sot a great store by father, and father sot a great store by Mr. Mills. Well, arter they'd lived in Boston awhile, July got kinder run down, and the doctor told her the best thing she could do, was to go back into the country and breathe the mountain air. So Mr. Mills he writ to father to know if we'd board July a couple of months. When father got the letter he told me to set right down and write back that his daughter could come and welcome. As for board, he shouldn't take a cent, for he'd considered him in a good many trades, and if he should board his darter all summer, he wouldn't be beholden to him.

" 'When July come, her father fetched her down to Portland in his hoss and shay. Folks that's travellin' ginerally go from Boston to Portland in three days, but July was kinder ailin' and her father was dreadful tender of her, and so they was four days comin' down. They stayed at Mr. Mills's wife's sister's while Mr. Mills was seein' to his business, and then he put her on board the Limminton stage, and charged the driver when he got over to Limminton Corner to speak to the landlord of the tavern to carry her over to Deacon Hill's. Her father warn't none consarned but what she'd git over there fast enough if they only knowed where she wanted to go, for he knowed the people all over town would do nigh upon anything to oblige father, 'cause he was one of the old standards and was out in the Revolution. Sure enough, the landlord took his own hoss and wagon, and brought her over himself; and he was 'mazin' taken with her, 'cause she told him all about

Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, and she'd been out with her father to Lexington, and stood on the very ground where the Revolution begun. The landlord had never been to Boston, but father had seen them places, for besides bein' out in the Revolution, he'd been Representative to General Court when we were under Massachusetts.

"I've seen father laugh and shake his sides many a time about the story old Mr. Winckly told when father come home from General Court one time. Father's been deacon a good many years, but he never could help laughing 'bout that story. One time when father come home from General Court, he was tellin' down in Mr. Mosely's store, that while he was in Boston a theatre was burnt, and he saw a man that saw the ashes. Father and all the old folks call it theatre, but the young folks now-a-days call it *theatre*. Well, old Mr. Winckly heard father tellin' that while he was in Boston the theatre was burnt, and he saw a man that saw the ashes, and off he starts to tell the news. He never more than half understood what you told him. He hadn't got fairly away from the store, when he met two men in a horse and wagon. He couldn't wait till he got to a house to tell the news, so he hailed them :

"Did ye hear the news?"

"No—what is it?"

"Hill says that while he was in Boston the *Creator* was burnt, and he saw the ashes!"

"Well, they was curis kind of folks them Wincklys, all of 'em. They had no faculty, the town allays had to help 'em through the winter. But arter old 'Lijah and Zachariah and Jeddiah and Paul Winckly experienced religion, 'twas surprisin' what a gift they had in prayer. Why, old 'Lijah Winckly could pray equal to old Parson Miltimore, down in Scarboro, and he was a powerful man in prayer, and college larnt, too. It did beat all natur, what a gift they had for prayin' and singin', and no sense for anything else.

"Well, July stayed till the first week in September, and she did pick up her crumbs 'mazin'ly. She dranked new milk, and stayed out of doors most of the time when the weather was fair. When she went home, she went from Portland to Boston in the stage, and when the stage stopped at her father's door, he hardly knowed her she'd fattened up so, and her cheeks were jest as red as pineys.

"Well, about Thanksgiving time down come a box from Boston, and there was a dress in it for marm and me, and a waistcoat pattern for father, and some thread and silk and buttons for boys' jackets, and this little bottle I'm tellin' on.

July writ a letter and put it in the box. She said she'd heard me tell that sometimes I felt worried nigh about to death, for fear the pesky young ones would git my work all greased up afore I could git it done. And that's how I come to have this bottle. But land of the living, I shall never get through tellin' you about them jackets and trowsers of Miss Giles's. Well, I must say, that I don't believe there is a woman in the State of Maine ever furnished up a piece of cloth as I did that. Why, it looked nigh upon as well as new. One thing was, it was real, jinooine broadcloth in the day of it, and real broadcloth will wear like iron and hold the color 'mazin'ly. Well, arter I'd got the pieces all pressed out to my mind, I lays 'em up on the back of that great easy-chair that's covered with that great flowering chintz that was her grandmother's gownd when she was a gal, and then I calls Miss Giles and Sarah Ann and the boys in to look at it. When Miss Giles laid her eyes on it, she lifts up her hands and says :

"You don't mean to say that's the cloth of Uncle Joe's old cloak?"

"Yes, Miss Giles," said I, "I mean to say that very thing."

"Well," says she, "Praise to the face is open disgrace," but I don't believe there's another woman in Maine or Massachusetts that could have made that cloth shine so."

"O, marm," says Zeky, "that looks as purty as cousin Eddy's jacket." Cousin Eddy is Mr. Giles's brother's Robert's son.

"Robert keeps store over to Limminton Corner, and as he's a good lookout, he's got to be purty forehanded. His wife's a dressy sort of a body, but a better-hearted woman never walked this airth. Two or three weeks before Thanksgiving she says to her husband :

"Robert," says she, "I've been thinkin' about our boys havin' a party, and invitin' all the boys and gals at Limminton Corner, and I thought I'd send over and ask your brother James's boys to come over to Thanksgiving and spend a week. I thought if you was willin', our hired man could take our sleigh with two seats right away after breakfast, Thanksgiving mornin', and go over to James with our boys, and bring Zeky and Sammy over to dinner. I know the boys will enjoy the ride, specially James's, as he don't keep a horse, they don't git a ride very often."

"Robert didn't say nothin' for a minute or two, and she looked up in his face and says, 'I thought you would be pleased with my plan, Robert.'

"I am; but I was thinking there wasn't many women that took so much pains to keep their house lookin' nice as you do, that would be will-

in' to ask two little boys to come and stay a week, when they had three boys of their own. But,' says he, (and his voice trembled a little) 'your heart was always as kind, as your face was pretty.'

"Robert Giles is proud of his wife, and well he may be, for she is jest as purty as a pink. Afore she was married, she was the handsomest gal that went into Limminton meetin'-us. Debby Grant was there makin' her a gownd, and she heard the whole of it and told me. She thinks the hull world of Robert Giles's wife.

"But sakes alive! I haint come to the upshot of them jackets and trowsers yet. I do declare I shall begin to think I am as bad as old Granny Barker. She'll begin to tell a story, and then she'll branch off upon another, and then another, and afore she gits through she'll tell half a dozen different stories, but she never finishes up the fust one. Now this time I'm determined to go right straight through. Says Miss Giles to me:

"Can you git 'em out?"

"Miss Giles,' says I, 'I guess I can.'

"You'd orter seen how tickled them boys was. Zeky hurrawed as loud as he could, and Sammy down on the floor and rolled over and over and kicked up his heels, then they scampered out of doors like crazy creatures, and pitched head foremost into a snowdrift and turned end over end half a dozen times. Well, at it I went, and if I didn't make every inch of that cloth count, I'll miss my guess. All that I cut to waste you might have put in the corner of your eye. And then I piecened and piecened, and arter I'd pressed 'em, you couldn't have told there was a seam there, unless you held the garment right up close to your eyes. When I got 'em purty nigh done, Miss Giles told the boys when she was puttin' 'em to bed, that afore they went to bed agin their new clothes would be done, and they went up stairs singin', 'Our new jackets and trowsers will be done to-morrow,' jest as happy as clams. Arter she'd come down, I says to Miss Giles:

"The room is warm and still, and I'll jest set up till I finish the clothes. I want to go home and bake for marm and scour up the floor afore I go over to Captain Harris's, and I expect 'em arter me day arter to-morrow mornin'.' So long in the evenin' I says to Miss Giles, 'what kind of buttons have you got to trim them jackets with?' Well, she showed me what she had, and though they'd do, if a body couldn't do no better, they wa'n't what I wanted. So, says I to Miss Giles, 'Father is gittin' old, and I feel worried about his goin' to mill this winter, it's so fur and cold. Now, if Mr. Giles will call and

take his grist on his ox-sled when he goes to mill, I'll take some buttons July Mills sent me from Boston, and put a double row in front, and one row over the shoulder and down on each side of the back, and that'll put on the finishing touch, I guess.'

"Well,' says Miss Giles, 'you know my husband would be glad to obleege your father, but I know your father's kinder independent feelin', and likes to pay for any little job, so I'll take up with your offer, and thank ye kindly.'

"Well, when I got them jackets trimmed, I must say them buttons took the shine off of anything I ever seed afore. They was shaped like little balls, holler inside, and all finifed off on the outside. The clock struck twelve afore I laid my head on my pillow that night, but I didn't vally my pains a bit. Arter I made my bed the next mornin', I laid them jackets and trowsers on the side of the bed, so they'd show to the best advantage. When breakfast was over, says I to Miss Giles, 'I want you to step into the forerom a minute.'

Well, Sarah Ann followed her, and Mr. Giles, he knowed what was in the wind, he come too. When they'd fairly got out of the room, I says to the little boys, 'You can come into the forerom, if you want to.' When we got in, Mr. Giles stood before the fire with his hands behind him, and Miss-Giles and Sarah Ann stood right in front of the bed makin' believe talk. The boys looked all round, and then Miss Giles and Sarah Ann stepped a one side, and 'twant a second afore Zeky spied 'em out, and if he didn't run to the side of the bed, singin' out, 'Look, Sammy, only look here!'

"Just like a trainer's!' says Sammy—'just like a trainer's! Hurraw! hurraw!' And he hopped right up and down.

"Then they looked at them jackets, and looked at 'em, and turned 'em over and put their hands in their pockets, and I didn't know as they'd ever be willin' to take their eyes off of 'em. I don't know but Miss Giles and Mr. Giles and Sarah Ann was most as much pleased as the boys. Mr. Giles is a still sort of man, never says much, but when he went out of the room, he says, 'I wouldn't have believed mortal woman could have got two such handsome suits out of that old cloak of Uncle Joe's.'"

#### LIFE.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea;  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.—AXON.



[ORIGINAL.]

## TO A LOVED ONE.

BY WILLIAM WAIT.

The silvery moon's fast wending  
Toward her western home,  
And the gem-eyed stars of even  
Fill the pure azure dome;  
The echo of the midnight bell  
I now distinctly hear;  
All, all is calm and still around—  
My heart is sad and drear.

I'm sitting all alone to-night,  
My thoughts are of thee, love:  
For thee I weep and pray to-night,  
Pray to heaven above;  
I feel as if it would be bliss,  
Beneath this midnight sky,  
To lay my weary, aching head  
Upon thy breast and die.

For all the world is dark to me,  
And all its pleasures vain,  
Unless they all are shared with thee,  
Life's pleasures, cares and pains.  
O, couldst thou read my heart aright,  
While bending at thy shrine,  
Thou wouldst no longer doubt my love,  
Nor fear to call me thine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## JESSIE COLEMAN'S PLAIN DINNER.

BY KATE WARD.

"HAVE you heard the news? Tom Coleman was married last week to some pretty little girl in the country, rich in love, it is to be hoped, as she is rich in nothing else!" And the speaker, a fashionable young man, curled his mustache with a compassionate smile.

"How ridiculous in Tom! Why, with his expectations, and being the general favorite that he is, he might have married an heiress any day!" was the rejoinder, between the puffs of a cigar.

"His expectations don't amount to anything very alarming now, I fancy, as that rich, miserly old-bachelor uncle, whose heir he was to be, is as mad as a March hare about it, they say, and his salary is absurdly small to marry on, of course."

"What a fool he has made of himself!"

It did not look very worldly-wise in Tom certainly, and yet, when one knew all the facts of the case, one could hardly blame him. Ever since Tom Coleman and Jessie Hayes had first known each other—three years ago, when Tom had just graduated—they had loved each other, and when one morning he received a letter from her, all blotted with tears, telling him of her mother's death, he went as fast as cars could

carry him to the village where she lived. He found Jessie, her sweet blue eyes streaming with tears, as she bent despairingly over the calm face of her dead mother, an orphan, and all alone in the world. So he put his strong arm round her, and said, with a depth of tenderness and love in his manly voice:

"Jessie, my own darling, be my wife, and let me have the right to protect you and take care of you, now and always."

And so, one quiet, sweet summer morning a little while after, they were married. The very day after the wedding, Tom's uncle, Mr. Hague, of New York, wrote him a cutting letter, in which he told him that as he had chosen, in direct opposition to his wishes, to marry and throw himself away for a pretty face, he would of course be willing to live on love and beauty for the rest of his days, and so he, his uncle, being anxious to spare him the necessity of looking after such unpoetical things as money and real estate, had made a new will, leaving his earthly dross to another nephew, who did not yet consider himself ethereal enough to do without money. Tom tore up the letter with a sigh, for it is not a pleasant thing to lose a fortune, and this was the only secret he ever kept from his little wife. She remained in blissful ignorance of Mr. Hague's very existence, till a gossiping friend one day told her the whole story, thereby grieving her sadly, and yet, kindling her with new devotion for her husband, who had given up so much for her sake.

They hired a very small but snug house in Boston, and went to housekeeping at once, in a very plain, simple way; for Tom did not conceal from Jessie that he was poor, dependent on a very small salary. She did not know, till he told her now, that his father, an eminent lawyer, who had always lived in the most lavish style up to the time of his death, died insolvent, and she had often sighed when she first knew him, to think how great the difference between them in a worldly point of view. So now her sweet, delicate little face only brightened at the intelligence, and she determined in her heart to be the best poor man's wife that ever was.

They were very happy, and not in the least ashamed of their poverty. Tom had as little false pride as his modest, gentle wife, and when his friends would propose some expensive plan or amusement, would answer laughing and without a blush, "Should be happy to, but can't afford it, you know." And when their friends visited them, they were as cordial and hospitable as if they lived in a palace, but made no apologies for anything, doing the honors of what they had, without embarrassment or affectation.

Jessie proved a perfect treasure to her husband—the sunniest, sweetest little woman that ever made a man's home full of sunshine and peace. What a thrifty housekeeper she was, too! Keeping the house like wax-work with her own little hands, and doing so much with so little, that she was an unfailing wonder to Tom. Their small parlor was furnished in the plainest way, and yet, her busy fingers and exquisite taste contrived to make it the prettiest, cosiest little nest imaginable, with her pictures—for she drew charmingly—and Tom's engravings—relics of his bachelor days—in beautiful frames of her own making, of leather-work and cones and acorns, and even autumn leaves pressed and varnished, and graceful little brackets, and vases of potichmanie, and other knickknacks, all of her own devising, and the way she had of arranging everything with a nice eye for color and effect. Yet, with all her multifarious occupations, she always found time to make herself look neat and pretty for her husband's eyes, knowing his horror of a dowdy woman, and when he told her how she looked charming in that dress, or exclaimed, "Where did that bewitching little bonnet come from, Jessie?" you should have seen the arch look and blush of pleasure with which she answered triumphantly, "I made it myself, dear Tom!"

When they had been married two years, such a fair, tiny, cunning little baby as came and made their cup of happiness fairly run over, they both thought, of course, had never been seen in this lower world before. It was baptized Margaret, for Jessie's mother, but they called her Daisy mostly, a pet name. Tom's salary had been increased a little, but with this increase in their number, they had still to be very economical to make both ends meet at the end of the year. Still, they managed to in some way, and Coleman never broke his rules of never borrowing, and never running in debt. His uncle he had never seen nor heard from since the angry letter already alluded to, for he and Jessie would have gone without their daily bread, sooner than ask him to help them.

They were sitting on the sofa together one evening, enjoying quietly the winter twilight, the room lighted only by the grate fire, the parlor door ajar that they might hear the slightest sound made by Daisy—now a year old—as she lay asleep in her cradle up stairs.

"O!" exclaimed Jessie, lifting her head from Tom's shoulder, after one of those long pauses when one is too contented to talk, "I want to tell you about a poor woman I went to see this afternoon, actually suffering from want, and with a sick child that can't live, I'm sure; and her

landlord is going to drive her out of the miserable room she hires, unless she pays her quarter's rent that is due, and she has no other place in the world to go to! Poor creature, I pitied her so! But I hadn't any money in my purse, so I promised to send her a dollar in the morning. I had nearly forgotten to ask you for it."

Tom loved her all the more for the tender heart and willing hand that could not bear to turn away the wretched and needy, and made her many a time deny herself, thinking it is "more blessed to give," but to-night he said, very soberly:

"I'm very sorry," Jessie, darling, but I don't see how I can possibly spare even a dollar now. My quarter's salary is due next Thursday, though, and I can give it to you then. Wont that do?"

Jessie shook her head sadly. "The landlord comes Saturday. She will be so disappointed, I wish I hadn't promised her."

"I would give it to her gladly, if I could, Jessie. How such things make me wish I was rich!"

A dead pause, both looking into the fire. Then Jessie raised her head again. "I've thought of a way to save the dollar for her. Supposing we were to have only bread and butter for dinner to-morrow, instead of roast beef?"

"Characteristic!" exclaimed Tom, laughing outright, as he smoothed the soft, wavy hair that shaded the eager little face, turned up to his. "I never should have thought of the idea! But I'm willing certainly, if only for the fun of the thing; and then, your bread and butter is by no means unpalatable; we might easily have a worse dinner. Your poor woman shall have the dollar we shall literally take out of our mouths, and we shall be all the better for it."

Jessie's face was radiant, as she pocketed the money. How they both laughed next day when they sat down to dinner! The table was laid with the exquisite neatness that distinguished it always, and in the middle only a plate of Jessie's snow-white bread and a ball of rich, yellow butter! Jessie had carried the money to the object of her charity, who said it would make up the rent with what she had before, and showered blessings and tears of gratitude on her. So she was in a high state of happiness. Tom caught the infection of her glee, and the little dining-room could not have echoed to a merrier couple, if they had been partaking of a banquet of the costliest dainties, and most delicious wines. All at once, there was a ring at the door.

"Nobody come to dine with us, I hope, for their sakes," exclaimed Jessie, with a ringing laugh, as she spread her bread, confident that it was only a handbill.

"A pretty joke if it were!" Tom answered, listening as Nancy—the little girl of fourteen, who was their only servant, opened the door. There stood old Mr. Hague, carpet-bag in hand.

"Goodness! it's my uncle!" exclaimed Tom, starting up from the table, as he caught a glimpse of the tall, gaunt form in rusty black, the door leading into the entry being open.

The old man had been East on business, and having two hours in Boston before the train left for New York, proposed to spend those at his nephew's, partly out of curiosity, to see how "the young scapegrace" had got along since his marriage, and partly to save the expenses of a dinner. He was never troubled with feelings of delicacy, and didn't much care whether he should be welcome or not. Seeing them at the table, he paid no attention to Nancy, who threw open the parlor-door, but marched straight into the dining room, in a way that was, to say the least, slightly unceremonious.

"Why need he have come to-day of all days, when we have such a dinner!" was Jessie's mental ejaculation.

Tom was rather chagrined himself. He wouldn't have cared much if it had been anybody in the world but his uncle. There was nothing of this apparent in his manner, however. As gentlemanly and self-possessed as usual, he went forward to meet him, extending his hand and saying:

"Uncle, this is an unexpected—"

"Pleasure, eh?" interrupted the old man, in a satirical tone. "I thought it would be; that's one reason I called. You know it's a good while since I saw you last—not since your marriage," he added, with a grim smile, and eying Jessie from head to foot with a keen glance of his small gray eyes, that made her feel more uncomfortable than ever in her life before. Tom immediately introduced him to his wife, and then expressing in a quiet way his regret that they had nothing more substantial to offer him, asked him to dine with them. So they all sat down at the table, and while Tom did the honors of the bread and butter with as much courtesy as if he had been presiding at an elegant dinner, he was inwardly in a high state of amusement at the ludicrousness of the thing, as it came across him that if his uncle had come, as he guessed, for the sake of his dinner, he must be sorely disappointed. Mr. Hague, however, being really, as he said, quite indifferent to the pleasures of the table—nobody could have doubted it after once dining with him at home—seemed quite pleased with the plain fare; he even regarded Jessie with a look that was almost gracious, when she told

him that the bread he praised was made by herself. She began to get over the dread of the old ogre that he had at first inspired her with, and secretly resolved to propitiate him, since she had been the one to offend him in the first place, by presuming, though a portionless girl, to marry his nephew. She it was who kept up the flagging conversation with her animated words and tones, yet with the greatest tact keeping clear of all subjects on which they would be likely to differ, and gave life and spirit to the party. She exercised all her powers of pleasing on her stern, ungracious guest; as Tom laughingly told her afterwards, "flirting with him to that degree, it positively made him jealous." He had never seen her more agreeable, more bright and attractive than in entertaining the very one whom it was least expected he could please. She made one great mistake, however; that was in displaying Daisy to him, as she lay asleep in her cradle, her white, dimpled arms tossed round her head, her light hair clustering in damp curls about her fair, sweet face, half-smiling in her dreams. He did not approve of babies, viewed them strictly as "incumbrances," and only gave an emphatic "Humph!" when the proud little mother exclaimed, "Doesn't she look like one of Raphael's cherubs?"

In fact, Jessie found him very hard indeed to soften, and was quite discouraged when he went away seeming as cold and indifferent to her as when he came. A real sense of relief came over her when she heard the door close after him, and she told her husband so.

"Never mind," said he, with a laugh in his handsome brown eyes, "there is no danger of his ever troubling us again, after such a dinner as we treated him to!"

How surprised the young couple would have been, if they had known that that dinner of bread and butter had made the most favorable impression on the old man's heart! Its plainness and economy delighted him, and stood out in the most excellent contrast to the elegant champagne supper at which he had surprised his nephew whom he had made his heir, the last time he went to see him. He had never forgiven that champagne supper, and his heart leaned to Tom when he thought of the difference. How fortunate he never dreamed that charity was at the bottom of the frugality he admired! The result of that dinner was a new will, in which this admirable young man who was such a pattern of thrift in the old man's eyes, had a splendid fortune bequeathed him. There was a grim smile on the old man's withered face, as he locked the precious document in his safe, and thought of the conser-

nation with which Tom's cousin would one day learn that he had willed him only the sum of fifty dollars, "with which," so the will ran, "he may give as many champagne suppers as he chooses."

One evening, just a year from this time, Tom Colman received the news of his uncle's death, and his own good fortune. His astonishment was unbounded, and his manly face was gleaming with happiness when he approached his home with a quick springing step, and saw his loving little wife watching for him as usual, at the front window. He could not mourn for his uncle, who was too hard and morose to create affection in any heart; he was too honest to assume a grief he did not feel.

"Jessie," said he, in the quietest tone he could command, as he sat down on the sofa and drew her towards him, "I have just received a letter informing me of my uncle's death—Mr. Hague, you know."

"Poor man!" she said, pityingly, "he has had a cheerless life, for all his wealth!" Then she added, in a low voice, and with a little sigh, "How rich you would be now if you hadn't married me, dear Tom!"

"Of course," he answered, laughing. "But only think how rich you would be now, if, instead of foolishly taking up with me, you had married that wealthy old farmer with the auburn wig—don't interrupt me, Jessie, it was *not* red—who wanted you as the second wife of his bosom, and mother of his six small but interesting boys!"

"I've always regretted that I didn't," said Jessie, demurely.

"So have I," said Tom.

Then, able to restrain himself no longer, he suddenly caught his astonished wife in his arms, and kissing her again and again, exclaimed, in a voice deep with feeling, "Jessie, darling, a new will has been discovered, in which my uncle has made me his heir once more!"

Jessie's beautiful eyes were brimming with tears as she looked up into her husband's face, smiling through them.

"Then, after all, you didn't lose everything by marrying me, did you? O you do not know how it has weighed upon me thinking of it, when I saw you working so hard for my sake and Daisy's always!"

"You foolish little woman!" Tom exclaimed, stooping to kiss her again that she might not see the tears that filled his own eyes now, "do I not owe everything I am, everything I hope to be, to you? Wasn't it the thought of your pure little face that saved me from dissipation and ruin before we were married? And ever since, haven't you made my home the very happiest a

man ever had? And now, through your sweet charity, I am restored as heir to this great fortune."

"How?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Wasn't it you," said Tom, resuming his old, playful manner, "who proposed the sumptuous repast which graced our board the day my uncle came in upon us so unexpectedly? The poor old gentleman was so impressed by our astonishing economy on that occasion, that he went straight home and made his will in my favor. To be sure, my dear—so his lawyer who drew up the will, wrote me to-day. We owe our wealth to your dinner of bread and butter, in other words, your loving pity for the poor."

You should have seen Jessie's face then—it was radiant. Their evening prayer was all thanksgiving that night.

#### THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy climate, I suppose?" "Healthy! it aint anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without taavellin' more than fifteen minutes. Jest think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there—the Sawyer Navaday they call it, with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, and t'other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jest as you will!" "What! have you ever tried it?" "Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing." "Well, what was that?" "I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had *froze off his tail* while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—trew as you live." Marble sloped.—*St. Louis Herald*.

#### PROPHECY.

A thousand years hence, and things will be much simpler. Nations have been able to preserve their individuality in spite of the march of armies from one end of the continent to the other. Since the great epoch of Columbus and Gama, when one quarter, nay, one hemisphere of the globe made acquaintance with the other, that restless element, the sea, has made the ubiquity of a certain species of civilization, that of Western Europe, a possibility. Across each boundary line of the firm earth new manners, new beliefs, new wants, force their way among the most isolated clusters of remote lands. Are not the South Sea Islands already Protestant parishes? A floating battery, a single man-of-war, changes the fate of Chili.—*Humboldt's Letters*.

#### DESIRABLE GOOD.

An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!

THOMSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

**MY HOME.**

BY EDWIN R. BRIGGS.

Where grows the lofty forest tree,  
Where is heard the humming bee,  
Where the robin builds its nest,  
There 's the home I love the best.  
There, there, near the "Maple Grove,"  
There, there is the home I love.

Where the pinks and roses fair  
Blossom in the garden rare,  
Where violets and dahlias bloom.  
There 's the place that I call home.  
There, where all is fair and bright,  
There 's the home of my delight.

Where the forests oft resound  
With the sweet and lovely sound  
Of the whip-poor-will at night,  
There 's the home of my delight.  
There, there I can sweetly rest,  
There 's the home I love the best.

There at close of day I find  
Friends to meet me ever kind;  
Pleasures there without alloy,  
There 's my home—my home of joy.  
From that home I 'll never rove,  
There 's the home, the friends I love.

In this earthly home I 'll live and die,  
And then for a home—a home on high:  
A home of happiness and love,  
A home of rest, a home above.  
While in my happy home I stay,  
For a home above I 'll ever pray.

My earthly home is very fair,  
But ever weary with toil and care;  
In the home above, all, all at rest,  
There 's the home I love the best.  
There, when I am called to die,  
May I find a home—a home on high.

[ORIGINAL.]

**SAVED FROM MURDER!****A VERITABLE SEA STORY.\***

BY MC'L. DUNCAN.

In the year 1796, there dwelt at Blackwell, near the Isle of Dogs, upon the banks of the river Thames, Bob Cameron, his wife and daughter. The house in which they lived was at the western end of the island near what is now the entrance to the city canal, and was several hundred yards distant from the nearest building. Old Bob, as he was familiarly named by troops

\* We give this sketch verbatim, as written out by the author, who has been many years in the British navy.—  
EDITOR.

of friends, had passed the best part of his life at sea in ships of war, and had taken part in many naval engagements. In Lord Howe's action of the first of June, 1794, his left arm was badly shattered by a splinter, but he would not permit it to be amputated. The wounds healed, but left the arm stiff, so he was invalided upon a small pension, and "settled down for life" in his present habitation. He married at sea some twenty-two years before. His wife was the widow of a chum, who was mortally wounded in an action with a French frigate. Before he died he called Bob to him in the cockpit, and said:

"You see, Bob, I'm bound to 'kingdom come;' the doctor says I can't hold on another hour. Now what I want, Bob, before I go, is to see you spliced to my Susan (kiss me, Sue); she's a good girl, God bless her, and because she's good, I want her to have a good fellow in my place, and I don't know anybody on board that I would like to have her, better than you, Bob; so send for the parson."

When the chaplain arrived, he tried to argue with the dying man that it was not lawful to marry another, while the first husband lived; but Ned Parr, that was his name, said there was no law aboard the Dolphin but the captain's orders, and he was sure the captain would not deny his dying coxswain's request. The captain was appealed to, and descended to the cockpit, for he really liked his coxswain, and felt sorry for his fate.

"How are you, my brave Ned?" inquired the captain, taking hold of his hand.

"Good for two bells longer, the doctor says; but I want my Sue to be spliced to my chum, Bob, before I slip my moorings. The parson says it's wrong, but a word from you can make it right; so I've sent for you."

"Marry them at once," said the captain. "Ned shall have his wish gratified, in spite of all law."

And married they were, without a word of comment from the parson.

"God bless you, noble captain, I shall now die happy. Kiss Sue for my sake; she's been true to me, and will be true to my chum."

The captain kissed the bride, who was weeping as if her heart would break. She submitted to the dying request of her husband, because she thought it would please him, and not because she had any affection for Bob. Poor creature, her heart was too tender and true to be indifferent to the common feelings of humanity. She loved Ned, and felt at the time that she could never love another. Neither she nor Bob left his side until his eyes were closed in death.

"I'm happy, Sue; I'm happy, Bob; God bless you!" were his dying words.

Thus, in a dreary hole, about five feet high, among the wounded and the dying, whose blood moistened the sanded deck, and by the gloomy light of a few tallow candles, was Bob Cameron married to Susan Parr. The enemy's colors had not been struck more than three hours; the prize was hardly secured, the decks were but half cleared up, when a captain in the flush of victory condescended to gratify the dying request of a common sailor! This passed from mouth to mouth among his crew, and redounded more to his credit than the victory he had so gallantly achieved. His name was Brenton, all honor to it!

Susan had a daughter by Bob a couple of years afterwards, and was lodged in the captain's cabin during her confinement. The three remained at sea until Bob was invalided. Young Susan was a pretty girl of eighteen at the time of our story, and resided with her parents. Old Bob was still a fine, hearty man of forty-five, and his wife, though forty, was not only good looking, but finely formed, and blessed with rosy health. Bob was Lord Howe's coxswain when wounded, and his lordship made him a present of fifty guineas, when he was discharged. With this money he purchased a horse and light cart, and set up as a travelling dealer in vegetables, the proceeds of which, with his pension, enabled him to support his family comfortably.

Like most seamen of the period, he was superstitious, a believer in ghosts, mermaids, and witches. One night, a year or so after he left the sea, he awoke his wife to tell her a dream. He dreamed that he saw his horse, which he left grazing on the side of Dogs, struggling for life in a square hole like a grave, and felt so uneasy that he proposed to turn out and see if anything was the matter with old Dobbin; but his wife persuaded him to try and go to sleep again. The dream was repeated, and at the third time, his wife also awoke, screaming:

"Go, Bob, go, he will kill her!"

Bob was up and rigged in a minute. The night, though pleasant, was hazy, not a breath of air disturbed the stillness, and but few stars peeped through the vapory clouds, as Bob hurried along to the place he had tethered his horse the preceding evening. Walking upon the embankment which kept the river from overflowing the island, his attention was attracted to a square hole, like the grave he had seen in his dream. He examined it, and found a pick and shovel in its vicinity.

"Something dark here," said Bob, muttering

to himself. "I must keep a lookout, and stop foul play." And he withdrew from the spot and concealed himself in the shade of the embankment.

A few minutes afterwards, a man and woman seated themselves near him, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, dear William," said the woman, "have you made your mind up when we shall be married? You must not put me off another week, for I fear my mother will discover all."

"Susan, I'll be plain with you, for once. I cannot marry you—I'm engaged to another—now don't interrupt me, and I'll tell you all. You know Miss Wood, the merchant's daughter? Well, I pulled her and her father across the river to Greenwich about a month ago, and she fell desperately in love with me, so much so that her father sent for me, and said I might have her for my wife. I consented, we met and kissed, and next week we are going to be married. I am very poor, and she is very rich, though not half so pretty as you. Now what I propose to you is this—to swear upon the Bible that you will never expose your connection with me, and I will provide for you like a lady."

"And is this all?" inquired Susan, calmly, as she rose to her feet. "William, you do not know me; but now I know you, and I'm glad I do, for I would rather be disgraced, than marry such a man. My father and mother are kind, and will forgive me."

"Then," said William, in raptures, springing from the ground, "you'll swear not to expose me?"

"Never!" cried Susan, stepping back, "I will leave that to my father."

"But you must swear, or by Heaven I'll kill you! Swear at once, or you shall die; and to show you that I'm in earnest, there is your grave all ready for you!"

"Keep back, sir," replied Susan, stepping from him. "You kill me, indeed! What do you think I'm made of? I, the daughter of a man-of-war's-man, born at sea in a frigate; I, who have again and again played the powder monkey in carrying cartridges to the guns in action, when brave men fell all around me, and I was wet, soaking wet with their blood; I, who never slept in a cradle, but swung in a hammock, among the bravest of the brave, exposed to storms and all the horrors of war, and sometimes, more deadly pestilence; I, to be afraid of you, or your threats, to kill me! False coward, I defy you!"

"And so do I!" roared old Bob, fetching the fellow a dig under the ear that sent him sprawling upon the ground.

"Hold him down, father," said Susan, "till I disarm him, the fellow must have a knife or a pistol on him."

Before she had time to overhaul him, they were surrounded by a presgang, who, without asking questions, handcuffed the men, and told Susan to go home and tell their friends that they would be taken proper care of. His most gracious majesty would provide them with board and lodging for ever and a day.

They were carried on board of a tender at Deptford, and bundled below for the rest of the night. Next morning they were examined, when Old Bob was discharged, unfit for service, but William Watkins, the handsome waterman, was retained and forwarded with despatch to join a frigate at the Nore. Miss Wood and her father felt grateful to Bob, who had saved them from disgrace, and pledged themselves to provide for Susan and her child, a pledge which they religiously fulfilled. Susan gave birth to a fine boy, who received an excellent education, and, when fourteen years of age, through Mr. Wood's influence, was entered as a midshipman in the royal navy, under the patronage of Captain Clay, who had married Miss Wood.

William Watkins was a fine-looking young man of twenty-two years of age, and was better educated than the general run of watermen. He could read and write very well, and had some knowledge of French and Spanish, which he had picked up in his intercourse with the crews of vessels, to London. He had a natural aptitude for the acquisition of foreign languages. When he joined the frigate, he was stationed in the afterguard, and consequently was always under the eyes of the officers. The usage on board of her was very severe, if not cruel, for most of the crew were green hands, and required to be broken in. He reflected much upon his conduct towards Susan, he remembered her love for him, and the bloody end he designed for her, and while he pondered over these, he wept like a child.

When the frigate arrived at Gibraltar, he wrote Susan a long and contrite letter, begging her forgiveness, and to show that he was not so unfeeling as she had reason to think him, he sent her an order to draw his half pay. He said if she would forgive him, he would marry her the first opportunity, and show by his future life that he was not unworthy of her. Susan kept the letter to herself, and only revealed its contents to her son, when he left her to enter the navy. In her heart she still loved him, and charged her son, if he ever fell in with him, to treat him kindly; but she never touched his pay nor answered his letter. She had made her mind up to forget him.

Years rolled away, young Watkins became a man, and for distinguished services, obtained command of the eighteen-gun corvette, *Reindeer*. As he was an energetic officer, he was despatched by the admiral on the West India station, to cruise among the islands in search of pirates, and at the same time was cautioned to keep his weather-eye open for a swift French frigate that had been playing the mischief with British merchantmen. He landed upon one of the Keys near Cuba, where he surprised a party of pirates, and put them to the sword. In searching the Key for plunder, he discovered a cave in which were several prisoners, who expected death before sunset, and large quantities of merchandize. With his booty and the men, he returned to Jamaica, and after taking in supplies of water and provisions, sailed again. Several of the prisoners volunteered for his vessel, and among them an Englishman, named Carter, who was perfectly familiar with the navigation of the West Indies.

At daylight, on the morning of the second day after leaving port, he found himself almost alongside of a French frigate, which hailed him. Carter saw that escape was impossible, and requested the captain to allow him to answer the hail, and at the same time suggested to hoist Spanish colors. Carter answered in Spanish that the corvette was last from Havana, and was cruising in search of pirates; but the Frenchman was not deceived. He not only knew that she was British, but knew the vessel, and all about her; he therefore ordered her, in good English, to round to and send her boats on board of the frigate, or he would open fire upon her. The vessels were to the northward of Cuba, about six miles distant, with a good working breeze from the south. Both were headed to the eastward, with starboard tacks on board, close-hauled, the corvette to the leeward of the frigate.

The Frenchman felt so sure of the corvette as a prize, that he hesitated to fire, and was somewhat thrown off his guard by her hoisting Spanish colors. Captain Watkins, perceiving that he was discovered, at once assumed command, and while the mainsail was hauling up, and the top-sail thrown aback, ordered one of the boats to be lowered. The frigate also hauled her mainsail up, rounded to, and dropped her quarter-boats fully manned and armed. In a minute, the corvette threw all her square sails aback fore and aft, and made a stern board from under the guns of the frigate, then boxed off and filled away on the larboard tack, displaying English colors at her mizzen peak, as she gathered way. This evolution was performed by the time the French-



man's boats were alongside, but these, perceiving the new turn of affairs, returned. In the meantime, the frigate, by having her maintopsail aback, lost steerage way, and conceiving escape impossible, was not so prompt in her motions as she might have been. Her captain, moreover, instead of following the corvette's example in throwing all aback, and beating her at her own game, actually filled away the maintopsail, and set the mainsail to give her headway. This manœuvre widened the distance between her and the corvette, and to make the position worse, she lost time in hoisting up her boats, instead of ordering the men to scramble out of them as quickly as possible, and let them go. Their dragging alongside for two or three minutes must have impeded the frigate's progress. As she went in stays, she fired a raking broadside at the corvette, aimed high for the purpose of dismantling her, but the uncertain motion, peculiar to any vessel in stays, destroyed its intended effect, for only a few shot passed through the corvette's sails. Both vessels were excellent sailers, but with a double-reefed topsail breeze, and a rough sea, the frigate would have proved the better vessel. The sea and breeze were now, however, in favor of the corvette, which let her boat go the instant it had answered the purpose of deceiving the Frenchman into the belief that she had surrendered. Both vessels were now on the larboard tack, headed westerly, and sometimes not more than a mile apart, carrying all drawing sail, and going between six and seven knots. The frigate fired her bow chasers, which were answered by the stern guns of the corvette, but neither produced much effect. Thus they continued running and firing until noon, when black clouds were seen rising rapidly in the east. Carter, the pilot, informed Captain Watkins, that a hurricane was brewing, and would probably burst upon them in a few minutes, and enable the frigate to overhail them.

Captain Watkins immediately gave orders to stopper the clews of the topsails and top-gallant sails, single their earings, unreeve the sheets and all other gear, and then stationed men along the yards to cut away the sails at a moment's notice. Her only hope of escape lay in being able to carry sail to the last, and get rid of it the instant she was struck, without loss of spars.

On came the tempest, black as night, heaping up the sea before it into whitened foam, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed and roared, and the rain was pouring in torrents. The frigate took in her royals and staysails, and so did the corvette, but both kept all other sail set. As the frigate was astern, and the hurricane approaching

from the eastward, she commenced squaring her after yards, when it burst upon her with tremendous effect. She flew up in the wind, and in a twinkling her three topmasts went over the side, all her sails were swept away, she heeled over until the water washed through her maindeck ports, and for a moment threatened to found her; but eventually she was got before the wind. The corvette was more fortunate; she was before the wind, and had her sails cut away the moment she was struck. Her topsails and courses, by the judicious use of spilling lines, fell on deck, but the top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, were torn in pieces by a single blast, and flew in shreds before the tempest. Occasional flashes of lightning revealed both vessels running before the gale, about three miles apart, the frigate towing the wreck of her spars alongside. The hurricane, or what is now termed a cyclone, took a turn around the compass, and in two hours subsided into a strong gale from the northward. When the weather cleared, the corvette found herself upon a lee shore, not three miles distant, and had not a stitch of sail bent to work off. The lead was cast, but no bottom found with eighty fathoms of line; she could not, therefore, anchor, and had not time to bend sails; destruction seemed inevitable.

In this emergency, Carter, the pilot, said that he would carry her safely through a passage in the reef which he pointed out, and which he said had just water enough for her to enter, and that once inside, she could be anchored without difficulty, and ride till the gale abated. Captain Watkins gave him charge, and he brought her in, though she gave a slight touch on the bottom as she settled between the rollers. She was brought up in seven fathoms' water, with both anchors ahead and shortly afterwards, sent down her top-gallant masts, and housed topmasts. The sea was quite smooth, and she rode easily, though the wind continued blowing a severe gale.

Where was the frigate? About seven miles off, still running before the gale. Her captain had seen the corvette anchor, without observing the reef, and determined to close with her, notwithstanding the loss he had sustained. The wreck of his spars had been cleared away and he had bent new courses. Imagine his horror and mortification, when he discovered the reef between him and his foe. He brought his vessel to the wind, and set the sails he had bent, but they hardly kept steerage way on her, and she drifted bodily to leeward. Seeing no hope of working off, he looked for the channel by which the corvette had entered, and when he thought he saw it once more, after much labor, succeeded in put-

ting his ship before the wind. He took in the mainsail, and under the foresail alone made for the channel. His movements were watched with deep interest from the corvette.

Captain Watkins appealed to Carter if he thought she could thread her way in?

"Not unless she draws as little water as we do, sir," he replied, "and, I believe she is, at least, two feet deeper; she will surely strike and become a wreck. In view of such an event, I would respectfully suggest to hoist our boats out and try to save some of her poor fellows."

"Carter," said the captain, "may she not run in by throwing her guns overboard as she shoals her soundings?"

"She will not have time, sir; strike she must, I know every inch of the channel as well as I do the deck of this vessel. She draws eighteen feet of water at least, and there are only sixteen upon the inner bar, at the highest tides. We grazed the bottom ourselves, running in."

Captain Watkins immediately gave orders to hoist the boats out and man them, and pull out under the lee of the reef, and there await the fate of the frigate, which had now made good her entrance into the channel. Slowly but gradually she rose upon the swell, and anon settled almost out of sight between the rollers, which curled and foamed as high as her hammock-nettings. The leadsmen were in the channels, the captain and first lieutenant on the bow, and a line of men along the deck, passing the orders to the helmsman. She passed the outer bar in safety, and had nearly reached smooth water, when she struck bottom between the seas, then rose and struck again, the foresail shivered in the wind, a roller struck her on the quarter, she canted broadside to the swell, and, in a minute was lying with her starboard maindeck ports in the water, while the breakers combed over her with awful force, driving her further upon the bar at every bound. To ease her the masts were cut away, but the men were unable to reach the lee rigging, from the wreck of the spars that were driven against the sides and deck by the back swash of the sea. The corvette's boats soon reached the scene of the wreck, but were unable to near the frigate on account of the wreck of her spars.

Carter, who spoke French well, at the risk of being crushed, hauled himself alongside of her by the lee rigging of the mainmast, and was followed by six others. These, by lashing cutlasses and saws to the ends of boarding-pikes, showed the Frenchman how to cut away the rigging, and thus clear her side, to enable the boats to save her crew. Before this was

accomplished night had set in, and still the gale continued, and still the rolling surge dashed over the wreck. The frigate was the *Pomone*, of forty guns, Captain Laborde, and if she had not been a very strong vessel would have broken up an hour after she struck. Her captain was an experienced officer, but rather too daring, yet in this time of trouble he was calm and prudent. He would not allow the men to leave, until there was a fair prospect of their being saved. In vain Carter urged him to allow them to go in the corvette's boats, which were dodging to leeward of the reef waiting the signal to approach.

"While the frigate holds together," replied Laborde, "there is no danger; but there is danger of loss of life in boats, while such a heavy sea is running; and though I have lost my vessel, I am most anxious to save my men; a few hours' soaking is not of much consequence. The men will remain while I am with them."

The fact was he did not understand the management of boats, and Carter perceived it. The first lieutenant of the corvette, who commanded the boats, impatient at not receiving the concerted signal, dashed alongside of the wreck, bow on and stern off, and jumped on board of her. Seeing that she had four boats on deck in good condition, he went to work, John Bull fashion, utterly regardless of the presence of Captain Laborde, and with the aid of his own men, and some of the frigate's crew, launched them successfully, and ordered men into them. Captain Laborde interfered, but the lieutenant answered gruffly, that his orders were to save life, and he was going to carry them out; and he did so. The boats were called alongside one at a time, loaded and despatched to the corvette, which was only a mile and a half distant. All that night and next day were occupied in saving the men and such of their effects as would be reached. The corvette was crowded on deck and below. In addition to her own crew of eighty men, she had three hundred and sixty Frenchmen on board, who might have captured her, had they been so disposed; but Captain Watkins had implicit confidence in the honor of the French commander, though he took the precaution of filling his tops with small arms and men, to be prepared for any emergency. The rules of the service required this at his hands.

Three days afterwards the gale abated; the frigate still held together, and Captain Watkins placed a dozen men on board of her as a prize-crew. He then got under way, and was piloted clear of the reefs through another channel by Carter. In a couple of days he reached Kingston, Jamaica, and landed the Frenchmen. The

admiral was highly gratified at his conduct, which had been the means of destroying a very troublesome enemy. With the generosity of a true sailor, the admiral regarded the Frenchmen as shipwrecked mariners, and fitted a vessel for their reception; gave them the protection of a cartel, and sent them to France. Though the nations were at war, the French government acknowledged the compliment through a neutral power, which resulted in the promotion of Captain Watkins to post rank. As captain of the corvette, his rank was only that of master-commander. A working party and a frigate were sent to the wreck, and succeeded in saving all her material; and eventually hove her off, patched her bottom, and brought her to Jamaica. For this the corvette's crew received prize-money.

The corvette was ordered home, and in due time arrived at Chatham to undergo repairs. Through the influence of Captain Watkins, who was appointed to the command of a new frigate, Carter received a gunner's warrant; but the promotion did not seem to elate him. He was a man in the prime of life, between forty and fifty, vigorous, intelligent, and an excellent seaman, but when alone, seemed absorbed in deep thought. He seldom spoke when his duty did not require it.

When the new frigate was nearly ready for sea, a small party, consisting of an old man and his wife, accompanied by a stately woman of rare beauty, called on board to see the captain. He was not on board, but the boat was ashore waiting for him. The gunner was standing by the gangway when the visitors stepped on the deck; but the instant his eyes met the gaze of the younger woman, he staggered against the mainmast, turned sharply round and walked forward. The officers of the deck, while waiting on the visitors, did not perceive him; but he was seen by one whose eyes followed him, till he was hid by the launch. She was calm and self-possessed.

Shortly after the captain came on board, he ordered the hands to be turned up, and then in company with the visitors walked along their lines as they were ranged fore and aft.

"The man I seek is not here," said the lady, addressing the captain after she had inspected the crew.

"Must the crew fore and aft," said the captain, turning to the first lieutenant; "no one has left the ship, and he must be on board."

When the gunner's name was called, his servant stated that he was below sick, and could not come on deck.

"What, Carter sick!" exclaimed the captain, nervously. "I must see him instantly. He is one of the noblest fellows alive. To his skill and

daring I am indebted for my recent promotion. There is not his superior in the British navy. Call the surgeon at once. Excuse me (turning to the visitors), I must go to see Carter."

He was not very sick, for, in a couple of days, he returned to his duty, and was then ordered to visit the captain at his lodgings on shore. The captain was alone when he entered, and requested him to be seated.

"Carter," he said kindly, "I am deeply indebted to you, and feel a strong desire to know your history. Will you please to gratify me?"

"Certainly," replied Carter, in a quiet tone, "for it is easily told in a very few words; but you must pledge your honor to keep it secret, for I have forfeited my life according to the rules of the service."

"Fear nothing, you have my word of honor."

"Well then," he began, "when I belonged to the *Junon* frigate cruising in the West Indies, the first lieutenant kicked me in the mouth, as I was trying to shove the boat from the beach of a creek on the south side of Cuba. Enraged beyond control, I dragged him down, jumped upon him several times, and then took to my heels inland. The whole affair did not occupy a minute. I escaped, and having a fair knowledge of Spanish, was perfectly at home among the planters, who treated me with kindness. I reached Havana, there joined a wrecker, and in a few years was so successful that I owned several vessels, and was esteemed a man of wealth. The day before you released me, while piloting a vessel inside of the reefs near Key West, I was taken prisoner by pirates, who carried the vessel in the night. The crew were also taken prisoners, for the pirates were afraid to murder us at sea, lest our dead bodies might be seen floating about so near the land. They intended to kill us that night and bury us on shore out of sight, which, thank God, you prevented. The gang to which the pirates belonged, had confederates in all the ports of Cuba, and I did not deem it safe to return, for I would have been assassinated, so I volunteered for your vessel, and let my property go. The fact is, captain, I felt a strong attachment to you, and could not feel happy out of your company. This, sir, is my story."

The captain called for brandy and cigars, and then said:

"Come, Carter, help yourself; here's your health (tossing off a glass). I'm off to London to-morrow, and you shall accompany me; I'm going to have a cruise ashore before I go to sea, and I want you to go with me. But, Carter, you have not told me anything of your early

life, when you were a boy, and what sent you to sea."

"The pressgang," he replied, dryly.

"Come, let us have the yarn," said the captain, "and toss off another glass for better acquaintance sake; I'm your friend, you may trust me."

"Captain Watkins, I cannot tell you without debasing myself in my own esteem. I will not tell you!"

"Come, friend Carter, don't be offended, few men are saints if their secret history were known. I feel a warm interest in you, and will not think less of you for the follies or even crimes of your youth. Trust me, I will not deceive you."

"Captain Watkins, as I love you, I will tell you, not for the purpose of gratifying your curiosity, but that my terrible sin may be a warning to you. God grant that you may never be tempted as I have been! Know, then, my name is not Carter, but William Watkins. I was born in Blackwell, and served my apprenticeship to a waterman. In an evil hour—"

"Hold!" cried a lady, stepping from an adjoining room. "Enough. Stand up, gentlemen, and face me." They obeyed, and she continued, "This, Captain Watkins, is your father. This, sir," addressing the gunner, "is your son, and I am his mother! I forgive you, for you have suffered much."

He sank into a chair, his head fell upon the table, he groaned in agony, the blood rushed to his head, and was soon oozing through his mouth and nose. Three months passed away before he recovered consciousness, and the first being he recognized was the injured Susan standing over him, basking his temples. In a year afterwards they were married, and their son was married at the same time to the daughter of Mrs. Clay, who was the Miss Wood, to obtain whose hand the elder Watkins would have murdered his first and only love. The ways of Providence are truly wonderful, and past finding out.

#### CONTROLLING THE INCLINATION.

It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path it may not follow—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair; we have but, to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

[ORIGINAL.]

### MISS LEONARD'S FARM:

—AND—

### HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

BY A. M. LOVERING.

MISS FANNIE LEONARD turned very pale, and dropped the letter which she had been reading, from her nerveless hands. Looking the whole world over, at just that moment one would scarcely have found a more frightened or surprised person than was this same Miss Fannie. Her eyes—large and exceedingly blue—were distended half way from her head; her mouth—quite broad, but very rosy—was wide apart; her curls—a brown, silken cluster back of either ear—trembled as though they were at frolic with the wind.

Miss Leonard had fallen into possession of a fortune! Not a large one, according to the world's reckoning, but to her idea one that was surprisingly vast. The young lady had had a rough time of it with life. By this, I do not mean that she had ever been a street beggar, or could remember a time when she had been obliged to want for a meal; but at an early age, she had been left fatherless and motherless—to look out and shift for herself in the world. Not being contented to sink down with the ignorant masses, and having quite an idea of educating herself, she found that she had something beside play before her. But Miss Leonard worked well. At twenty-five (for it takes time to work these changes), she was a well-informed, genteel-appearing young lady, and but for a certain sharpness, which comes from hard contact with the world, and an occasional show of bitterness, which seldom finds a place in the hearts of the home-sheltered, one would not have suspected that her walks in life had led her in any other than the most refined circles.

But now Miss Leonard had a fortune—a farm of some forty acres but a few miles removed from the pretty inland city of M—, among the hills of New Hampshire. "That farm," so wrote the legal gentleman who had managed her eccentric relative's affairs, for years, "needed the immediate care of some one; and it was his advice, to the young lady, that she should take up her residence upon it at once."

Blessing her deceased uncle for his kind memory of her (she hadn't thought of him for years before), and dropping a few tears for something, she hardly knew what, Miss Fannie went about gathering up her little stock of movables which

heretofore had included her whole store of worldly goods. This was no great task. She had a box of books which must be carefully packed—a black silk dress which must be folded so that it would not wrinkle—beyond this, there wasn't much to care for. In a marvellously short space of time, she was on her way to M——, feeling a little lonely, perhaps, but strangely independent.

Whether to laugh or cry, she did not know, when the coachman set her down at the door of her new home. She thought she had never in her life before looked upon so comical a house—one patched up in so many different styles, as though the builder had been intent upon pleasing a score or more of persons, each one differing essentially from the other in taste. In front, there were large trees; and over the windows looking upon the road, scraggly rose-vines and bushes hung, matted together in a solid mass of leaves. The front door, which she approached with some trepidation, had the appearance of being newly painted, and what to her was exceedingly ludicrous, its color was bright yellow, which contrasted vividly with the sombre gray of the house.

"The old people were making repairs," she said to herself, smiling, as she raised the knocker and gave a heavy rap.

The old people were a worthy couple who had served her uncle for years, and who would look to her for a home—so said the legal gentleman—during the remainder of their lives.

"You are Mrs. Dearborn, I believe," said Fannie to the old lady, as she made her appearance, "and I am Miss Fannie Leonard. I have come to live with you."

So saying, Miss Leonard walked straight into the house, like one having a right. She had, indeed, and she was not timid. From that moment, she was perfectly at home.

The morning following, she went over the house. She was a neat, tidy personage herself, and consequently was not pleased with what she saw. She was a little nervous, too; and as the old lady threw open doors and closets, displaying grimy paint in one direction, and cobwebs, dust and rubbish in another, she was obliged to exercise considerable self-command to keep from speaking her mind about it. But finally she did what was a great deal wiser—put on an old dress and went to cleaning. She looked at her hands two or three times first (he had kept them very pretty and delicate, in spite of everything), but a second glance at the soiled paint determined her.

Now that very afternoon, Miss Leonard met with a sad mishap. She was cleaning paint in

what had been her uncle's room, a quaint little place with a low, wide window reaching to the ground, at the back of the house, and as often as she wished to change the water in her basin, threw it out upon a path that ran near by. The last basin of water she threw into some one's face. She started back and clapped her hands.

"Mr. Dearborn!" she exclaimed, trying to control her laughter.

Looking out of the window for the space of half a moment, Miss Leonard saw her mistake. A stranger stood in the path, wiping the dirty water from his eyes and mouth. The young lady could not think of a single word to say. But the gentleman remarked quietly, raising his eyes, "Clean water next time, if you please."

"Certainly, sir," answered Miss Leonard, suddenly finding her tongue.

She was too vexed to apologize, and so arching her neck (this was a trick of hers), she turned straight to her work again.

It was not long before Mrs. Dearborn came to her, saying that Mr. Cauldwell was in the sitting-room, and wished to see her.

"Mr. Cauldwell?" repeated Fannie, blushing.

"Yes, the gentleman who had helped work her uncle's farm for a number of years past. He wanted to see her about it."

After this explanation, she was as ignorant as ever; but on entering the sitting-room, she was evidently a little wiser. This was the gentleman whom she had treated to the contents of her wash-basin a few moments before. She returned his bow as coolly as she could, and seated herself, waiting to hear what he had to say to her. But he did not seem in any hurry to tell his business. He wandered about from one subject to another, talking in a pleasant, easy way of this and that—of everything, in fact, Fannie thought, but what he came to talk about. At last, he hit upon the farm. He would let his men carry it on for her, if she pleased, just as they had done for years past for her uncle.

"And how was that?" she asked.

He smiled at the question, as though he thought it an exceedingly absurd one, but proceeded to answer it with tolerable grace.

Miss Leonard was piqued. He had the right of it, she knew. His drainage, explanation, and long harangue upon pasturing, together with a quantity of trash about potatoes, oats and corn, was like so much Greek to her. But she listened to it very attentively, and bowed knowingly when he finished speaking.

"You understand, I suppose?" he questioned.

"O, yes!" Fannie answered, telling as big a lie as she possibly could.

"And what do you think of it?" he continued.

"That I wish it was all at the bottom of the Red Sea!" she wanted to say—for her brain was sorely puzzled. But instead, she thanked him as well as she could for his kindness, and informed him that she thought she should be able to manage her farm herself.

Mr. Cauldwell smiled again, and Miss Leonard thought to herself that he was the most disagreeable man whom she had met in all her lifetime.

Now I pray the reader not to think my heroine a foolish or senseless girl; on the contrary, she possessed more than an ordinary share of common sense. But somehow she had taken it into her head that Mr. Cauldwell wished to advance his own interests, rather than hers; this, coupled with the serious impression that he thought she was an ignoramus, decided her in the answer which she gave him.

"If there is anything which I can do to assist you, I shall be pleased to do it," Mr. Cauldwell said, rising to go. "My place joins yours, you may have been told."

Miss Leonard thanked him, but hoped that she should not be obliged to trouble him much. So ended the young lady's first interview with her gentlemanly but slightly self-conceited neighbor.

After this, she directed her attention to farming. To relate her adventures as they occurred day after day, would be to write a good-sized volume; but she was persevering, and did not rest until she had her spring's work (it was late at any rate) done. This was accomplished some time in the summer. Her harvesting would come in the dead of winter, she concluded, with the men whom she hired to do her planting.

But her greatest pride was in her garden; and a well-stocked one it was, too, full of cherry trees, currant-bushes and strawberries. What with watering and watching and weeding it, it grew to be the finest garden in town; this, in fact, was because Mr. Dearborn was one of the best of gardeners, although Miss Leonard flattered herself to the contrary. In the meantime, Mr. Cauldwell watched her with curious eyes. He had never before in his life met with so strange and so self-willed a young lady. Although she amused him, he could not help admiring her indomitable perseverance and independence.

But a cloud came gradually upon Miss Leonard's mind. This was the cloud: Mr. Cauldwell's hens scratched in her garden. They had had that privilege for years, and good Mr. Dearborn did not think that it could be restricted.

"Mr. Cauldwell must shut up his hens," Miss Leonard said, closing her pretty mouth firmly together.

Consequently Mr. Cauldwell was soon in possession of a neatly written note which informed him as politely and decisively as possible, that his hens must be kept at home. He did not reply to it. This angered Miss Leonard considerably.

"Of course he thought I was not worth his notice!" she said, curling her pretty lip. "But if he did not shut his hens up, she'd—"

She concluded the sentence with a significant nod of her head.

The next day, the hens scratched in her garden as usual. Seeing them from her window, she bade Mr. Dearborn bring her his gun. It was a rusty, good-for-nothing old fuscus, and so heavy, that she could hardly raise it. But she took aim at the flock of hens, and while they were scattered in one direction, the old gun kicked her in another. Such a flying and cackling as there was! But above all this, there sounded in Miss Leonard's ear a peal of hearty, manly laughter. Mr. Cauldwell had been watching the whole performance through the fence. Looking about her, she saw that the leader of the flock was lying dead among the cucumber vines. She came to a resolution instantly. She would toss him over the fence. This she did with considerable force, and it fell at Mr. Cauldwell's feet.

"Thank you!" was his cool answer.

"You are quite welcome, sir," retorted Miss Leonard, walking away.

Two hours later, her neighbor made his appearance at the kitchen door with a well-dressed fowl in his hand.

"He hoped Miss Leonard would accept it," he said. "He thought it would be very palatable. He believed Mrs. Dearborn was a rare hand at cooking chickens."

Miss Leonard laughed, in spite of herself. She was amused, troubled and vexed. In an undertone, she gave vent to her feelings in a curt French sentence.

Mr. Cauldwell was quick of hearing. In the same tone and language, he answered her.

"Tit for tat," thought Fannie, her cheeks flushing. "She wished that that odious Mr. Cauldwell would stay at home, though. He was the pest of her life." But she said "she hoped he would call upon Mrs. Dearborn or herself, whenever he wished anything done in the cooking line. She should think it would be very disagreeable for a gentleman to prepare his own meals."

Mr. Cauldwell opened his eyes very wide. Was it possible that Miss Leonard thought he did his own cooking?—he, a gentleman who could count his possessions by thousands? His pride was aroused. He was too indignant, for a moment, to answer; and too indignant, by far, to correct the impression which she seemed to have.

"He thanked her, and would remember her promise. He presumed he should be pleased to test its genuineness by-and-by."

This he said, looking her straight in the face. Miss Fannie winced. There was so much insinuated in his quiet, deep tone!

For the next week, the young lady avoided her neighbor. She did not know why—it was a sort of instinct with her. At the expiration of the time, she received a note from him, asking her over to his house to tea. She did not wish to go, but had no excuse for declining his courteous invitation; consequently, she was obliged to accept.

What a polite host was Mr. Cauldwell! How attentive and pleasant he was! How admirably his household affairs were conducted, and in what perfect taste was everything arranged about the house! Cook his own meals indeed! Miss Leonard smiled at the mischievous insinuation, as she sat before his sumptuously-spread table. Her own looked plainly and poorly, in comparison with it.

After tea was served, Mr. Cauldwell sang and played to her. He did this, as though conscious of his superior performance—for he could not help knowing what every person was so soon assured of. But Fannie was piqued by his manner. Did he think her a novice? Did he suppose that she had never seen a piano before? Evidently so, by the way that he turned from it when he had finished playing. Now Fannie was no mean performer, and she had a voice as sweet, rich and clear as a song sparrow. She could not brook Mr. Cauldwell's apparent slight.

"You have gratified me exceedingly, sir," she said, bowing and stepping towards the piano. "Let me endeavor to repay you."

There was a wide-awake flash to her eyes, as she said this—a pretty arching of her white, slender neck. Mr. Cauldwell turned around with evident surprise.

"He knew that Miss Leonard could fire a gun very well," he said, "but he was not aware that she was a musician."

She did not answer him, but touching the keys of the piano with her light, skilful fingers, ran through a difficult opera song with the most perfect correctness. Then she ran off into a

sweet old melody, and let her voice out, soft, clear, trilling and birdlike. For weeks she had not sung before, and her voice was in perfect tone. Now it rioted in its sudden freedom.

"I like that," Mr. Cauldwell said. "You are more than repaying me, Miss Leonard; you are making me your debtor. I—"

What was the gentleman about to say, that the young lady should so rudely interrupt him with—"Let us try to sing together, Mr. Cauldwell?"

"Certainly," he answered, biting his full under-lip.

Miss Fannie Leonard went home that night in a pet, after all. She declared to herself, in secret, that for the future she would avoid her neighbor, steadily and perseveringly. A suspicious conclusion for her to come to! Whether a wise one or not, I leave it for some one else to determine.

The next day Miss Leonard's cattle made sad havoc with Mr. Cauldwell's corn. He wrote her a note informing her of the fact. She put on her bonnet, and went over to see him about it. She carried her purse on her arm.

"She could pay for the damage they had done," she said to herself.

Mr. Cauldwell was astounded. "He did not sell his corn-fodder in any such way," he said, laughing. "He should shoot her cows, if she did not keep them at home," he added, roguishly.

"She hoped he would do so; but she should not be as generous as he had been—that was, she should not present him with his game!"

"That would not be very generous, after all," he retorted, laughingly, "since he had no cook. "And that made him think of her promise. Didn't she tell him that she would cook for him whenever he wished her to?"

She was caught there. Dear me, how she blushed over it! Mr. Cauldwell was not at all merciful; he went on talking, regardless of her blushes.

"He had come to the conclusion that they would do well to work in partnership. He thought her a very poor farmer—he was sure he was a poor housekeeper, and—"

She made an effort to slip past him out of the door, as he said this, but he caught her hand.

"How shall it be?" he asked, holding her firmly.

Fannie hung her head, and tried to get away.

"Answer me, if you please. I am quite serious," Mr. Cauldwell said. "Yes or no?"

Now Fannie liked this odd neighbor of hers exceedingly, and so she made the wise answer



that she should have made, and that too without hesitation—"Yes!"

I have heard since that they are a model couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cauldwell. So ended Fannie Leonard's farming!

### LEARNING TO SWIM.

The best plan for learners, whether in fresh or salt water, is to attach a cord to a tree, or boat, or the machine; or, if these are not available, get a companion to hold the end of the cord on shore. With this cord tied round the arm or waist, let the beginner walk out till the water is up to his chin, and then turn round and face the shore. He may even then back out a little farther, when he will find the force of the water taking him off his legs, and he will then find no difficulty in making a few strokes, even at the first attempt. In fact, by holding the head well up, which necessarily expands the chest, he will find he cannot help himself from swimming, or rather floating; and by gently thrusting out, and drawing in the hands and feet, exactly in imitation of the movement of a frog in the water, he will accomplish more in two or three days than in as many weeks with the corks or bladders—that is, he will have more confidence in himself, and know more of the power of the water to sustain him on its surface. A better knowledge even of this he will have by keeping his back to the shore till out in deep water as far as he can go, then throwing back his head, expanding his chest, making, as it were, a curve with the back, and allowing the legs to float outward and from under him, he will find that his companion on shore could draw him completely in without sinking. A few such experiments, and then he might, by the gentle action of the hands and feet, work himself on shore. With the cord, the young beginner will have no fear, saving for a few mouthfuls of water, and these he will not care about so long as he learns to swim.—*Boston Journal.*

### STUDENTS AND BOOKS.

Dr. Nott, of Union College observes, that he can always tell the young men who are to make their mark in the world, if he can only see them return from a visit to the College Library, which is only open once a week. "If," says he, "I saw a man leaving the library with five or six books under his arm, I would say to myself, there goes a mental glutton, he will read, mark, but not inwardly digest, and the consequence is, he is very likely to have mental dyspepsia; the mind, endeavoring to acquire too much, strains itself and becomes weakened." On the other hand, he says, "If I see a young student taking but a small book from the library, and that he does not return there for some time, I am satisfied that he will saturate his mind with the intellect of the author, and not only gain all the knowledge in the book, but sharpen his perceptions and invigorate every faculty."

There are three kinds of friends—friends who love you, friends who do not trouble themselves about you, and friends who hate you.

### WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

The belief in witchcraft is prevalent in most parts of England. Nearly every village and hamlet has its witch. No malice is expressed, simply a dread of offending her, even unintentionally. The unfortunate beings supposed to have fallen under her evil influence are considered marked and doomed; their friends still fearing to speak a word against the reputed author of the calamity. In many instances the bewitched ones leave their homes never to return, to avoid the misery resulting from a solitary life, so many of their own class, even their old companions, disliking to associate with them. I have been in a village in the south of England where the second son, a lad of thirteen, had left his home, and gone to seek his fortune, for "hadn't he had an evil eye cast on him, and couldn't get on at all?" The poor mother, while mourning for the missing one, never doubted the truth of the matter, but considered it "mighty unlucky." This belief not only exists among the very poor and more intelligent laborers, but even many of the better class of farmers, and occasionally thoroughly educated members of the higher ranks of society are infected with it. The latter, however, invariably admit that "cases," as they term them, have never been known to occur in their particular community. In some instances the belief appears hereditary, a plague-spot that can never be washed away. We boast of being "the latest seed of time," we "cry down the past," we talk of the omnipotence of science and philosophy; and well that we can do so. But is it not strange that, in spite of all this real or fancied progress—in spite of our nineteenth-century refinement and civilization—this demon of superstition still remains, lurking in every corner of our land, crushing the minds of its victims in the broad and open day?—*Once a Week.*

### MAKING LOVE.

There is no such process as *making* love. The article cannot be manufactured. It is the spontaneous growth of the heart. Or rather, it springs from a spiritual seed planted in a warm material soil, and is half a passion flower, and half a heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the body, so the divine essence of love survives its passion instinct. This is always the case where the sentiment is genuine. But, unfortunately, spurious love is as common as spurious money, and as frequently passes current. Many men fancy themselves deeply in love, who have not the slightest idea of what the feeling, in its purity and plenitude, really is. Such persons mistake mere passion for affection. Their love, as they call it, lacks the divine heaven. It is coarse, selfish, unregulated, and being wholly "of the earth, earthy," is sure to be ephemeral. No true woman was ever made permanently happy by such love as this; but, alas! how many place faith in it, and after giving in exchange for it all the wealth of their hearts, find too late that they have made a blind and thriftless bargain.—*Truman.*

### BLUSHING.

Sin should be seen to blush through Virtue's cheeks, Mingling the rose and lily.  
PACIORO.

[ORIGINAL]  
EVENING.

BY ARTHUR L. RESERVE.

The sun goes down in the crimson west  
To his bed of purple and gold,  
And the amber clouds cover his face  
With many a gorgeous fold.  
Above his head is a sea of light  
Tinged with every royal hue,  
And it flickers and burns in the crown of light,  
As the daygod says adieu.

Then through this glorious crown of light  
Out 'tween the golden bars,  
Unsuiled as on earth's first night,  
Gleam forth the silver stars.  
Then high upon the mountain's crest  
Gloweth forth a silver line,  
As the queen of night rolls up behind  
The darkly-crested pine.

Now the night-winds from their mountain caves  
Sigh through the forest leaves,  
Waking a note on each tiny harp  
That hangs mid woodbine wreaths.  
The silver mists come curling up  
From the peaceful, sleeping lake  
That lays out beside the mountain steep,  
Fringed round with hazel brake.  
Thus when eve has come adown,  
In our glorious summer time,  
Happy 's the man who can lay down to rest  
'Neath his own toll-planted vine.

[ORIGINAL]  
THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

BY EDWIN S. MACDONALD.

OVER two centuries ago, a young German belonging to a pious and respectable family, entered Wurtzburg for the express purpose of studying foreign languages, in which branch of study he wished to perfect himself, in order, as he hoped, to be qualified, at some future day, to fill a professor's chair in one of the colleges already established in Germany. His name was Heinrich von Kepler. Tall, finely-formed and handsome, Heinrich bore away the palm of physical beauty, as he soon did of intellectual culture, from among his studious but heavy countrymen; often exciting their envy for one, and their unavailing efforts to rival him in the other.

But while they smoked and drank beer, and pursued their misty speculations in philosophy and their visionary, dreamy theology, Heinrich was advancing in brilliant and rapid progression, beyond them all; outstripping his teachers and exciting wonder and admiration in those who looked at him standing on a height which they never hoped to reach.

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His window, in the fourth Wisner's house, showed a bright fire retired for the night, and flame was visible long before the sleepy watchman was just going to his night's vigil. He went seldom into society, but his animated countenance and brilliant conversational powers won for him troops of friends, whenever he was induced to make one of a party.

Many an anxious mother, dwelling upon the reputed wealth and respectability of the von Keplers, would gladly have welcomed the handsome and talented youth to a nearer relationship; and many a Julia, Caroline or Serena would have smiled a blushing assent to any important question he might have asked respecting the state of the affections. But in vain. Heinrich's heart had long since made its election.

Bertha Wisner, the widow's only child, had become strongly attached to the young student, who formed a part of her mother's household. She had never known a brother's love, but the gentleness and sweetness of one who knew so much toward the simple and guileless maiden, had made a deep impression on her heart, and she fancied that she felt for him a sister's affection. Upright and honorable, Heinrich obtained her mother's consent, and then revealed his own love for Bertha.

So much happiness, the artless girl had not counted upon. She could not believe that it would last. She remembered her mother's transient dream of domestic bliss, of which she had often told her—the terrible and sudden death to which the husband of a few short months was doomed; and Bertha's anxious heart and timid spirit seemed to shadow forth her own destiny in dreary similitude to Madam Wisner's. To Heinrich and her mother, there appeared something strange and unnatural in this dread of the future. The lover did not doubt that it was real; but he earnestly entreated her to conquer so fruitless an anxiety, and let time bring its shadows as it might.

"It is in vain, dear Heinrich," she would say; "ever since I have begun to love you, this mortal dread has been upon me, turning my dearest joys into mournful spectres. I am continually haunted by images of unrevealed horror. When I part from you at night, I feel a dreary foreboding that the morning will find our separation final; and when I wake, I find my pillow wet with tears which I have shed during the brief season in which I sleep."

Imagining that their quiet and lonely life had something to do with the state of her nerves,

Heinrich besought Madam Wisner to send for some dear friend of her daughter; and, accordingly, without Bertha's knowledge, she invited a young and lively schoolmate whom her daughter dearly loved, to make her a visit. Heinrich also requested his younger brother to come to him; feeling that his gaiety of heart might win Bertha from her sadness.

Wilhelm obeyed his summons, and Caroline Hartz arrived at the same time. During the day, the party made frequent excursions, and the change seemed beneficial to Bertha; but at night, when Heinrich went to his room and sat down to his books, Bertha sat at her window from which the busy student was visible; she watched the dark shadows in the quadrangular court, which even his bright light could not quite dispel, and fancied that foes were lurking near her beloved.

If it be true, as the Scottish seer declared, that "coming events cast their shadows before," we must pity and not condemn the loving little maiden; for, late one evening, when watching those dismal shadows made by the projecting wall, and magnifying their number to many more, she believed that she saw tangible forms and heard audible voices, belonging to human beings. It did not alarm her so much as had the phantoms of her own imagination; but still she was chained to the spot. Relying upon the obscurity in which she sat, she gently opened the lightly framed window, and heard some one say softly, "There, that is he! no doubt he is at his infernal incantations now. Let us surround this part of the house, and catch the wizard at his unhallowed work."

Benumbed with terror as she was, Bertha had yet presence of mind enough to leave her room, cross that of her mother, and tap at Heinrich's door. He opened it instantly, and she told her errand. Feeling that her old terrors had only reached a new point, he tried to induce her to return and attempt to sleep; but her fears now were so genuine, and so different to her ordinary ones, that he was more disposed to sympathize with her.

"Pray, pray extinguish your light, Heinrich!" she said, almost breathless with her emotion. "They will see your shadow on the ceiling. Come to my room, for God's sake. Mother, awake! Heinrich is in danger!" And, by snatches, she repeated what she had heard.

A rude battering at the house door convinced her auditors that this at least was not a phantom—and, notwithstanding her frantic appeal, Heinrich insisted on answering it in person. He descended, leaving her almost lifeless on the

floor. By this time, his brother and Caroline Hartz were assembled in Heinrich's room, and, by their exertions, Bertha was restored. She persisted, after she recovered, in going down to her lover, and they watched her as she stole softly to the door where he was still parleying with the strangers, and stood by his side. He felt her gentle touch upon his arm, and said, "Bertha, darling, these men accuse me of—what do you think?—of *Witchcraft*. Would you believe that a quiet, orderly student like myself would be suspected of *that*?"

"Pardon me, young gentleman, it is those very studies that have sealed your doom. We have every reason to believe that your constant and protracted night studies have been with a view of obtaining a knowledge of the black art. Your known practices condemn you."

This was uttered by a respectable-looking man whom Heinrich remembered to have seen in the vicinity of the lawyers' offices, and whom he had supposed to be an officer of the courts. He was accompanied by several other individuals, of whom he seemed to be the delegated spokesman. Among them was one in the garb of a priest, who kept repeating Latin phrases, expressive of holy horror and unmitigated detestation of a wretch whom he denounced as the devil's own.

Heinrich, who really could not believe himself in danger, although aware that such things had been, still maintained his stand with Bertha leaning on his arm, trembling with the force of her emotion. All the terrible forebodings which she had so long struggled with, seemed about to be realized.

Apparently divining the nature of the tie existing between the two, the individuals composing this strange party included Bertha in their denunciations. They demanded access to Heinrich's private room, which, with eyes flashing at their presumption, he refused; but on Wilhelm's representation that the unpretending nature of his studies, and the absence of all mystery in his apartment, might best convince them of their error, he determined to allow them to enter and preceded them with the lamp, accompanied by all the family who now appeared, fully attired.

A celestial globe and other astronomical apparatus, some drawings of Saturn and his rings, an old book on sorcery which Heinrich had found among several belonging to Madam Wisner's father, and had unfortunately transferred to his own room, constituted sufficient proof that the Black Art had, at least, one or two votaries in this room; and the convulsive clinging of Bertha to her lover convinced the party that Heinrich and Bertha were the guilty ones. They were

hurried off amidst the shrieks of the mother and Caroline, while Wilhelm von Kepler vowed revenge upon those unprincipled scoundrels who disturbed honest people in their beds—not doubting that his brother would receive full justice with the morning light.

It is painful to record the sufferings of the devoted lovers at this period. They were denied an interview, even in the presence of their accusers. Their friends were not permitted to see them; so that the anguish of the mother, and the equal misery of the good von Keplers who were sent for immediately, cannot be described. A trial was pretended, but every circumstance was wrested into evidence of guilt. Before long, others were arrested, equally the victims of a terrible superstition; a superstition, in fact, which destroyed the lives of more than one hundred individuals in the space of two years in Wurtzburg alone; among whom were fourteen vicars, several counsellors, children, and the wife of a man distinguished for his large size, herself being the handsomest woman in Wurtzburg.

During Heinrich's imprisonment, he found means to communicate with Wilhelm by a note written with a nail upon a smooth pine stick. It was written in a cipher which only the brother's understood, and had been the amusement of their boyhood. The stick was thrown to Wilhelm from a window to the street where he had been watching for some sign from Heinrich; and the answer was given by an almost imperceptible gesture on the part of the brother.

The fatal Friday on which the accused must confess or die, approached. Friday seemed to be the day on which most of them confessed. The death trial was to be by fire. If any passed through that ordeal, unscorched, they were innocent—so said the judge. It was as fair a way as that which was decreed to be passed through by water, where the poor victim was sure to die, guilty or not. If he or she did not sink, it was witchcraft that prevented. Death was certain, either way.

Meantime, Bertha, the poor girl! who had died a thousand deaths from her terrible forebodings of evil, had settled down into a wonderful calm which was as mysterious as her former state. It was not insensibility—it was the composure of resignation. Her mother—*there* was the only pang. But aside from this, there was a serene happiness in the thought of dying with her beloved. The pain—the agony of such a death—for her accusers took good care to hold up its horrors before her—was dreadful perhaps to think of, in its intensity of suffering; but then it was brief; and if she could but look on Heinrich's

face until she died, it would be sweet. Already her slender form was attenuated to almost death-like thinness. Her face, over which her soft, fair hair hung in damp, clinging curls, was white and pure as alabaster; her hands almost transparent in their whiteness, and her lips were pale as the lily; yet an ineffable sweetness and beauty were still hers, which might seem to have disarmed her enemies.

She wore the same white robe which she had on when taken from her home; and its very spotlessness, to which no stain had come, during that dreadful week, only convinced the superstitious people that she had some marvellous agency at work which kept it pure and white. She uttered a joyful cry when Heinrich was brought out and placed near her before the awful flames. They were the last of many who had been led forth. The crowd had become almost sated with horrors; and the most zealous among them began to grow weary of the horrid scene.

One man who had not been noticed before, seemed now to take an active part, and the rest fell back and allowed him to go on as he chose. Approaching near the fire, just as the prisoners were forced toward the flame, he scattered into it, unseen, while all eyes were turned upon the victims, something which caused a dense smoke to arise, stifling and blinding. In the confusion that ensued, they who held the prisoners forsook their hold. Heinrich and Bertha felt themselves grasped by invisible hands and borne away as with an irresistible force; and the smoke still continued to ascend in dense volumes between them and the crowd. When at length it cleared away, the victims were nowhere to be seen, but the general impression was that they had perished and their bodies had been destroyed; although there were some who persisted in declaring that the Evil One had appeared bodily, and rescued his followers after throwing brimstone upon the flames.

Wilhelm had not dared to act this part himself, as he so nearly resembled his brother; but a strong, active serving man, who had accompanied the von Keplers to Wurtzburg, had readily undertaken to procure the material which Heinrich, in his note, had recommended to be used, and had fearlessly thrown it, at the exact moment upon the flames.

Long before the crowd dispersed, a carriage and four passed unquestioned through the gates of Wurtzburg, and within its curtained hiding-place, Heinrich was holding in his arms the death-like figure of Bertha and their brave deliverer was seated beside them. Homeward bound! To the beloved home of his childhood, Heinrich.

was bearing his half-dead bride. The rest of the relatives did not dare to join them, lest their sudden disappearance from Wurtzburg might awaken suspicion; but one day, at broad noon, the elder von Kepler and his wife, with Wilhelm and Bertha's mother, all dressed in deep mourning, as if for the loss of their nearest and dearest, were conveyed out of the city. They who had almost doubted, were now convinced that the friends, at least, believed them dead. "Even-handed justice" was appeased, and the pious detectors of witchcraft thought they had really done God service in ridding the world of such beings.

One more journey did Wilhelm von Kepler make to Wurtzburg; but this also was in secret, for he had learned to dread a place where wrong and error were baptized by different names; and this time, he returned, accompanied by Caroline Hartz, on a visit to Bertha, who was now restored to health and happiness—the beloved wife of Heinrich. From this visit, she did not return; nor indeed did either of the von Keplers ever again visit a scene fraught with such fearful recollections, and Caroline was an orphan, without ties to recall her to Wurtzburg. The want of relationship was however fully supplied, not long after, by her marriage with Wilhelm von Kepler.

Unclouded happiness is not to be expected in this life; but it seemed as if the rule was suspended in the case of the two escaped prisoners; for they lived to a green old age, surrounded by children and children's children, to whom the story of the trial by fire was often repeated. Old Hauptner, their deliverer, who had actually risked his own life in the uncertain hope of saving theirs, was an honored inmate of their home; regarding Heinrich and his wife with a species of adoration. Indeed, he attributed their deliverance, not so much to his own skill and activity in raising so powerful an agent, as to the angelic nature of Bertha who had, as he declared, passed through the ordeal of fire without the smell of the flame upon her white robes.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the world began to cease from degrading itself by these foolish and wicked superstitions; yet solitary instances crept into being, even amidst the enlightenment of the eighteenth. Previous to the eighteenth, the number of victims, from the date of Pope Innocent's bull, exceeds *one hundred thousand*! And this in Germany alone. In Switzerland, a witch was burnt in the latter part of the last century—less, indeed, than seventy-five years ago. And these murders were sanctioned by learned judges and even ministers professing the doctrines of the blessed Saviour!

[ORIGINAL.]

## BIANCA:

— OR, —

## THREE NIGHTS IN PARIS.

BY WILTON B. REYNOLDS.

"*BAH!* the very name of this upstart makes the blood in my veins boil. And yet he, with his mean tribe daily walk the halls which kings have trod."

"Know you not, good Antoine, that this very day, the office of consul has been conferred upon Napoleon for life, and that he has the privilege of naming his successor?"

"*Parbleu!* Do I know what all Paris knows? Consul for life! Pierre, what if his life should be a short one?"

"Ha! I know what you mean, Antoine. But remember, your own life would last but a moment longer. Besides, it is not possible for you to approach him; he keeps a wary lookout on all sides with those restless eyes of his. He is no common man, Antoine, and he who rids France of him, does a noble deed."

"True, Pierre, it must be done, and yet not with steel. Let us take Bianca into our counsels. I have noticed that she schemes readily when others despair. These Italians are as quick to conspire, as the French are to fight."

"Can she be trusted?" asked the other, thoughtfully.

"I will answer for her with my life," was the ready reply.

As he spoke, he touched a small silver bell, which gave forth a sweet, musical sound.

The apartment in which the disguised royalists thus took counsel, was a moderately sized one, but handsomely furnished. Much which it contained was rare and quaintly carved, betraying former gentility. The occupants were men in the prime of life, both Frenchmen, but differing much in manner and appearance. The eldest, the one who had been called Antoine, was dark, restless, keen-eyed, bearing in his face the marks of an impatient, haughty spirit, which would not brook aught of insult, and which would work out its own ends against all obstacles. The other, Pierre, was younger, fairer, more carefully dressed than his companion, but with less of character expressed in his face.

Scarcely had the last tinkle of the bell died away, when the curtain at the further end of the apartment was pushed aside, and a woman advanced slowly towards the occupants of the room. She might have been thirty, and yet she scarcely

looked that age, so tall and superbly formed was she. Hair of midnight blackness was carelessly yet gracefully disposed about her head, and her eyes, of the same hue, shot forth quick, impatient glances, which clearly betrayed her Italian origin.

"Bianca," spoke Pierre, "Antoine and I were holding an important conference, and we desired your aid, knowing that you could be trusted."

"Truly I shall be glad to serve you," responded the girl; "but you must tell me how I am to do so."

Pierre looked towards Antoine.

"The truth is," said Antoine, thus appealed to, "there is a man in Paris, whom it is necessary to dispose of. I will not speak his name; you know whom I mean. We cannot approach him closely enough either to stab or shoot him, and we must therefore devise other means to destroy him. Give us your aid, and you shall be richly rewarded; betray us, and—"

A significant glance towards the weapon he wore, enforced the meaning of his last sentence. Bianca laughed lightly, carelessly dropping, as she did so, the corner of the window-curtain which she had been rolling up in her hand.

"Ah, my good Antoine," said she, "twice since you have been speaking, I have had it in my power to betray you, without so much as speaking a word. See you those men yonder?"

Neither Pierre nor Antoine needed a second invitation to glance from the window. Nothing was to be seen, however, but two individuals in plain citizen's dress, walking upon different sides of the street, and apparently unknown to each other.

"You are mistaken, Bianca," said Pierre, sinking back lazily into his seat, "those are but good dull citizens."

Antoine looked around with a frowning face. "She is right; they are the spies of Napoleon. But how do I know," continued he, turning suddenly to Bianca, "that you have not already betrayed us? A raised finger would be sufficient."

"Monsieur must take my word for it," replied Bianca, with flashing eyes.

"Pardon. Such times make all suspicious of their dearest friends. But exercise your ingenuity, Bianca, and plan some deadly instrument that shall bring destruction surely and speedily."

"Your command shall be obeyed," said Bianca, rising. "By to-morrow night, when the consul holds his levee, it shall be in your power, and that without risk to yourself, to destroy him and those about him."

"Thanks, Bianca. Your woman's wit is

more valuable than all our clumsy ideas heaped together. Plan but this instrument of vengeance, and your future is made."

There was no reply to this, save a haughty bend of the head, as Bianca swept from the room.

Midnight had fallen upon the city. All Paris seemed slumbering quietly; but one who watched might see now and then a muffled figure stealing through the quiet streets, or a solitary light in some distant window, convincing proof that all did not repose tranquilly.

In a lofty but plainly furnished room, sat the First Consul, surrounded by a few of those men whose brave hearts and iron muscles had already done, and were still to do him good service, both in the cabinet and in the field.

In another part of the city, a far different scene was presented. Bianca the Italian sat communing with herself, scarcely heeding the passage of time. She had thrown herself upon a crimson-covered lounge, and with her hands pressed against her forehead, she plotted the destruction of him, who at that very moment was plotting the destruction of thousands in new and glorious campaigns. The striking of the hour of one by the city clocks roused Bianca from her reverie.

"Yes, he shall perish, he, and all his people, and I will be the instrument of their destruction. Why should I hesitate? Has he not crossed my path and made my life unhappy? And yet, none of my proud name have ever stooped to stain their hands with crime. Let me think."

Another hour passed, and again Bianca roused herself, and walked across the room with a determined face.

"I am resolved. The deed must be done. This man has made the grave of all my hopes through his mad ambition, and I will not scruple to end at once the career which opens upon him so brilliantly. I will rival those heroines of old, who, putting on armor, went forth to battle, and fought for the lands of their birth. I will immortalize my name, not by deeds of warfare, but by the invention of a machine which shall be speedy and sure in its operation. O yes, and it shall be called the infernal machine, for nothing more infernal has yet been conceived of, than that which the brain of Bianca Cortesi has this night planned!"

The black eyes flashed triumphantly, as she touched a bell by her side. It was answered by a young girl, whose heavy eyes betokened that she had been just awakened from a profound slumber.

"It is late, Annette; I will retire," said Bianca,

without deigning to notice her attendant's weary appearance.

The girl proceeded to do her mistress's bidding, and then extinguishing the light, she stole softly from the apartment, and all the dwelling was in darkness.

'Twas evening again. The First Consul held a levee, and a gay crowd thronged the saloons. Many a one, since famous in history, walked those halls, little dreaming, perhaps, of the magnitude of those events which the future was to exhibit. The First Consul himself, whose aristocratic and dignified bearing made him appear a king, for whom the Tuilleries was a fitting place of abode, lingered now in conversation with some dark-browed minister, or chatted gaily with some brilliant beauty, or oftener perhaps, stood by the side of his wife, the amiable Josephine.

His sisters Pauline and Elise, his step-children Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, were likewise well calculated to adorn the court of Napoleon, inasmuch as they were all distinguished for beauty and amiability. The brave and gallant Ney, whose fate has been so often deplored, Soult, Murat, Bernadotte and the crafty Fouché, all were there, all of whom were destined to be immortalized with Napoleon. Madame Bonaparte occupied a small saloon at the end of the magnificent suite of apartments, and was surrounded by ladies, among whom Madame de Stael was conspicuous. Napoleon had suffered himself to be drawn out from the throng by the wily Fouché who had some scheme to communicate. The attention of the First Consul, however, was suddenly attracted towards the small saloon, where a slight commotion exhibited itself. The ladies in that vicinity seemed to be crowding about some object, and conversation appeared to have ceased.

For a few moments Napoleon watched the scene, and then, followed by Fouché, he walked slowly towards the small saloon.

"Ah, monsieur," said Madame Bonaparte, as she saw him approaching, "you are the fortunate owner of this mysterious box. These ladies will have it, it should belong to me instead of you."

Napoleon moved forward another step and examined the object which had attracted so much curiosity. It was an oblong box made of rose-wood, and richly inlaid, bearing the inscription:

"To Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul."

"How came this to be brought here at this hour?" asked Napoleon.

"I hardly know," answered Josephine. "As far as I could comprehend the matter, the donor seemed to have made it a condition that it should be presented to you at this time."

"Ha!" uttered the consul, taking in with a glance of his eagle eye the face of every person in the room. "Who brought it?" again demanded he.

The question passed from lip to lip, but no satisfactory answer was obtained. It had made its appearance very mysteriously, and that was all that could be ascertained. With characteristic promptness, Napoleon was proceeding to fathom the mystery by opening the box, when Fouché restrained him.

"Let me beg of you, sire, not to endanger your life by opening what after all may be a snare, set by your enemies for your speedy destruction."

Napoleon paused with his hand upon the lid. It was a critical moment, but after a little thought, he turned away, simply saying:

"You may be right, after all, Fouché. My life is much too precious to be bartered away to satisfy an idle curiosity. Remove the box, and dispose of it as you will; you have had long experience in such matters."

He turned away carelessly, and entered again into conversation, entirely forgetful in a few moments of the mysterious affair of the box. Not so Madame Bonaparte. Her eye had lost all its brilliancy, and her cheek had faded at the mere mention of danger. The attempts to assassinate Napoleon had already been too frequent, and what woman ever regards such a matter lightly?

At that very moment, Bianca Cortesi paced with clasped hands her apartment.

"Aha! the hour is past, and he and his wretched minions no longer cumber the earth. He has gone elsewhere with his mad plottings. Strange, that I should still have a spark of compassion for him who so ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of my nearest kindred, and made me an outcast from the land of my birth. And yet, now and then a strange pity crosses me—pity for that master-mind, for that glorious intellect which men so worship."

A quick, impatient knock at the door startled her.

"Come in," was the response.

It was Antoine, looking flushed and weary.

"Bianca, the scheme has failed, and we have but lost our labor. Napoleon has not opened the box, nor will he, for it is in the hands of Fouché."

"And what of that?" asked Bianca. "Are you so easily discouraged?" And she surveyed him with flashing eyes.

"Easily! Bianca, you drive me mad! Tell me, what charm does the man wear, that out of every danger he should come unharmed?"

"'Tis simply instinct, Antoine. But do not



despair. To-morrow it shall be so arranged that not even instinct shall preserve him."

"Thanks, Bianca. You are ever quick-witted, but if suspicion once falls upon us, we can call no day to-morrow. Let me know your plans to-night, and they shall be put into execution immediately."

"Peace!" said Bianca, sternly; "I will work my own way, or not at all. Rest you calmly, good Antoine, for this one night, and to-morrow your dearest wish shall be realized."

"As you will, Bianca. I know you are to be trusted." And Antoine bowed himself out of the room.

"Ay," muttered he, as he stumbled down the stairs, "to be trusted whilst my eye is on you, and my good weapon hangs over you. No further, Bianca, will I trust you, or any other woman."

Another night fell upon Paris, a night long to be remembered, and whose events it was destined that history should record. It was a clear, frosty, delightful evening, and not so cold but that a brisk walk through the gay streets could be highly enjoyed. There were, however, but few Parisians out, and the bright stars shone down on streets almost deserted. One thoroughfare, however, must be excepted. Upon the sidewalk of one of the most noted streets was collected a little crowd of people, a quiet assembly, who talked in low tones, and nearly all of whom appeared to be listening attentively for some expected sound. At length a low, rumbling noise, proceeding from some distant street, fell upon the ears of those who listened.

"He comes! he comes!" muttered a man, over whom a long cloak fell like a shroud.

"Who comes?" asked another, who stood by the side of the first speaker.

"The First Consul, on his way to the opera-house," was the reply. A moment after, he added: "Tis a cold night, citizen;" having said which, he sauntered carelessly away from the other's vicinity.

In the meantime, Bianca Cortesi was waiting with some anxiety to hear of the consummation of her work.

"It cannot possibly fail now," she murmured, as, arrayed in a garb that would defy observation, she stole down the stairs and stood outside the door which opened into the street.

"After all, it will not bring back to me Fiesco, who was killed in that cruel battle." And as the remembrance of her loss came upon her so forcibly, she leaned against the doorpost, whilst a few genuine tears found their way down her cheeks. In a brief space, however, they were dashed

aside. "No, I will not mourn," she murmured, "not at least while the man who lured him on to death still lives. But I hear no sound, not even a murmur, and I am growing impatient. Antoine assured me that the work would be speedily done; but now I think it grows late. I will walk a few steps, and perchance I shall hear something"

A step started her just as she emerged from her hiding-place. She shrank back, but not before she had noted the tall figure of a man, who glanced at her curiously as he passed. Proceeding a few steps, he paused, and then slowly retraced his way. As he re-passed Bianca, the moonlight distinctly revealed each face, and there was a simultaneous cry:

"Fiesco!"

"Bianca!"

With a trembling hand, Bianca drew him up the narrow stairway, before daring to utter another word. Having gained a secure retreat, she looked at him long and earnestly.

"Where have you come from, Fiesco?"

"I have been wounded, Bianca—laying for months in a miserable hovel in Italy. Did the report that I was dead reach you?"

"Alas, Fiesco, it is many months since I began to mourn for you—months since I swore to take vengeance on Napoleon Bonaparte the First Consul."

"Hush, Bianca, not a word of him. Blame him not for what has happened. I love him—I idolize him. Whoever does him injury makes a deadly enemy of me."

Bianca grew pale, and began hastily to throw on the cloak of which she had just divested herself.

"Where are you going, Bianca? It is too late for you to venture out."

"Too late!—O no, do not say so. Perhaps the mischief is not yet done. Come, we will hurry, Fiesco."

"I do not understand you, Bianca. What mischief do you mean, and how are we to stop it?"

"The First Consul is to be assassinated to-night," whispered Bianca. "Come, Fiesco, it may not be too late."

Fiesco needed no second summons. He sprang down the stairs, followed by Bianca, and the two hastened up the street. As they neared the thoroughfare already mentioned, a murmur reached their ears.

"Bianca," said Fiesco, sternly, clutching her arm till she cried with pain, "is this your work? Have you dared plot against his life?"

"For your sake, I have," said Bianca, firmly.

"Then woe be to you," returned Fiesco.

They were suddenly involved in a crowd, a

quiet crowd, with every face turned in one direction. Every man in it was awaiting the approach of the First Consul's carriage, which was now near at hand. Bianca sought frantically for Antoine, but he was nowhere to be seen. The carriage had now arrived directly opposite the crowd, and in the clear moonlight, Bianca saw the arm of a man raised, as if in the act of throwing. Darting forward, she seized the arm, but it was too late. The infernal machine, composed of gunpowder, bullets and inflammable materials, had been thrown among the people, and not into the carriage of Napoleon, as had been intended. The aim of Antoine had been destroyed by Bianca's grasp. A terrific explosion succeeded. Napoleon, who had observed, as the carriage neared this particular street, that a crowd had collected, having become suspicious from experience, had ordered his coachman to drive as rapidly as possible. It is owing to this circumstance that his life was preserved. As it was, many people were killed, and a number of houses were destroyed. The inventors of this atrocious machine perished by it. Had they lived, they would have been held in abhorrence, probably, even by the royalists.

Fiesco the Italian escaped, and a devoted admirer of Napoleon, followed his fortunes, until the latter was banished to St. Helena, when Fiesco returned to Italy and there died. Thus ended the tragedy of the twenty-fourth of December, 1800.

#### THE OLDEST MAN.

The editor of the Cincinnati Times, while on a jaunt, recently, had his attention called to a venerable person, who, it was alleged, was probably the oldest man in the United States. His name is Solomon Pangborn, who says he was born in the city of New York, then a small town of five or six hundred houses, in 1725. He is consequently 135 years old. Shortly after his birth, his father purchased a farm on the Mohawk River, not far from Fort Johnson, whither he removed. The old gentleman resides at Rising Sun, Indiana, where he has relatives in comfortable circumstances. He complains that for the last year or two his health has been much impaired, and that he is so old, medicine fails to improve his condition as it might in a younger person. He is perfectly resigned to live as long as God will permit him, but says that he would have met the fate common to mortality with a similar resignation many years ago. His sense of sight, as well as that of hearing, is much impaired, and he moves about with difficulty, although he still contrives to help himself, and uses neither crutch nor cane.

#### PURITY.

A spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, even while it errs:  
As sunshine broken in the rill,  
Though turned aside, is sunshine still.—MOORE.

#### THE DIVER'S TRADE.

Of all the employments by which men get a living, it always struck us that that of a diver was the most dismal and gloomy. What sights meet his gaze, as he gropes about in the darkling green twilight of the hostile element in which he hazards his life! An able writer says: "When the vessel has settled down in a sandy bottom, it is preserved for many months from breaking up, and its position would be much the same as it would be when floating in calm water, if it be not lifted over by under-current drifts. The light, of course, depends upon the depth and nature of the bottom; but when there is no chalk to give a milky thickness to the water, the diver pursues his work in a kind of gloomy twilight. By the aid of this, he can see and feel his way round the ship; but when he ascends the deck and then winds his way down into the principal cabin, he finds it pitch dark, and has nothing to guide him but his hands. This is the most difficult, and yet the most frequent labor he has to encounter—the danger being that, in a large vessel, where the cabin stairs are deep, and the cabins are long and broad, he might get his air-tube twisted round some unfamiliar projection, and squeeze off his supply of life from above. In opposition such as this he requires all his nerve and self-possession, all his power of feeling his way back in the exact road that he came.

"He may have got the precious casket, to which he has been directed, in his arms—but what of that, if he die before he can find the stairs? The cold, helpless masses that bump against his helmet, as they float along the lower roof over his head, are the decomposed corpses of those who were huddled together when the ship went down. A few of these may be on the floor under his feet, but only when pinned down by an overturned table or fallen chest. Their tendency is ever upward, and the remorseless sea washes away the dead infant from its mother's arms, the dead wife from the dead husband's embrace. If the wreck be in the channel, the small crabs are always beginning to fatten on their prey. The diver disentangles himself from this silent crowd, and ascends the silent stairs to the deck. The treasure he has rescued is hauled up into the attendant diving boat, and he returns again to renew his work. He seldom meets with an accident under the water—never, perhaps, with death; and the chief risk he runs is from getting some heavy piece of ship-lumber overturned on his long train of air-pipe. Even in this he feels the sudden check and the want of air, gropes his way back to the obstruction, removes it, signals to his companions to be raised, and reaches the boat exhausted and alarmed, but not so much as to give up his place in the trade. His earnings mostly take the form of shares in what he recovers. If fortunate, his gains may be large—if unfortunate, they may be small; but no man can grudge him the highest prizes it is possible for him to win."

Fine sensibilities are like woodpines, delightful luxuries of beauty, to twine around a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

[ORIGINAL.]

## KING AND PEASANT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Our home is a vine-wreathed cottage,  
 Our life a sunshiny walk—  
 Of toil at morning and nooning,  
 Of rest at the twilight talk.  
 We have neither gold nor silver  
 To store in secret hoard;  
 We've not a rare or costly thing,  
 To garnish our humble board;  
 Yet we're the merriest, happiest twain  
 In all old Barleyford.

The king rides by in his chariot,  
 His pages clad in blue;  
 The glittering pomp of the cortege  
 Is a pleasant thing to view.  
 The ladies nod their coronets,  
 And smile with a haughty scorn,  
 As out to the hunt in the morning  
 They go while the dew's on the thorn;  
 But I'd not exchange my life-lot  
 With that of the noblest born.

What reck we, love, of the flashes  
 That fall from lamps of gold,  
 Hung over the palace glories  
 With gorgeous splendor cold?  
 What value to us the wine stream  
 Brimming red o'er the silver cup?  
 We've the lamps of heaven to look upon,  
 That our Father's hand set up!  
 And the crystal water of God's own love  
 When we break our bread to sup!

The king and his jewelled ladies  
 Hear mass in a chapel grand,  
 Draperied with silk and damask  
 From many a rare old land.  
 We kneel in the vast cathedral,  
 Whose dome is the blue-arched skies;  
 And the soft mosaic 'neath our feet  
 Is made of violets' eyes;  
 And the thunder's the mighty organ voice  
 That swells in the symphonies!

The king is lord of the country,  
 His will the law of the land;  
 Cities rise and fall at his pleasure,  
 And life goes out at his hand!  
 But we have a nobler empire,  
 We rule with a mightier sway;  
 We've the rich, ripe, burning bliss-world  
 Of love all the blessed way—  
 The Eden home of life's glory,  
 Love's rainbow-garlanded day!

The king may joy in his greatness,  
 Rejoice in his banquet feast;  
 Our love is grand as the splendor  
 That breaks o'er the drowsy east!  
 We have Godward hopes to cheer us,  
 High yearning dreams divine!  
 We yield up our lives' rich fullness  
 On the altar of love's dear shrine;  
 If there's peace in this world of beauty,  
 It dwells in my heart and thine!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LOST BRACELET.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"Do you really mean what you say, Miss Helen? Are you going to apply for the situation of a seamstress?"

Yes, Susan, I have thought the matter all over, and have come to the conclusion that it is the best thing I can do for the present. You have been kind to give me a home so long, and I have been very happy under the comfortable roof of my old nurse, but I cannot remain here a burden upon you any longer."

"Pray don't talk so, Miss Helen! I haven't considered it a burden at all, to provide for you in your need. It has done my old eyes good to look upon you every day, and think how I used to carry you in my arms, and take the whole care of you, when your father lived in the great house yonder. Ah, Miss Helen, those were happy days for us all! and your sweet mother—God bless her!—how she used to fill the house with sunshine! What would she say, if she knew her only child was thinking of going out into the world to earn her living?"

"Could I now hear her voice from among the angel band, methinks she would bid me shrink from no honest employment whereby I could gain a support."

"Ah well, Miss Helen, I suppose you know best! But it grieves me to the heart, to have you leave me for a life of toil. If you would accept of it, my humble home shall be your shelter as long as it is in my possession."

"Thank you, Susan! I feel grateful, in my utter loneliness, that one heart regards me with so much affection. I think, in my present circumstances, I shall feel happier to gain a more independent living. But if I am sick, or in trouble, I shall come home to you, to pillow my head upon the faithful bosom where it has so often rested in my childhood."

When she had finished speaking, Helen Gardner, who during the above conversation had been preparing to go out, bade her old nurse a cheerful adieu, and went forth to answer an advertisement for a seamstress she had seen in the morning's paper. As the reader has become aware, her family were once in affluent circumstances; but her father having been successful in two or three instances, embarked in speculation still more largely, and after a few turns of Fortune's wheel, found himself forsaken by the fickle goddess, and his splendid fortune almost a

perfect wreck. His misfortunes preyed upon his mind and impaired his health, and ere long he was numbered among the victims of consumption. A very small sum was left, for the support of his wife and Helen; but the former becoming, soon after his death, a confirmed invalid, was obliged to draw upon the principal of her little property, to get herself the comforts which she needed. As she became weaker both in body and mind, Helen had the management of their limited means; and by strict economy, and most heroic self-denial, she managed to make it last until her mother was beyond the reach of earthly suffering. Her old nurse Susan insisted upon taking her home with her, and having really no other shelter, she accepted the generous offer with a grateful heart.

Helen soon reached the house she was in search of, and found it a palatial residence in one of the most fashionable parts of the city. She had once been received at such mansions as a visitor; and as she ascended the steps, the sudden thought of the errand that had brought her there, made her grow sick at heart. But resolutely forcing back all the old memories, she gained strength to ring the bell, and was shown into the presence of Mrs. Hastings, the mistress of the house, and her daughter Isabel. Both ladies were elegantly attired, but there was a certain hauteur in their manner which struck Helen very unpleasantly. There was another inmate of the room, a young man of handsome appearance, but in whose dark, piercing eye lurked so much of evil, that Helen involuntarily shuddered as she felt his gaze fastened upon her. Mrs. Hastings expressed herself satisfied with her appearance and abilities, and so Helen engaged to enter upon her duties the next morning.

"You have hired a splendid-looking girl there, mother," said Edward Hastings, as Helen departed. "Pray don't be offended, Miss Isabel, but in my opinion she looks and acts the lady quite as much as yourself. I shall take care to form an early acquaintance with her."

"I don't care to have you form the acquaintance of any servant whom I hire into the house. If you regard my wishes in the least, you will have nothing to do with the seamstress I have just hired," replied Mrs. Hastings; while Isabel, indignant at that part of the remark which applied to her, with a scornful curl of the lip resumed her novel.

Helen, in spite of all her attempts at cheerfulness, entered her new home with a sad heart, for an indefinite foreboding of evil in store for her seemed to haunt her. A small sitting-room was appropriated to her use, while sewing;

and for the first few days, as no fault was found with her work, and she was left a great part of the time to herself, she began to think that she should like her situation, after all, very much better than she expected. She occasionally met the owner of the dark eyes, but as he always addressed some civil remark to her and passed on, she thought perhaps she had at first formed too hasty a judgment of his character.

One evening, after the rest of the family had gone to some place of amusement, Edward entered the sitting-room with a book.

"By some chance," he remarked, upon entering, "the fires down stairs have been allowed to get very low, and as it is quite cosy and warm here, I will read here awhile, with your permission."

Helen merely bowed assent, and handing him a chair, quietly resumed her work. Her visitor for some time seemed entirely absorbed in his book; then closing it, he gradually drew her into conversation, and made himself so agreeable that when Helen sought her pillow that evening, she found herself wondering how she could have formed so unfavorable an opinion of Edward Hastings upon their first meeting.

He saw with great satisfaction the favorable impression he had made, and muttered to himself, as he retired:

"She's a prize worth having, and no mistake, and will make a fine addition to my already numerous conquests."

From this time forth, he embraced every opportunity to be in the society of Helen, using all his arts to captivate her, and if possible, to win her love. She did not stop to analyze her feelings towards him—she only knew that she had come to look forward to his visits, now and then, to the little sitting-room, with more pleasure, perhaps, than she would care to own.

Helen managed to suit Mrs. Hastings and her daughter in her work, and although sometimes stung to the quick by their haughty, overbearing manner towards her, yet she toiled bravely on, occasionally seeking the ready sympathy of her old nurse Susan, in whose humble home she was always sure of a welcome. The months sped on, and at length one afternoon, in the absence of the rest of the family, Edward sought her presence, and emboldened by the flush of pleasure that suffused her face, as he drew a chair close to her side, he poured into her ear the story of his love, and asked her to become his own. He urged his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, and Helen at length replied:

"There is one barrier to our union, which I think would be insurmountable; and that is, the

pride of your family. They treat me now in every respect as a menial, entirely beneath them in standing; and as your wife, I could not reasonably expect they would show me that respect which in that relation I should feel was my due.

"Excuse me, darling, but I think you have quite misunderstood my intentions. I asked you to become my own, and that you can do, without the services of a clergyman. You are leading a life of toil here, and hiding your glorious beauty in seclusion; but comply with my wishes, and splendidly-furnished apartments, elegant dresses, and a life of ease awaits you. Leaving your situation here upon some pretence, I will install you in a palace home, and my family never need know of this alliance."

During this villanous speech, Helen grew deadly pale; but summoning all her pride to her aid, she rose and confronted him with all the dignity of exalted virtue.

"You are right, sir—I have misunderstood your intentions; and as I never will comply with your base proposals, you will oblige me by leaving my presence instantly."

"Softly, my sweet one! you will think better of this by-and-by. I do not regret I have raised this little tempest of passion, for believe me—you look superbly now, with that erect form and flashing eye."

"Your insults are insufferable, and once for all, I assure you my decision is unalterable. I would rather live in the most humble apartment, and in the direst poverty, than in splendor with you, even though you saw fit to give me the name of wife. I have no words to express the utter loathing and contempt with which I regard you, and as you do not seem inclined to leave my presence, I shall leave yours."

"Stay, Helen Gardner—you shall hear this before you go! I am not wont to be thwarted in my plans, nor addressed in so haughty language, by a poor sewing-girl. You shall rue the day you dared to defy me, and mark my words! I will yet have a sweet revenge for all this."

"As you please, sir! But remember—whatever you do, there is a just God who rules all events, and who is the especial protector of the orphan."

Helen sought her chamber, and now that there was no longer any necessity for appearing calm, she sank into a chair and gave way to a violent burst of tears. But amid all her grief, she was deeply thankful that the true character of the man she had begun to regard with too much interest had thus early been revealed to her. She could not remain in the house where he was any longer, and rousing herself to action, she em-

ployed herself, the rest of the afternoon, in packing her trunk for her departure.

Early in the evening, the family returned from their ride, as Miss Isabel was going to a grand party. Helen, leaving her bonnet and shawl in the hall, rapped upon the parlor door, and requested to see Mrs. Hastings. That lady being busy just then, and seeing who it was, bade her enter, as she could as well hear what she had to say there, as to leave the room. Helen turned a shade paler at this summons, but nothing daunted, she entered the room. A gentleman who had been a frequent caller there of late, was sitting conversing with Isabel, and Edward was sitting at one of the windows apparently engaged in reading one of the evening papers. Advancing toward Mrs. Hastings, she said in a low tone:

"I have come to inform you, madam, that I cannot remain in your service any longer. I have made arrangements to leave to-night."

Mrs. Hastings replied in a voice so loud as to cause all eyes to be turned towards her:

"Upon my word, this is a cool transaction—to leave me without an hour's warning, and so much work as you will leave unfinished besides! I always require my servants to give me a week's warning of their intention of leaving."

"I know that is customary, but circumstances alter cases, and I have ample reason for leaving thus abruptly."

"Will you please state that reason? for certainly that is the least satisfaction you can give me."

"I know it, madam; but for all that, you must excuse me, if I decline to comply with your reasonable request."

"Let her go, and don't make any more words with her!" passionately exclaimed Isabel, from the other side of the room. "I heard of a capital seamstress this morning, and I think, mother, we shall gain, rather than lose, by the change."

"Very well, if I can obtain another in your place immediately, I must say I do not regret your leaving, for you have put on a great many unbecoming airs for a servant."

During this conversation, Edward left the room, and returned just as his mother finished speaking. He brushed rudely past Helen, so that one of his coat buttons caught in her dress, and he stopped at her side a moment to remove it. She caught one glimpse of his basilisk eyes, and a cold shudder passed over her, and she was glad to escape from the room. An hour after, she was sobbing out her trouble, as she had promised to do, on the faithful bosom of the only true friend she possessed—her old nurse Susan.

Mr. Somers, the gentleman who was making a call upon Isabel, soon took his departure, and that young lady immediately began to make preparations for the party. About an hour after, she rushed wildly into the room, exclaiming:

"Mother, have you seen anything of my new pearl bracelet? for it is gone out of my casket."

"No, I have not been in your room to-day. How long since you have missed it?"

"It was there when I returned from our ride, for I saw it, and thought what an appropriate ornament it would be to wear with this pearl-colored satin."

"Then it must have been stolen, that is certain. Now the question is—who is the thief?"

"Not a very knotty question to solve, I should think," cried Edward. "The abrupt departure of your lady seamstress, and the loss of your bracelet, are rather suspicious coincidences."

"Sure enough, my son. I have no doubt she is the thief, and you must go instantly and get an officer to search her and her trunk."

"That I can do, but perhaps the bird may have flown many miles from here ere this."

"The artful hussy!" said Isabel, as Edward departed on his errand; "who knows but what her trunk is filled with stolen articles? I warrant we shall miss a score of things."

"I have no doubt of it, and I am so impatient to hear the result of the search, I can scarcely wait."

The tears had scarcely dried upon Helen's cheeks, after relating her story to Susan, ere the door opened and a police officer entered the room, accompanied by a woman.

"Is that young girl sitting there named Helen Gardner?" said the officer, addressing Susan.

"That is my name," said Helen, answering him herself. "Have you any business with me?"

"I have, and I am sorry it is of so unpleasant a nature. A pearl bracelet, of great value, has been missed from the house you have just left, and I have come to search you and your trunk, to see if you have it in your possession. I will search your dress pocket myself, and if necessary, this woman will search your person. I assure you it is very unpleasant business, but as an officer of the law, I must do my duty."

"You can proceed in your search," said Helen, through her white lips, "but it will be useless, for I am not a thief, sir."

"I am sorry your words are so soon proved false," said the officer, as he drew the lost bracelet from her pocket and held it up to her horrified gaze. "How came this here, if you did not take it?"

Helen, although deadly pale, looked the officer steadily in the face, as she replied:

"I know not, sir. I am as ignorant as you are how it came there. I have never seen the bracelet before, except upon the arm of Miss Hastings. I assure you, sir, before Heaven, I am innocent of this crime."

"I believe you speak the truth, miss, but still, as the article was found on your person, I must arrest you for theft. I hope at your trial you will be able to furnish some proof of your innocence."

"O, my poor, poor Helen—have you got to be dragged off to jail?" sobbed Susan, who till now had stood almost petrified with horror. "O don't, sir—don't take her away to jail! She's as innocent as a babe unborn—it's some dreadful plot against her! Don't take her away, I beg of you!"

"Be calm, Susan," said Helen, soothingly. "I am not afraid of a prison, and conscious of my innocence, it will in the end be no disgrace. It looks dark before me now, but there may be a silver lining to the cloud."

Arranging herself in the bonnet and shawl she had not put away since her arrival, she told the officer she was ready, and amid the sobs of Susan, she took her departure, and soon found herself in one of the cells of the jail. As the bolt was drawn which fastened her in, she began to realize that she was indeed a prisoner, and sinking upon the floor, all the fortitude that had sustained her through her arrest gave way, and she lay a long time in a stupor of grief. At length, becoming more calm, she had the courage to look the perils of her situation in the face, and then came the blessed thought that there was one ear ever open to the cry of those who put their trust in Him. Kneeling upon the stone floor, she prayed fervently that in her extreme need God would be her support, and cause light to come out of all this darkness. As she rose, a sweet peace entered her soul, and she was soon calmly sleeping upon her prison couch.

The next morning the jailor's wife, a kind, benevolent-looking woman, entered the cell, and bid her a cheerful "good morning."

"The officer who brought you here last evening," she said, "commended you to my sympathy, believing, he said, that you were innocent of the crime laid to your charge. If you would like writing materials, and a few books to while away the time, I will furnish you with them with pleasure, for your trial will not take place for a number of days."

"Thank you, it would confer a great favor upon me if you would do so. I was thinking

how I should get through the long days here, with nothing to employ me, just before you came in."

The woman left the cell, and soon a writing-table, with books and stationary and a small chair, made their appearance. Helen arranged them in as favorable a position as possible, and as the morning sun streamed through the grated window, her prison home wore quite a cheerful appearance.

As she sat reading one of her books, a few days after, she was startled by the unbolting of her cell door by the jailor, who ushered in Mr. Edward Hastings. She started to her feet, and her eyes flashed, as she addressed him:

"How dare you seek my presence again, after what has passed between us?"

"Come, Helen, don't be in such a passion, if it does enhance your beauty! I have come as a friend, to relieve you from the unpleasant position you are in."

"Deliver me from *such* friends! I have no need of any service you can render me."

"I don't know about that! I think liberty would be as sweet to you as to any one else, and by simply accepting the offer I made you once before, and one which many a fair one would be glad of receiving, you can not only be restored to freedom, but live a life of splendid ease."

"Never, sir! I would rather these prison walls would enclose me forever."

"Have you reflected what will be the probable result of your trial? My sister's bracelet was found in your pocket, and you cannot prove you did not put it there. You will no doubt be found guilty, and have to suffer the penalty of the law. How can you ever expect, afterward, to get another situation?—for people are generally pretty cautious how they employ one who has been branded as a thief."

"I have viewed my situation in its worst light, and calmly await my trial. I did not take your sister's bracelet, and who put it into my pocket, I may never know; but that it was done by some one who wished to ruin me, I have not the slightest doubt. I would a thousand times rather be in my position than theirs, for I shall only be summoned before an earthly tribunal, while they will one day have to answer for the deed at the bar of Heaven. As your offer of friendship is entirely unappreciated by me, I will thank you to leave me."

"You are a strange specimen of womankind, to prefer this prison, and subsequent disgrace and toil, to the life I have offered you!"

"Then you must have associated with the most degraded of our sex; for no woman who

has the slightest regard for her honor, would listen to such base proposals. I have nothing further to say to you, and you will oblige me by never seeking another interview with me, for you can never number me among your victims."

"Perhaps not; but I shall have my revenge, as I said before. Farewell, sweet Helen! I wish you a pleasant time at your approaching trial. I shall be there to get one more glimpse of your regal form, ere it is robed in a convict's garb."

The day of the trial at length arrived, and Helen, in her mourning garments, pale and dignified, took her seat calmly in the prisoner's box. The faithful Susan sat as near to her as she was allowed, and the trial commenced.

Miss Isabel Hastings was the first witness, and testified to having seen the bracelet in her casket just before the tea-bell rang, and having missed it soon after the prisoner left the house. A servant girl also testified that on the afternoon of the day it was stolen, she saw it lying in the casket, as she was dusting the dressing-table.

Mrs. Hastings testified that she left the house in a great hurry, and absolutely refused to give any reason for so doing. And that the prisoner looked very pale, and appeared much agitated, as she was telling her that she intended leaving that night. The officer who arrested her testified to having found the bracelet in the pocket of the prisoner, and the counsel for the plaintiff, in a short plea, confirmed in the minds of nearly all present the guilt of the fair girl at the bar.

At this juncture of affairs, a man came pressing through the crowd, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, advanced to the bar and spoke a few words to the counsel whom the government had furnished for the prisoner. He informed the court that an important witness had just arrived, who could testify in behalf of the defendant; and accordingly Mr. Ernest Somers, much to the astonishment of Isabel Hastings, was put upon the stand.

In a clear voice, he said: "I was present in the room when Miss Gardner came to tell Mrs. Hastings she was about to leave. During their conversation, Mr. Edward Hastings left the room, and on his return brushed very rudely past Miss Gardner, and some portion of his clothing caught in her dress. They were standing beneath the chandelier, and as he was detaching his coat button, or whatever caught her dress, I distinctly saw him drop a bracelet in her pocket. I first had suspicions of foul play, but afterwards thought there might be a secret attachment between them, and he wished to make her in this way a parting present. I dismissed the circumstance from my mind, until I heard that Miss



Gardner had been put upon trial for the theft of the bracelet, and I have hurried here to give in my testimony, to save an innocent girl from becoming a victim to as foul a plot as ever was conceived."

Her counsel, after this testimony, made an eloquent plea in her behalf, and without leaving their seats, Helen was pronounced "not guilty!" by the jury. Edward Hastings and his mortified sister now left the court-room amid the jeers of the crowd, and their mother and her counsel followed. Tears of joy rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of Susan, as she grasped the hand of Helen, who stood almost stupefied at what she had just heard and the unlooked-for proof of her innocence. She was roused by a manly voice at her side, who said kindly:

"Miss Gardner, allow me to conduct you from this place, for you are now free, and you must be weary from your late excitement."

"Thank you, sir, I gratefully accept of your escort, for as you have said, I am very tired."

Arrived at her house, the grateful Susan pressed Mr. Somers—for he it was who had accompanied them—to enter and rest himself, after their long walk. He had become strangely interested in the fair girl beside him, and he was very glad to accept of the invitation. As he gazed upon her face, he found his mind wandering back to the days of his boyhood, when a sweet, golden-haired little girl was his constant playmate, and at length he asked, abruptly:

"If I am not too inquisitive, may I ask, Miss Gardner, if you ever lived in Ashton?"

"My father's country residence used to be there, and it is there I have spent some of my happiest hours."

"Then we were old playmates in childhood. Do you not remember Ernest Somers?"

"I do. I could not easily forget my champion and protector in all my little school difficulties. I did not dream that in later years you would render such a signal service, as you have done this morning. From my inmost heart I thank you for taking the trouble to give the testimony which proved my innocence, and restored me to freedom."

"Say no more about that. It was only a simple act of justice, for which I deserve no thanks. My mother will be delighted that I have found you. She has often regretted that by our long residence out West, she had lost all trace of her early friend, for our mothers, too, were schoolmates. We have purchased the old place again in sight of what was once your home, and I shall bring her to-morrow to see you, so I must now bid you good-morning until then."

"How strange everything has turned out," said Susan, as the door closed upon their visitor. "It seems like waking up, and finding that one great trouble we thought had happened to us was only a dream, after all."

"Yes, Susan, the darkness has indeed become light about us. I told you the cloud would have a silver lining."

The next morning, true to his promise, Mr. Somers again visited Helen, accompanied by his mother. The latter was delighted to find in the orphan girl the exact resemblance to her mother, and insisted upon taking her home with her. She also assured Susan that she would make her very useful and happy at Myrtle Lodge, and so the good old lady was induced to promise an immediate removal with Helen, to make it their permanent home there.

Restored to the place in which she was born, and which she was so fitted to adorn, Helen soon became the star of a brilliant circle. Once more she was the companion of Ernest Somers, and one evening, as she roamed with him through the grounds of her early home, which was now for sale, she promised to be the companion of his life journey.

Tears of joy filled her eyes, as a week later, he informed her that he had purchased her old home, and had made arrangements to have it refitted in the same style it used to wear in her father's time, and was to be their residence in the future.

The sun rose glorious over the hills and vales of Ashton on the bridal morning, and the little village was all astir, for a wedding there in church was a rare occurrence. Just before entering the carriage Ernest clasped upon the arm of Helen a magnificent bracelet.

"This is my wedding gift, dearest. To you it may suggest unpleasant recollections, but to me it will always be a reminder, that if it had not been for a bauble like this, I should not have found one, whom I prize above all the jewels in the world."

Nurse Susan was at the house, dressed in the veritable black silk gown, and wrought cap, that had been her holiday suit from time immemorial, and welcomed the bridal pair on their return from church. A full tide of joy filled the heart of Helen, as she stepped over the old familiar threshold, mistress of the dearest spot to her upon earth. And when she unclasped the pearl bracelet from her arm and gazed upon its pure gems, she murmured:

"Out of the darkest chapter in my life history has been evolved the glorious light which now gilds my pathway."

[ORIGINAL.]

**KEEP UP A CHEERFUL HEART.**

BY WILLIAM H. DAVIS.

Keep up a cheerful heart,  
 Though e'er so deep thy sorrow;  
 Its sting may soon depart.  
 And bring a bright to-morrow.  
 The darkest storms there be  
 Oft bring a day of brightness;  
 So may it be with thee,  
 Whose heart now sinks in darkness.

Then wear no saddened brow,  
 As though in deep distress,  
 When sorrows round thee throw  
 Their pang of bitterness.  
 Keep up a cheerful heart,  
 With hope's star in thy breast;  
 Act well on earth thy part,  
 And leave to God the rest!

[ORIGINAL.]

**DEAD SEA APPLES.**

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE were no loud demonstrations of joy—no ringing of bells nor firing of cannon—no bonfires lighted nor wine drank—when an heir was born to the house of Calderwood. But the sun never shone on more happy and grateful hearts than theirs for the blessing which had been given them; and never did baby eyes meet more loving glances than were bestowed on the little Victor. The child's first years were spent in the soft and genial atmosphere of kindness. Not the injudicious kindness which becomes cruelty by enervating the body and denying the exercise needed to preserve a healthful tone—but that uniform gentleness and firmness which requires obedience and obtains it, and which brings a filial love and respect as its reward, that the ill-judging indulgence of many parents can never command.

Mr. Calderwood had married rather late in life, and his wife had passed the springtime of youth. Both had thought wisely and deeply upon the responsibilities of life—its cares, its hopes, its happiness, and the dangerous quicksands that sometimes wrecked its most richly-freighted harks. Well, indeed, might the wife take home these lessons to her heart; for, before Victor was five years old, Mr. Calderwood died. Patiently did the widow bear her sorrow—so patiently that only they who knew her best, knew how deeply the iron had entered her soul. One only hope remained to her, but it was a hope that bore many blossoms, and they all clustered around her son.

O, in this hollow world, what is there that can compare with the deep, lasting fervor of a mother's love? And when the object of that love is worthy, heaven is already begun in the household where it dwells. Where it is not worthy, the mother's love must be still more like that of the angels.

I loved Victor Calderwood like a brother. He was younger than myself, so much younger that I distinctly remembered the morning of his birth, and the gladness of my mother that her friend was blessed with a living child. As he grew up, my heart was twined with his, until we were one in the bonds of affection. We were educated at the same school and college, and in all respects were as brothers. My parents loved the fair, ingenuous youth, whom city temptations and college life were alike unable to spoil; and Mrs. Calderwood was my firm, unalterable friend. I linger over those days, because they were happier than any others I have known. Memory, like nature, has its green spots, its cool, silvery streams, its smooth, unruffled lakes. What wonder that we love to linger beside them all? And every day's, every hour's lingering there, draws some portion of the bitterness from my heart. I truly believe that

"The tears that from repentance flow,  
 In bright exhalation reach the skies."

Else, why am I permitted to have such peace as seems sometimes to flow into my heart? O, if repentance can atone, I have the record of years, in which tears of penitence and prayers for forgiveness have made up the sum of each day's experience. After we returned from college we entered into business as land agents and counselors. We were fortunate beyond our most sanguine hopes. We had apprehended a slow increase by unremitting attention; but we had an avalanche of business. We prospered—grew rich, in fact. We were courted, applauded, almost worshipped, because we were wealthy. We did not care for these things—Victor and I. We were young then, and worldly policy had not quite filled our hearts; so I need incur no charge of great vanity, if I say that scheming mothers and daughters sought the two retired and unsocial beings who never sought the latter in return. I do not think Mrs. Calderwood wished Victor to marry. She was content to receive all the love he had to bestow on woman, and grudged even the passing attentions which common courtesy demanded. Blame her not, ye who have many to love. Mrs. Calderwood had but one. What marvel then, if she dreaded to have another cross the bridge that united her to her son?

We were invited to a party one evening. Our host had recently removed to our town, and al-

though neither of us had called on him, we were glad to have an opportunity that had hitherto been denied us through want of time, to make his acquaintance. We liked Mr. De Wolf at first sight. His wife and sons were equally agreeable, and a pretty daughter, just coming out into society, was one whom either of us might have coveted for a sister. We went again and again. Maud talked of her former home, and dwelt long and lovingly upon her cousin Diana, who, she said was coming to pass the summer with the family. Her name became with us a household word, from hearing the little fairy Maud name it so often. Especially was awakened Victor's curiosity to see Maud's paragon; and scarce a night passed that he did not importune me to go to Mr. De Wolf's.

His interest was rewarded; for, on calling one evening, we met a carriage turning from the house, and inside the door we encountered a pile of trunks, carpet-bags, boxes and baskets that none but a woman would think of taking care of through a journey. A harp-case and guitar-case portended a long stay. We were shown into the parlor, where we found only Mr. De Wolf—his feminine, he said, having been so absorbed in Di's arrival, as to forget him and any chance company that might arrive. However, he insisted on enforcing the invitation sent down to us from his wife, to remain and take tea with her; and after half an hour's delay, Maud led in somebody whom she called Miss Allston, and who we supposed was the actual Diana herself.

We sat down to tea. If there was a single instant in which Victor took his eyes from her face, I should have known it, for I watched narrowly. Never until that night had I felt jealous of his apparent superiority over me in person and manners. Victor was handsome, and had a certain distinguished air that I could never attain. He attracted her attention at last by his obvious admiration, and self-possessed as she usually seemed, she was betrayed into a deep blush. I came in for my share, too. I had never seen so beautiful a woman as Diana Allston. Besides her beauty, which was almost marvellous in its shape and depth of coloring, there was an irresistible charm about all she said or did, that won the heart and kept it.

I was deeply, irrecoverably in love before I knew it; and what was more, Victor was the same. I was in agony lest he should suspect the state of my feelings, and he, on the contrary, was constantly betraying his openly. Not one spark of my brotherly attachment had abated for him, but an uneasiness had arisen towards him—a pity, for I believed Di Allston loved me.

They who have gone on without loving for years are apt to take it hastily and rashly. I could not wait to know my fate gradually. A series of visits and such scanty amusements as a town affords, had brought us near each other daily; and I had had the felicity of attending her on horseback several times, riding slowly through the woods, and talking such sentimentalism as lovers are apt to do. Yet I could not clearly ascertain how prosperous my own suit might be, when Victor was admitted to the same familiar companionship; and I resolved to ask her boldly to share my lot. Not in such terms as I had heard of young men using—high-flown and far-fetched—but in such simple yet earnest words as I might speak without blushing for if I was rejected.

"Rejected! Forbid it, destiny!" I said, almost aloud, in my chamber, as I took my hat and gloves preparatory to a walk to Mr. De Wolf's.

I found Diana in the garden, alone. Her raised color, and excited yet happy look, encouraged me. I believed they were caused by the sight of myself, and I was not long in unfolding my purpose. She was visibly confused, but gathered voice to thank me for my preference. Her heart, she said, had long acknowledged my worth, but her affections were not her own! I believe truly that the demon entered my soul at that moment. I was choked, suffocated—and a stream of blood issued from my lips. That was not strange, for I had frequently bled slightly when any powerful emotion possessed me; but it frightened her—so few women can behold blood unmoved. It was not the work of a moment to stop it, and to hide the drops which had stained my clothes; but it was nearly dark, and without another word, I was off upon the high road, regardless of the call which she sent after me, begging me to go into the house and have some advice.

To whom should I go in my bitter disappointment but to Victor? And shut up with him in his own room that night, I had opened my lips to tell him what man seldom tells another, when his glad and joyous manner arrested me. I know not what wild words I might have spoken, but I do know that when my brain ceased from its sharp quivering, Victor was telling me of his love for Diana Allston, and her acceptance; of his mother's reluctant acquiescence, and Mr. De Wolf's approbation.

I had a fever. No one knew what caused it—for Diana was too high-minded to expose me. I was reduced to a child's weakness, but there were feelings of wrath within me that were yet

strong as ever; and strongest, mightiest of all (that I should live to write it!) was the desire for Victor Calderwood's death! Through the frightfully hot nights in which I lay burning with fever, unable to raise my feeble hand to my head, I longed to strike him as he bent tenderly over me, and wept that I had not the strength to do it. Diana Allston's image was near me—her words in my ear, and they maddened me against him. I would not take medicine. I resisted the doctor and my mother, and bade them minister to the grinning fool at the head of my bed, as I called Victor. I could not, would not bear the sight of him. My mother comforted him with the thought that all delirious persons hated their friends during the paroxysm; and advised him to leave me. I turned my face to the wall and talked with the demons my disorder had called up; and each one that appeared, I called Victor Calderwood. I will not weary you with these wild vagaries. I recovered slowly. Victor came to see me again, and I treated him better. What was deficient in warmth of manner, he generously attributed to confused remembrances of my savageness towards him, and he tried to make me forget it.

"Come, Hal," he said to me, one delightful October day, when I had gained a little strength, "come out awhile with me. It will do you good."

I took his arm and went. O why did I go? Why was I permitted to go? Vain dreamer as I am, why do I perpetually question of things unknown? It is enough that I went.

Our destination was a spot where Victor and myself had often lingered. It was a charming retreat, beautiful for the fresh green foliage that still lingered on the trees, not one of which save the crimson maple had put on its autumnal hues. Below it was an ugly ravine, where a careless foot might too easily slip; a place of rocks, hidden by deceitful brambles, among which he who fell must be almost sure to be killed. He talked of Diana that day. She had gone home, he said, to prepare for marriage; and he paraded his hopes before me, and called upon me to rejoice in his happiness. O, how I hated him! We rose to go. I walked near the edge of that horrid place. He would have drawn me back, but I still went nearer.

"This would be a fine place for one who was weary of life," said I.

Victor shuddered. "Come away, dear Hal," he said. "I am sorry I brought you to this place. Let us return instantly." And he tried to wind his arm through mine. I turned round, appearing to yield, but when his foot was between me and the precipice, I suddenly tripped him.

He fell over without a struggle. That was the last I knew. It had exhausted the temporary strength I had, and I fainted on the edge of the abyss to which I had doomed him. I remember a shuddering horror that came upon me; a wish that I could save him, and the stretching forth of my arm. They who found us believed that he fell accidentally, and that I had attempted to rescue him from his fate. No one thought that the ravings of my subsequent sickness were really the promptings of a guilty spirit. I did not recover for months. The cold, dreary earth was covered with snow when I first walked out. What madness carried me to that very spot? I even looked over the perilous abyss, where Mrs. Calderwood had caused a strong iron fence to be erected, lest the accident that destroyed her son might be repeated in some one else. Poor lady! how she detailed to me the sad finding of her Victor, and wept when she paid tribute to the brotherly sympathy that had made me faint through terror at his danger! O, no rebuke is so hard to bear as undeserved praise.

I must not pause over the three years that followed. They were years in which conscience asserted her terrible rights. I had made use of my opportunities in those years. I was rich, honored and respected; not enough so, however, to make me insensible to the dreadful reaction which would take place in public estimation, were my crime suspected. When I was in good health, I managed to keep in good spirits, but when ill—and after that fever I was never strong—O God, what days and nights of agony I endured! And yet I had gained the prize for which I had sold my soul. Diana Allston was my wife. My apparent grief for Victor, my illness, and the care I took of Mrs. Calderwood had won her love and pity, and when time had softened her woe, she consented to marry me. There are times when I can scarce suppress the confession that trembles on my lips—yet why should I confess it? By so doing, I should not suffer any more than I have already—but they whom I love and who love me, and believe me incapable of wrong, would be punished through me immeasurably. Shall I then make them miserable, when too, it will deprive me of further space for repentance? I do not know what is right. That is the worst part of a sinful deed, that it destroys the power of judging what is right.

*Friday, May 10.*—This day a child was born to me. When the nurse brought it to me, I was about to kiss its forehead, but I instantly recoiled. She laughed heartily, supposing that I feared to

hurt the little creature. Alas! it was only because the child might one day be called the son of a murderer! Mrs. Calderwood has been with Diana all night, and she has proffered a request that the boy may be called Victor! I groaned in agony, and she hastened to recall her request. I will have it so, however. Let me accept every form of punishment. Yet how—O how can I ever pronounce his name?

I have been within the walls of a mad-house. No wonder! I must have uttered horrors, any one of which would have condemned me to death, unless I could have been proved insane. Poor souls! They look at me with such pitying eyes—Diana and Mrs. Calderwood and my little Victor. The boy is five years old, and I have never seen him since he was as many days, until three days ago, I was brought home, being pronounced well. But I am not well in frame, if I am in mind. My emotions, having tried so long to conceal them, have worn me out, as the waters wear the stone, or rather as the winds wear the sails of a ship. I wonder if they saw this horrible record of mine while I was mad? No. Such is the beautiful propriety and delicacy of Diana's mind, that she would shrink from the examination of even her husband's papers. I found them as I ever kept them, in the secret drawer of my desk.

My little Victor! I can bear now to hear his name pronounced; for I feel that my sin is forgiven. I have knelt for hours of each night, when all the household were buried in sleep, asking forgiveness of God; and nothing but the misery and disgrace which it would bring upon the innocent, keeps me from open confession. Earth has no tortures which I have not inwardly endured. My life is wretched; for all that should be joys, are but as Dead Sea apples to me. All that constitutes the sweetness of home ties, proves the very gall of bitterness in my cup. And still I wear a serene look, because I must not show what is passing within. And yet I feel, O God, that thou hast forgiven me! Spirit of my dead Victor, thou too hast forgiven me! Heaven does not deem me impenitent, because I dare not disgrace my child by telling the world that which concerns them not. Groping beneath the altar stairs, I can still raise my hand to God, and in the dimness I behold a line of heavenly light shining down, I doubt not from his throne, to show me, that though guilty of blood, he will not utterly cast me away. I do not seek to palliate my deed; but surely that terrible fever must have left something of insanity in my brain. I would think so of another. May I not give some small share of exculpation to myself?

My little Victor is calling me. He has begged from Mrs. Calderwood the miniature of her son, and now, regardless of his father's torture, he is dwelling with the minute observation of a child, upon the hair, the eyes, the bright red lips, that seem almost to live. And Diana, who has freighted all her hopes anew upon her husband and her child, answers his questions about him whom he calls his dead uncle with a serene face, as if his death were but an ordinary dispensation of providence, and not through the wrong of man.

#### MAHOMEDAN SERMONIZING.

One morning, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi ascended into his pulpit to preach, and addressing his hearers, said:

"O, believers! know ye what I am going to talk to you about?"

They replied they did not.

"Well, then," rejoined he, "since you do not know, do you suppose that I am going to tell you?"

Another morning he again appeared in the pulpit, and said:

"O, believers! know ye not what I am going to tell you?"

They replied that they did.

"If you know it," said he, "I need not tell it to you." And he descended from the pulpit and went his way.

His auditors, puzzled what to do, at length agreed that if he again made his appearance, some of them would say that they knew, others that they did not.

And again Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi mounted into the pulpit, and said:

"O, Mussulmans! know ye what I am going to say to you?"

To which some replied, "We know;" others, "We know not."

"Good!" returned he; "let those who know tell those who do not."—*Mysteries of the Desert.*

#### THE JEWS OF SHIRAZ.

Away to Shiraz, ceaselessly travelling over plains and mountains, sleeping in the open air, amidst torrents of rain, and pursued by earthquakes. Wolff had been warned what he must expect in visiting the Jews at Shiraz, and the description of their misery had not been exaggerated. A Persian Mussulman, of whom he had inquired their condition some time before, had said: "First. Every house in Shiraz with a low, narrow entrance, is a Jew's house. Secondly. Every man with a dirty woolen or dirty camel's hair turban is a Jew. Thirdly. Every coat much torn and mended about the back, with worn sleeves, is a Jew's coat. Fourthly. Every one picking up old broken glass is a Jew. Fifthly. Every one searching dirty robes, and asking for old shoes and sandals, is a Jew. Sixthly. The house into which no quadruped but a goat will enter is a Jew's." All which things, of course, came into Wolff's mind, as, in company with two Armenians, he approached the street where the Jews resided.—*Rev. J. Wolff.*

## The Florist.

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast:  
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,  
Or its companionable star,  
The evening primrose opens anew  
Its delicate blossom to the dew;  
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night,  
Who, blindfold to its fond cares,  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.—CLARE.

### Grafting the Camellia.

This is a delicate operation in floriculture. One of the modes of performing it, and which is generally practised in the autumn, is a kind of side grafting, or rather of inarching. It consists in cutting off a small portion of the bark of the stock, with very little wood attached, from the side of the stem, or one of the branches, leaving a leaf and bud above it; and then cutting the scion into a chisel-shape, so as to fit the wound in the stock exactly, and binding the two together with a piece of bass matting, without using any other covering. As soon as the operation is finished, the pot containing the stock should be laid horizontally on a bed of dry and cold tan, or on a bed of dry moss, the branches lying on the surface and the pot being half buried in the tan or moss, the grafted part being covered with a bell-glass, and stuffed round the bottom with the tan or moss, so as to prevent a particle of air from entering. This close covering is kept on for a fortnight, three weeks or a month, according to the season, at the end of which time the graft will be found perfectly united to the stock. Air is then admitted to the graft by degrees, by first loosening and then removing the mass from the glass; then the glass, when the rot may be placed erect. The great points to be attended to in this mode of grafting, are giving the plants bottom heat, and covering them closely in the manner described.

### Calceolaria.

The great variety which now characterizes this family renders it a favorite, and half a dozen well chosen sorts are very attractive in the garden or greenhouse. They keep well in a cold frame during the winter, but do better in a greenhouse, where they will blossom finely. As soon as they have done flowering they should be re-potted in light soil, one third loam and two thirds peat, for if much excited they are apt to fade away. If you wish to propagate them, all the shoots taken off will take root readily; but as every root sends up its flower-stalk, they should be allowed to spread and fill a large-sized pot.

### Bossiaea.

This is one of the immense family of pea-flowering plants, requiring the same treatment as Botany Bay plants in general—growing best in one third loam and two-thirds peat. This, like almost other plants, must be checked while growing to make them stout and bushy.

### Holly.

This beautiful evergreen tree is found in America, Europe, Japan, and some other countries. It has shining, prickly leaves near the ground; smooth high ones. It blows white flowers, and its berries are of a scarlet color.

### American Laurel.

This is a North American genus. Its foliage is of a deep dark green, with beautiful flowers, crimson, red and peach-blossom color. The species are numerous, and it is sometimes called calico bush.

### Propagation of Roses.

Roses may be propagated in various ways. Cuttings placed in warm sandy soil, and covered with a window sash and frequently watered, will generally strike in a short time. The hardy kinds are more commonly increased by layers. In the early part of the summer select a young, well-ripened shoot, make a slit upward in it, about half way through, just below a bud; in the tongue thus formed insert a small chip, to prevent its closing up, then peg down the shoot in the soil three or four inches below the surface, fill up the hole, and cover the earth with moss, grass, or a flat stone. The extremity of the layer should be several inches above the ground, and be tied to a stake to prevent injury to the forming rootlets. Some cultivators increase their roses by budding and grafting, believing that feeble, low-growing varieties are improved by inserting them on vigorous stocks. This is an easy way of multiplying choice and rare plants.

### Aphelandra.

There are two of this family, *atkinsii* and *curatiana*, both sub-shrubs—one growing three feet high, and bearing a spike of scarlet tubular flowers in August, and the other blooming orange-colored at the same time. They require a compost of loam and peat in equal quantities, shocking white young, and shifting from one sized pot to another as they fill with roots. If neglected, they will grow too tall to be handsome.

### Witch Hazel.

This is an American genus, which flowers in the autumn, and perfects its fruit in the next summer. The color of the flowers is yellow. The twigs of this plant have been used as divining-rods, to discover secret treasures and mines.

### Virgin's Bower—Clematis Viorna.

About thirty species of this genus are scattered over the world, several of which are indigenous to America. It is found in the Southern States. The root is perennial; its flowers are purple, though there is a variety with white flowers.

### Rosa Damascena.

The beautiful damask, or damascena rose was first brought from Asia into Greece, thence transplanted into Italy and France, and then to other countries. Its flowers are white and red.

### Coronilla.

A very old greenhouse plant, but of easy culture; a good winter bloomer, and bearing almost any amount of ill-usage. Its yellow pea-shaped blossom literally covers the plant in winter.

### Indigafera.

Several of these are in cultivation, but the proportion of flower to foliage is too small to please all. They are a pea-flowering shrub, and not remarkably beautiful.

### Coreopsis Arkansa.

This is an American genus of about thirty species. It flowers in June, and continues in flower until the autumn, bearing yellow flowers.

### Cardinal Flower, or Lobelia Cardinalis.

The flowers of this plant are of a bright scarlet. It is a native of North America, growing by the sides of rivers and ditches. It is a very beautiful flower.

## The Housewife.

### The Cuisine.

We hear from all quarters of the excellence and purity of Burnett's flavoring extracts, and can recommend them confidently to our readers for flavoring custards, pies, ice-creams, blanc-mange, jellies, sauces, etc. The list of flavors embraces lemon, orange, nutmeg, vanilla, peach, ginger, almond, cinnamon, rose, cloves, cherry and nectarine. They have all the freshness and flavor of the delicate fruits from which they are prepared, and are much less expensive, besides having the advantage of keeping for any length of time and in any climate. All respectable druggetts have these extracts for sale.

### Gum-Arabic Paste.

Take a common sized teaspoon of cold soft water, and dissolve in it a large teaspoonful of the best and cleanest powdered gum-Arabic. When the gum is entirely melted, stir in by degrees a tablespoonful of fine wheat flour, carefully pressing out all the lumps, and making it as smooth as possible. Keep it closely covered, and in a cool place. If, after a few days, it should appear spotted or mouldy on the top, remove the surface, and the paste beneath will still be fit for use. This is a good cement for artificial flowers, and for ornamental pasteboard work.

### A Fillet of Veal stewed white.

Add to one pint of water or gravy a little lemon-peel, mace, nutmeg, white pepper and salt; put a fillet in, stuffed as for roasting, and when it has stewed one hour and a half take it out, and strain the gravy; add two dozen oysters, half a pint of white wine, and butter rubbed in flour; put the veal in again, and stew it half an hour; just before serving stir in half a pint of cream. The gravy should be rather thick, and poured over the veal.

### An excellent Furniture Polish.

Into one pint of linseed oil put half a pound of treacle and a glass of gin; then, stirring well, apply sparingly with a linen rag, and if rubbed until quite dry with linen cloths, this mixture will produce a splendid gloss. Eating tables should be covered with oil-cloth or baize, to prevent staining, and be instantly rubbed when the dishes are removed.

### To keep off Mosquitoes and other Insects.

Camphor is a most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in an open chamber will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirit applied as perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

### The Hoarseness of Singers.

A celebrated singer informed M. Diday that the greatest benefit is derived from taking, during five or six days, twice a day, five or six drops of nitric acid in a glass of sugared water. If from use the acid seems to lose its original efficacy, the dose may be increased to ten or eleven drops.

### To remove Corns from between the Toes.

These corns are generally more painful than any others, and are frequently so situated as to be almost inaccessible to the usual remedies. Wetting them several times a day with hartshorn will, in most cases, cure them. Try it.

### Painted Floor Carpets.

Floor-cloths may be cleaned with a mixture of magnesia, only milk-warm, followed by warm water, in the same manner that carpets are cleaned. They should be rubbed with a dry flannel till nearly dried, then again wet over with a sponge dipped in milk, and immediately dried and rubbed with a flannel till the polish is restored. This is a process much to be preferred to that of rubbing the cloth with wax, which leaves it sticky and liable to retain dust and dirt for a long time. Very hot water should never be used in cleaning floor-cloths, as it brings off the paint.

### Cleansing Sofa Coverings.

If the covers of sofas and chairs are dirty, they may be cleansed without being removed, by first washing them over with warm water and soap rubbed over them with a flannel; then, before they are dry, sponge them over with a strong solution of salt and water, in which a small quantity of gall has been mixed. The windows of the room should be opened, so as to secure a perfect drying, and the colors and the freshness of the articles will be restored.

### Mirrors.

Cleansing mirrors is an easy operation, when rightly understood. The greatest care should be taken in cleaning a mirror to use only the softest articles, lest the glass should be scratched. It should first be dusted with a feather-brush, then washed over with a sponge dipped in spirits, to remove the fly-spots; after this, it should be dusted with the powder-blue in a thin muslin bag, and finally polished with an old silk handkerchief.

### To clean Steel Articles.

Polished steel articles, if rubbed every morning with leather, will not become dull or rusty; but if rust has been suffered to gather, it must be immediately removed by covering the steel with sweet oil, and allowing it to remain on for two days; then sprinkle it over with finely-powdered unslaked lime, and rub it with polishing leather.

### To clean Whitewash Brushes.

Wash off with cold water the lime from the bristles of the brush, and scrub well with a hard scrubbing-brush the part where the bristles are fixed into the wood. This should be done at once, as soon as the whitewashing for that day is finished. It is far better than to let them soak all night.

### To remove Grease from a Stove-Hearth.

When oil or any other grease has been dropped on a stove hearth, immediately cover the place with very hot ashes. After awhile clear away the ashes, and if the grease has not quite disappeared, repeat the process.

### To remove the Odor from a Vial.

The odor of its last contents may be removed from a vial by filling it with cold water, and letting it stand in any airy place uncorked for three days, changing the water every day.

### Potatoe Pie.

One pound of boiled potatoes rolled fine, half a pound of butter, six eggs, eight spoonful of milk, the grated peel and juice of a lemon, sugar and salt to your taste. To be baked in deep plates.

### Excellent Vinegar.

Five gallons of water, half a gallon of molasses, half a gallon of common spirits; one pint of yeast; roll a sheet of paper in the yeast. Set it in a warm place to ferment.

## Curious Matters.

### A hard Bear-Fight.

The best story of the season is the following:—At Penman's Ranch, Cal., three hunters encountered a bear, which they wounded with six shots. The bear pursued and caught one of them, and while the others fled, the captured hunter had a hand to paw fight with the monster. Having nothing but a short dirk-knife, he seized the bear by the tongue and attempted to use the dirk, but the blade bent on the bear's ribs. Having dragged the animal's tongue through the corner of its mouth, the creature could use his paws only, with which the man was terribly torn, his scalp having been knocked off by the bear's claws. At length the exhausted hunter let go the tongue and the bear made off, but was killed the next day, and weighed 600 pounds. The man recovered.

### A singular Discovery.

The Ottawa (Canada) Citizen says:—"One day last week, while some laborers were removing stone from a quarry in this vicinity, they came upon a stone measuring between three and four feet in length, some eighteen inches in width, and about eight inches thick, bearing on its surface the unmistakable impress of two human feet, the largest that of an Indian's right and the smaller that of a squaw's moccasined foot, sunk about three-fourths of an inch in the solid stone. We have seen the stone and the strange impressions it bears, but have to leave the enigma to be explained by those better posted in things beneath the earth than ourselves."

### Queer Law Case.

A most extraordinary case has been submitted to the civil tribunal of Lyons:—A cobbler, a tinker, and a small tradesman pleaded each against the other to be declared sole owner of what they all described as the most marvelous discovery, namely, the placing of a lamp in the heel of a boot, with pipes running from it beneath the sole, so as to heat the foot! After examining the different pretensions of the parties, the tribunal declined to pronounce on the question of ownership, but condemned the cobbler and the trader to pay the tinker 150 francs for work done.

### Be careful.

A short time ago a man named Erret, of Hempfield township, Westmoreland county, died after a painful and lingering malady, produced, as is believed, by accidentally swallowing an insect while drinking at a spring, in which were dark insects having numerous feet. He said he had swallowed one of them, and felt great uneasiness and violent coughing, for which he could get no relief. A few days before his death he coughed up a worm of the color and description of those in the spring at the time he drank out of it.

### The Fuller Cradle.

A correspondent of the Middleboro' Gazette says:—"We saw while in Abington, at the house of Mr. F. L. Noyes, the ancient family cradle of Dr. Samuel Fuller, who came over in the Mayflower, and was one of the signers of the Social Compact. A tradition exists that this cradle was on board the Mayflower, and that it was used to rock Peregrine White, the first New Englander. It was made mostly of oak, framed together, and appears to have suffered but little in rocking seven or eight generations of the Fuller descent. It still remains in a branch of the Fuller family."

### Wonderful Phenomenon.

A curious story, authenticated by names and dates, is furnished to the New Haven Journal and Courier. It is, that a lady during a shower saw a distinct current of lightning pass from one window to another. She found in two places upon the carpet a substance burning with a bright white flame, and emitting a strong sulphurous odor. There being no fire in the house at the time, the fact seems conclusive that they were drops of the fluid which had fallen, or been ejected from the current in its passage through the apartment.

### Human Hair.

In 1899 a coffin was discovered in the abbey church of Romsey, England, which had originally contained the body of a female of the Norman period. The bones had entirely decayed, but the hair, with its characteristic indestructibility, was found entire, and appeared as if the skull had only recently been removed from it, and having plaited tails eighteen inches in length. It is still preserved in a glass case, lying upon the same block of oak which has been its pillow for centuries.

### Curious Fact.

Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen 1600 years ago; and that Glambatiata Porta had, in 1599 given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognise in it not only the principle but the construction of the stereoscope.

### A Humming-Bird's Nest.

The Marysville (Cal.) Journal thus describes a humming-bird's nest in the garden of William Hawley, in that town:—"The nest contained two of their young. It is about the size of a black walnut, of a very fine texture, almost white, much resembling woolen cloth, and firmly bound to the twig of a peach-tree within three feet of the ground. The young birds are not much larger than grains of coffee, and present a very singular appearance."

### A bearded Woman.

The Marysville (Ky.) Eagle gives an account of a bearded woman residing in Lewis county, in the same State. It is said she had no indications of beard until last September, when the hair commenced growing upon her face, growing very fast sometimes, as much as half an inch a week. She now has a heavy black beard, coarse like that of a man. A space of about an inch in width from the mouth over the chin to her neck is free from hair.

### A valuable Compass.

There has been lately invented a compass, which is so constructed and operated upon as to give at all times the specific leeway of a vessel. It may be placed on a table in the captain's cabin, and will inform of the least deviation from the course to which the vessel may be heading. It is claimed that it will work perfectly correct, no matter how much agitated by the motion of the vessel.

### Singular Place for a Nest.

A bird has built its nest in the letter-box at Sparham, England. Notwithstanding the postman's daily calls to take the letters deposited there, the bird is not disturbed. Sometimes he has taken the letters from the bird's back.



## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### FIRESIDE TRAVELLERS.

For every man who gratifies his roving disposition by visiting Europe, there are a thousand who, for various good and sufficient reasons, never stir far away from home. But a very small proportion of those who do go abroad profit by their journeyings. We have just been reading a hand-book—and a very good one, by the way—which tells you how to do Europe, that is, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Germany and Italy in four months. Such a tour must of course be a very *racy* one, and it can be accomplished by a single man at an outlay of from 800 to 1200 dollars; if he is a good, generous fellow, and takes his wife with him, it will cost a little more than double, say from 2500 to 3000 dollars, that is, for travelling in first-rate style. Now what is the result of this race through Europe? Why, our traveller friend is able to say, with his hand on his heart, that he has been in Dublin, Cork, Edinboro', Glasgow, London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Geneva, Rome, etc.; but how much has he really seen of those celebrated cities? You might as well expect a man who has been looking through a rapidly-revolving kaleidoscope for half an hour to have a distant recollection of all the brilliant combinations and figures of that curious instrument. In his memory all sort of scenes must be jumbled together, like toys in a child's play-room, and he must find it very difficult to locate properly even such bulky objects as churches, galleries and statues.

We have a great mind to write a hand-book of Europe for "fireside" travellers, forlorn members of the Can't-get-away Club. Accompanying the book should be a fine stereoscopic instrument, with four or five dozen slides. These wonderful stereoscopic views of European scenes, calmly and deliberately studied, actually give the observer a clearer notion of the scenes depicted than can be obtained by the hasty traveller who casts a hurried glance at them under unfavorable circumstances. He may be in a haste to catch a certain railroad train or a certain steamer, or in a worry about his baggage or passport, or thinking about the failure of a rascally banker with whom his funds were lodged; but no such annoyances disturb the equanimity of our tarry-at-

home traveller. Look at these pyramids and Sphinxes, the wonders of the Nile-land. The marvellous picture before you was painted by rays reflected from the very stones themselves. They must be correct, for Nature herself was the artist. Lo! the majestic dome of St. Peters! the cathedral of Notre Dame! the icy summit of Mt. Blanc! the "castled crags of Drachenfels!" Killarney, London, Paris! Two centuries ago, had photography been known, the operator would have been roasted at the stake for practising the black art. Really, what with books and stereoscopes, an idle or a poor man need not go to Europe to learn as much as he need to know about the old world.

What an economy of time and money! What an avoidance of seasickness, of the smell of oil and smoke, and bilge-water that adds to the nausea of the ocean-crossing voyager! Your fireside traveller needs no passport, no letters of introduction, no letters of credit. When he is tired of sight-seeing, he shuts up his box and returns to his normal condition. He can go from Venice to Amsterdam, from Syria to Scotland in the twinkling of an eye.

We do not profess to have originated the idea, however. Many books of travel have been written by persons who never left their native land. This is one of the tricks of the book-making trade, well understood by Grub-Street hacks. But waiving originality, we claim that our views are entitled to respectful consideration, as the diplomatists say.

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**PRIZE-FIGHTING.**—The New Hampshire legislature has passed a very severe law for the prevention of prize-fighting. The Granite State will henceforth be studiously avoided by the fancy.

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**A QUERY.**—Throw a piece of meat among bears, and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously—the men or the beasts?

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**THE BEST LEGACY.**—No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

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**THAT'S SO.**—The right thing in the wrong place is a love-letter written on a mourning sheet.

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

So many steamboats now navigate our rivers, lakes and oceans, that it seems hard to realize there were none in the United States sixty years ago. When Robert Fulton built his first steamboat for the Hudson River, scarcely anybody thought it would move. The Commercial Bulletin tells a good story from the lips of an old captain at South Boston, who met this steamer as it was going down the river :

"Captain H—, at the time we speak of, commanded a sloop which plied as a regular packet between Boston and Albany. Besides himself there were the mate, two hands, and the cabin boy. The sloop was bound from Boston to Albany with a cargo of notions, and when about half way between New York and Albany the wind came round ahead, and the sloop was obliged to anchor, and all hands turned in to enjoy themselves in the cabin, hoping that with the turn of the tide there would come a change of wind. At about nine o'clock the captain sent the cabin boy on deck to get some water. He had hardly got upon the deck before he returned dashing down the companion-way head foremost, with terror depicted on his countenance. The captain hailed him in a rough voice to know what was the matter. As soon as the boy could sufficiently recover from his fright, he exclaimed :

" 'We are lost! we are lost! The evil one is coming for us!'

"No persuasion or threat could induce the boy to return on deck. The captain then sent one of the hands, but he returned more precipitately than the boy, and confirmed his opinion. The other man was sent, but with no better success. The mate, though he trembled in every joint, felt that the dignity of the profession must be maintained; and he followed up the companion-way; but after a pause of a minute or two, came down, and in solemn tones declared his belief that Beelzebub was let loose, and that their time had come. It was now the time for Captain H—; all hands looking to him as a kind of natural protector. So assuming a courage he by no means felt, he proceeded on deck, all hands following him; and sure enough, to use his own expression, 'there was a sight which made my blood curdle, and my hair stand on end.' Far away in the blackness of the night they saw a huge body coming down upon them, against wind and tide, vomiting out flame and smoke; they could hear the chains clank, and by the light of the furnace they could discern four men, begrimed with smoke, feeding the fire. It was terrible! On she came, puffing and blowing; the sound of the clanking chains was nearer and nearer. In the

agony of despair all hands fell to praying and confessing their sins. Still on she came; when, O, horrors! they feel the heat and smell the smoke! but she swiftly glided by them, and left them unharmed! They rose from their knees in mute astonishment. The tide and wind soon changed, and they weighed anchor and proceeded to Albany, fully convinced they had seen the arch enemy."

## LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

The London Illustrated News lately gave a description of the tunnel now being built under the streets of London, for the purpose of connecting the city with the series of railways at the north of the Thames. To have a railway after the American fashion, passing through a densely populous district, and crossing on a level and over crowded thoroughfares, was considered out of the question. Therefore, the plan was resorted to of avoiding the surface altogether, leaving that to the ordinary local traffic and travel, and going entirely under the city with all the passenger and freight trains. The tunnel was constructed by making an open cut from the surface of the street down the distance required, building the archway, and then replacing the surface—a cheaper mode than tunnelling. The work is now in progress, the company engaged in it having a capital of four millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To avoid annoyance from smoke or the combustion of fuel in the tunnel, the traffic is to be worked by light locomotives of a novel and ingenious construction. They have no fire-box, but will be charged with hot water and steam at a certain pressure, to be supplied by fixed boilers, at the termini, and will be furnished with a large heater to assist in maintaining the required temperature. It is believed that each locomotive can be supplied with power sufficient to run the whole tunnel distance. The tunnel is expected to be finished and in working order by 1862.

## THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.—

At the last inspection, this splendid regiment had 910 men under arms. Their expenses last year were \$56,000.

PATENTS.—About one hundred and twenty new patents, it is said, are issued every week from the patent-office in Washington.

THE COST OF SMOKE.—In one city alone, New York, cigar smoke costs over five million dollars a year—nearly as much as the bread eaten.

## ENGLISH YACHTS.

The universal interest just now felt in yachting, in this country, induces us to suppose that a few facts we have compiled in reference to aquatic sports on the other side of the water, may be acceptable to our readers. The British yacht-clubs include in their fleets cutters, schooners, brigs, sloops, luggers and yawls—even steamers. There are yachts on the Clyde and Mersey barely exceeding two tons each, while the "Brilliant" yacht, belonging to the commodore of the Victoria yacht-club, is of 480 tons. There are no fewer than twelve hundred yachts in the British seas and rivers. Many of them are of iron.

So far as a cruise is concerned, each yacht is a little commonwealth in itself, independent of all other yachts; but for the sake of regattas and racings, of certain privileges, and of general sociability, they are grouped into fleets, each belonging to a distinct club. The crack club of the whole is the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose head-quarters are at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, with the Earl of Wilton for its commodore or chief yachtsman. There are a score of other large yacht-clubs and many more small ones; and as there are twelve hundred yachts now on the British list, a little school-boy arithmetic will lead us to the conclusion that the average number of yachts belonging to the former class, is about sixty—twenty fleets of sixty strong each. Nominally, but not really, this number is increased; for some of the yachts belong to two or more clubs. The clubs themselves are very like other clubs; the members are balloted for, and, if admitted, pay a certain admission fee, and a certain annual subscription. The admission fee varies from one guinea to fifteen guineas in different clubs, and the subscription fee from one guinea to eight guineas a year—the aristocratic "Royal Squadron" of Cowes being the most costly of all. About one-half of the clubs have club-houses, buildings owned or rented by them for holding their meetings; the others meet at hotels or other places, with the secretary's residence as a sort of official place of reference.

Some of the yachts make long voyages. We read of Lord Byron's yacht *Mazeppa*, a daring felucca-rigged thing of about a hundred and fifty tons, in which he went to Corsica and Sardinia; of Sir John Ross's tiny cutter of seven tons, in which, with only a boy to help him, he once came from Stockholm to England; of American cutters from twenty to forty tons each, which have more than once crossed the broad Atlantic; of the *Teazer*, of fourteen tons, which

went from England to Jamaica and back in 1852; and of many similar exploits. Then there have been many yacht-voyages which have been made the subject of volumes of peculiar interest. The *Nancy Dawson* penetrated through Behring's Strait into the Arctic Sea, and rendered aid to some of our navigators who were in search of Sir John Franklin. The yacht-voyage of the *Maria* to *Faroe* was full of interest; and still more so was Lord Dufferin's voyage in the *Foam*. The *Allen Gardiner*, a yacht built for one of the missionary societies, was placed, in 1857, under the command of Mr. Snow, who had previously distinguished himself in the Arctic regions; and in it he made a two years' cruise in the seas around Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and the Auckland Islands. The late Robert Stephenson made many long voyages in his pet yacht *Titania*; and he lent it, together with its crew of sixteen men, to Professor Piazzi Smyth, for his remarkable voyage to *Teneriffe* for astronomical purposes. In order to facilitate the movements of these cruising yachts, a few privileges have been awarded by foreign governments to yachtsmen. An immense amount of money is expended in the building and sailing of these yachts.

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**DISBELIEVING A LAWYER.**—"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the city judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a *habeas corpus*." "Well," said a fellow in an undertone, who stood in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say anything; I saw the man get out of a cab at the court door."

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**MILLINERS.**—Do the admirers of pretty milliners know why they are called so? Not one in a million. The name comes from Milan, the city from which Milan-ary goods were first imported into England.

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**CHANGEABLE.**—The *Webster Times* says a widow has just moved from that town who has, during her experience in housekeeping, removed from one locality to another twenty-four times.

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**AN EXCEPTION TO A RULE.**—Whenever a man exclaims that all mankind are villains, be assured that he contemplates an instant offer of himself as an exception.

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**A FOURTH OF JULY TOAST.**—Woman—To her virtue, we give our love; to her beauty, our admiration; and to her hoops, we give—way.

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**A NECESSITY.**—A man is obliged to keep his word, when nobody will take it.

**WITCHCRAFT.**

If we scan the history of the past, we must admit that the delusions of witchcraft were the most terrible in their results of any of those widespread errors which crazed the world in days of old. The fear of witchcraft was upon all classes; the wisest and best of men were carried away by the prevailing delusion, as well as the vulgar and the vicious. The charge of witchcraft was made with ease, but repelled with the utmost difficulty. The frenzy was so powerful, that people were known not only to admit, but to accuse themselves of the crime, and to die on a plea of guilty to a ridiculous and impossible offence!

From the earliest ages a dread of witchcraft haunted the human mind, and the popular superstition was frequently employed for the gratification of private vengeance, innocent persons being tortured and executed on the charge. At different periods a wholesale attack was made against witches—a crusade headed by witch-finders, and armed with the full powers of civil and ecclesiastical law. Charlemagne gave orders that all necromancers, astrologers and witches should be driven from his empire, and the exercise of every sort of magic was forbidden, on pain of death. Special exertions were used to hunt out all those to whom the slightest suspicion attached, but it was left for more recent times to carry out thoroughly the cruelty and injustice of these inquiries. In England, during the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, especially the latter—for James I. was wofully afraid of witches—the severest penalties were inflicted on those suspected of dealing in the Black Art. Sworn tormentors, known as witch-finders, were empowered to inquire into every alleged case, and to make journeys, like judges on circuit, through the country, holding in every town or village, if they pleased, their court of ordeal. The aged or afflicted were generally the objects of suspicion. Charged with blighting the corn, with bringing an epidemic among the cattle, with causing epileptic fits or the falling sickness, with being in league with Satan, with changing their form at pleasure, with keeping witches' Sabbaths—what reply could they make? Denial was useless, and they were expected to convict themselves. Every witch was supposed to bear a Satanic mark on some part of her person, and the method adopted to find this mark—which was supposed to be incapable of pain—was to stick sharp pins and needles into her flesh; if her sufferings were acute, it was regarded as a favorable sign, but the torture was generally continued till the miserable sufferer lost consciousness, or pleaded

guilty to the charge. The stake or the gallows were the penalties of conviction, but many wretched beings sought this as a happy deliverance from the tortures inflicted by the witch-finders. The laws of England, which were so severely directed against witchcraft, were adopted in the American colonies, and in 1645 the mania commenced, and several persons were tried for this supposed crime.

**A BOA CONSTRICTOR FIGHT.**

Two large rock boa constrictors, belonging to Wombwell's collection—at present at Plymouth, England—were, during the hours of exhibition, placed in a glass case for the purpose of being fed. A rabbit was put into the case, and one of the boas immediately made for the prey. The rabbit, however, eluded the fangs of its enemy by a sudden jump, and the enormous snake, instead of dealing its deadly blow on the poor rabbit, fastened on the other boa, which, finding itself assaulted, immediately assumed the defensive in the most determined manner. Boa number two struck boa number one, by which it had been assaulted, with its frightful fangs. The struggle was now fiercely maintained on both sides. The two monsters writhed and struggled in one another's grasp, and both seemed intent on pressing by its constructive coil the life out of his opponent. This struggle was at last terminated by the keepers, with the assistance of several gentlemen, but not before one of the combatants was so seriously wounded, that fears are entertained that the consequences may prove fatal.

**UNEXPECTED QUARTER.**—A young gentleman from the "rural districts" lately advertised for a wife through the papers, and got answers from eighteen husbands stating that he could have theirs.

**WOMAN.**—A Hindoo female recently said to a Christian lady: "Really, your Bible must have been written by a woman, it contains so many kind things about us. Our Shasters say nothing but what is hard and cruel of us."

**ACID FOOD.**—Acids in summer are important in promoting the separation of bile from the blood. Hence the craving for currants, and other fruits, is natural.

**PLAGIARISM.**—An English clergyman at Holloway, England, has been detected in preaching the sermons of Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, from the published volumes in this country.

## A HIGHWAY ADVENTURE.

We had thought that the days of highwaymen, or, in classic Romany, "high tobymen," were passed and gone, like the days of chivalry which Edmund Burke lamented in melodious phrase, that Paul Cliffords existed only in the realms of fiction, and that the type of Claude Duval was utterly extinct. But a recent occurrence in California, not only revives all our reminiscences of the road in its palmy state, but furnishes a scene equal to any in the records of romantic rascality. We allude to the robbery of the money of Wells, Fargo & Co., some weeks ago, near Chico, Butte county.

Fancy the stage with five inside passengers, descending into a gulch, or canon. The driver is called upon to halt, and pulls up his team, thinking that some wagon has got stuck in the mud, and there is imminent danger of collision. But he is soon undeceived, for his eyes light on several men, masked, one of whom is levelling a double-barrelled gun. Another, masked and armed also, springs on the box.

"Throw down your reins," said he.

The driver obeyed.

"Give up your arms," said the robber to the express agent.

There was nothing to be done but to obey. The man handed his pistol to the robber.

"What!" cried the robber chief, reproachfully, as he looked at it, "cocked? O, Charley, there would have been sad work, if you had fired."

"Gentlemen," said he, to the passengers, putting his head inside the coach, "I intend you no harm, either in person or property, provided you make no resistance. Hold up your hands, to let me see whether you are armed."

Five pair of hands were instantly raised.

"Good," said the robber.

"Look here, stranger said one of the passengers, "just be good enough to ask your friend there to raise his piece, the barrel is on a level with our heads, and an awkward accident might happen—a nervous twitch of his forefinger, and—"

"Say no more," said the robber. "Present arms!"

And the double-barrelled gun of the rascal on the ground was brought to a poise.

"Now for the money-box," said the robber, and selecting it from the baggage he lifted it down to the roadside. Picking up a rock, he was about to smash the lid, when he suddenly paused.

"It would be a shame to destroy the company's property so," he muttered, "Charley, let's have the key."

"This is too bad," said "Charley," as he gave the robber the key.

"Not at all, my good fellow. You are doing a business on half a million of dollars capital, with enormous profits. You can't feel the loss of the fifteen thousand dollars in this box, while it will be a fortune to my 'boys.'"

With these words he unlocked the chest, and the contents soon found their way into the pockets of himself and his associate scoundrels. This done, he relocked the box, and tossed it back on the stage.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he mounted his horse, "you may now continue your journey, as soon as you are ready. (He had previously, we forgot to say, unharnessed the horses.) And I have the honor of wishing you a good day."

With a graceful salutation and wave of the hand, he touched his horse with his spur and disappeared, followed by his satellites. Now we call that a little bit of romance. We have given the story at second-hand, and from memory, but believe we have omitted no essential details. The second robbery of Lord Mauleverer, in Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," has nothing for this in coolness. The robber captain will doubtless perform other feats of the same description and end, like many a hero of the road by a "leap from a leafless tree."

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**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**—All persons in delicate health require a safe and effective tonic at this season of the year, but all those which combine in their preparation spirituous liquor should be carefully avoided. The Oxygenated Bitters are not only a mild and sure tonic, but one now universally conceded, is the remedy *par excellence* for dyspepsia, and the numerous diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach and digestive organs, which are so generally prevalent. Prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston, and sold by druggists and agents everywhere.

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**A FRATERNAL INSULT.**—"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" asked Mary Jones of her brother Charles. "On the looking glass, to be sure," was his very prompt reply.

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**BLONDIN.**—The "little Frenchman" now walks out on his rope at Niagara, and photographs the people who stand looking at him.

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**A CHANCE FOR BARNUM.**—A wild child is running loose somewhere in the forests of Iowa. It sleeps in the bushes and feeds on frogs.

## MEN OF BRASS.

No more fatal mistake can be committed than that of telling aspiring young men that the great secret of success in the world is to have plenty of brass; that an exterior of brass compensates for the lack of brain, and is more of a universal currency than the gold of intellect and heart. Brass goes to a certain extent; but there is a limit to its progress; gold circulates everywhere. It is the standard and measure of value. We are, of course, speaking metaphorically, and alluding to men of head and heart, and not men of money. A face of brass may impose upon the superficial for a time, and in a certain sphere, but the base quality of the metal is sure to be discovered sooner or later. The great trouble is that the man of brass imposes on himself to a much greater extent than he does on the world at large. He can never become great, because he can never learn anything. Self-sufficiency is the essence of this flaunting, self-assertion. The man of brass knows everything at the outset, or thinks he knows everything. He considers himself capable of leading an army, of building a steamship, of being president of the United States, and this without studying tactics, mechanics or politics. Sometimes he forces himself into a "bad eminence," and then his shortcomings are glaringly apparent, and he "falls like Lucifer, never to rise again;" an awful warning to the whole tribe of impostors.

Let us not be understood as condemning self-reliance, which is a very different thing from self-sufficiency. No man of capacity need despair of attaining any eminence provided he has the will to study and qualify himself for the position. But men of this stamp are not men of brass; they are modest men, sensible of what they lack, making acquisitions of knowledge by slow degrees, and at each step perceiving the many more which must be taken before arriving at the goal.

Modesty is the most marked characteristic of men of worth and genius in every time of life. It was one of the most striking features in the peerless character of Washington. Every one remembers how he found himself incapable of making a reply to the compliment paid him by the legislature of his native State. General Garibaldi, whom we need not blush to name in the same paragraph with Washington, though brave as his sword, is remarkable for his modesty. It is your heroes of melo-drama who strut and swagger, and use big words, and fulminate thundering speeches on every pretext; the heroes of real life resemble the knight of chivalry "meek in his port as any maid." We were acquainted with an officer who performed the most

signal services on our hardest-fought battle-fields, and yet who would absent himself from a public dinner when he was apprized that his bravery would be complimented. And another of our countrymen, who bore the stars and stripes into the very jaws of death, who is as much of a statesman as a soldier, is described by all his friends and acquaintances as "modest as a girl." Sir Walter Scott, one of the greatest literary men of this or any age, bore his honors meekly. We might multiply instances; but we should find it difficult to discover a single man of brass among the host of really great men, whose names adorn the muster-roll of time.

But among little men how many men of brass—small-beer politicians, rhymesters, penny-a-liners, quacks, pettifoggers, cowardly soldiers and sneaking dandies. That there are so many men of brass now-a-days only shows that there are few great men. Yet the very commonness of this brazen quality makes it cheap, and modesty actually attracts more attention, and is justly regarded as the sign of worth. So much so that some brazen varlets affect a virtue, if they have it not, and assume the guise of meekness as a passport of success. But it is as difficult for a brazen faced man to appear humble, as it is for a modest man to assume an air of effrontery, and he is forced to admit in the end that "honesty is the best policy."

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WHAT BOSTON HAS DONE.—During the past fifteen years, the following sums have been contributed to charitable objects by the citizens of Boston: For religious objects, \$1,220,726 71; charitable objects, 1,482,726 43; purposes of education, \$2,055,709 46; monuments and statues, \$168,784 50. Miscellaneous—such as the contributions to Ireland, Fayal, etc., during famine—\$212,086 83; making a total, for the fifteen years, of \$5,140,033 93.

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ABSURD.—Louis Napoleon's idea of burying the Bonapartes beside the bones of the old kings of France, in St. Denis. The Bourbons and their victors should not rest in the same grave.

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ILLINOIS.—The population of this State has more than doubled in the last ten years. This is shown by the census just taken.

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GAS.—Nearly every town of any considerable population in New England, will soon be lighted by gas.

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CHEAP ENOUGH.—In Green Bay, Wisconsin, butter sells for only ten cents per pound!

## Foreign Miscellany.

The public income of Great Britain for the year ending June 30th was £71,416,000; expenditure, £70,504,000.

The London Lancet states that nervous and mental diseases have, of late years, fearfully increased in Great Britain among all classes.

The astronomer Herschell has predicted that England will this year be visited by a storm of violence unprecedented in the annals of the globe.

From 1753, the year of its foundation, to the 31st of March of the present year, the total expense of the British Museum to the nation has been £1,382,733 13s. 4d.

The English government has determined to despatch a complete set of telegraphic apparatus with wires to China, to be laid in the districts occupied by the British forces.

Sweden and Denmark, those old foes of old times, have come kindly together, and will act unitedly against any outrages the Germans may choose to attempt about the Holstein business.

The potato disease has been ravaging the fields of the entire southern coasts of Ireland. The only hope for the crop existed in the fact that the dry weather might yet preserve it from destruction.

Galignani states that at a sale of autographs on the 4th of July, a letter written, dated and signed by the hand of Mary Stuart, and addressed to her good and dear mother, Catherine de Medicis, was knocked down at 222 francs.

A letter from Gotha states that it has been decided to send an expedition to Africa, to ascertain the fate of Dr. Vovel, the traveller. Baron Steuglin, of Wurtemberg, will undertake the voyage.

Of the ravaged Syrian towns, Damascus has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, Zahleh, before it was sacked, contained 11,000 souls, Deir el Kamir, 7000 (of whom two thousand are said to have been slain), Hasbeya, 6000, and Rashaia, 2500.

The larch forests of Scotland are threatened with destruction; of twenty-eight millions of larches planted by four land owners within a century, scarcely any remain alive. The failure is important, as no other timber is so well adapted for sleepers on railways as the larch.

Prof. Owen, one of the most distinguished naturalists in Great Britain, is now engaged in delivering a course of lectures upon the *natural sciences*, before Queen Victoria, her family, and attendants. This is a noble example, and shows what kind of knowledge is considered most important at the head of the English nation.

The sale of an American library in England—that of Mr. E. A. Crowninshield—attracted great attention. Some of the prices obtained were very good. *Epistola*, Christoferi Columbi, consisting of four leaves, and thought to be the first printed document relative to America, £30 10s.; a collection of caricatures, £92; Caxton's Chronicle, 1480, £180; Hulsius's Collection of Early Travels to the East, 1598–1650, £33.

The Zouaves in the French army number 12,000 men, divided into three regiments.

An Irishman in Australia lately found a gold nugget weighing six hundred ounces.

Recent explorations has awakened the old interest in the sources of the Nile.

In England one person dies annually in every 45; in Russia, one in 28.

There are 20,000 Chinese coolies in Peru, and the demand continues.

The ancient copy of Virgil preserved in the Vatican at Rome is considered the finest illuminated manuscript in the world. It contains fifty paintings.

Volunteer enthusiasm has reached its climax in England, and at Hartlepool a corps of ladies is regularly drilled in light infantry tactics by a government sergeant.

One of the ordinary swans in the waters of St. James' Park, London, lately attacked an Australian black swan, and, after a quarter of an hour's fighting, killed it.

The receipts at the Paris theatres for the last three months have been over a million of dollars. The comedy of "Duke Job" has reached its 137th representation at one of them.

An old man in Sodus, New Jersey, who is owing his physician thirty dollars, and unable to pay it, has deeded to the doctor his body for dissection after his demise. The deed has been accepted, and a receipt given by the physician.

It is said on the authority of official statistics, that there are at present in Europe, 18,140 actors, 21,609 actresses, 1733 managers of theatres; and the number of persons attached in one way or another to dramatic establishments amount to 82,246.

The first public subscription concert in England was performed in Oxford, in 1665, and was attended by a great number of persons of rank and talent from every part of England. The first in London took place in 1768. Concerts soon afterwards became fashionable and frequent.

The *savans* of Paris are experimenting upon toads, which are to be enclosed in plaster of Paris for a series of years, in order to demonstrate beyond a doubt their extreme tenacity of life. Not so particularly pleasant for the toads as interesting for the *savans*.

The manufacturers of lace in France are now enjoying a remarkable season of prosperity, as there is an immense demand for the article. It is now employed on all articles of dress in Paris, and even parasols and sunshades have lace coverings.

A wealthy English girl on a visit to Paris with her mother, eloped with a most fascinating "count," who, as he was showing his bride the cathedral at Bordeaux, was recognized by the police as an escaped convict, arrested and returned to prison.

During last year, there were born in Great Britain above 2000 children a day—796,190 in the year; but death struck down above 1300 a day—503,003 in the year; thus reducing the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

## Record of the Times.

A girl of 15 in Monson, Mass., has a husband 57 years of age.

Miss Dix estimates the proper subjects for lunatic asylums as 1 in 490.

The annual loss by the abrasion of coin is estimated to be 750,000 dollars.

The free use of ripe fruits not only prevents disease, but sometimes cures it.

Cincinnati has 165,000 inhabitants; St. Louis 145,000; Pittsburg 130,000 and Chicago 120,000.

Memphis, Tennessee, is probably growing more rapidly than any other western city.

It is estimated that 24,000,000 gallons of burning fluid and 6,000,000 gallons camphene are annually consumed in the United States.

Out of one family in Walworth county, Wis., within a few years, four of the brothers and two of the sisters have committed suicide.

The fish in Winnebago Lake are dying in great numbers. The shores in the vicinity of Neenah and Menasha are covered with them.

Two girls, cousins, aged 15 and 16, hung themselves in Jackson county, Iowa, recently, on account of loving the same man.

The graduates of our New England colleges are gaining a wide reputation for their excellent orations.

Of all the substances known, silver is the best conductor of electricity, and the diamond is the best insulated. Silver is also the best conductor of heat.

The famous "Dighton Rock," known far and wide for its mysterious inscriptions, has recently been sold to the Royal Society of North Antiquaries at Copenhagen in Denmark.

A bee tree has been found eight miles from Henderson, Texas, containing twelve feet of sealed honey-comb, weighing (after all the adjacent families had eaten thereof to their satisfaction) two hundred and sixty-seven pounds.

Such perfection has been reached in the manufacture of type that single machines will turn out from forty to sixty thousand per day, by the mere turning of a crank. The perfection of these machines is such that it is a matter of choice to run them either by hand or by steam power.

One of the oil wells at Titusville, Pa., has been discharging itself at the rate of a barrel an hour; but last week the proprietors sunk it deeper, in order to make a "pocket" for the accumulation of sand, when they struck another tremendous vein, which is now discharging at the rate of *two hundred barrels a day*. The cry is now for barrels, tubs, or anything else to put it in.

The four leading Western cities are now nearly about the same size, although ten years ago there was an extraordinary disparity between them. They now show about the following figures, as we learn from the Chicago Press and Tribune, and Pittsburg Dispatch: Cincinnati, 165,000; Pittsburg, 130,000; St. Louis, 145,000; Chicago, 120,000. These statements are not official or exact, and the estimates vary for each, but the cities all occupy about the same rank.

The State of Georgia boasts of an area of fifty-eight thousand square miles.

In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, in old age prudent.

Two handsome schooners have been recently built in Cleveland for parties in Boston.

The cost of constructing telegraph lines in this country is about \$62 a mile.

The web of the common spider is said to be an infallible remedy in certain fevers.

In some of the best academies of New York, military drill is used for gymnastics.

The total amount of guns now in store at the U. S. Arsenal, Springfield, is 160,000.

A steam shoe shop at Raynham Centre turns out four hundred pair of shoes a day.

The total length of the sewers in Philadelphia is estimated at 300 miles.

During the last year 659 agricultural articles were patented in this country.

Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati is worth three millions five hundred thousand dollars.

The income of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, is \$38,000; expenditures, \$33,000.

The longest duration of a total eclipse of the sun is twelve minutes under the equator.

A valuable silver mine has been discovered about forty-five miles from Mound Lake in Carson Valley.

Of 1000 graduates of Middlebury College, Vermont, about one-half of those who have lived to a sufficient age have entered the ministry, and of these, thirty have been missionaries.

The number of Christians massacred in Syria, is said to reach from 7500 to 8000. One hundred and fifty-one villages have been destroyed, and sickening details of the barbarities inflicted on all ages and sexes are given.

The manufacture of heavy iron beams for buildings and other purposes, has been confined almost exclusively to this country, the iron men of Europe not being able to produce them. Large numbers are made at Philadelphia.

Danbury, the great hat-making town in Connecticut, has nearly half a million dollars invested in the hatting business. The sales of hats there made amount to a million and a half of dollars, or about a dollar apiece for all the hats made. Thirteen hundred persons are employed in the work, chiefly men and boys.

Zinc nails are now extensively employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in place of wood or iron. It is said that zinc nails are also substituted for sewing in ladies' slippers. An iron last is employed, and the nails on being driven in, strike the last, and become headed or rivetted on the inside, thus forming a very secure fastening.

The Emperor of the French has authorized the formation of a national rifle association, like that in England. The person under whose direction it will be placed, is Jules Gerard, the famous lion-killer. It is expected that the National Guards, and such of the public as may join the association, will soon become under this training, expert sharpshooters.



## Merry-Making.

If a young lady has a *pain* in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a *sash*?

What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A *soar* throat.

We find self-made men very often, but self-unnamed ones a great deal oftener.

In China the natives call an Englishman "I say." A Yankee would be called "I guess."

Why is a ripe field of grain like a cross baby? Because both want the cradle.

How should Love come to the door? Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

Why should custom-house inspectors be patient waiters? Because they are *tied* waiters.

Who eat more—the black or the white people? The white; because there are more of them.

Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say—"Sweet are the uses of advertisements."

Among the curiosities in a late Dublin paper, are "Lines on the death of an unborn infant."

A hermit prefers always to be "left a loan," but as for us, we would rather be "left a fortune."

Why is a shop-boy who robs his master like a farmer? Because he is acquainted with *tillage*.

A great curiosity is the derrick with which the "enthusiasm of the meeting was raised to the highest pitch."

Why was Petrarch more barbarously treated by his mistress than any bard before or since his time? Because he was the poet *Laura-ate*.

We fear that some great men now lie in Westminster Abbey, who, in their lives, lied in Westminster Hall.

The transit across the English Channel is supposed to be the *sick transit* alluded to in the well-known Latin quotation.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt that!"

A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for "mechanical purposes." "For what mechanical purposes?" inquired the agent. "For raising a barn," was the reply.

A dilapidated wit observed on the morning after a debauch: "Had Leander practised swimming with half the perseverance of my head, he'd never have drowned!"

A Scotchman visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

A new mode of dispersing mobs has lately been discovered "Down East," and it is said to act "like a charm." The mode is to pass round a contribution box!

A married man, reading in the Press the other day, that there was a prospect of the plague visiting America, said, "Confound the plague! I've been living with one for ten years, and am quite used to it."

How many sleeves has a coat of arms?

Why is a fool like a needle? He has an eye, but no head.

It is proposed to bring Ireland over, as we have nearly all its population.

Unless offence is noble, why did Shakspeare say "th' offence is rank?"

Why are crows the most sensible of birds? Because they never complain without *caws*.

In southern California they bet a thousand head of cattle at once on a horae race.

Dogs are valuable to tanners on account of the immense quantity of bark they yield.

Why is John Smith like a badly-cooked buckwheat cake? Because he isn't Brown.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

What would this world be without women? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even *ruled*!

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because, losing his leg he loses something "to boot."

Why are dentists naturally of a sad disposition? Because they are always looking down in the mouth!

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many words; but the story of love may be told in a few *etters*!

"Look at Plymouth Rock," said an eloquent stump orator in Mississippi, "down there in *old Virginia*, and weep!"

Wife (complainingly)—I haven't more than a third of the bed. Husband (triumphantly)—That's all the law allows you.

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

Why is a certain editor of Louisville supposed not to have a thorough knowledge of his business? Because he's a *prentice*.

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

There are two languages that are universal—the one of love and the other of money. The girls understand one, and the men the other, all the world over.

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### A BRILLIANT PAPER!

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

## THE WELCOME GUEST.

The most charming miscellaneous weekly journal yet offered to the public. Original in design and contents, and issued in the most choice and elegant style of modern printing.

### OF THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

It contains the amount of a whole volume of delightful reading matter, and each number complete in itself—containing tales, sketches, biographies, gossip, news, wit, humor and poetic gems.

THE DOLLAR MONTHLY and THE WELCOME GUEST are sent together for \$2.50 a year.

M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,  
BOSTON.

# The Boating Experience of Tom Muggs.

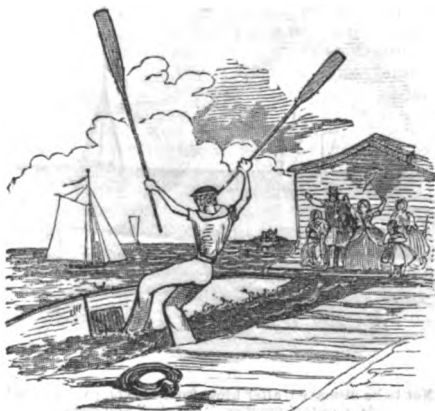
DESIGNED BY CHAMPNEY—ENGRAVED BY NICHOLS.



Young Muggs has concluded to row. Is so pleased with boating costume, he has a photograph taken in Messrs. Kilsby, Saxe & Co.'s highest style;



With which the home circle are delighted, and determine to witness his debut.



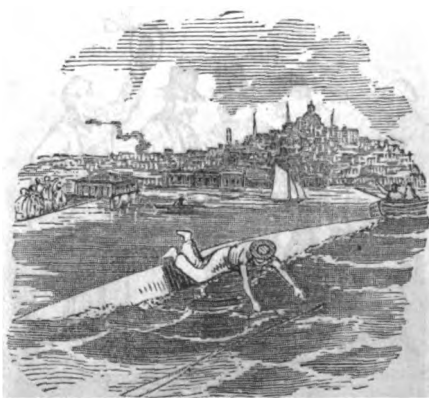
Owing to extreme lightness of shell, meets with a slight mishap.



But a friendly boatman helps him off.



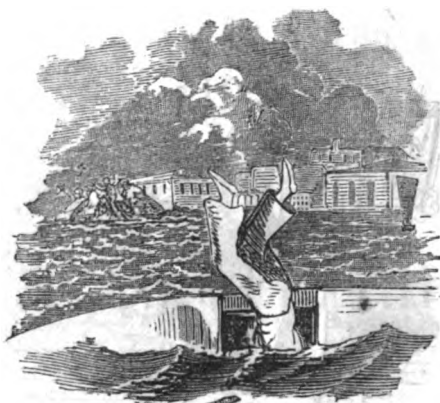
Tom's friends think him suddenly taken with a fit—cries of "police."



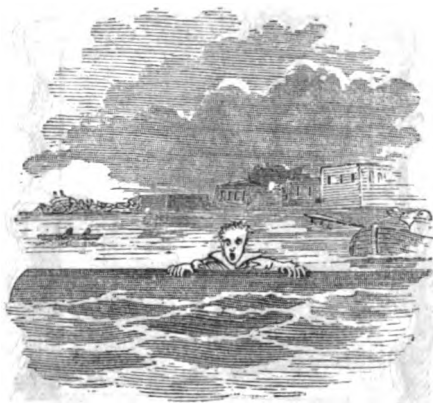
He quickly recovers, and endeavors to recover an oar—

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



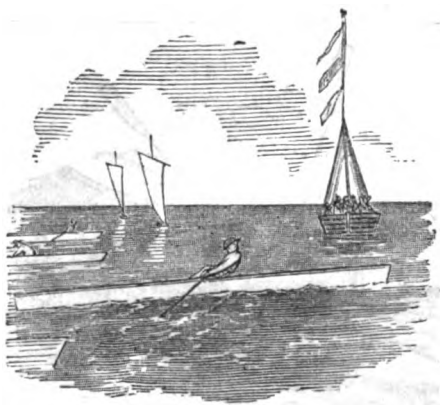
By which he goes o'er,



And compelled to remain in this unpleasant position



Until rescued and returned to his frantic family.



Not to be dismayed, after hints from his companions, and six months' practice, "goes in" and wins,



And receives the first reward.



Feeling dissatisfied with picture No. 1, the same artists "do" No. 2, whose astonishment and admiration are only equalled by his own. Vive la muscle!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.—No. 5.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1860.

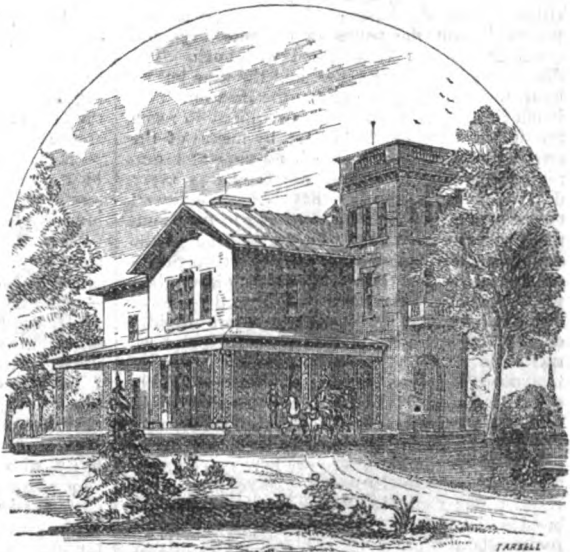
WHOLE No. 71.

## SKETCHES IN RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

WE have devoted, from time to time, a considerable portion of our Magazine to illustrated sketches of American towns and cities, and the favor with which these have been received has induced us to continue the series in the present number. We shall first turn our attention to Rahway, N. J. It is situated upon the Rahway River, about four miles from Staten Island Sound, and is about twenty miles from New York, by the New Jersey Railroad. The first house was erected about the year 1720, and the place was settled principally by persons from Elizabethtown. There appears to be some confusion regarding the origin of the name given to the village. On an old map published previous to the Revolution, we find it laid down as "Spanktown;" while others say that the name Rahway was derived from an Indian chief, who resided on the site occupied by the village, and whose name was Rahwack. A branch of the river divides the town into Upper and Lower Rahway; and the county line, running along that branch, places the upper portion in the new county of Union (formerly part of Essex), and the lower portion in Middlesex. Lower Rahway was settled principally by Friends, or Quakers, and was at one time called Bridgetown. We had heard that "Spanktown" was the cognomen given to the lower town, from the fact that a drunken cobbler, who quarrelled with his wife, had used a shingle as a means of corporeal punishment. To our surprise, however, in turning over the pages of Irving's "Washington," we found the map alluded to, on which the whole town is designated by that title, and the name Rahway ignored. The population of the whole town, including the suburbs of Milton, Leesville, etc., which are "part and parcel" of the whole, is somewhere about 10,000. The site of Rahway ranges from northeast to southeast, with the river running west to east, and the railroad, which runs north and south,

crosses the river, and entering Lower Rahway, leaves the upper town somewhat to the west of its track. Thus the depot is located in the lower town; and as the post-office, banks, etc., are all located here, the greater portion of the retail trade of the place concentrates in this vicinity. This gives rise to a jealousy of feeling between the two portions, which it is to be hoped the next legislature will effectually destroy by incorporating the whole into a city.

Of late years, Rahway has taken a start, which promises to place her side by side with her more populous sisters, Newark, Elizabeth and New Brunswick. The mill-dams, of which there were four in the precincts of the town, and which was supposed to be the prolific source of fever and ague, have been taken down at an expense to the tax-payers of nearly \$35,000. A company has been incorporated for the introduction of gas into the streets and dwellings, and other improvements



RESIDENCE OF J. R. SHOTWELL, ESQ., RAHWAY.





FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, RAHWAY, N. J.

made and proposed, which will go far towards attracting the better class of the business men of New York to make their homes within her borders. Already there are large numbers of her citizens who do business in the "great emporium," and the trains in the mornings and evenings go and come filled with such. The distance is but twenty miles, and the time but an hour, including ferriage across the Hudson. This is but little more than what is required to reach the upper part of the island by means of the crowded and uncomfortable horse-cars and omnibuses; and business men are becoming every day more alive to the fact that they can enjoy all the pleasures and comforts of living in the country, free from the turmoil, dust and mud of the city, at the same time that they reach their places of business by the time they have finished their morning paper. So rapid has been the growth of the empire city, that warehouses are rapidly encroaching upon the private residences, and the merchant who builds his store upon the site of his house, is driven to find a home in the suburban towns and villages. Newark, Elizabeth, and a hundred others which we could name, have felt the influence of this exodus, and Rahway is receiving her share. There are here two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Episcopal, one Baptist, one Catholic, and one colored church, besides Friends' meeting-houses, and an Unitarian society about organizing. Of public and private

schools there are quite a number. The "Rahway Library Association and Free Reading-Room" is an institution recently started by some of the enterprising citizens of the place.

Rahway is supported chiefly by its manufactures, the principal of which is carriage-making in all its branches. Vast numbers of carriages of every conceivable style and pattern are made here for the Southern market. A large amount of ready-made clothing also goes South from this place. There are foundries, potteries, saw and grist mills, machine shops, a factory for fulling cloth and making satinetts, etc., all of which are doing a good business, and afford employment to large numbers of the inhabitants. Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in the immediate neighborhood of Rahway, and lies buried in the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church. A tall but plain shaft

marks the spot where rest his mortal remains. An artist correspondent of ours, writing from Rahway, in 1857, says:—"There is a ghost in every house, they say, and Rahway is not without its dark spot and blemish. I would that I could pass over the subject without mention; but feel compelled to call the attention of her citizens to the fact, that that which should prove her brightest honor, is made her lasting disgrace, for the lack of public spirit. I allude to the circumstance that one of America's noblest painters lies sepulchred in our midst, with no stone to mark his resting-place. It may be that I am oversensitive, professionally. It may be so; but I must confess that, when I was shown an humble mound in St. Paul's cemetery, without even a stake to designate it as the grave of some of the brightest hopes and the tomb of a lofty ambition—when I was told that beneath lay the remains of Henry Inman, I confess that the blood of indignation suffused my face, and words of evil import passed my lips. Not for his sake would I have the lofty marble erected. No, no; the towering shaft could add nothing to his fame—that is already world-wide, and lasting as time. But for our own honor, and for the sake of posterity, who will seek with anxious eyes for the spot where his form is enshrined, would I have it designated by an imposing monument. It will be the sorrow of a future age, and the disgrace of the present, that we knew not how to appreciate

genius such as his. The warrior, who slays his thousands, and is the cause of misery to countless myriads of the human race, is entombed beneath the magnificent architectural pile; while he, whose mission 'twas to soften the heart and enlighten the minds of his fellow-men by brilliant conceptions of the beautiful, and who faithfully performed that mission, lies buried like a dog. Alas, that it is so! I trust that our citizens may wash out this stain by a fitting monument to the memory of Henry Inman. Let them show to posterity that they knew how to appreciate him." We know not whether the wish of our artist friend has been gratified by the erection of a monument.

The subjects of the first and last engravings in this series are the residences of A. C. Watson and of J. R. Shotwell, Esquires, pretty specimens of the domestic architecture of the town of which we are treating. The residence of A. C. Watson, Esq., stands upon Milton Avenue, facing Fourth Street, and is encompassed by every variety of fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery. Mr. Shotwell's residence, on the left; has been recently finished at an immense expense, and is probably one of the most complete and thoroughly finished residences in the State of New Jersey. His grounds have not yet assumed the beautiful appearance which time alone can give them, although he has devoted large sums in transplanting full grown deciduous trees for the benefit of shade and ornament. The building is of brick, stuccoed. The view of the First Presbyterian Church will be recognized at once by every citizen as well as by the casual visitor. Its spire is a landmark for miles around, and is the first,

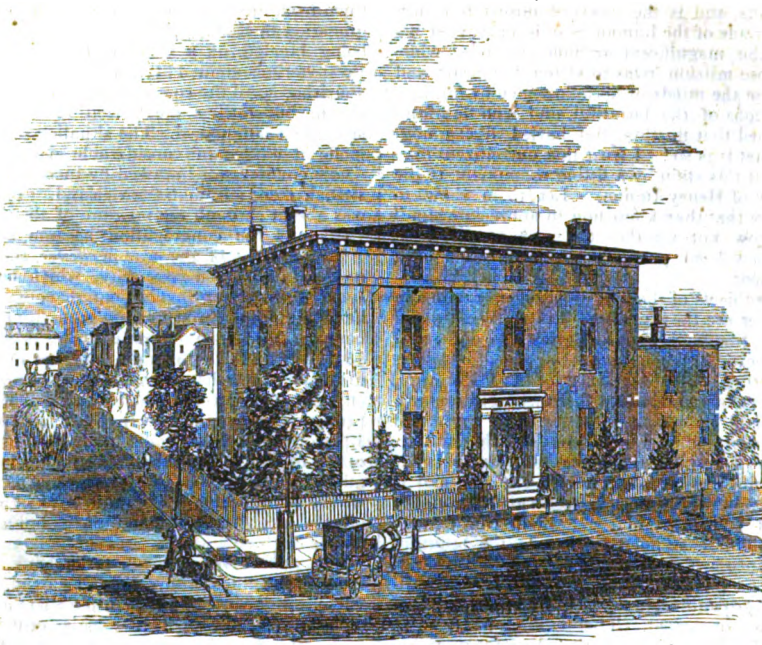
most prominent object seen in approaching the town from any direction. This is the oldest congregation in Rahway, the first place of worship being erected by a union of Episcopalians and Presbyterians about 1742. The church grew and flourished until the commencement of the Revolution, but during the period of that severe struggle it languished. The situation of Rahway made it a post of considerable danger, as the whole country was harassed by incursions of the British troops from Staten Island. The pastor was absent through the pressure of the times for years, and the congregation became scattered. After the close of the war, however, the church resumed its wonted prosperity, which has never since departed. Several entire congregations have withdrawn from it, and yet in point of numbers it is full. The present edifice was erected in 1831, and such has been the increase in the congregation since that period, that it is proposed to enlarge it to accommodate the growth. Its present pastor is Rev. S. S. Shedden. The Episcopal Church (St. Paul's), is shown in another of our engravings. The rear view was taken for the purpose of showing the parsonage, which is opposite. The edifice is of comparatively recent erection, and the congregation a flourishing one.

We have given a view of the bank, it being among the "institutions" of Rahway, without which the town would be completely at a loss. A charter was granted by the legislature in 1828, for a capital of \$100,000, and the institution was re-chartered in 1845, with a capital increased to \$200,000. The neat and substantial building shown in the engraving serves the double purpose



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.





FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

of a residence for the cashier and an office for banking purposes. Rahway is both a busy and a delightful place. Many of its private residences are beautiful, and the grounds about them laid out with exquisite taste. The Main street is a broad and commodious avenue, with well-built stores and houses on each side, and gives the stranger a very favorable impression of the character of the place.

#### LIVES OF RELIGIOUS REFORMERS.

No great man's biography requires so much aid from the graduated perspective and mellow shading which a distant stand-point affords the biographer, as that of a great religious reformer. None in his lifetime takes wider or stronger hold than he on the tempestuous passions of his time; none is more ardently glorified by his disciples, or more unscrupulously besmirched by his opponents; and it is not until somewhat of the harshness and exaggeration of the tumultuous elements in which he wrought as a living man has been blended and smoothed out by the creeping tide of centuries, that we can credit him with anything like his true balance of good and evil, or draw anything like a faithful outline of his moral and intellectual characteristics from the garbled portraiture handed down to us by contemporary friends or foes.—*Athenaeum*.

The ambition which aims too moderately, is quite as liable to defeat as that which aims too low. The eagle finds the sheep a better mark than he would the moth.—*Simms*.

#### THE HONEYMOON.

The origin of this word is so little known, and yet so highly and generally interesting, that we are constrained to give an account of it. It is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutons was a favorite drink called *metheglin*. It was made of honey, and much like the present mead of the same name in European countries. The same beverage was in use among the Saxons, as well as another, *morat*, which was also made of honey, but flavored with mulberries. The honeyed drinks were used in great abundance at festivals. Among the nobility the marriage was celebrated a whole lunar month, which was called a moon, during which the festival board was well supplied with the honey drink. Hence this month of festival was called the *honah moon*, or honeymoon, which means a festival. The famous Alaric is said to have died on his wedding-night, from the effects of too much indulgence in *metheglin*.—*New York Day Book*.

#### A BUSY MAN.

The late Dr. Alexander, while pastor of a church in Charlotte county, Va., tells us the following was then his daily routine: Rise at 4, shower-bath, dress, shave, a walk or exercise in the garden, family prayers at six, breakfast quarter before 7, read Scriptures, a lesson in Hebrew, Greek Testament in course with commentaries, Old Testament with commentaries, cursory reading of Greek Testament, English Bible, preparation for sermons, theology, German; I have luncheon at 11, dinner at half-past 2; after dinner I expatiate, read everything, ride, walk, lie on the grass, etc.

### DISCOVERY OF PHOSPHORUS.

It is now nearly two centuries since Brandt, the Hamburgh alchemist, in his search for gold, accidentally discovered the elementary body phosphorus, named from its property of being luminous in the dark, from two Greek words—*phos*, light, and *phero*, I bear. Within two years of this discovery, or, in 1670, one Kraft brought a small piece of phosphorus to London, and showed it to Charles II. and his queen, the year after peace was concluded with Holland. The Hon. Robert Boyle afterwards discovered the process, which he described in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1680, and in a small work which he published in the same year, entitled "The Aerial Noctiluca." Mr. Boyle instructed Mr. Godfrey Hankwitz, of London, how to procure phosphorus from urine, so that he was the first who made it for sale in England; and he is said to have supplied all Europe with it for many years. It continued long to be an expensive chemical; for in 1731, we find by the books of the Royal Society that for Dr. Probenias's experiments on the transmutation of phosphorus, exhibited before the Prince of Wales, the phosphorus used on the occasion, amounting to six ounces, cost ten guineas!—*Timbs's "Curiosities of Science."*

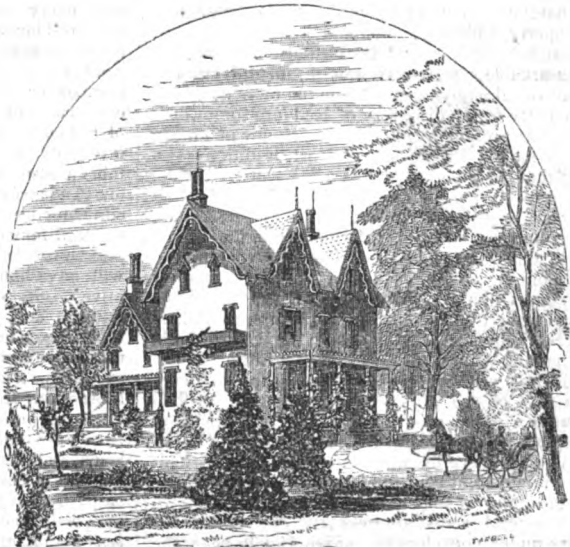
### VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.

The Victoria Bridge is one of the wonders of the world. It crosses the river from Point St. Charles to the south shore—a distance of two miles, less 150 feet. It is built on the tubular principle, and, while the railway trains pass through the tube, there is a balcony outside, with a footpath for passengers. The bridge consists of twenty-three spans of 242 feet each, and one in the centre of the river of 330 feet. The spans are approached on each side of the river by a causeway, each terminating in an abutment of solid masonry, 240 feet long, and 90 wide. The causeway from the north bank is 1400 feet long, that from the south bank is 700 feet. The tube is iron, 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide; at the extreme ends, 19 feet high, 16 feet wide. The contents of the masonry are three million cubic feet. This is necessary, as it is calculated that each buttress will have to bear the pressure of 70,000 tons of ice, when the winter breaks up, and large ice-fields come sweeping down the St. Lawrence, which have destroyed former bridges. The Grand Trunk Railway system now consists of a continuous line of nearly 1200 miles, between Chicago, the emporium of the West, and the Atlantic seaboard at Quebec and Portland.—*Boston Post.*

The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.

### A DEAD SHOT.

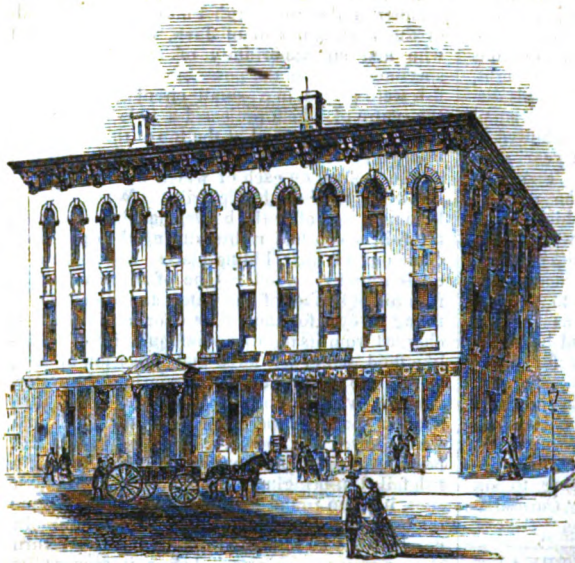
An interesting account is given in the eleventh number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, of the Jaculator fish of Java, by a gentleman who had an opportunity of examining some specimens of it in the possession of a chief. The fish were placed in a small circular pond, from the centre of which projected a pole upwards of two feet in height and at the top of this pole were inserted several small pieces of wood, sharpened at the points, on each of which were transfixed some insects of the beetle tribe. When all had become quiet after the beetles had been secured, the fish, which had retired during the operation, came out of their hiding-places, and began to circle round the pond. One of them at length rose to the surface of the water, and after steadily fixing its eyes for some time upon an insect, discharged from its mouth a small quantity of water-like fluid, with such force and precision of aim, as to drive the beetle off the twig into the water, where it was instantly swallowed. After this, another came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the rest, till all the insects had been devoured. The writer observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam round the pond until it again came opposite the same object, and fired again. In one instance he remarked one of the fish return three times to the attack before it secured its prey; but in general they seemed to be very expert shot, bringing down the game at the very first discharge. The jaculator, in a state of nature, frequents the banks of rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of four or five feet off them, and then, with surprising dexterity, ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of fluid, which rarely fails to strike the fly into the water, where it is immediately swallowed.—*Cuthbertson Fish and Fishing.*



RESIDENCE OF A. C. WATSON, ESQ., RAHWAY, N. J.



## SKETCHES IN DUBUQUE, IOWA.



POST-OFFICE AND ODD FELLOWS' HALL, DUBUQUE.

The city of Dubuque has become a place of so much importance within a few years, and its advantages, both natural and artificial, for becoming one of the principal cities of the United States are so great, that all our readers will probably be pleased with the series of faithful representations of some of its prominent features presented on the three pages now open before them. From the small mining hamlet of 1830, Dubuque has risen to be a city of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, owning upwards of \$10,000,000 of property, with fine public and private buildings, churches, schools, and institutions, indicating a remarkable progressive wealth, mental culture, and social enjoyment. Dubuque owes its origin as a city to the discovery of lead ore somewhere near its present locality by the squaw of an Indian named Peosta—so at least, tradition says. At that early period (1788) a few scattered white men dwelt upon the banks of the Mississippi, at intervals of several hundred miles apart. Among the first who received information of the discovery, and who availed himself of it, by commencing mining operations, was a Frenchman named Julien Dubuque. Dubuque derived his privilege from the Indians, over whom he obtained great influence, and by whom he was elected a chieftain, with the designation of "Little Night." In thirty years or so, subsequent to the discovery of lead on the Mississippi, the prestige of Dubuque's name was not lost, and the American settlers who arrived at the mines in 1830, designated the place by common consent, and without much apparent concert of action, as the Dubuque mines, and by this name the place was known for several years afterwards. The flourishing city under consideration appropriately bears the name of the most distinguished white settler. The view of the Odd Fellows' Hall, the first

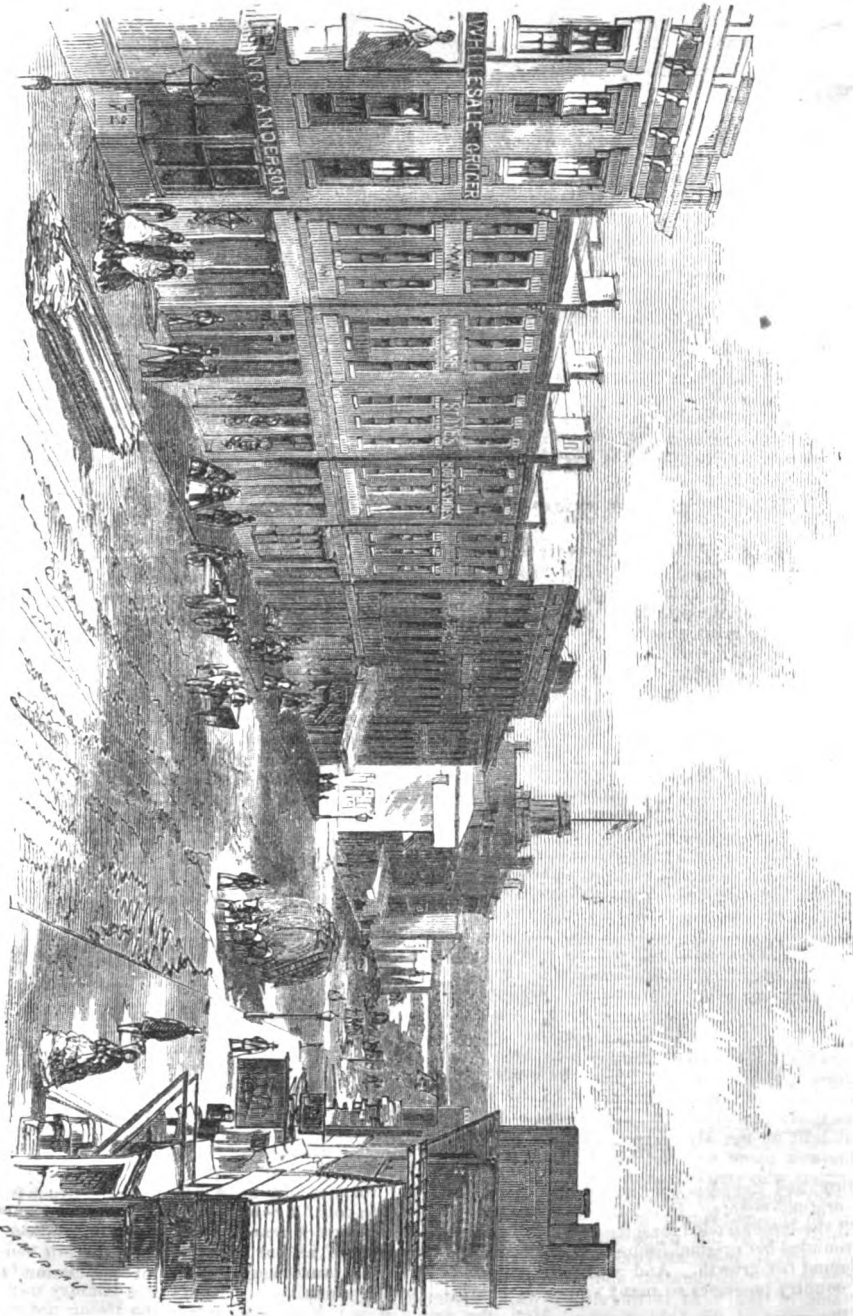
picture in our series, was drawn for us from a very beautiful daguerreotype, taken by Messrs. Frank Pickershell & Brother, superior artists and residents of Dubuque. The corner stone of this handsome hall was laid by the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., in the month of October, 1855. The Odd Fellows' Hall Association was organized April, 1856, with a capital of \$100,000. The new hall is 110 feet in length, 96 feet in width, and three stories high above the basement. The lower story is occupied by four very handsome and commodious stores and by the post-office. The second story of the eastern half of the block is devoted to offices of various kinds, all the rooms being capacious and airy. Above these business rooms are the Odd Fellows' Hall, and Masonic Lodge Room, both of which are 30 by 50 feet, and 18 feet in height, in every way well adapted for the purposes to which they are devoted. The second story of the western half of the block has been fitted up in a magnificent style for theatrical

purposes, known as the People's Theatre. The stage is 64 feet wide and 40 deep, and the entire length of the theatre, 96 feet by 64, and 35 in height, with two tiers of boxes. The auditorium is fitted up with all the modern improvements. The two views of Main Street will give our readers a correct idea of the architecture as well as of the character and business movement of Dubuque. Our artist has faithfully copied the minutiae of the locality, showing the signs of the stores, and every particular of graphic detail. In the "up town" view, the building in the distance, surmounted by a flag, is a new hotel, which has been fitted up in the completest and costliest manner, rivalling similar establishments in the older cities of the east. The northern portion of the city, including the suburbs, has been rapidly built upon for several years past, and contains a large number of very desirable situations for residences. No stranger, visiting Dubuque either for pleasure or business, should fail to visit the lead mines. The mines are supposed to be inexhaustible, and when speculation in real estate will have come down to the ordinary remunerative profits yielded by other branches of industry, the lead mines will be resorted to as an unfailing source of profit. Dubuque needs but capital properly invested in industrial pursuits to make her a great city. Her situation on the Mississippi River, navigable for large steamboats during at least seven months of the year, gives her commercial access to St. Louis and New Orleans, and furnishes her merchants with a great channel of trade to supply the river counties of Northern Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota with the products of the South and her own and eastern manufactures. Her position as a railroad city will give her control of a country trade possessed by no other city in the Union, not even by

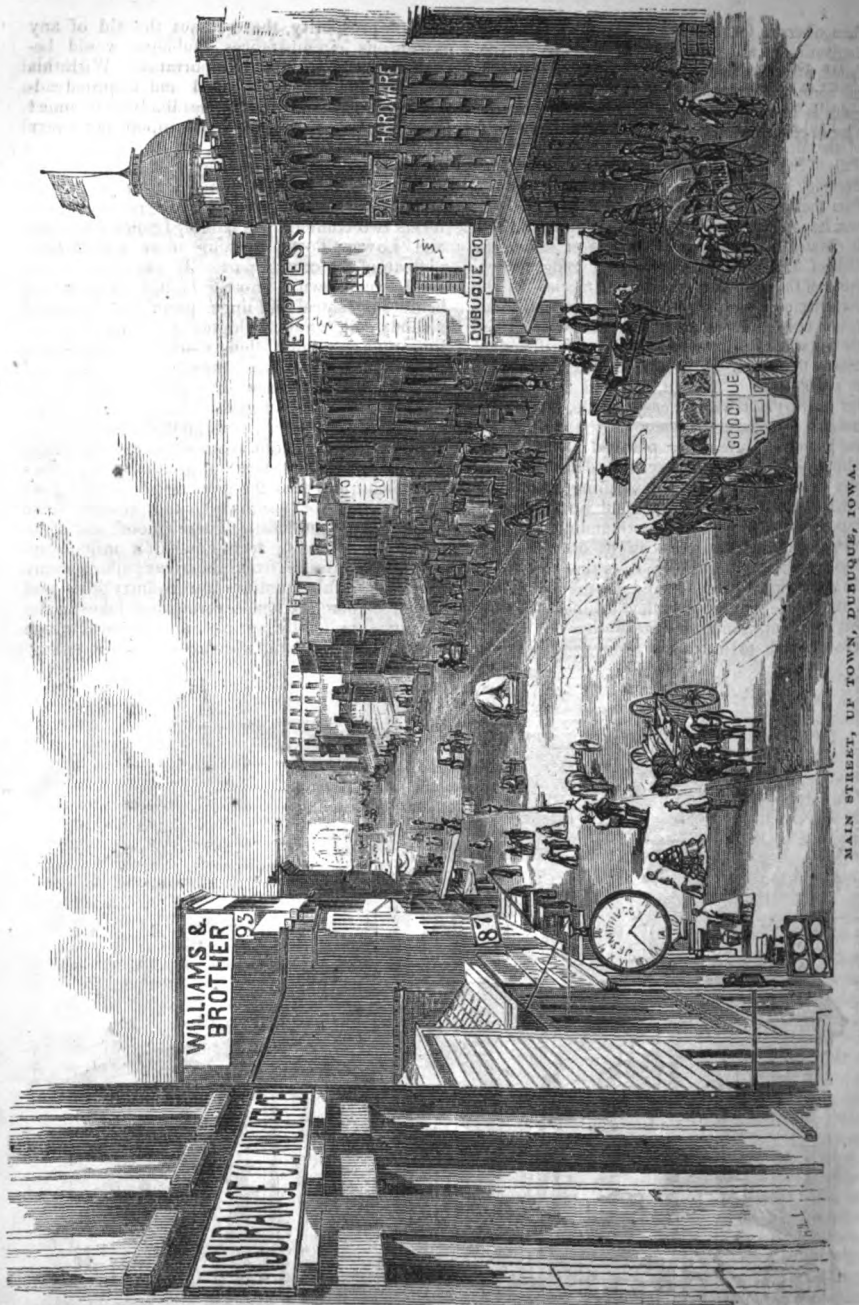
Chicago herself, for there is no such back country contributing to the prosperity of any city in the United States as that which extends westward and northward from Dubuque. Her mineral wealth is inestimably valuable, and this alone is to her so reliable a source of profit, so certain a

basis of prosperity, that without the aid of any extraneous circumstances Dubuque would become a city of no mean importance. With this resource, added to her natural and acquired advantages, what is Dubuque not likely to become! Progress has made its mark upon her every

MAIN STREET, DOWN TOWN, DUBUQUE, IOWA.







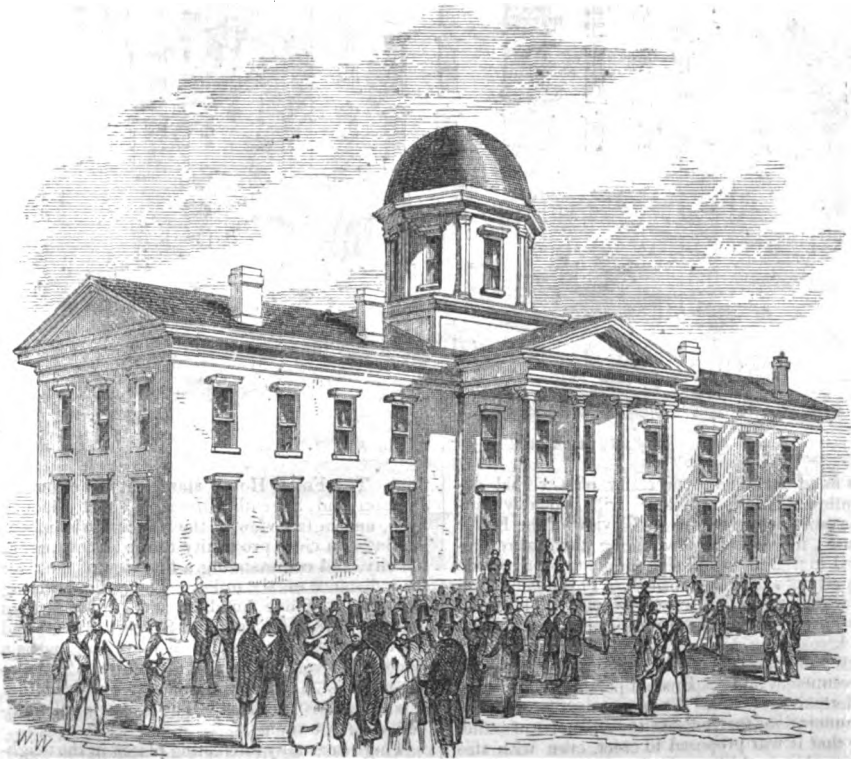
feature, and time has only added new charms to her original beauty. From the small hamlet of 1833 she has extended for miles; the bluffs which surrounded her original limits have not been able to bound her growth. And while the surrounding country possesses so many scenes of charm-

ing variety, and there are so many avenues of wealth opening for the enterprising, this city cannot but be a nucleus of power and influence. And so of all our western cities, the late census showing vast aggregations of population and social power.

SKETCHES IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

We present herewith a series of fine views drawn expressly for us, illustrating the flourishing city of St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota. St. Paul is pleasantly situated on the east bank of the Mississippi River, eight miles from the Falls of St. Anthony, and five miles from Fort Snelling; about two thousand and seventy miles from the mouth of the Mississippi River, and near its confluence with the Minnesota River, and is elevated about eight hundred feet above the Gulf of Mexico. It is near the geographical centre of the continent of North America, in the north temperate zone, and must eventually become a central nucleus for the business of one of the best watered, timbered, and most fertile countries on the globe. It is surrounded in the rear by a semi-circular plateau, elevated about forty feet above the town, of easy grade, and commanding a magnificent view of the river above and below. Nature never planned a spot better adapted to build up a showy and delightful display of architecture and gardening, than that natural terrace of hills. St. Paul occupies perhaps the most eligible and commanding, and also one of the most beautiful locations on the Upper Mississippi. Commercially, it is the key to all the vast region north of it, and, by the Minnesota River, to the immense valley drained through that important tributary to the Father of Waters. The approach to it by the river from below is

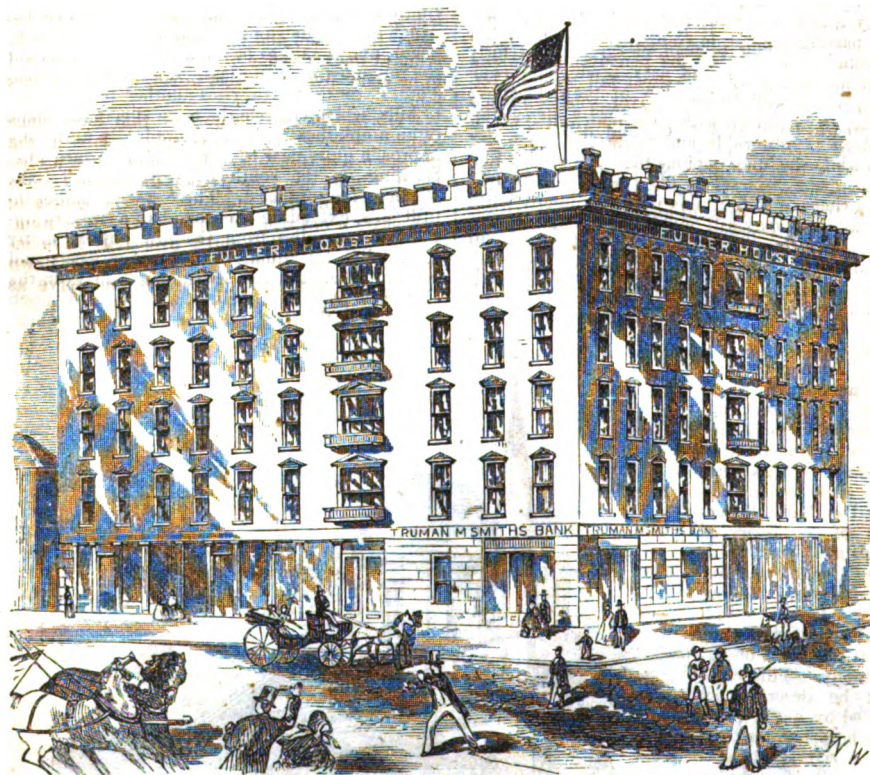
grand and imposing. The town site is high and conspicuous, being elevated from seventy to eighty feet above the water at common stages. The central part embraces an extensive level plateau, terminating along the Mississippi, in a precipitous bluff. This bluff, after running for some distance, recedes from the river on the east and west, and by assuming a gradual ascent, forms two commodious landings called the Upper and Lower Town, meeting upon the elevated plateau of the central part. The site upon which the Lower Town is mostly built, is several feet below the central and upper parts, and has quite a sandy soil, while the higher portions are on a limestone formation, lying above the sandstone. Much of the sandstone is nearly as white as loaf sugar, and is said to be of a superior quality for the manufacturing of glass. In the rear of St. Paul, or on the north, rises another bluff or line of hills, which encircle the town site, in the shape of an amphitheatre, bending gradually until they approach quite near the river again toward Fort Snelling on the southwest, and toward Lake Pepin on the southeast. These smooth and beautiful hills, extending from one-half a mile to upward of two miles from the town, afford many most delightful situations for country-seats and farms. There are also several small lakes in the vicinity supplied by springs, and situated much higher than St. Paul, which can be made to sup-



CAPITOL, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ply a large city with excellent water. Every day makes it clearer, that St. Paul is destined to more importance as a city than the most sanguine have dared to anticipate. Not only has it already become, in the few years of its existence, the emporium of trade for all that vast area of trade above it, extending from the shore of Lake Superior to the headwaters of the Missouri—a trade yet limited, to be sure, but hourly increasing, and which must soon become incalculably great. As a specimen of the church architecture, we have presented a view of the First Presbyterian Church, a very handsome structure. Another fine specimen of the architecture of St. Paul is the Capitol, the details of which are given with such minute-

in a measure, a public benefactor, and to proceed forthwith to the work of erecting a hotel building which, in regard to expense, durability, imposing appearance, comfort, and all the conveniences which go to make complete the most fashionable of modern hotels, has scarcely its equal in the Valley of the Upper Mississippi. The Fuller House has been leased to Stephen Long, Esq., who, assisted by his brother, E. H. Long, both gentlemen of experience, make it in every respect a first class hotel, vieing with the most celebrated establishments of the great cities on the Atlantic. Every comfort and elegance are provided, and the traveller here finds a most luxurious home, a hospitable table, and the best atten-



FULLER HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ness as to obviate the necessity of a verbal description. Another picture will probably surprise our Eastern readers—the view of the Fuller House; for we fancy few among them were prepared to find an establishment of such magnitude in a city of such recent origin. This noble building was erected at a cost of \$100,000. This hotel was not erected on the usual principle of a joint stock company, but it was determined to raise a large bonus among the citizens, to be presented to competent and responsible persons who should undertake the work. There was no promise of remuneration, for years, in the character of building that it was proposed to erect, even with this bonus; but in Alpheus Fuller, Esq., the planners of the enterprise found a man willing to become,

tion. The Fuller House stands at the corner of Jackson and Seventh Streets, a short distance from, and in full view of the principal steamboat landings, in close proximity to the busiest part of the city, and commanding a fine view of the river for a distance of six miles. The main building has a front of one hundred and twenty-feet on Jackson Street, the same on Seventh Street, and is five stories in height. The main building is a quadrangle with an area in the centre. The dining-room is 70 feet by 40, and so arranged that it will seat 300 persons. The house in all, numbers over 200 rooms.

There are many interesting places in the neighborhood of St. Paul, one of the most attractive of which is the celebrated Falls of St. Anthony,

about eight miles distant. In the "Annals of the Minnesota Historical Society for 1856," we find the following interesting notice of these falls: "This fall was not named by a Jesuit, as Willard says in his History of the United States, but by a Franciscan of the Recollect order. He saw it while returning from Mille Lac, in the month of July, and named, after his patron saint, Anthony of Padua. In the last edition of his travels, the adventurous father says, 'navigation is interrupted by a fall which I called St. Anthony of Padua's, in gratitude for the favors done me by the Almighty through the intercession of that great saint, whom we had chosen patron and protector of all our enterprises. This fall is forty or fifty feet high, divided in the middle by a rocky island of pyramidal form.' As Hennepin was passing the fall, in company with a party of Dakota buffalo hunters, he perceived a Dakota up in an oak opposite the great fall weeping bitterly, with a well-dressed beaver robe, whitened inside, and trimmed with porcupine quills, which in itself is admirable and frightful. He heard him while shedding copious tears say, as he spoke to the great cataract: 'Thou who art a spirit, grant that our nation may pass her quietly without accident, may kill buffalo in abundance, conquer our enemies, and bring in slaves, some of whom we will put to death before thee; the Mes-senequz (to this day the Dakotas call the Fox Indians by this name) have killed our kindred, grant that we may avenge them.' The only other European, during the time of the French dominion, whose account of the falls is preserved, was Charleville. He told Du Pratz, the author of a history of Louisiana, that, with two Canadians and two Indians, in a birch canoe laden with goods, he proceeded as far as the Falls of St. Anthony. This cataract he describes as caused by a flat rock, which forms the bed of the river, and causing a fall of eight or ten feet. It was not far from a century after Hennepin saw the 'curling waters,' that it was gazed upon by a British subject. Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut, and captain of a provincial troop, was the Yankee who first looked on this valuable water-power, and began to make calculations for further settlement. His sketch of the falls was the first ever taken,

and was well engraved in London. He visited them in November, 1766, and his description of the surrounding scenery is very much the same as that given by modern writers: 'The country around is extremely beautiful. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but composed of many gentle ascents, which in the summer are covered with the finest verdure, and interspersed with little groves, that give a pleasing variety to the prospect. On the whole, when the falls are included, which may be seen at a distance of four miles, a more pleasing and picturesque view cannot, I believe, be found throughout the universe.' Carver, like Hennepin, speaks of a rocky island dividing the falls, and estimates its 'width about forty feet, and its length not much more, and about half way between this island and the eastern shore, is a rock, lying at the very edge of the fall, that appeared to be about five or six feet broad, and thirty feet long.'

"During the two generations that have since elapsed, some changes have taken place in the appearance of the falls. It is more than probable that in an age long passed, they were once in the vicinity of Fort Snelling. In the course of two years it has receded many feet. The number of pine logs that pitch over falls have increased the recession. As the logs float down they are driven into the fissures, and serve as



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.



levers, other logs and the water communicating the power, to wrench the limestone slabs from their localities. In time the falls will recede until they become nothing more than rapids. There are two islands of great beauty in the rapids above the falls. The first juts out some feet beyond the falls, and contains about fifteen acres. It is now generally known as Hennepin Island, in accordance with the following suggestion, in an address before the Historical Society of Minnesota, January 1st, 1850: 'As a town in the State of Illinois has already taken the name of Hennepin, which would have been so appropriate for the beautiful village of Saint Anthony, we take leave of the discoverer of these picturesque falls, which will always render that town attractive to the eye of the poet and capitalist, by suggesting that the island which divides the laughing water be called Hennepin.' A few yards above Hennepin is Nicollet Island, named after a distinguished man of science, who has done as much as any man in developing the resources of Minnesota. It contains about forty acres, and is one of the most delightful spots for a summer residence. About the middle of the island, 'a small bluff rises some ten or fifteen feet high,' with a slope rounded as if by the hand of art, which seems waiting for a handsome mansion. The little island once within, but now just below the falls, is called the Spirit Island. The Dakota legend saith, that in the mist of the morning, the spirit of an Indian wife, with a child clinging around her neck, is seen darting in a canoe through the spray, and that the sound of her death-song is heard moaning in the winds, and in the war of the waters."

There are two settlements here, one on the east side, named after the great cataract, and the other, Minneapolis, a thriving place, the seat of justice for the county of Hennepin, and the location of a United States land-office. Six miles from Minneapolis are the Falls of Ha-Ha, of which the authority just quoted says: "These, within a few months, have obtained a world-wide reputation, from the fact that 'a certain one of our own poets' has given the name of Minne-ha-ha to the wife of Hiawatha. Longfellow, in his vocabulary, says: 'Minne-ha-ha — Laughing water; a waterfall or a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.' All waterfalls in the Dakota tongue are called Ha-ha, *never* Minne-ha-ha. The 'h' has a strong guttural sound, and the word is applied because of the *curling* of the waters. The verb I-ha-ha primarily means to curl; secondarily to laugh, because of the curling motion of the mouth in laughter. The noise of Ha-ha is called by the Dakotas I-ha-ha, because of its resemblance to laughter."

Altogether the city of St. Paul is a most interesting place. In beauty of location it is scarcely surpassed, in attractiveness of surroundings it yields to none. The rapidity with which the elements of prosperity have been here developed is a guaranty of its future growth and greatness. Here are found all the comforts and luxuries of life—the interests of humanity, religion, education, are here fostered; here the press labors in its great mission, and the people, animated by a high spirit, press on to the realization of a splendid future for their beautiful city. Its prosperity and enlarged influence is a matter of certainty.



CITY HALL, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

## DANISH COSTUMES.

The pictures we now publish represent some of the striking costumes of the peasants of Denmark. National costumes are always interesting, and it is much to be regretted that one consequence of the regular and rapid intercommunication between states and cities in modern times is to banish distinctive national costumes, and clothe all mankind in whatever garb the tailors and milliners of France see fit to sanc-

tion. We regret that the graceful garb of the Scottish Highlanders only survives in some of the regiments of the British army, while we are exceedingly obliged to King Otho of Greece for rendering the Albanian dress, that Lord Byron was so proud of, fashionable. Our illustrations of Danish costumes are from reliable authorities. Two of the figures wear peasants' dresses from Laso, an island situated in the Kattegat.



SUNDAY DRESS, FINIR.





EVERYDAY DRESS, LÄSO.

One is a Sunday dress, consisting of a cambric handkerchief as head-gear; a black velvet bodice, under which is a small waistcoat laced with a silver chain; the four large buttons on the bodice are also of silver—sometimes the two upper ones are even of gold. The skirt and apron are of rich brocade silk, the skirt generally of light blue, and the apron lilac, yellow or white. The other figure wears a week-day dress. The head-dress is larger, of home-made linen,

with fringe. The bodice is of blue cloth, the skirt of a green woolen stuff, made by the peasants themselves; and the apron is of gingham. The island of Kattegat is quite flat. As peculiarities may be named, every house has its own small windmill and high flag-stand, employed for signals. The houses are thatched with seaweed, from four to five feet thick; the top of the roof is flat, and is used as a look-out. The inhabitants live from fishing and shipwrecks; the

cultivation of land is not regarded, and principally attended to by the females. The third figure wears a Sunday dress from Finir, a small island in the Liim-Fjærd. The dress consists of home-made coarse cloth; the hair is worn long, but formerly the custom was to wear it much longer. The island is known in the old history of Denmark, and many fabulous tales about elves and fairies are connected with it, and still believed by the poorer classes. On the island is found an immense stone, with a hollow like an

entrance, whence the elves and fairies are said to come forth in the night. Fourthly is a bride from Fano, an island situated on the southwest coast of Jutland. Her dress is of black cloth, trimmed with gold and silver ribbons. It is remarkable that the females only on their wedding-day show their hair; it is considered a shame for a woman to show her hair to a man before or after that day; wherever they go, they always wear a tightly-bound handkerchief over their head, and even sleep with it.

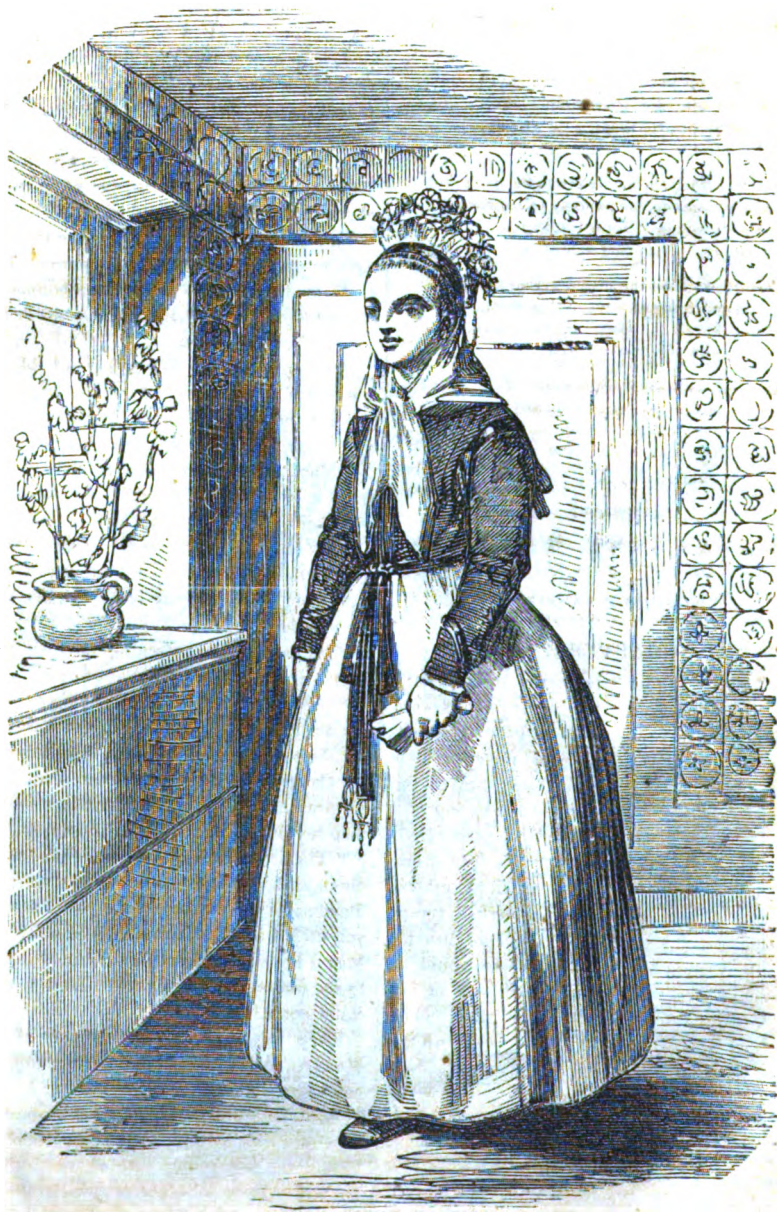


HOLIDAY DRESS, LÆSØ.



The island is flat; towards the German Ocean are the renowned sandhills (sandklitter). The peasants of the other parts of Denmark are an honest, hardy, cheerful race, with a plentiful sufficiency of Teutonic phlegm. They cling closely to old customs as well as to old costumes, and never ride in a railroad car when they can travel on a treckschuyt, or canal-boat—a covered boat, divided into two compartments. On the forward one baggage, butter, herrings and poor passengers are stowed; in the second are the

more aristocratic class who can pay more, where also are the helmsman and the pilot. At the extremity is a long rope drawn by a meagre horse carrying on his back a little fellow with a tin trumpet in the form of a hunting-horn. This simple craft makes some league and a half an hour. Denmark is full of interest to the traveller who desires to go a little out of the beaten track to see a people who, amidst the hurry of modern times, cling tenaciously to the traditions of the past.



BRIDAL DRESS, FANO.

[ORIGINAL.]

## JULIAN AND I.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

Mild gladness our life-path led onward,  
And none were so happy as we;  
Bright blossoms were nodding in beauty,  
And soft winds swept over the sea.

One time to our hearts came a sorrow,  
Which, thornlike, brought anguish and pain;  
But each wiped the brow of the other,  
And spake of true comfort again.

True love was the magic that lightened  
The burdens each pilgrim must bear;  
That sweetened the draught of the life-cup,  
And silvered the clouds of dull care.

But once when the glories of sunset  
Their beams on our pathway had thrown,  
"O Alice!" said he, "I must leave you  
To finish life's journey alone!"

Then thick closed the shadows around me,  
And nought could a ray of hope bring,  
Till I saw, mid the shadows of earth-land,  
The gleam of a heavenly wing.

And now, as I look o'er the river  
That borders the bright promised land,  
I fancy there waiteth to guide me  
A spotless, an unerring hand.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ARTIST MAIDEN.

BY GUSSEIN LAURIN.

## CHAPTER I.

IN Cordova, in the early part of the fifteenth century, in a humble cot, two happy parents were rejoicing over the advent of a little stranger. For many years of wedded life had this boon been denied. Madame Vodisco had long prayed for the "crown of woman's glory—the blessing of a child." At last her prayers had been answered, and a cherub daughter smiled upon her love. Two happy hearts were there in Cordova. Though their home was lowly, though a tyrant ruled the land, though their goods were heavily taxed, they were happy, for nowhere could be seen such a beautiful babe. Their cup of joy seemed full. Proud parents were they, when one sunny Sabbath morning they passed up the aisle of the little village church, to the baptismal font, and the father placed the smiling babe in the arms of Father Franchesco, who dedicated then and there to the service of the most high God, the little Onorata Vodisco. The child was of uncommon beauty. The seal of intellect seemed

set upon that baby brow, and the blue eyes ever wandered heavenward, as if receiving light therefrom.

Ferdinand, the only son of the haughty Lord De Castro, was a frequent visitor to the cottage of the Vodiscos, which was situated not far distant from the lofty castle of which he was sole heir. He never wearied of sounding the praises of Onorata, till at length his lady mother, out of curiosity, had ordered her coachman to set her down at the door of Carlos Vodisco. Ferdinand was delighted. Of a buoyant, loving disposition, he was ever ready for amusement, which he could never be contented to enjoy alone, and thus it was his mother must also know and love his sweet pet. Ferdinand was but six years of age, a manly little fellow, whose aristocratic features were brightened by sparkling eyes and shaded by clustering, jetty curls. The spirited horses had scarcely stopped, ere the footman had time to open the coach, the impatient lad had performed that office, and with a bounce was in the cottage, leaving Lady De Castro to find her way as best she might.

"Where's baby? Where's Ona? My mother has come to see her!" were the words which greeted the ear of Madame Vodisco, and full of confusion, she arose to receive her titled guest.

"You do me great honor, lady; please to have a seat." Saying which she wiped a chair with her apron, and passed it to Lady De Castro.

"My son is a little rude, I fear. He has insisted that I should come to see your little daughter. I cannot stay to sit. Allow me to see the wonder."

"My lady, Ona is sleeping now; if you will come this way, I can show her to you as she is."

She led the way into an adjoining room, where upon a low couch, smiling at her baby dreams, lay the tiniest, sweetest rosebud of a babe Lady De Castro thought she had ever seen. In mute admiration for a time she bent over the couch, then her delight found words to express itself.

"The little darling! precious little one! Ferdinand has not said half enough in your praise." Turning to the mother, "Do you know I envy you? I, Lady De Castro, envy you this treasure. May I hope to see it often? You will bring her to the castle, will you not? And I will sometimes come here."

Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of Madame Vodisco, as she stammered forth thanks for this condescension.

Ferdinand must needs have a look at Ona, so brushing past his mother, he imprinted a hearty kiss upon her plump little cheek. Ona's eyes opened wide at this liberty which the embryo

lord had so unceremoniously taken, and a faint cry of astonishment parted her tiny lips.

"My son, how rude! Dear little one, you are frightened, aren't you, darling?" And Ona's head was pillowed upon the folds of costly lace which covered the kind heart of Lady De Castro.

This elegantly apparelled lady, rocking that tiny babe to sleep as gently as if she were her own, humming a low, sweet melody; Ferdinand kneeling by her side, his bright face upturned; the mother standing near, with a corner of her apron to her eye, wiping the tears of joy—the curious blending in that lowly room of splendor and tidy poverty—all this formed a picture so beautiful and so strange that the eyes of Lord De Castro were dimmed with moisture, as standing in the outer room, he had been an interested spectator of the scene. He had followed his lady to the cottage, as he had business of importance to communicate to her. Ferdinand was the first on the move to discover the intruder.

"O, father, I am so glad you are come. I want you to see Ona. Come!"

"Willingly, my son."

He came and knelt on the other side of his lady, looked with eyes of love and admiration upon the babe and its aristocratic nurse. The picture had received a noble addition. Lady De Castro, seated with the babe upon her breast; Lord De Castro, gracefully kneeling on the right, his noble features all aglow with admiration; their handsome boy on the left, the midnight curls shading his face; Madame Vodisco, with her happy face and matronly form, standing at a respectful distance; the low couch, with its snowy sheets; the open casement, through which the honeysuckle came peeping in, with its myriad blossoms, giving out delicious perfume; the morning sunlight, beautifying it all, formed a picture which the little Onorata's pencil immortalized years after, and which now hangs in the ancient castle of R——, which stands near where the Guadalquivir rushes to the embrace of the sea.

Lord and Lady De Castro never ceased to be the friends of Onorata, and valuable ones they proved to be. When, as the child grew in years, and they discovered her wonderful genius for painting, they employed for her the best masters to be found in Europe, and spared no expense to give her every advantage. At the age of sixteen, she lost both her parents by a fearful epidemic. Thus being left quite alone, her noble patrons offered her a home in the castle, where she divided her time with her masters and Ferdinand for two years. Being thus from early childhood much in each other's society, what wonder that

the two loved each other with all the strength of their natures! They dreamed of no obstacle, and thus blindly loved on. The promises of increased loveliness we have seen in their youth, were fulfilled. The young Lord Ferdinand and Signora Onorata were very beautiful.

## CHAPTER II.

ALL Cordova was alive with excitement, for in a few weeks there was to be a brilliant tournament and bullfight, under the direction of Marquis Gabrino Fandolo. It was the chief topic of conversation in castles and cottages; in doors and out, nothing was thought of but the coming festivities.

The marquis, who delighted in such sports, had made expensive preparations. On the first day there would be a tournament, in which the pride and flower of Spanish chivalry would strive to win the laurel wreath from the hands of the queen of beauty. Ferdinand was to take part, and his heart beat high, his blood flowed fiercely, as he, in imagination, should stand in the midst of that vast enclosure, sole victor of the day. Then would he take the wreath from the Countess Annie, of Saragossa, and placing it in the hands of his chosen queen of beauty, his Onorata, kneeling there, let her fair hands crown him with the wreath so fairly won.

The second day was to be the crowning feature of the festivities, the celebrated bullfight, upon which with intense interest would gaze the stalwart warrior and the tender maiden. Onorata looked forward to this day with feverish anxiety, for the Marquis Gabrino had engaged her to sketch the scene. Here would be a subject rich with incident, upon which, with all the gorgeousness of the style peculiar to herself, she could let her fancy play; now painting in fierce glow the burning eyes of the animal, then with a milder shade, the eyes of the beauties of Spain in the pavilion around.

At last the wished-for day arrived. The town was wild with excitement. From every housetop fluttered gay streamers, and across the streets were stretched fanciful arches, with patriotic mottoes, significant of the day. Young men were hurrying to and fro, with the colors of their lady-love fastened to their right arms; love charms they were to strengthen them in that day's combat.

At last the crowd had settled around a circular enclosure beneath pavilions hung with scarlet and gold. In a place commanding the best view, on a throne of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold fringe, sat Annie, Countess of Saragossa,

the maiden selected by the marquis as queen of the tournament. She was clothed in a light blue robe trimmed with ermine. Her fair neck and arms were sparkling with jewels. A tiara of diamonds rested like a glory upon her head. She was very beautiful, but a look of sadness dimmed her eye, for she had noticed with pain that the young Lord Ferdinand, whom she had long loved, had no eyes save for the artist maiden; that the fair Onorata held a place in his heart she would give the world to possess. The Marquis of Cordova, with his family, and the nobility of the country round occupied the seats on her right. The judges, who were to decide upon the affairs of the day, sat in grave silence on the left. Directly in front, in a place from whence she could sketch with the greatest advantage, with her easel before her, palette in hand, was Onorata. The fire of genius lighted her eye, as she rapidly noticed the objects of interest before her.

The heralds sounded the trumpets. A mounted horseman rode rapidly into the enclosure. He was clothed from head to heel in flexible mail, steel gauntlets upon his hands, sandals of the same material upon his feet. He carried a long spear in his right hand, and a shield upon his left arm, on which was written "Victory or Death." Firmly he sat in his saddle, gracefully he managed the powerful steel which was caparisoned like his rider in a full suit of mail. Riding once round the circle, he stopped before Annie, Countess of Saragossa, and bowed low before the queen of beauty. Then turning towards the centre, he espied a tall warrior of most perfect proportions, mounted upon a horse whose slender limbs, thin, arching neck, dilated nostrils, and quickly moving eye spoke of more speed than strength, but withal a power of endurance which might tire even the powerful charger so heavily loaded with mail. The latter knight carried no armor save a slender spear and spotless shield. He wore no coat of mail to protect his tender limbs from the assaults of his opponent, but a superb tunic of dark green velvet, bound about the waist by a heavy cord and tassels of the purest gold. From his helmet drooped to his shoulder a snowy plume. The saddle upon which he sat, was covered with crimson velvet, likewise adorned with a golden fringe and cumbersome tassels.

The horse and rider won the admiration of Onorata. Here no cumbersome mail marred the symmetry of their proportions, but free and light they stood in the full glare of the morning sun, ready to meet him of the shield entitled "Victory or Death."

The combatants exchanged salutations, then

prepared for conflict. He of the Shield bore fiercely down upon him of the White Plume, who lightly evaded the onslaught. For a while he contented himself with merely defending and evading, then gathering all the powers of his well-formed, elastic muscles, in a moment when least suspected by the Shield, he couched his lance, and rapidly rushed upon his opponent. An attack so sudden, of such a nature, from such a mere stripling, was wholly unexpected. And thus he was unhorsed. The White Plume quickly springing upon the ground, removed his visor, thus disclosing the features of Ferdinand to the gaze of the admiring crowd, and extended his ungloved hand to his fallen foe. He of the Shield rose sullen and crest-fallen, covered with dust, presenting a sorry contrast to the White Plume, and took with gauntleted hand the proffered one of his youthful conqueror, in token that he acknowledged the defeat. If he had refused thus to do, Ferdinand would have been obliged to have decided the affair by a hand-to-hand contest, in which case the one apparelled the lightest would have been likely to have been the victor. Thus Ferdinand would have stood a more than fair chance of being still the victorious party, and the shield, "Victory or Death," would have been more appropriate "Victory or Defeat."

Ferdinand, according to the custom, desired to challenge and meet any of the knights who might accept the challenge, but a wound, which in the heat of the battle he had not noticed, now commenced to bleed profusely, obliging him much against his will, to retire thus early in the day, before he had won the wreath of which he dreamed. All day the Spanish youths contended for the smiles of beauty and renown. Onorata, after the first combat, having sketched what she deemed necessary, retired to watch beside her dear Ferdinand, who was inconsolable at his misfortune.

"Onorata, mio cara, how kind in you, thus to leave the gayeties of the tournament to watch beside my couch! I was very sad till you came. O Ona, you are very, very necessary to my happiness."

"Ferdinand, could I stay away from you, knowing how great a disappointment this confinement is to you? That ugly wound, how sorry I am! Ferdinand, I was a proud maiden when the Shield went down."

"Fie, Ona, darling! proud for thy lover! Ona, I must speak with my honored parents soon, that they may consent to our union."

"I have many misgivings, lately, Ferdinand. A dark cloud seems hovering round my head. I

fear me thy noble parents will object to my plebeian birth."

"Foolish fears, my beautiful Ona. Have they ever treated you otherwise than with the utmost kindness and attention?"

"Nay, Ferdinand, but thy mother has ever kept before me the knowledge that a tacit understanding has long existed between the parents of the Countess Annie of Saragossa, and your father, that at some future time you should wed the fair Annie. I think it is the desire of your parents. And, dear Ferdinand, rather than displease my noble benefactors, I will give thee up, fly from this castle, under whose sheltering roof I have spent so many happy hours."

"Ona, darling, I do not like to hear you talk in that way. I know my parents tenderly love you, and that they cannot refuse the wish of my heart."

### CHAPTER III.

"Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they are borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,  
And the clash, and the shout, 'They come! they come!'"

THE next day Ferdinand was so far recovered that he was able to be present and witness the contest. As on the day previous, the splendid pavilions were filled with a gay and expectant crowd. Annie of Saragossa sat upon her throne, lovely and pensive as before, only, as if more befitting the wilder sports of the day, she had exchanged her robe of blue and ermine for one of green velvet embroidered with gold and precious stones, a suit which contrasted finely with the crimson tapestry around her. So thought the artist maiden, as she sat in dangerous proximity to the slight partition separating her from the arena.

Again the trumpets sounded. Again the heralds cried aloud, "Make ready for the combat." A deep stillness pervaded the vast assembly. Every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the animal so strangely admired by all classes in Spain. "They come, they come!" With a snort of rage, a bull of the largest size, sleek and smooth, gaily ornamented with tiny flags, and beautiful flowers, came bounding into the broad arena, then standing in mute astonishment, he reared his head, and looked around, first at the people, who were now shouting their loud huzzas, then at the bright tapestry of the color his lordship did so abominate. Six lads, noted for their swiftness and agility, stood in places of comparative safety, waving their banners upon the staves, on which were fastened slender spurs

with which to annoy his lordship still more, or in case he should prove too powerful for his adversary, to draw him away by turning his rage upon themselves. Amidst the blast of trumpets and the sound of martial music, Ivan, an artisan of manly proportions, mounted upon an iron gray charger of uncommon size, rode leisurely into the enclosure, and confronted the angry bull. This was a new object of interest for Jupiter, as the animal was familiarly called. A snort of derision sounded, he pawed the earth in fury, then lowering his head till the nostrils ploughed the ground, he bounded to meet Ivan, the lion-hearted. Calmly he sat in the saddle till just as all expected to see his horse tossed high in air on the horns of Jupiter, he lightly stepped aside, when the impetus carried the animal far beyond. Baffled, assailed on all sides by the pages, Jupiter was wild with rage. With rapid bounds, that made the earth to echo, he traversed the circumference of the circle.

The combat raged with redoubled fury. Ivan's horse was gored, and now he lay floundering in the sand in his death struggle. The courage of the lion-hearted was undaunted. Again and again did Jupiter assail and retreat. Alas, in his last, fair Onorata, heedless of the danger, leaning far out over the railing in her eagerness to note the dying struggles of the noble horse, caught the eye of the furious animal, who, seeing in the gentle maiden an object upon which to vent his rage, with a bound which cleared every obstacle, caught the light form of Ona upon his horns, ere Ivan could come to the rescue, and tossed her madly in the air.

"Ona, darling Ona!" shrieked Ferdinand, as heedless of his wounds, he leaped down beside the animal, and buried his sword deep in the heart of Jupiter, who sank with scarce a groan upon the ground. The wildest confusion reigned throughout the crowd. Ferdinand knelt beside the insensible maiden, took her in his arms, murmuring, "My life, my joy, come back to me, dear Ona, darling one!"

Friends crowded around. Lord De Castro chafed her hands with tender solicitude. Marquis Gabrino Fandolo, Lady De Castro, Countess Annie, all were there, sorrowing for the gifted maiden.

The scene was worthy the pencil of Angelo. In the centre of the arena, the iron gray charger, so recently full of life, lay quivering in the embrace of chilly death. Around the ground was wet with gore. Under the shadow of the throne where beauty had reigned supreme, the prostrate form of Jupiter, once so black and glossy, lay stiffened and cold, the tiny flags all soiled and



torn, the flowers blood-stained, the fierce eye dimmed with the film of death. Near, so near that her garments rested in a pool of the animal's heart's blood, reclined Ona, her glorious head supported so tenderly by the champion of yesterday's tournament, who was pale with bodily suffering, and the fear that Ona was dead. Kneeling beside was Lord De Castro, robed in an elegant uniform, the star of nobility glittering upon his breast, holding the delicate hand of the artist maiden. Marquis Gabrino supported the slender form of Lady De Castro, as faint with terror she gazed upon her foster child. All around were pitying, anxious faces.

The marquis caused the heralds to make proclamation, that the festivities were suspended for the present, and soon the pavilions were left vacant, and all of that vast crowd dispersed, save the group around the suffering maiden, who now moaned faintly, as in severe pain. Gently they bore her to the castle, where for many weeks she lay upon a couch of suffering.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"My noble lady, I have much to say to you. Art disposed to listen, Ina?"

"It is ever my greatest pleasure to listen to *mio cara sposa*."

"Ina, hast thou never dwelt upon the end of this intimacy of our son, heir to my title and estate, with fair Ona, daughter of the peasant Vodisco?"

"Ay, that I have, and with deep pain. Ona is a beautiful maiden. I love her like a daughter. From the time I first took her infant form in these arms, I have felt for her a deep interest. I would not willingly pain her."

"Nay, sweet wife, I too love the gentle maiden. I would she were in reality sister to our Ferdinand; but well as I love her, I would not see our son wedded to her for this right hand. Annie of Saragossa is every way worthy of our noble son. In her, high blood, rare beauty, great wealth are happily combined. O, 'twill be a happy day when this perplexity is overcome!"

A slight rustling of the tapestry attracted their attention, and looking up they beheld Ona, pale as death, standing before them.

"My child, this is a surprise! Seat yourself in this easy chair." Saying which, Lord De Castro gently led the maiden to the luxurious seat in which he had been seated, and carefully arranged the pillows to support her head.

A faint smile parted the thin lips of Ona, as she thanked the kindhearted lord. As soon as she had become sufficiently calm, she said:

"Dearest and best of friends, I have been an unwilling listener to your conversation about Ferdinand and myself. I sorrow that I have been the cause of pain to you who have been to me more than parents. That I love your noble son I will not deny. O, yes, I tenderly love him. On my heart is painted in indelible colors, the image of my noble lover, for, Lord and Lady De Castro, he loves me even as I do him. We have not intended to deceive, but openly, you must confess, have shown our preference for each other. Living in such an atmosphere of love, I forgot the stern realities of life, forgot that I was not nobly born as he. I see it all, now—the wide gulf between us. Kind friends, I will never see him more. He shall marry Annie, Countess of Saragossa, and his escutcheon remain untarnished. I will go to Madrid, where my pencil will support me, and in the pursuit of fame, find, at least, contentment. How could you think, for a moment, I would prove ungrateful? I could not be that."

Lady De Castro was weeping, and Lord De Castro was coughing violently. Pride struggled with affection, and at last it gained a temporary victory. Annie was a countess, Ona was a plebeian. So the countess was preferred to the maiden, whose mind was a wonderful storehouse of good and noble thoughts.

"Ona, darling, you distress me much. Stay with us, and be our own dear daughter. Love Ferdinand as a brother, that's a dear child," at length spake the lady.

"Do you think, that having loved Ferdinand since I was a child, with all the fervor of my nature, I could narrow down the broad channel of that love to a little stream of sisterly affection? Do you think I could stand by and see my Ferdinand giving the love which is now all my own, to any other than myself? Annie of Saragossa is lovely, and if I go far from here, in time, Ferdinand may think more kindly of her. Seek not to detain me. There's madness in detention. I go hence ere the morrow's sun shall have set behind the mountains in the west."

Rising, Ona pressed her lips reverently upon the brow of Lord De Castro, then winding her emaciated arms about the neck of the weeping Lady Ina, they mingled their tears in unison together. Soon, however, overmastering her emotion, she arose, and bade her foster parents a faltering adieu.

"Ona, Ona!" called the lady; but she was gone, and heard not the call.

Retiring to her room, Ona packed what few articles she thought she could carry in her hand; taking what money she had about her, she se-

creted it in the folds of her dress, being fully resolved to leave the castle that night. She had in her possession a key which would unlock the eastern gate of the courtyard, leading into the park. So at still midnight, when slumber had thrown her chains around the household, Onorata, pale and weak from recent illness, stole quietly out of the home rendered dear to her by tender recollections, stepped noiselessly over the pavements of the court, only disturbing in her way a few decayed leaves and broken twigs whose cracklings fell like the sound of artillery upon her strained ears, so nervous had she become. She opened the gate, and passed out into the dim old park, whose giant trees cast gloomy shadows all around, presenting to her feverish imagination phantoms grim and tall, goblins old and weird, which stood in grinning silence ready to clasp her in their chilly arms. A shudder thrilled her through; her strength was exhausted, and with a scream that woke the echoes all around, she fell upon the ground, damp with the dews of night.

That cry was heard by the watchful porter, who, calling his dogs, lantern in hand, sallied forth in the direction from whence the sound came. A low growl from one of the dogs drew his attention to some object upon the ground. Opening his lantern, so that the full blaze of light might render it visible, he started back with alarm, as he recognized what he thought to be the corpse of Ona. Wonder and astonishment filled his mind. How came she here? What should he do with her? The latter question he could answer, but the first was still a mystery. So taking the maiden in his arms, he bore her into his lodge, and laid her upon his own rude couch. Like a pale water lily looked Ona, as white and motionless she lay stretched upon the couch. Her golden hair rested upon the pillow like a halo of glory around her head, and the long eyelashes drooped like a silken fringe upon her marble cheek.

The porter's next thought was to arouse the household. So ringing the alarm bell loudly, he waited with impatience an answer to his summons. A sleepy footman, rubbing his eyes, soon appeared, and desired to know the cause of the uproar.

"Call your master, lazy bones!" demanded the porter.

"Eh, what?" yawned Carlos.

"Call your master!" thundered the now enraged old man.

Soon there was hurrying to and fro in the castle. In those quiet times to be aroused at that unseasonable hour was something extraor-

dinary. When Lord De Castro appeared at the porter's lodge, his looks plainly showed his inward anxiety, and hurriedly he demanded to know the cause of this disturbance.

"Indeed, my noble master, it is a strange affair. The young Signora Onorata—"

"Ona! what of her? tell me quickly."

"I fear, my lord, the beautiful signora is dead. I found —"

"Ona dead!" gasped Lord de Castro.

"Ona is not dead! Knave, it is false! Lead me to her," interposed Ferdinand, who had but just made his appearance.

"Would that it were false!" Saying which the aged porter led the way into his sleeping apartment, where they beheld the seemingly lifeless form of the artist girl.

"Blessed Virgin! how came she here?" ejaculated Lord de Castro.

Ferdinand gazed one moment upon the loved form, so beautiful in its cold rigidity, then laying his face close beside the white cheek of Ona, he murmured:

"Ona, precious Ona! my own sweet angel! my day-star! my only joy! come back to your unhappy Ferdinand! Or, if thou hast already joined thy sister angels, beseech the cruel messenger that took thee away to call thy Ferdinand, and he will gladly —"

"Ona is not dead!"

"'Twas even so. Ona's eyes were opening slowly, as if the loved tones had power to recall the wandering spirit even from beyond the dark river of death.

## CHAPTER V.

"Thus lived—thus died she: nevermore on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth."

ANNIE, Countess of Saragossa, was dying.—Within a spacious chamber, in her old ancestral home, many leagues away from Cordova, where so lately she had reigned in all the pride of her youthful beauty, queen of the tournament, Annie was dying. Earth was losing what heaven was gaining. Costly and elegant were the surroundings in that stilly room. Her couch rested gracefully upon the backs of silver swans, around whose slender necks the white satin draperies fell in heavy folds. Curtains of the same material, lined with a pale rose tint, were looped far back by heavy cords of silver, to admit the cool night-air. Wealth cannot purchase health, neither can it happiness. The debt of nature must be paid by all, lowly or nobly born. An aged duenna wiped the death damp from the fair brow of the dying

countess, while tears filled her eyes as she thought how soon the grave would claim this flower so early blighted.

"Annie, dearest Annie, we are alone now as you have desired. I will listen to your words, darling."

"Marguerita, they say that I am dying—that ere the morning sunlight enters at the eastern window, my spirit shall have passed to the God who gave it. O, tell me, honest Marguerita, is it so?"

"Alas, my love, that it is so! I would not now deceive."

"O, 'tis hard to die, and I so young! I wonder if Ferdinand will mourn for me. O Marguerita! I love *him*." Tenderly, lingeringly she uttered that little word "*him*," yet the tone and word expressed a volume. She clasped the little crucifix more closely to her bosom, while her lips moved in prayer.

"Marguerita!"

"Here, love."

"Tell him that I prayed for him in dying—that Ona, though plebeian born, is worthy to be his bride. Give him my parting blessing."

Fainter grew the breathing, soft and low.—"Marguerita!" and the freed spirit, casting off that frail tenement of clay, soared to meet its God.

Annie, Countess of Saragossa, was an orphan of great wealth and respectability. The Marquis Gabrino Fandolo was her nearest relative, being the only brother of her departed mother. Ever of a delicate constitution, her unhappy love had probably hastened her end.

Though she could not awaken love in the heart of Ferdinand, who was of earth, earthy, the dark angel Azrael had conceived for her an all-absorbing passion. The maiden must be his, the bride of death, so he marked her for his own. One night he came and took sweet Aunie from her noble home, and in the ship Ereenia bore the gentle spirit to a fairer, nobler home in upper air.

A funeral at midnight! A procession of dark-robed men, bearing torches in their hands, followed the remains of the beautiful Countess of Saragossa to the gloomy tomb, wherein reposed so many of her ancestors. And the night-owl screeched, and the raven croaked, in unison with the hoarse chants of the priests, sounding dismally in the still night.

## CHAPTER VI.

"My lord, this is indeed sad news. Dear Annie seemed ever frail, yet I looked not for her early death."

"Very sad, my lady. I recognize in this sad event the hand of an all-wise Providence. Annie's last words, as related to us by Marguerita, seem to me a gentle reproof for our pride. Ina, I now wish to see my son united to our fair Ona-rata."

"Dear husband, you have but spoken the language of my heart. Here comes Ona. Shall we speak with her? Ona, love, we are glad to see you thus improved. And now let me chide my child for her foolish runaway. Where did my sweet Ona think to go all alone, on foot, in the dark night?"

"Nay, dear lady, do not chide me—I hardly knew myself; I thought to go to Madrid."

"Ha! ha! to Madrid! What—across to the Sierra Morena mountains, the Guadalquivir, which is now so swollen by the freshet? And then again to climb the steep Toledos, which only the antelope may expect to surmount? and yet another river—the beautiful Tagus? Did my darling expect to overcome all these difficulties on foot and alone?"

"My lord, you are pleased to jest with me. I thought not to perform the weary journey by land merely. I could have sailed down the Guadalquivir; from thence by sea to the mouth of the Tagus on the shores of Portugal, whence it would be an easy journey to Madrid."

"Little visionary! but listen, Ona, we have a boon to crave of thee."

"A boon! Speak—it shall be granted."

"We crave this little hand for our son Ferdinand in marriage."

"Have you forgotten —"

"Nay, Ona; we have not. Our pride has at last been conquered, and we now humbly ask that our foster child will be our own dear daughter. But here comes Ferdinand. He can plead more eloquently than we."

I need only say that not many moons after there were great rejoicings in Cordova, for the only son of Lord and Lady de Castro was about to espouse Onorata Vodisco, the gifted artist-maiden. In process of time Ona completed the sketches commenced at the tournament, and they now ornament the picture-gallery of the palace, now a splendid ruin, years ago occupied by the Marquis Gabrino Fandolo. She painted many pictures—some of wonderful beauty. A picture of her infancy was one of her best. It was a labor of love, so that the coloring received a deeper glow, and the figures of Lord and Lady de Castro are true to life. And thus we leave the artist-maiden, triumphing in her art, a loved and honored wife.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THERE'LL DAWN A BRIGHTER DAY.

BY WILLIE WARE.

The clouds are dark and murky  
That float above my head,  
And from my heart the sunshine  
And sweet content have fled.  
The earth looks dark and dreary,  
All, all is gloom profound;  
The autumn winds are scattering  
The withered leaves around,  
And yet I'm not despairing,  
I'll not give sorrow sway,  
For the sun will drive away the clouds—  
There'll dawn a brighter day.

'Tis vain to be repining  
And wrapt in gloom alway,  
For clouds will sometimes darken,  
And cheerless make our way,  
But then we know the sunshine  
Will come to us again:  
And it always seems the brighter  
After falling rain.  
Then let us still be hopeful,  
To sorrow ne'er give way,  
Remembering that, if cloudy,  
There'll dawn a brighter day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE QUEEN'S OWN.

BY MARY A. NOWELL.

"God's death! but this is a lad who will do honor to his kindred some of these days! Look up, Robert Devereux! Thy poor father who, as some say, has found his death by no fair means. Perhaps so, but it is no tale for a child's ears. In faith, boy, thou hast thy mother's beauty. No fairer maiden ever graced our court than Lettice Knollys."

The boy looked up not bashfully, but boldly, and yet with a graceful reverence in his look, as if he had been accustomed all his life to the presence chamber. His bearing was just what would be most likely to please Queen Elizabeth. Besides, she had loved his grandmother who was her own cousin—Lettice Knollys, the daughter of Anne Boleyn's sister Mary, the wife of William Cary; and from her, she had transferred her love to Lettice Knollys, the daughter of her cousin. Robert Devereux was therefore the grand-nephew of the queen.

Lettice Knollys the younger had married Walter, Earl of Essex. This lady's beauty attracted the notice of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, while her husband still lived. There were dark hints of a slow poison being administered to

Essex, by the agents of Leicester. The unfortunate man died in Ireland in 1576, and before his death, he wrote to supplicate Elizabeth to take care of his beloved children.

Soon after his death, Leicester repudiated his wife, Douglas, Lady Sheffield, and privately married the widow of Essex; a marriage afterwards repeated in presence of her father, Sir Francis Knollys. Under such circumstances, it was no wonder that the little earl should become a favorite with the queen. Leicester's marriages had before offended her deeply; this one most of all. Twice, too, had Lettice Knollys committed what, to Elizabeth's mind, was almost unpardonable, viz., wedding with the flower of her own court, once with the gallant Essex, and again with him who perhaps had more deeply impressed the queen's heart than any other living man.

If ever, then, the feelings akin to maternal love animated her soul, it was when Robert Devereux came before her, worse than orphaned. She adopted him into her affections, and was true to her charge over him, except that she lavished too much upon him, inciting him to extravagance and profusion that brought him into strong disrepute. Lord Burleigh was appointed his guardian. He placed him in Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was continually surrounded by those who knew his favor with the queen, and who scrupled not to take advantage of his really generous spirit. His debts were enormous, at one time amounting to twenty-three thousand pounds.

He returned to court at the time when all Elizabeth's heart was engaged with the gallant Raleigh. He was handsome and accomplished, and had quick occasion to prove his bravery also; and even Raleigh himself was thrown into the shade by this new aspirant for favor. When Philip of Spain laid claim to the throne of England as the heir of the line of Lancaster, and Elizabeth rallied all her forces to contest her right at the cannon's mouth, she bestowed the post of captain general of the cavalry upon Essex, then scarcely more than twenty-one years of age. English bravery vanquished Spanish boasting, and when the queen made up the jewels of her brave army, she did not forget the beloved Essex. She made him Knight of the Garter and bestowed on him strong personal marks of her royal favor.

In 1589, when Don Antonio, titular king of Portugal, sailed with a gallant fleet from Plymouth to Lisbon, to demand his right upon the throne of his ancestors, many brave young Englishmen volunteered to accompany him. Among them Robert Devereux enrolled himself. Breaking away from the flower-wrought chains of courtly ease, he devoted himself to the high-

strung chivalry of the times, and saw no bar to winning the prize for the youthful Antonio.

Elizabeth was thunderstruck at his secret departure, and made haste to recall him, but too late. He had joined the fleet already, and it was far out at sea. The first man to the attack—the one too, to challenge the governor at the gates of Lisbon to single combat—was Robert Devereux. One would almost think him bound by the ties of blood to Henry VIII., instead of to his gentle and unfortunate queen.

He expected reproaches and perhaps punishment from Elizabeth, for thus deserting his office about her person, to take up service for a foreigner—but she was too happy to see him return unharmed by the pestilence which had decimated the army, taking away six thousand of the brave volunteers in this unsuccessful enterprise. In a moment of fondness, while loading him with caresses, she gave him a ring, pledging herself that, if he ever forfeited her favor, the sight of this ring sent back to her, should win pardon for his offence.

This ring was a sardonyx, with a cameo head of Elizabeth. The circlet was gold with engraved sides—the inside of blue enamel; the execution of the head was of a very high order, and the whole was a superb affair, doubtless, got up for the express purpose of presenting it to Essex. The jewel has descended in unbroken succession from the daughter of Essex, Lady Frances Devereux, for almost three centuries, until it has fallen into the possession of the present heir—Rev. Lord John Thynne—a proof of its material and its superior workmanship, as it has indisputably been worn by each successive possessor.

After this time, Elizabeth began to show that strange anomaly of her character, the strong desire of being beloved by those to whom, had she contracted matrimonial ties, she might have been grandmother. Essex had lost his character of protege, and was elevated into that of lover of the royal girl, who now began to look with eyes of ill-concealed jealousy upon the young and beautiful ladies of her court; among whom the Lady Mary Howard was the fairest and loveliest.

This damsel, full of the gaiety of youth and a certain graceful sauciness in her deportment, somewhat as might be expected in one in whose veins flowed the blood of all the Howards, frequently omitted her small duties to the queen. Elizabeth was not slow to remark every delinquency. She had once prohibited Lady Mary from wearing a costly velvet kirtle, and perhaps the affront was treasured deeply in the young

beauty's heart; for, as recorded by William Fenton, she had "refused to bear her mantle at the hour her majesty is wonted to air in the garden, and on small rebuke, did vent such unseemly answer as did breed great choler in her mistress," so that "she swore she would no more show her any countenance, but out with such ungracious, flouting wenchings."

But at the bottom of all the anger for the young lady's short-comings, there lay the bitter root of that jealousy which was engrafted deep in the nature of Elizabeth, and which the young and fair were perpetually in danger of disturbing. So cruelly did she often reproach her ladies for slight faults, that Elizabeth Fenton told her brother they would often cry aloud at her stinging words.

If Lady Mary Howard had indeed lain her young heart unasked, at the feet of Robert Devereux, it availed her nothing. His own heart worshipped at another shrine. The young and lovely daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham—the widow of the gallant Philip Sidney—loved and was beloved most truly by Essex. While the queen herself was harboring intentions towards him of a nature but little equivocal, and which did not stop short of elevation to the highest honors, Essex had already put it out of her power to fulfil them. Loyal to her, as his queen—respectful, nay, almost affectionate to her as a relation, and remembering her exceeding kindness to his boyhood, still nothing was further from his mind than the alliance she meditated. His whole soul would have revolted from it, nor could he have suffered himself to be bought, as the two French princes, Anjou and Alencon had submitted to be, by the title of king-consort. Afterwards, it is true, when the snares of the world had rubbed off the delicate bloom of generous youth, he was not so scrupulous; but now every thought was merged in the fair woman who, by giving him her hand, brought no dishonor upon the memory of her brave husband.

When the queen heard of the marriage, her rage exceeded all bounds. She refused Essex the command of the troops which she sent to Henry of Navarre, although, according to Eger-ton, he remained kneeling before her for hours, pleading to receive it. It was not until Henry himself desired her to send him with the additional force which she raised for his service, that she consented. In a letter to Henry, she begs him to see that the youth commits no rashness to peril his life—showing that she still regarded him with affection.

When Walter Devereux was killed in battle, she sent for his brother to return; but afterwards

yielded to his strong petitions to remain and sustain his reputation for bravery. When he returned, he had lost that beautiful resemblance to the dead husband of Lady Essex which had won her affection; and his heart was divided between her and court honors which only a semblance of devotion to the queen could obtain for him. And Elizabeth, grateful for not being annoyed by the praises of the neglected wife from her husband's lips, gave herself to the pleasing delusion that, notwithstanding her threescore years, she had made an impression on the young and handsome object of her affection. Like Leicester, who had been the fountain head for all favor and preferment, in his day of rule, Essex was continually besieged by place-seekers. As far as Elizabeth could give up to any one in court matters, she deferred to Essex.

Perhaps her love for him was never more conspicuous than when, after repeated attempts on the part of Essex to re-establish his mother in her good graces, she at length consented to a meeting after twenty years separation. This was nine years after the death of Leicester, and when Elizabeth might well have forgiven the transgression of the youthful Lettice for marrying him—for it was on this point and not on that of forsaking her husband, that the queen had showed enmity toward her. There was tenderness in her manner when they did meet; but Elizabeth's old obstinacy came up before it ended, and she denied her request to come again.

Meantime, through the reckless love of mischief which the sister of Essex, Lady Rich, delighted in, the favorite found his disgrace certain. She and her husband had opened a correspondence with the King of Scots, in which court gossip was conspicuous. In this correspondence, unintentional wrong was done to the frail lady's brother; for, under false names, it was represented that Essex was tired of his present situation, and longed for the queen's death. Burleigh had a spy in Scotland, who communicated various reports to him, and he was only too glad to carry them to Elizabeth.

A tempestuous scene, in which the favorite presumed too much upon his power, fully disgraced him. Contempt for the queen earned him the memorable box on the ear, and his own action of grasping his sword hilt, and his rash speech which ended in "a king in petticoats" completed his ruin. Some faint show of forgiveness was extended afterwards, but it died away. The queen's temper was completely soured; and its violence, instead of wearing out with her years, increased. Not even the clergy were exempted from her stern rebukes or sarcas-

tic retorts. Whitehead, Godwin, Vaughan, all came under the ban of her displeasure. Alexander Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before her in public, and happening to introduce a sentence not agreeable to her, she called out to him "Leave that ungodly digression and return to your text."

She was now sixty-six years old; just double the age of Essex; still wearing her neck uncovered, and dressing in white silk, with a profusion of jewels. It is to be doubted whether personal vanity or the love of power were her greatest passion.

The star of Essex had set. He was a prisoner, not being allowed to write to his wife, who had just given birth to an infant, and who was sorrowing that she could not see or hear from its father, although her mother, Lady Walsingham, besought the queen to permit a correspondence. Not even his own physician was allowed access to him when suffering from sickness. Lady Essex endeavored to propitiate her with jewels, but even these did not move her. In a moment of despair, the unhappy countess appeared at court, dressed in black, and implored Lady Huntington to prevail upon Elizabeth to allow her to visit her husband in his illness. She was contemptuously refused. When the tardy permission at length came, the affectionate wife found him but the shadow of the handsome and lordly Robert Devereux.

At length the sentence is gone forth from the hand that he might once have called his own. No weak, trembling, woman's handwriting is the fatal signature to the death warrant, but firm and steady, as if it were a love-letter to the man she had loved so well, or that famous letter which she once wrote to Henry of Navarre, bespeaking his care of the rash youth, Essex.

It may be that Elizabeth trusted to the return of the ring which she had given him in the first years of her attachment; that ring, bearing her own royal countenance, and which was to ensure his pardon, offend as he might. Essex trusted, too; but he did not dare send it by any of the persons about him. Early one morning, a boy craved admittance to the apartment of the Countess of Nottingham with a message from Essex, accompanying the ring, to be delivered to the queen. They were intended for her sister, Lady Scroope, who was friendly to Essex; but the innocent child had mistaken her sister of Nottingham for herself.

The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord-admiral, and they decided that neither ring nor message should ever reach Elizabeth. If the queen waited for this mute pledge, she waited,

alas! in vain. No kindly hand brought the cherished jewel to remind her of forgiveness; and the offender's days were numbered. He who had overthrown the first man at the battle of Zutphen, crying "For the honor of England, my fellows, follow me!" warring bravely by the side of Philip Sidney—who did her good service in that conflict with the Spanish Armada, when

"Swift to east and swift to west,  
The warning radiance spread  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—  
It shone on Beachy Head;"

who was the foremost to leave the boats, wading to the shoulders, to reach the castle of Peniche, and the first to beat against the gates of Lisbon—who detected the plot of the Jew, Lopez, against the queen's life, and who challenged the governor of Rouen "to meet him on horse or foot, and by personal encounter, to decide which was the better man, fought in the better cause, or served the *fairest mistress*."

Yet all these things were forgotten or put beneath her royal will; and when the news of his execution was brought into the privy chamber, she continued playing upon the instrument with which she had all the morning amused herself!

But her people never forgave her the death of their idol, and her last days were full of regrets that came too late. The death of the Countess of Nottingham, who confessed on her dying bed, her deception concerning the ring, was only the precursor of her own. What emotions this confession called up, may be imagined; for she struck the expiring woman as she lay, shrieking out "God may forgive you, but I never can."

#### OLD MAIDS.

Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of an "old maid."—*Family Mirror*.

#### OATHS IN BRAZILIAN COURTS.

In the matter of swearing oaths, not only America but England might take a lesson from Brazil. Instead of a sleepy clerk, usher, or registrar mumbling over an oath, in a tone and terms irresistibly ludicrous, were they only audible, all the court—judge, officers and bar—and all the spectators rise and stand while the oath is solemnly administered, the witness swearing audibly with his hand on the Bible. All stand, also, when the jury leave or enter the court-room.—*Brazil and the Brazilians*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ROBERT AND RUTH.—Their Loves.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

"RUTH—Ruthy Bell! why don't you come in here? I declare, I believe the child's deaf! Robert, go out and find the girl and bring her in to supper. Jest as likely's not, she's down by the pond looking arter lilies, or something jest as foolish." And the speaker, Mrs. Martin, came in from the door where she had been to call the girl, and rolling down her sleeves, took her seat at the supper-table, while Robert her son, a lad of about twelve, went in quest of his cousin Ruth.

"Well, mother, I expected Ruthy would trouble you some. She's a queer sort of a child—jest like her mother at her age." And Mr. Martin brushed away a tear at the remembrance of his sweet youngest sister, "the flower of the family," as she was always called. "Her mother was allers down by the pond gathering lilies at this season, and she'd come up to the house with a wreath round her party hair, looking like a rale picter;—and there, see, mother, there comes Ruthy, looking for all the world as her mother used to fifteen years ago!"

Mrs. Martin glanced up to her niece Ruth Bell, coming up the lane hand in hand with her son Robert, a happy expression on her face, and beautiful white water lilies twisted amid her dark locks. It soothed the irritated housewife, and she said, mildly, to her husband:

"Well, Nathan, I s'pose I am apt to speak sharp sometimes. I love the girl; she is to me almost as near as our own child Robert, for she is a pretty creature, with such winsome ways that a body couldn't help taking her to their heart, and she and Robert are a deal of company for each other. He never goes off by himself with his books in the woods, as he used to, to be gone all day, for Ruthy goes with him now, and they always come back together when she gets tired."

"It'll do the boy good," said the farmer, "for he liked to be alone too much for his own good, before Ruthy came here."

Just then Ruth and Robert came in. The girl's hair was decked with white lilies, which she had gathered at the pond, and she carried a large bunch in her hand. Her dark eyes were sparkling with mirth, as she exclaimed, quite out of breath:

"Look, aunt and uncle! do look at Robert! Doesn't he look comical?" And she laughingly drew him forward, crowned with a large wreath



of lilies, the long stems trailing down over his face."

"Come, children, to your suppers. It's time, Robert, for you to drive the cows up from the pastur, and Ruthy can go with you," said Mr. Martin, as he gazed smilingly on their happy faces. And after they had partaken of their supper, Robert and Ruth went gleefully out to drive up the lowing kine, to be milked by the busy housewife, Mrs. Martin.

Mr. Martin was a well-to-do farmer, and a more honest, upright man was not to be found in that section of the country where he lived. His wife, good woman, was a pattern of a thrifty, industrious housewife; and none around could vie with her in a carefully kept house or dairy. Her manner was a little sharp sometimes, but a kinder heart never beat than that in her breast. Their only child Robert, a lad of about twelve, with a dreamy look in his fine, dark eyes, possessed a taste for knowledge, which had caused his parents considerable anxiety, for it was their wish that he should remain at home and be a farmer; but the boy's thirst for knowledge was not to be quenched—in the district school he had outstripped both pupils and teacher, and now he was under the instruction of the minister at the village.

Over a year had elapsed, since by the death of Mr. Martin's youngest, widowed sister, little Ruthy Bell had come to dwell with them, to be a companion for Robert, and help make music in the old farmhouse. And their hearts had twined around the girl with almost the affection they felt for their own son. She was "a sweet, winsome child," as Mrs. Martin had said—with large, dark brown eyes, which only gave sunny looks and smiles, and hair of a chestnut hue, long, silken and wavy. What wonder then, that the farmer and his wife looked upon her almost as a child of their own—and Robert, too, gazed on her but to liken her to everything bright and beautiful.

And thus passed four years in childhood's joys and sorrows to the two children—in summer time rambling in the forest, playing by some frolicking brook, Robert culling the earliest flowers with which to deck Ruthy's hair, searching among the last year's dead leaves for the long, trailing pink and white arbutus, or gathering the early violet, and in the bright June days seeking lush-red strawberries among the meadow grass.

Then came a change. Robert went from home to attend college—and Ruth, too, went from the old farmhouse to a seminary some distance from home, and the farmer and wife were left alone for a time. Four years passed, and

Robert who had remained in school that period, save a visit home at the annual vacations, now came home at his graduation, to spend the summer, preparatory to commencing the study of law in a distant city. Ruthy was already at the farmhouse before him. They had both altered much in that time. Robert had attained a manly stature, and had a deeper look in his dreamy eyes, and a firmer carriage of his erect head; and Ruthy had grown a tall, graceful young lady, with the slight, girlish form just budding into womanhood. Her eyes had a graver look, and her hair a deeper shade.

That was a pleasant season to those two young beings—those long summer days spent in wandering in the dim old woods, to the music of the old brook waters; and it was there that the love which was born when they first wandered there as children, ripened beneath the soft blue skies. A knowledge of this soon came to their hearts, and one bright September eve preceding his departure from home, Robert told that love to Ruth, and she listened with bowed head and mantling blush—then, looking up with a new light in her brown eyes, put her hand in his. He needed no other answer. And that night, as they stood before the farmer and his wife and received their blessing, they were both happy.

The next morning Robert bade adieu to his parents and Ruthy for the scene of his legal studies, with high hopes and bright anticipations for the future; and Ruthy, standing in the doorway in the early dawn, with a new happiness in her heart and shining out through her beautiful eyes, bade her lover a tender farewell.

"You will write me, Ruth, often—all your heart—will you not?" said Robert, at leaving. And Ruth made answer that she would.

Thus passed three years—Robert going home only once in that time for a short visit, but feeling repaid for the months of hard, close study, in reading the long, tender letters which came weekly from Ruth.

"In the pleasant June," thus wrote Robert in closing his last letter to Ruth, "I shall come home for a short vacation, and with me a fellow-student, Philip Cheever, who is a Southerner from New Orleans. He has always had a strong desire to see life in a New England farmhouse, and thinks the pure country air will restore his health."

It was at the close of a balmy day in June, that Robert Martin arrived at the old farmhouse, and with him his friend Philip Cheever, who was heartily welcomed by the farmer and his wife. But as Robert presented him to his cousin Ruth,

and noticed the look of undisguised admiration with which he regarded her, a cloud came to his heart, which was yet to deepen and enshroud his whole being. As Ruth left the room, Philip exclaimed to him :

"Why, Robert Martin, man! how can you stay in the city poring over old musty law books, while your home possesses such attractions? I declare, I believe you are destitute of *le grande passion* which we Southerners possess in such a degree; for even the beautiful Julia Belmont, the belle of the city, found no favor in your eyes, though all knew that she tried every means to attract you to her—and now—"

A deep flush came to the broad brow of Robert, as he interrupted his friend, saying :

"Stop, my friend, you are mistaken! My cousin Ruth and myself are betrothed, and now you know why I was insensible to the favor of the fair Julia."

"Come, Robert," said Mr. Martin, just then entering. "Your friend must feel like taking some supper, after your long ride; and I hope that our good country air will bring the color to his pale cheeks again, and give him a good appetite."

They followed the farmer to the kitchen, where all the delicacies of the country were set before them. And Philip Cheever, by his sprightly conversation and graceful manner, soon completely won the hearts of Robert's father and mother. Later in the evening, while his friend conversed with the farmer and his wife, telling them of his Southern home—describing graphically life on a plantation, and the careless, happy negroes, Robert and Ruth were seated by the open window conversing in low tones, and Robert felt then, as he gazed on Ruth, that it would be wrong to doubt her love—that none could ever come between them—and he banished the suspicion which had crept into his heart, for was not his friend engaged to a beautiful Southern lady? Had he not seen her miniature in a costly setting? And now he would not wrong him by a suspicion.

The days passed quickly at the farmhouse—days of happiness to all. Good Mrs. Martin felt honored by her son's guest, and she placed at his disposal every luxury of the farmhouse. Farmer Martin liked nothing so well as to have youthful faces about him, and he took pride in his handsome son Robert; while Ruth and Robert were happy in each other's society, and Philip Cheever made himself at home from the first. But none knew that beneath that fair exterior, beat a heart devoid of principle—that Philip Cheever, handsome, graceful and fascinating, was also proud, passionate and unrelenting, when

once his eyes were fixed upon aught he would possess. Ruth Bell was a sweet wild flower, an early spring violet, and gazing upon her, his eyes burned with fiery glances, as the hot noon-day sun beats down on the unprotected flower. Ah, Robert Martin, better for thy peace and happiness, that thy friend had never crossed the threshold of thy home!

A month went by, and Robert and his friend were to return to the city on the morrow, when Philip said, at supper-time :

"Well, Mr. Martin, I like your place so well, that I shall beg leave to remain a few weeks longer. I do not feel as though I could study if I returned, for I should be thinking of the green fields and sparkling streams about here; and besides, I feel that I am not yet recovered from my illness, and the hot, stifling air of the city would not strengthen me overmuch. What say you, Robert?" turning to him. "Perhaps you could prevail on your good mother to keep me a little longer, and I'll promise not to be very troublesome to her."

"O stay, by all means! My parents will be very glad, and I have no doubt that the country air will do you good," said Robert.

And thus Robert Martin went forth from his home, from his cousin Ruth, and knew not that he had left a viper behind, in the home nest, that which would sting him to the heart's core.

The long summer days passed, and still Philip Cheever prolonged his stay. And was it to be wondered at, that the serpent charmed and fascinated Ruth Bell? That the wary Southerner taught her a new lesson, while telling her of his beautiful Louisianian home and of the luxuriance and beauty of all there? Was it to be wondered at, that, as together they trod the dim old woods in those soft summer days, and rested on the greensward—as he plucked for her the lilies she loved so well, and bound them on her brow, gazing on her the while with his ardent eyes, that her heart forgot her cousin Robert—that the pure love she had bestowed on him seemed tame in comparison to that she now experienced, and that she listened when Philip Cheever poured an impassioned tale into her ear hinting of her cousin's preference for the beautiful Julia Belmont, and that all that stood between their happiness was his early engagement with her, which he was too honorable to break? And so Ruth listened, and did not repulse him; and that night, as she sought her chamber, pacing back and forth with crimsoned face and flashing eyes, she exclaimed :

"Yes, yes, I will go with Philip Cheever! It is not wrong! Robert has ceased to love me,

and would wed another but for our engagement. He shall be free; and I—ah, yes, *I* shall be happy! Philip's love will not grow cold. We shall be married and go to sunny Italy. O, I shall be happy!" And she paused before the open window, looking out upon the night.

When the morning light came, Ruth was far away. The sun shone in at the window of a deserted chamber, and Farmer Martin and his wife sought in vain for their lost child. And Philip Cheever, where was he? He, too, had vanished. But a letter which Mrs. Martin found lying on Ruth's table told all:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—for such you have always been to me—I am about to leave my kind home for another. You will think it wrong, but know that I shall leave it honorably, as the wife of Philip Cheever, whom I love devotedly. Robert will forget me soon in the love of another. He *has* forgotten me already. I cannot write much, as I have little time. I go. Dear father and mother, God guard and keep you, as I pray he will. Your child, RUTH."

The farmer and wife read the note with weeping eyes and sorrow-stricken faces; then they immediately wrote to Robert, whom the next week brought to the farmhouse. But after reading Ruth's letter, he besought his parents to do or say nothing more, as it was her own choice; and stifling his great sorrow in his heart, he went back to his studies a changed man. "Philip Cheever has won her from me with a lie," he said, "but if *she* loves him, and he makes her happy, I am content."

Again three years went by—years of application to his profession to the young lawyer—and bringing no change to the old farmhouse. It was at the close of a sultry afternoon in August, and Farmer Martin was returning from the field, where he had been at his day's labor. With hot, flushed brow and weary step, he came toward the farmhouse, stopping by the pond a moment to rest and cool him.

"Why, bless me! what's that?" he ejaculated, as his eye caught sight of some white object lying on the opposite bank. "Why, it looks like a human being, a woman asleep! Maybe somebody's been in the woods after berries, and stopped to rest by the pond, and so fell asleep! But," he continued, "whoever it is, she hadn't oughter stay there long, and I'll jest step round and speak to her." He went around some little distance to the opposite side of the pond, but as he advanced near the prostrate form, and saw the white lilies twined amid the dark, dishevelled tresses, and bending down, caught a sight of the white face, he started tremblingly back, exclaiming:

"Yes, yes, 'tis she, my poor Ruthy! My poor broken lily—come back to die among the flowers she loved so well!" He raised her tenderly in his strong arms, as though she were but an infant in weight, and carried her to the house. As he was met in the doorway by his wife, with an alarmed look on her face, he cried:

"She has come back, mother—our poor Ruthy has come back to us! I've always said she'd come back to the old place again!" And he carried her to the room which was hers in childhood, laying her tenderly on the bed.

"She is dead, Nathan! See how pale she is!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bending over the still form. "O, Nathan, she came back to die at the very door, and we did not know it to soothe her last moments!"

"No, no, mother, she is not dead—she lives, her heart beats!" said her husband, taking the cold hand in his, feeling the pulse, and bending down his head to catch the feeble beat of the almost stilled heart. "She will revive—she must come to—our poor child! She will come to by rubbing and hot drink!" And the farmer and his wife saw, after half an hour's time, a faint color came to the pale cheeks, and a quickened beat of the heart.

But Ruth revived only to wander off in a wild, incoherent way. Rising in bed, and looking around the room, her eyes resting on her uncle and aunt, she muttered: "All, all a dream!—yes, yes, a dream! But Robert, where is he? We played together by the brook, he gathered these lilies for me!" her eyes resting on the crushed flowers in her hair. "Yes, he was very kind. We wandered together through the green woods, and rested by the cool waters—and he loved me—he told me so, there; and I loved him so well, too! Yes," she cried, "you needn't laugh and say 'twas false, standing there!" shaking her head at the farmer and his wife. "You know we were to be married, and that we loved each other! Robert—Robert, why don't you come to the wedding? See, I am all ready, the flowers are in my hair—the minister will come! Robert, where are you? Ah, I know," she continued, her voice taking a plaintive tone, "yes, you are in the city. There is a lady there, a beautiful lady, but I know who she is—Julia Belmont is her name. He told me—Philip Cheever told me that my Robert loved her—that he was proud and ambitious, and had got wearied of me. O, Philip Cheever!" she shrieked, starting up, "it wasn't true! Robert loved me all the time—you *knew* it, and you *lied* to me! O, Philip, you wooed me then in the old woods, and I fled with you. But, Philip, we were mar-

ried!" she went on. "Don't say it again, that it was not so—it will kill me! There *was* a minister," she continued, in a softer tone; "I remember his name was like mine—you said so then! that it was like mine—and his wife, *she* saw us married, too! You can't say 'twas false, Philip! O, Philip, you won't be so cruel! You can't be married again—'twill be wrong! Let me go!" she shrieked, as she struggled to get free from the farmer, who held her in bed. "I must tell her before it is too late! He will go and deceive her. He is *my* husband!" she exclaimed fiercely, turning her eyes on them. "Let me go—he mustn't marry her! But O, he has gone to a second wedding in his own sunny home he used to tell me about. Ha, ha!" And she laughed a wild, insane laugh, which thrilled through the hearts of those two by the bedside. "It'll be a gay wedding, for I wear the ring;" and she thrust out her hand. "This proud lady, Gertrude Harlow, can't have it!" And she hastily hid her hand under the bedclothes.

At length, completely exhausted, she sank into a broken slumber, and Mrs. Martin, who watched by her through the long night, said to her husband:

"She will be better when she wakes. But some wrong has been done, Nathan. She raves about facts. I believe you'd better write for Robert to come home, and he will get at the bottom of it."

Next day a letter was despatched for Robert to return. He was sitting in his office when the letter was brought, in the well-known handwriting of his father. He broke the seal, and as he read he grew fearfully pale, pressing his hand upon his heart, as if to check its rapid beating. A few minutes he sat thus, then springing from his chair, told his clerk he was going home for a few days, and went out; and making a few hasty arrangements, jumped aboard the train which swiftly bore him to his home.

He came, a sad, grave-looking man. In the three years that had elapsed since Ruth's disappearance, and Robert's great sorrow had come to him, he had become famed in his profession. Men far and near sought counsel of him in intricate cases, and his words were those of wisdom. He had changed much from the dreamy-eyed boy who used to dwell in the old farmhouse.

Six months had passed since the day Robert Martin received the letter calling him home, and in that time, Ruth had recovered from her illness, and yet remained at the old farmhouse with her uncle and aunt. Robert had stayed at home for a few days only, and then gone out to seek for

proofs of the marriage of his cousin Ruth with Philip Cheever.

In a Southern city, a brilliant party was assembled to witness the marriage of the beautiful heiress Gertrude Harlow, with Philip Cheever, who had just returned from Europe, where he had been travelling for the last three years. It was known that they had been long engaged, even before he went abroad—that on account of his health he had prolonged his stay; and now, on his return, the marriage was to be consummated. The guests were all assembled in the elegant drawing-rooms, brilliantly lighted with perfumed lamps. Noble, whole-souled Southern gentlemen—ladies, beautiful in tropic bloom, and clad in costly laces and flashing gems—but fairest of them all was Gertrude Harlow, as she entered with a train of bridesmaids, to trust her future life in the care of Philip Cheever. And he, as he advances to meet her as she enters—we see that three years have told lightly with him. There is the same look in the dark, fascinating eyes, the same ensnaring smile, a little more fullness of the figure, and a slightly foreign air, lending an additional dignity to him. And as they stood there, those two about to be united, a murmur of approbation ran around the room. All eyes were intent on the handsome pair; and none noticed the opening of the door, and the entrance of a tall figure, a stranger among them.

But, as the ceremony proceeded, and the minister looking around on those present, came to the words, "If any one can show just cause why these two shall not be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, I pray him speak now, or ever after hold his peace!" As these words sounded forth, there came a response:

"Hold," cried a calm, deep voice, which startled all present, causing them to hold their breath, "I can show why the wedding should proceed no further!"

"You!—who are you?" exclaimed Philip Cheever, starting forward with haughty look and tone, supporting the half-fainting form of his (almost) bride on one arm, and instinctively placing his hand where he usually carried his pistols. "Who dares intrude here?" But when he had taken a second look at the face of the stranger, a livid pallor crept over his features, and his limbs shook beneath him.

"You recognize me, then, Philip Cheever? Three years have not made so great a change in me as you could wish, perhaps!" said that calm, thrilling voice. "You, too, are looking the same as when we visited my home three years ago—you, to creep like a serpent, as you were, not only into my home, but into the heart of my betrothed

filling her mind with base fabrications concerning me! You did your work well, Philip Cheever! Your tongue was smooth and oily, and under cover of illness, you remained when I went forth again, and then won my affianced. But, Philip Cheever, she was yours honorably—Ruth Bell was your wife—yet now you would seek to cast her off, putting her aside with a lie! But I have the *proofs* of that wedding, and therefore you stand here a perjured man!"

"This marriage cannot take place!" he said, turning again to the amazed minister. "If any further information is needed concerning the matter, it can be obtained by writing to Robert Martin, lawyer, at B——." And bowing low to the astonished company, he went out.

And while all eyes were fastened on the speaker, none had noticed that Philip Cheever also left the room. And in the confusion that followed, and the increasing darkness of the night, he made his escape from the Crescent City, leaving behind a stricken heart—that of Gertrude Harlow.

Two years more passed, and it was Christmas time. Within and about the farmhouse there was little change. Farmer Martin had grown somewhat stouter, but there were the same pleasant smile on the ruddy face, and the same merry glance of the twinkling blue eyes. The black, shining hair of Mrs. Martin was streaked with silver, and the forehead traced by the lapse of time. With Ruth the change was greater than when we saw her last; there were the same dark, dreamy eyes, with a saddened look in their depths, the same beautiful hair of her girlhood, and health was in her rounded form.

There were great preparations going on this Christmas, for Robert was expected home. It was his first visit for two years; as he had been called to Europe on an important case, and had but just returned, after winning both the case and fame in his absence; and no wonder that Mrs. Martin and Ruth had been more than ordinarily anxious for the expected one, who had not been with them for these two long years.

"Well, mother, here comes the stage—and here is Robert!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, as just then, the stage made its appearance down the turnpike.

A tall, handsome man was soon in the arms of his parents; then, turning to Ruth, he greeted her as in the days of their childhood. Robert Martin did not look so grave, as when he last set foot in the farmhouse. That was a happy Christmas time—the happiest which many a year had brought—and one which also brought back the

joy of the past, and bade it sit down with them at the festal board.

"Have you heard anything from Philip Cheever?" asked Robert of his father, the next day in conversation.

"Yes, yes; we saw his death in a Californy paper, over a year ago; and after that, a letter came to Ruthy from him, sent from Californy by the doctor who attended him in his last sickness. It was an affecting letter, Robert. He asked her forgiveness for the wrong he had done her, saying that he was dying of consumption, in a strange land, with no friend but the kind doctor who attended him—and begging her forgiveness for the past, adding that he could not die in peace unless she granted it. But she did not get the letter until after his death—poor fellow! The girl felt bad enough about it. He left her all his property at the South, 'to make amends for his unkindness,' he said. So our Ruthy's a rich woman now—though I know that won't change *your* feelings a mite, Robert."

The tender look which came to Robert's eyes, and lighted them with the same dreamy expression of his youth, was enough answer without the words which followed:

"And Ruth is free now? Cheever—poor fellow!—God knows I did not wish his death—but Ruth will be happier now, I believe."

In the springtime Robert came again to the farmhouse, and when he returned to his city home, he carried with him Ruth Cheever as his bride. They returned to the plighted faith of their youth, and the past was to them but a dimly remembered dream.

#### MR. SPURGEON AND THE NOBILITY.

At Abercarn, the other day, Mr. Spurgeon preached in a field to at least 20,000 people. Among those present were the Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire and Mrs. H. Leigh; Lord Tredegar, Lady Tredegar, and the family; Lord Llanover, Lady Llanover, and the family; and a large number of the leading gentry of the country. Previous to commencing worship, it was represented to the preacher that it would be advisable for the large concourse of people to move aside, to enable the several carriages and four to approach near the platform; upon which he replied that he did not come there to preach to horses, but to men; four horses and carriages would occupy the ground of fifty people, and therefore the horses and carriages must remain where they were. After the service, the lord-lieutenant sent for Mr. Spurgeon and invited him to visit Pontypool; but Mr. Spurgeon replied that he was sorry he could not comply with his lordship's wish, as he had full engagements for the next two years.—*Cardiff Guardian*.

"Business is the salt of life." Very likely. But who wants salt for a perpetual diet?

[ORIGINAL.]

MY EARLY HOME.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

Long cherished roof of tender years,  
Sweet stage of childhood's scene,  
I hail thee with a pilgrim's tears,  
Though years have passed between.

Ah, weary years they've been to me,  
But I regret their loss;  
And ruthless years they've been to thee,  
Dim hid in velling moss.

I see Time peep from every rent,  
I see it on the door;  
The very air is indolent,  
That was so spry before.

How oft beneath this solemn porch  
Have I with pleasure played,  
When Life held boldly out his torch,  
When sunshine knew no shade.

The grass is green upon the lawn,  
But falling are the trees;  
O, see, ye spirits of the gone,  
Your lives decayed like these!

Dear Memory, feast your royal eye,  
For bounded is my stay;  
My heart's deep fountain has grown dry,  
And I must haste away.

Long cherished roof of tender years—  
My early home, farewell!  
I give to thee my pilgrim tears—  
It was for thee they fall.

[ORIGINAL.]

REVENGE AT LAST.

BY EDWARD FERHAM.

For time at last sets all things even;  
And if we do but mark the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

BYRON'S MAREPPA.

WHETHER it is right in all cases to forgive an unprovoked wrong done to us, we will leave for moral philosophers to debate; together with the question, whether repentance or atonement should be the conditions of pardon, and with that other important question, whether a readiness to excuse a malignant or dishonest act, does not encourage evil-doers? Does the Almighty teach us to pardon those who neither atone nor repent? It is not in human nature to suffer unjustly, without wishing retaliation upon the one who caused that suffering, knowingly and unprovoked. Magnanimity may overlook the smart, but strict justice may not demand such magnanimity; and virtue

may not frown at the satisfaction of all revenge.

When Adam Stanley, the father of our hero, was on his deathbed, Walter was but six years old. Conscious of the near approach of the dread summoner, he bade the boy call in their nearest neighbor, Mr. Tobias Luroy, who came, and was thus addressed by the dying man:

"I have lived in this miserable wooden hovel but a few months, as you are aware. Reverses of fortune compelled me; and since the death of my beloved wife, and all my children—save Walter the youngest—he has been my sole companion; for I have no kindred this side of the grave. But for him, I should be glad to go; and as my children have had slender frames, I think it will not be long before he will follow me. You are a stranger to me, but as my hour is at hand, I beg to intrust him to your care. You are reputed to be a man of some means, and you may find Walter of sufficient use to you as he grows up, to pay you for the trouble and expense of your support and guardianship. This bank book will place at your control a thousand dollars, the last remnant of my property; a sum which I reserved for his benefit in case I should be suddenly taken away. Take it, and use it in his behalf. Be kind to him. It is my dying prayer; and may the God of the helpless reward you in proportion to your goodness to him."

Tobias Luroy grasped the book and promised. And in a few moments Adam Stanley lay dead before his sobbing boy, and beneath the hard, cold gaze of his neighbor.

The funeral over, Walter Stanley was received into the house of Mr. Luroy. He had a pale face and a delicate frame, but he was a sweet-featured and a bright-eyed boy, and might easily have won his way into the affections of any stranger, had that stranger possessed a heart of ordinary softness. But Tobias Luroy, a sordid creature, whose wife had early died from companionship with his harsh and unsympathetic nature, was incapable of a tender or generous emotion. He was made of piratical stuff, as cruel and relentless as he was avaricious; and wishing that the thousand dollars were disburthened of the boy, he longed for him to die; and to that end became the constant tyrant, instead of protector. During four years of friendless wretchedness, the gentle, harmless stripling found his only home on earth a hell. Whatever inadvertent, childish error he committed was severely punished. His affectionate impulses were repelled; his kind actions unthanked for and unrewarded; and at times he was subjected to torment such as could not have been conceived or put into execution by any but a demoniac heart.

The child was half-starved, ill-clothed, uncared for in sickness, kicked and cuffed when he was comparatively well. No loving glance ever met his own when he looked up to the hard face of his brutish guardian. No playthings, such as all children long for, could he ever call his own. If he ventured out to sport awhile with others of his age, he was sure to be terrified with reprimands or a whipping for it, unless he contrived to do it by stealth; and even when undiscovered, play was almost no play to him, for he mixed in the pastimes with an aching heart, always apprehensive. There was a wild, almost hysteric sadness in his laugh, and the poor boy's face looked almost always frightened. In those games so necessary and so endeared to youth, whenever he thought of Mr. Luroy, his hand trembled at the marbles, or missed the flying ball, sent the arrow wide of the mark, his speed slackened in the race, or his heart and strength and liveliness failed in any boisterous game—he dreaded what might follow!

For trifling indulgences like these, or some ordinary mishap or natural mistake, he would sometimes be locked in a room alone for three days together, with scant bread and water to keep the miserable life within him. At other times his tyrant would take him into the cellar, where a rope and pulley had been rigged up for his especial torment, and after being hauled up to the ceiling, he would receive a merciless flogging, while hanging by the hands; or in that position be lowered and plunged repeatedly into a hog-head of water, till he was nearly drowned; and then be sent, exhausted, supperless and shivering to bed. So completely was he cowed by such treatment, that he dared not reveal it to any one.

"I will murder you, if you ever dare to tell, you young villain!" Luroy would exclaim. "Nobody would believe you, even if you did, poor, friendless wretch that you are, and you would be sure to suffer more. So mind you keep your lips closed, or worse will come to you."

The only real comfort which the poor boy had within doors, was the companionship of a pretty little child, Nelly Edgerly, like him an orphan, and the only offspring of the sister of Mr. Luroy, to whose mercies she had been committed after the death of her parents. Her gambols and prattle—she was two years his junior—and her secret whispers of sympathy caused his aching heart to warm towards her, for she was the only being who witnessed his sufferings, and showed that she was sorry for him. Of all the wide world, little Nellie Edgerly was the only one he could love. Thus God orders one ray of sun-

shine to illumine even the darkest dungeons of the heart.

At the age of ten, finding that Walter would not die, Luroy determined to get rid of the obdurate youth altogether. Who was to call him to account? He arranged for him to go to sea on a long voyage, as a cabin-boy. Walter had a horror of the sea. He had read in little books of shipwreck, pirates and drowning, and the thought of meeting the terrors of the ocean daily, face to face, nearly drove him mad. He begged not to be sent away; shrieked and cried and clung imploring to the knees of the delighted fiend, who became the more resolved he should go, the more he abhorred it. The captain, too, one John Hardiman, looked like a savage man to the timid, imaginative boy. A tyrant on shore was bad enough, thought Walter; but a tyrant on the lonely, desolate, treacherous, frightful sea—that was a horror he had never thought to have experienced.

"I don't care what you do with him," said the brutal Luroy, roughly, as they parted. "Flog him every day, throw him to the sharks, if you like. Only never bring him back to me again."

"Good-by, Nelly," said the sobbing boy, as they kissed each other's cheeks at parting. "I suppose we shall never see each other again."

"Good-by, Watty, but I hope we shall."

"And I hope not," growled Luroy, pulling her away. "I hope you'll meet the worst of fates," he added, scowling at Walter, "and be food for the fishes before the voyage is over."

The trembling boy of ten went aboard with dismal forebodings; but God who marks the fall of a sparrow, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and the slenderest flower, kept watch over the frightened orphan, and through the "dark cloud of heavy sorrow," from that time forth, poured the sunshine of his prospering love. Contrary to his expectation, Walter, in the course of instructions as to his duties as a cabin-boy, found Captain John Hardiman a kind man. He was a rough, bluff, good-hearted Jack tar, and when he heard the history of the boy's ill-treatment, since his father died, he was amazed at the atrocity, and resolved to take the boy under his especial protection, and advance him as fast as possible. Under his kind auspices, Walter soon became divested of all terror at the sea, became strong, hearty and confident; and accompanying the captain on repeated voyages, was made a thorough-bred sailor in every sense of the term, dividing his studies equally between nautical knowledge and the ordinary branches of a common school education, and evincing great powers of application and a rapid proficiency.



A rapid promotion followed, so that at the age of twenty he was placed through the powerful influence of his benefactor, in command of a merchant ship. In this capacity he had ample chances to show his enterprise in trading; and fortune smiling upon his speculation in foreign merchandize, at the age of twenty-two, he found himself a wealthy man. But through all the toils and trials of these years of nautical exile, Walter Stanley never forgot his old persecutor.

Wherever he went, the old scenes of agony were fresh in his memory. The scowling face of the tyrant of his youth was ever present to excite his revengeful hatred, and he determined to have a day of retribution yet. And, as if to keep alive and perpetuate the remembrance of the scenes which he had undergone, while his ship lay in an Italian port, he engaged a celebrated artist to portray upon canvass, at his dictation, several of those scenes which were most painfully recollected by him. The pictures were done to the life, and the tyrant and his victim, suffering and inflicting, were again visible in terrible reality. The unexampled series of portraits were brought home by Captain Stanley, on his last voyage before the time he had set for the consummation of his revenge.

For twelve years he had not visited the city from which he had gone forth a trembling outcast. He was now a strong, bold, handsome and wealthy man, whom even Luroy, who thought him dead by this time, would have failed to recognize. In pursuance of inquiries, he soon ascertained that Luroy still lived in the old house with his niece, who was now grown into the beauty of developed womanhood. But the tyrant had become poor through deserved reverses, and a neighbor informed Captain Stanley that he was about to force a marriage between his comely niece, over whom he exercised a complete domination, and a wealthy merchant to whom she was betrothed, though averse, and through whom Luroy expected, by the sacrifice of Nelly, an ample pecuniary reward.

"You are sure she does not love him?" asked Walter of his informant.

"You would say so, if you could see her pale, sad face," was the reply. "The man has a wolfish and brutal look and behaviour, and is old enough to be the father of the unhappy young lady."

Walter at once wrote to her, appointing time and place for an interview, and it was soon had. Each was amazed at the alteration in the other, and for a long time they dwelt upon the incidents of their youth. Walter recounted his adventures since they had parted, and told her how God had

favoured him since he had escaped the clutches of the merciless Luroy.

"But you have not escaped them yet, dear Nelly," continued he. "Yet you may, if it is your will to do so."

"It is indeed! O, how I long for a friend and protector who will save me from a marriage which will be like death to me," exclaimed Nelly, vehemently. "I have suffered the persecution of that fiend, till my heart is well nigh broken."

"You shall suffer it no longer, Nelly. Be mine—be my wife. You are of legal age to choose. And I will make you mine with a double joy, to think that in snatching you from his power and from future wretchedness, it will do much to pay off old scores."

Nelly Edgerly gave a joyful consent, and it was at once decided that the marriage should be solemnized on the following evening, at the house of a friend, and under peculiar circumstances.

The evening came. At midnight the ship of Captain Stanley was to set sail, with the bride and bridegroom on board, for a distant voyage. The move of Walter was a daring one. Darkness had scarcely settled upon the city, when he and four trusty men of his crew called at the house of Luroy, and were admitted by him. Seizing a good opportunity, they gagged, blindfolded, and bound him hand and foot, and lifting him into a carriage, conveyed him to the house where the marriage was to take place. What was his horror and astonishment, when he was placed in a chair and the bandage removed, to see before him Nelly Edgerly, attired as a bride, and clasping the hand of the stranger; the four sailors standing by as witnesses, and a clergyman in the act of performing the marriage ceremony! He struggled violently and strove to make an outcry, but the parties smiled, and he strove in vain. He was compelled to look, and listen to the rites which forever ruined his merciless and mercenary hopes, and which gave his persecuted niece to another than the man to whom he had thought to sacrifice her.

It was a terrible spectacle to him; but other torments were in store and at hand for him. The bride and the clergyman retired together, the latter, according to previous agreement, accompanying Mrs. Stanley on board the ship.

Walter Stanley now advanced and made himself known to the enraged and despairing, but powerless despot of his helpless childhood.

"Tobias Luroy, look well at me! I see you do not know me. I am Walter Stanley—the poor, scourged, terrified and feeble boy, whom after years of atrocious cruelty, you sent adrift to die, or live a miserable life, now stands before

you, grown to manhood, and blessed by rank, riches, and a woman's love. He has lived to foil your heart's most cherished plan. Lived to snatch another victim from your hateful grasp, and now to administer to you a bodily punishment such as you so often inflicted upon him, in cowardly and bloody secrecy. Look up, around these walls!" he added, pointing to the frightful pictures which depicted the old atrocities of Luroy, and which had been hung there for the occasion; "don't you recognize yourself and me in each of them? Are they not forcibly depicted? Your heart answers, yes. But here is that which will give force to the delineations. Men, strip the fiend at once, and flog him soundly; for it is my wedding night!"

The four sailors did his stern bidding with a will. Luroy was stripped and scourged with a ship's "cat," in such a prolonged and emphatic manner as caused him to remember to the end of a miserable existence, the kindred treatment he had inflicted upon the orphan boy.

"The hour of vengeance is over now," said Stanley, to the writhing knave, "and I am satisfied. Your disgrace is complete. I have saved an angel from your pitiless avarice, and I am fully revenged. We leave this place forever, Tobias Luroy, and may this hour never fade from your memory. Men, take him home to his vacant den again."

The justly punished wretch was borne to his dwelling accordingly. The pictures—unique memorials of childhood's days—were then borne aboard the ship, where a wedding collation was being enjoyed by the crew. The clergyman took his leave, and within an hour the gallant craft, her white wings spread to a propitious breeze, was bounding fast and far over the dancing waters. Walter Stanley was revenged at last; nor did the confounded spirit of Tobias Luroy ever lead him to seek from law that redress which would have given publicity to his crimes, and made him a scorned example before all the world.

#### THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

The family of Guzman (of which the French Empress is a descendant) is one of the most illustrious and historic houses in Europe; being the parent stock from which have sprung the Dukes of Medina de las Torres, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, and the Counts and Dukes of Olivares, and the Marquises and Counts of Montijo, Counts of Theba, and Grandees of Spain. In addition to the name of Guzman, her majesty is entitled to that of Portocarrero, which recalls likewise great historical associations. The empress is not the first of her race who has been called to a throne; in 1663, Donna Louisa Francisca de Guzman married the King of Portugal, Don Juan IV of Braganza.—*Burke's Vicissitudes.*

#### TOBACCO AND ARSENIC.

A young lady in Hampshire fell into the mistake of eating a portion of arsenic, which had been prepared for the destruction of rats. Painful symptoms soon led to the discovery. An elderly lady then present advised that she should be made to vomit as soon as possible, and as the unfortunate victim had always exhibited a loathing for tobacco in any shape, that was suggested as a ready means of producing a desired end. A pipe was used, but this produced no nausea. A large portion of strong tobacco was then chewed and the juice swallowed; but even this produced no sensation of disgust. A strong decoction was then made with hot water; of this she drank a pint, without producing nausea or giddiness, or any emetic or cathartic action. The pains gradually subsided, and she began to feel well. On the arrival of physicians, an emetic was administered. The patient recovered, and no ill consequences were experienced. Another case occurred a few years subsequent at the same place, when tobacco was administered, and no other remedy. In this instance there was complete and perfect recovery. From this it may be reasonably concluded, that tobacco is an antidote of very safe and ready application in cases of poisoning by arsenic.—*M. C. Cooke.*

#### AN UNRELIABLE WITNESS.

There are some who are so unwilling to admit the truths of the Bible, as often to show great credulity in believing what they think will destroy the testimony of the Scriptures. A Mr. Leonard Horner has recently demonstrated, as he thought, from discoveries he made in Egypt, that man has existed on the earth for twenty thousand years. At the base of a statue in Memphis, of one of the Pharaohs, whom he supposed to have reigned about 1360 years before Christ, he found an accumulation of nine feet four inches of Nile mud; adding to that 1854, the date of his excavation, he has 3214 years for the accumulation, making the rate of increase three and a half inches a century. Making deeper excavations, he found, at the depth of thirty-nine feet, a piece of pottery, from which he and other learned men concluded that man must have existed 13,371 years before 1854. The London Literary Gazette, in demonstrating the fallacy of this assumption, states that this very statue was upright and uninjured only six centuries ago, being described by an Arab historian who visited it then; so that the sediment must have accumulated in less than six centuries, instead of more than thirty, and the other calculations based upon it fall to the ground.—*N. Y. World.*

#### To gather Perfume of Flowers.

Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil from them. This process with fresh flowers is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed up with an equal quantity of pure, rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY BOYHOOD'S HAUNTS.

BY WILL ALLEN.

Ah, here's the very tree, whose shade  
Spreads o'er the noisy rill;  
And here's the bridge that nature made,  
That touches just the hill.  
Beneath this tree, in bygone days,  
I sat and whiled away  
The hours that were so sunny then,  
So dear to me and gay.

And here's the rock, moss-grown and gray,  
I likened to a tower;  
The rock is just the same, and grass  
Sprouts at its base, and flowers.  
There below me, in the dingle,  
Where grow the daisies sweet,  
I'd hide myself, and dream away  
The hours that were so fleet.

The old mill-wheel, that flung the spray  
Like jewels all around,  
Is quiet now, and lying low  
Upon the weedy ground.  
The mill of stone is standing yet,  
But going to decay—  
The mill I used to love so well,  
And where I used to play.

The miller, now grown old and gray,  
Will soon sleep in the tomb,  
And flowers bright, and flowers rare,  
Shall o'er him sweetly bloom;  
For once I used to love him well.  
When young, and strong, and hale:  
He's neither hale, nor strong, nor young,  
He's old, and gray, and pale!

He scarce remembers now the boy  
That used to come each day,  
To chat with him, and laugh, and sing,  
And work, and call it play!  
He says I've grown so old since then,  
So changed in every way,  
He scarce believes I was the boy  
"That worked, and called it play!"

O boyhood hours, forever passed!  
Why flew ye by so swift?  
Ye never will return to me—  
Ne'er to return ye drift!  
I miss one who, in summer days,  
Would always come with me,  
And sing and laugh the time away,  
Here underneath this tree!

I miss him now—and O, he sleeps  
Down in a turfy bed.  
And daisies sweet, and harebells blue,  
Are sprouting o'er his head!  
O, by his side, when I am called  
To rest my weary feet,  
There lay my head where now they bloom—  
Harebells and daisies sweet!

[ORIGINAL.]

"O, DEAR!"

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. M. T. CALDOR.

"O, DEAR!" The words came in a dreary, wistful tone, as though the speaker's heart were burdened with grief and care, and raising a slender white hand, fairer and softer than many a score of those who termed themselves the ladies of the town, in whose precincts he stood, the speaker brushed off with his delicate cambric handkerchief the great drops of perspiration on his forehead. Not, by the way, the beaded pearls of honest sweat, well-earned by manly toil; but the hot, steaming exhalations of inward feverish fretting.

"O, dear!" The words came again, heartily, with more and increasing pain. What inward grief could thus distress that fine, elegant-looking young man, leaning so listlessly against the trunk of the noble elm tree shading the entrance to one of those tasteful country retreats, so charming and refreshing alike to the eye of the stranger pedestrian passing by and the proud gaze of its wealthy city owner?

It was not sickness, surely. The manly form was gracefully upright, the complexion clear and pure, the lips full and rosy with the beauteous freshness of health. It was not poverty, for the whole apparel showed a lavish purse, and one needed not to follow the diamond-circled finger into the pocket to which it idly clung, to read in the bank books nestling there the goodly sums set down to the credit of Henry Ireson, Esq. Certainly the blighting effects of care and want had never reached him.

Neither did it seem possible it could be inward wickedness and sin that with ghostly reproaches kept the soul haunted by an unquiet distress. The dark blue eye had an honest clearness, the broad forehead an open ingenuousness, and the finely-shaped head betrayed too many noble characteristics.

Wherefore, then, the dissatisfied frown, and the impatient vexation his manner betrayed? Hark, he will explain himself. Idly brushing off with his cane the poor clover blossoms in the grass beside him, and watching a bright-eyed robin pecking cautiously at a branch of berries, and an earnest bee, keeping undeviatingly on his track of duty, he soliloquized aloud:

"O, dear!" everything and everybody is busy, and here am I, strong, lazy fellow that I am, without anything before me, from sunrise to sun-

set, day in and day out, actually sighing and groaning for some one to give a little work to do. What a life I lead! Beginning the day when thousands of happy fellows are half through a forenoon's work. Yawning over my pillow as long as possible, and then yawning over my breakfast, which I spin out so long, just for the sake of whiling away time, that impatient waiters and my own digestive organs alike groan at the protracted demand. Then a cigar, maybe two, and a stroll somewhere, round the garden with sister Belle, or over the park with her husband. Perhaps I get up a little interest in one or the other, and would like right well to take hold in good earnest with my own hands at some suggested improvement. But no, that would be interfering with Mr. Gardener's privilege, and haven't I seen, times enough, the look of injured dignity he can assume, mingled with a contemptuous pity for my ignorance, that makes me long to show him I understand the art of boxing thoroughly, if nothing else? Well, to go on with the ennobling routine. Then I have the horse brought round. I do enjoy that daily drive, every minute of it. There is a keen delight following after my noble Sultan's flying feet. But at length I have mercy on him, and send him back to the stable. Next dressing up for dinner, and dinner itself, a proscribed, formal, tiresome affair—even if there are stranger guests, they are sure to be just such puny, good-for-nothings as myself, and the talk will be stupid and dull, and everybody will be immensely relieved when it is over. Then another cigar, maybe a nap on the arbor lounge, or else in the drawing-room, trying to entertain myself, and a set of foolish walking bales of silks, laces and jewelry, yclept fashionable ladies, who sit gazing at each other, or thrumming the piano, instead of having sensible work to make the time fly swiftly, and the conversation sparkle off naturally and cheerfully. And the day finishes off at the opera, or some crowded levee, or party. That's fashionable life! Not a good deed done, not a useful act performed, not an ennobling virtue acquired. Good Heavens, it is monstrous, it is wicked! I despise myself. Better far throw the legacy of my father into the fire, so that the imperative necessity for bread and butter shall force me to be a man. Ah, see, there goes a happy fellow. His dinner pail on his arm, he's off for a day's work. A carpenter, I judge. I think I saw him at work yesterday at Emmerton's new building. What a manly-looking fellow he is—such broad shoulders and brawny arms. Well may he hold up his head so proudly. He fills his place in the world worthily, and when he dies

will be mourned and missed. Heigh-ho!"

The carpenter, a tall, intelligent looking man, came along the roadside toward the tree where the young man stood. Just then a clear, childish voice rang out behind him:

"Papa! Papa!"

Turning at once with a suddenly kindling smile that did not escape the notice of Henry Ireson, he called out:

"Why, Susie, you elf, have you followed me all this way? Run back again, child. Mother will be frightened."

A blue-eyed, curly-headed cherub of six or seven years clung to his knees, half-laughing with the joy of reaching him, half-crying at the fancied slight.

"O, papa, you didn't kiss Susie. Susie wants her kiss."

"Silly puss." And the child, crowing with delight, was swung far above his head in those strong arms, and two or three hearty kisses bestowed on the sweet roe-bud lips. "There, Susie, now run back, and keep on the side of the street."

"How soon will you come back, papa? You said you'd fix my garden for me, and Auntie Mary's flowers; but you haven't."

"I know it, darling, but you see poor papa is busy at work all the time to get the bread and butter for his little chickies. I'll try and get a chance to do a little to-night." A shade of care crossed his face, and he repeated discontentedly, "There's always so much to be done when I can get a minute. If I only had a few days to myself! 'O, dear!'"

The tone revealed a host of toilsome, wearying exertions. He sighed again, dismally, "O, dear!"

A mellow laugh startled him, and turning about he perceived, for the first time, the young gentleman beneath the elm tree, his handsome face dimpled with smiles, while he said, bowing respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but the coincidence was rather amusing, and provoked a laugh from me. Here was I just now giving just as forlorn and doleful an 'O, dear' as yours, because I had nothing in the world to do; while your trouble seems to lie in the opposite direction."

The mechanic recognized a true gentleman in the friendly bearing of the stranger, and gave a friendly smile in return.

"I think I would like to try your case a little while. It is soonest mended," he answered readily.

Young Ireson smiled bitterly. "Mayhap, mayhap, yet Heaven knows it were folly for you

to wish for so pitiful an estate as mine. Be happy, man. You should know how I envied you as I saw your eager, earnest face coming along the street."

After a moment's curious gaze into the speaker's face, the carpenter seemed intuitively to divine his thoughts.

"Ay," he said, gravely, "you are right. I should always be happy, and there's many a blessing any man might rejoice to possess."

While he spoke he glanced back at the white-walled cottage peeping forth from a distant line of trees, and then at the rosy, childish face brimming with so much love and sweetness.

"I am almost always gay as a lark, and it is only now and then I get discouraged, seeing so much ahead that needs tending to. But it's all right. Plenty of work keeps off gloom and mischief both, and if there's work ahead, so is there time, too. But the latter commodity is precious with me, as you know, therefore I must bid you good-morning. Run along home, Susie."

"Stay, suppose we try and relieve each other. What was it little Susie wanted. Can't I help her a little?"

It was a doubtful smile Carleton the mechanic gave, as his eye glanced at the glossy broadcloth coat, and the white hands of the questioner. A flush mounted to the young gentleman's forehead.

"Nay, nay, my friend," he said, half humbly, half defiantly, "there are muscles under the skin, if it is delicate and womanish. One of these days it may become an arm not to be despised. At all events, from this hour I am fully resolved its energies shall not wither away for want of exercise. Will you take me for little Susie's apprentice?"

"Ay, ay," was the hearty answer, "you're one of the right sort to succeed in anything when you once undertake it. I can safely predict Susie's flower-bed will eclipse all the rest of the garden. Do you understand, Susie, this kind gentleman is ready to work for you?"

Little Susie did understand, and with one bright, shy glance nestled her hand confidently in his, and led merrily toward her home. Highly entertained at this sudden turn of affairs, Henry Ireson followed his prattling guide into the wide garden behind the cosy nest of a cottage, nor was he dismayed when the little one pointed gleefully to a neglected bed, where tall flaunting weeds and luxuriant clover quite overawed and crowded out the pale and sickly flower-roots.

"Only see," cried Susie, after a hasty run into the house to inform "mother" of the unexpected gardener she had found, "the naughty weeds

keep growing, growing, so greedy, just like selfish boys and girls, papa says, and they eat up all the sunshine, and drink away all the dew from my poor little flowers, so they are all starving."

And Susie prattled, and Henry worked. With a right good will he threw off the warm coat, and grasped the spade, and though his fair forehead crimsoned, and broad blisters gathered on his tender hands, he did not desist from his work until a nicely spaded bed was prepared, and the flower-roots carefully transplanted. Then he paused, and taking out his repeater discovered the hour.

"So late!" cried he; "is it possible?"

Susie had heard a well-known whistle. "Jamie has come," cried she, and rushed away. She re-appeared in a moment, followed by her mother.

"Would the gentleman please come in for a luncheon? Please do, please do!" she cried, clapping her tiny hands in delight.

Only a moment Henry Ireson hesitated, then he followed quietly, smiling inwardly at his novel position, when he found himself seated at the little table spread with snowy bread, crumbly cake, golden butter and delicious strawberries and cream, little Susie on one side, and bright, intelligent Jamie on the other.

Mrs. Carleton was busy with her babe in an adjoining room, but occasionally her gentle, refined-looking face peeped in at the door to see if anything was needed.

"This is sensible new," soliloquized Ireson. "What an appetite one can get up when there's not a score of dishes to sicken one with satiety before the meal has fairly commenced. When have I eaten so heartily as this?"

Here a shout of delight from Jamie, and a rush of Susie's toward the door startled him. "Mary's come, Mary's come," cried their united voices.

Turning to the door to see who Mary might be, actually, the refined, travelled, elegant Henry Ireson blushed like an awkward rustic before the apparition standing there. And yet it was only a slight, girlish form, arrayed in some light muslin, with a little sprig of blue meandering over its clear white folds. A beautiful face, to be sure, set off by glossy bands of rich brown hair, and brightened by a pair of large, wonderfully soft dark eyes. She came in with lady-like ease and self-possession, bowing courteously to the stranger, and softly returning the ardent caresses lavished upon her. Mrs. Carleton, hearing the tumultuous glee of the children, came in at once.

"Ah, you are home early. My sister Mary, sir," she said, introducingly.

"I beg your pardon, madam," returned the young gentleman with a bow of recovered ease. "I am ashamed I have not informed you before, my name is Ireson, and I am a brother of your nearest neighbor, Mrs. Greenwood."

A free and lively conversation ensued, wherein Susie and her flower-bed received prominent attention, and the young gentleman was alike charmed by the arch vivacity and varied intelligence of the village schoolmistress, as to his unbounded astonishment he soon discovered the new comer to be.

Before he made his adieu, quite an extensive programme had been arranged. Choice plants had been voluntarily promised them, and Susie was nearly wild with delight at the prospect of a summer house, and an arbor for her own exclusive use. One could scarcely tell which was the brighter, her little face, or the animated countenance of her unsalaried workman, as he sauntered along toward the Greenwood estate, with a light, buoyant step, humming a gay snatch of song, so utterly unlike the moody, irritable youth who had left the avenue that morning.

"Who would believe a little hard work can have such magical effect?" ruminated he. "And to think I have been so dull and stupid all this time, and that charming family so near. I'll make up for lost time now. A famous place they shall have there by-and-by; if I choose to spend labor and money both, who has the right to find fault? I could see how fond of books that charming Mary was. She shall have plenty, now, on some pretence. Well, well, I wonder what would Bell say if she knew all this?"

Bell was his sister, Mrs. Greenwood, the fashionable mistress of the stately mansion. She met him in the hall, adorned with an airy profusion of silk, gauze, ribbons and flounces.

"Why, Harry, how disordered and warm you look! Pray hurry away to your room. Did you know Miss Morton had arrived? Ah, she is as graceful and lovely as a Venus. Just the *parti* for you. Such a rare opportunity as you will have. Be particular about your toilet for dinner, and hurry away, or you'll not be in season. But, bless me, what ails your hands? What horrible blisters—how shocking!"

Her brother laughed at her consternation, and gazing down affectionately into the swollen, scarlet streaked palms, said proudly:

"You would scarcely understand, Bell, so there's no use in my telling you; never hero was prouder of scars won bravely in battle than I of these selfsame blisters. Never mind, don't fret, sister mine. I'll be in season for dinner and Miss Morton both."

So he was. Smiling, handsome and gentlemanly, the beautiful belle of the neighboring city gave him undivided attention while he handed her out to the dining-room, and exerted herself to the utmost to please and charm him. Yet, notwithstanding her brilliant conversation, her dazzling beauty and elegant toilet, there would occasionally an absent, pre-occupied look come over his face that piqued and annoyed her. So also, when he followed her to the drawing-room, in answer to his sister's whispered entreaty, and turned the music leaves, while her white, gem-decked fingers wandered with swift dexterity over the piano keys, she could not resist giving many a furtive glance over her shoulder, to see if it were real, or only existed in her imagination, his air of lofty disdain for the trifling employment.

When Mrs. Greenwood descended the staircase the next morning, she met her brother again in the hall, looking as bright and rosy as if he had just quaffed an exhilarating draught from Aurora's radiant fingers. And so he had. Firm in his new resolutions, when he first awoke, instead of settling himself more comfortably on his pillow, he had sprang up from bed, dressed, and hurried out into the fresh air. Nay, even more, he walked briskly down the avenue, along the roadside toward the white cottage of Carpenter Carleton. A snowy-wreathed column of smoke was rising from the little chimney, and mingling with the fleecy morning clouds, while from the garden plot came the sound of the quick, even strokes of a hoe, and through the lilac hedge he caught a glimpse of a pink cambric dress.

Then said the young gentleman, inwardly, "Ah, there is Carleton at work there. I will go and have a chat with him." Not a word to be hinted, with that suddenly leaping pulse, of the supposition he might have arrived at, concerning the pink cambric dress.

Therefore, he looked delighted, surprised, when pretty Mary Carleton was discovered by her brother's side, actually filling a basket with the weeds he had dug away. She looked up rather startled, yet in smiling welcome.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mr. Carleton. "Mary and I are trying to get our garden bed along so Susie's shall not shame it. You, too, are enjoying this splendid morning air. I fancy you worked pretty steadily yesterday, and I was half inclined to mistrust that one experiment would satisfy you for the present."

"By no means. I am exceedingly anxious to continue, and I walked in to get some directions from you. Consider me an apprentice, if you

please, and tell me what I shall do next. I want to build a little summer-house in the corner there, to cover over with climbing roses for Susie and Jamie. Ah, Miss Carleton, you, too, are an early riser. You see I am like the bad penny, soon returned."

Carleton looked a little embarrassed. He scarcely liked to receive such a favor from a stranger to whom he could make no little return, and he did not wish to seem ill-natured in refusing, but the young gentleman divined his feelings, and said frankly:

"I beg you will not think there is any obligation about the affair, except on my part. Positively, it is for my own personal enjoyment that I proposed it. I am spending the few months previous to the date fixed for my departure on an European tour, with my sister, Mrs. Greenwood, and thus far the time has dragged heavily on my hands. Moreover, I am sick and disgusted with fashionable life, and ashamed of my own puerile uselessness in the world. Give me the opportunity to commence instructing myself, and allow me to be the means of assistance to some one, for the first time in my life. For Susie's sake you must not refuse me."

"No," said Mary Carleton, suddenly, her dark eye kindling, and her whole speaking face illumined with the flush of a noble sentiment, "my brother shall not refuse you. So praiseworthy a resolution must not be checked. A man has no right to be indolent and useless in a world so full of work as this. I shall answer for my brother, and myself install you as our head gardener."

"Thank you," returned Henry, enthusiastically, "I accept the situation from your hands. Remember, you are my employer, now."

"I'll not interfere with that arrangement," laughed her brother. "So, then, Mary, Mr. Ireson must look to you for the remuneration for his services."

"Ay," repeated Henry, with an arch glance into her blushing face, "remember, I shall look to you for remuneration."

She laughed away the momentary confusion. "I promise you there shall be work enough to keep you busy. I shall have a perfect bower of blossoms, and mayhap occasionally give you less romantic work; for instance, the large gate yonder is too heavy and awkward. I have been teasing my brother this long time to make two of it, so as to swing easily at the touch. Now that I have a journeyman always at my call, the improvements I shall plan will be endless."

How lovely she looked! so sweet and fair, and artless, yet with all mingled such pure, womanly dignity. The neat cambric dress in its simplici-

ty setting off the slender figure as prettily as the broad hat the glossy wealth of tresses parted smoothly away from the open forehead.

Henry wondered to see the neat pink folds unstained by the dew, until he noticed how carefully Carleton threw the weeds out upon the gravelled walk, so she need not approach the dampness, and the thoughtfulness of the one little act showed plainly the tenderness of the tie that bound the brother to his sweet little sister. When the children came out, fresh and rosy from the bath, Henry had a dozen opportunities for remarking the quiet, playful tact of the pretty school teacher, keeping them so happy and contented at their play, without a single jarring discord. The moment she perceived their presence was likely to be troublesome where their father and Mr. Ireson were marking off the arbor plan, without any allusion to that fact, she pointed out a robin's tiny nest in the fir tree, and away they flew to examine it.

So, too, she managed to draw Mr. Ireson into the house without his being at all aware of the motive. Would he fasten the rose on the piazza where she could not reach it? and then would he tend to another little errand in the house? And so he was led triumphantly to the snowily draped table, upon which was steaming a plate of fine large perch, browned to a charm, with the crisp fried potatoes by its side, and a roll of foam-white bread, and a cup of fragrant coffee.

"Don't I mistrust that genteel breakfast hours are scarcely compatible with the appetite of my journeyman?" was her gay response to his hesitating look. "Sister Martha, yonder, has a wonderful gift at cooking the fish, which I am just as dexterous in catching."

"You—are these the trophies of your angling skill?"

"Yes, I must plead guilty to a love of the sport. Just imagine how nonplussed I was, a little while ago, while lecturing a group of my school children on the wickedness of stoning the dear old robins that build their nest near us, to hear a bright, smart little fellow say, 'Please, marm, don't the fish love to live just as well as the birds? and missis had a whole basket full the other day.'"

A hearty laugh all around removed any restraint Henry might have felt at trespassing again on their hospitality, and such a breakfast as that, thought he, would never be eaten again, except in Utopia. Then when the young lady took down her hat and satchel, declaring it was school time, and she must be away, young Ireson discovered that his sister would be exceedingly alarmed, if he should not appear at the morning



meal, and accompanied her as far as the Greenwood mansion. His fair companion glanced admiringly up the avenue.

"It is a lovely place, I have always admired it."

He looked to see if there was any envious glances, and longing hopes; but no, the clear dark eye shone hopefully, and a genial smile illuminated the whole face.

"Good-morning," he said, thoughtfully. "I shall take a peep at the school house some day."

She lifted the satchel roguishly. "There is a ferele here."

He waited till the straw hat disappeared behind the hedge of bushes ere he turned up the avenue. As I have said, in the hall of the house he met his sister, pale, languid and sleepy still, just descended from her chamber.

"Well, Harry, what do you think of her? Isn't she charming?"

"Charming indeed," he answered, warmly, and then stammered, "Stay, of whom were you speaking?"

"Miss Morton, Annie Morton, of course."

"O!" Just a shade of comical smile about the well-formed lips.

"Yes, of course you admire her, every one does. She remains with us several days, and if you are wise, you will improve so favorable an opportunity."

She was interrupted by the lady herself. In a soft, emerald-hued morning robe, richly trimmed, and giving a dainty glimpse of rare French embroidery beneath, Miss Morton languidly descended the stairs. Greeting them with a gracious smile she glided toward the verandah, remarking on the fineness of the morning. Henry followed, roguishly inquiring how she ascertained the fact.

"From my chamber window, of course," was the gay reply, "have you any better authority?"

"Indeed, I have; full three hours of this freshest and most invigorating air makes me competent to pronounce it a delightful day."

"Indeed, I was not aware you were such an early riser. How do you busy yourself so long before other people are away from their beds?"

He smiled—such a sparkling, happy smile, the lady instantly determined to ascertain if possible where and how his mornings were spent—and answered evasively:

"I assure you, I have scarcely known happier, rosier-winged hours in all my life than the three just flown away. But let me escort you to the breakfast-room; and how is it about the ride I promised you to-day?"

The rest of the day was devoted to the com-

pany in the house, more especially, the fair lady guest of his sister. She was a showy, brilliant girl, and had she arrived a fortnight sooner, I am not sure by that time she might not have worn the diamond circlet that heralds the less showy but more enduring wedding ring, proclaiming to the world Mrs. Henry Ireson. But now— Well, upon their ride that afternoon, they passed a little brown school house, shaded by a fine grove of oak and elm trees. Just then, at the open window, they had a glimpse of a slight figure, robed in pale pink cambric, and could see distinctly the glossy brown braids and spotless linen collar, as well as the small book held in her outstretched hand, while a monotonous, sing-song humming proclaimed that some hopeful urchin was reciting a well-conned lesson.

Miss Morton raised a delicately gloved hand to throw back the elegant lace veil, and follow his eager eye to the school house window.

"Poor little schoolmistress! how I pity her, immured in that steaming room this warm day," said she. "What a hard life it must be—so trying and wearisome—wearing away one's life and health, and disposition. After all, it is a terrible thing to be poor!"

Henry Ireson was bending out, looking back at the school house, so he only answered indifferently, "Do you think so?" which his companion decidedly resented, inasmuch as she had congratulated herself on a pretty and effective speech. How should she be able to guess the emptiness of her words, to one who had that very morning beheld the bright face, and witnessed the unceasing cheerfulness and general usefulness of the identical teacher who had called forth her pitying sympathy?

Thus week after week slipped away, and Henry Ireson, between his hours of earnest labor at the Carletons, and the assiduous attentions required by Miss Morton, who still lingered a guest at the house, found little opportunity for dullness or ennui, and certainly his eye had never sparkled before with such joyous brightness, or his step acquired such elastic buoyancy. Once in a while his sister would say, pettishly:

"I don't see where you are, or what you are about so much of the time when you are missing here. Annie Morton fancies there is a lady attraction, but I don't see how that can be. One thing, I know you have a queer way about you, and very odd ideas, lately, and you are getting brown as a gipseey."

"Do I look any the worse for a little healthy tanning?" asked he, gaily brushing away a mass of curly hair, and peeping saucily into her face, looking so handsome as he did so, that spite of

her vexation, she smiled upon him with proud affection.

"Well, but, Henry, somehow I don't feel easy about you. You don't seem to like Annie Morton as well as I expected—you disappoint me. What has come over you lately?" she asked, complainingly.

"Like her? Why, I've no antipathy against Miss Morton. I think she is a fine girl. Indeed, I like her very much."

"Like her! Ah, yes, but that is not exactly what I mean. How pleasant it would be for you to take a bride with you to Europe, Harry!"

He gave a long, low whistle. "Well, sure enough, perhaps it would. Thank you for a new idea, sister Bell."

That very afternoon he said to Miss Morton, while assisting her to cut the flowers for her evening bouquet:

"My sister proposes a new idea, Miss Morton, that I should take a companion with me to Europe. What think you?"

A slight flush tinged the delicate cheek of the high-bred lady, but she answered composedly, with a coquettish air of indifference:

"Indeed, you yourself are the best judge of that. European tours are usually entertaining, though I scarcely think I could be very enthusiastic concerning one."

He handed her a last spray of heliotrope, and said no more. Later, while the fashionable belle was busy with her dressing-maid, preparing for the evening party at a neighboring hall, he stood with little Mary Carleton and Jamie beneath the tasteful arbor he had framed, within the garden his labor and purse too had beautified and adorned. A welcome and valued friend he had become, beloved and respected by every one, without a thought of his superior rank and wealth.

"Did you ever imagine you would like traveling in the other hemisphere, Mary, or are you a home-bird that would never sally far from the parent nest? Do you know how soon I shall be on my way to the grand old scenes of historic renown?"

Her soul-lit eyes were fixed dreamily on the full moon passing silently and majestically on her pathway through the ether blue. Something of the glorious effulgence of the silvery light that flooded the scene, kindled on her face, the cheek flushed, the eye glowed, the fresh lips trembled with eagerness.

"I? Ah, has it not been the goal of my fondest desires ever since I was a tiny child and could trace out the different countries on my map? The grand old ocean, the famous cities,

the majestic rivers, the towering mountains! Such unspeakable delight as takes away my breath even to imagine. O, Mr. Ireson, you will see them all; how I congratulate you!" she said, enthusiastically.

Henry Ireson smiled with an eager, joyful meaning she scarcely comprehended.

"Jamie, my boy," said he, with some heartfelt emotion lending a quiver to his mellow voice, "run in and see if mother isn't calling you."

And then—ah, such scenes were never meant for a careless pen or heedless ear—be content, dear reader, to know, a few days afterward, Henry Ireson entered his sister's boudoir, with an odd look of embarrassment and confusion on his face. He made an assault upon her worsted basket for the first moment, twisting together the bright-hued skeins until she quietly withdrew the basket from his mischievous fingers. Then he began disinterring from their velvet beds the jewels in her casket, and when these were also removed, attacked a perfume box, rattling together the crystal flasks until his sister, wincing nervously, exclaimed:

"Have mercy upon my bijouterie, Harry. I never saw you behave so strangely. What is the matter with you?"

He laughed away the awkward confusion, and said boldly:

"I may as well out with it at once. You see, Bell, all this time I've been trying to find a good way to give you a good piece of news. So, then, here it is. I have concluded to accept your advice, and take a bride with me to Europe."

"Is it possible? Ah, that's a dear good fellow, Harry! That sly little Annie never lisped a word of it. I must run and scold her while I congratulate you."

"For a very good reason she said nothing, my dear sister, she is not yet aware of the fact."

"How—what? I don't understand."

"How should you understand, if you do not ask the name of my fair betrothed?"

"I supposed, of course, it was Annie Morton. Who else should it be?"

"It happens to be another person. Perhaps you have heard of Miss Mary Carleton?"

"A daughter of Judge Carleton, of H——?"

His voice grew hurried and excited. He knew very well what was coming.

"Quite another family, Bell. Have you ever noticed the teacher of the village school. She passes here every day!"

Alarm and consternation swept away her previous surprise, but he was too much interested to laugh at her comically rueful face.

"You don't mean—it can't be—O, Henry Ireson, that low-bred, ignorant schoolmistress is not to be your wife, *my sister*?"

Now that the crisis was at hand he grew wonderfully cool and calm.

"No, Bell, it is not possible that any one low-bred or ignorant will be my wife, consequently your sister. Mary Carleton is neither; but she is my betrothed wife. Stop, stop, Bell, spare me that burst of indignation and reproach, and listen to me. First, then, as you know, I am fortunately dependent upon no one, and consequently can act my own will. Secondly, the most insolent tirade from you cannot move me a single inch from my unbounded love and admiration for so sweet, and refined, and lovely a girl as she; and finally, I can assure you it is my solemn belief that when I return from Europe with Mrs. Ireson, you will be even more proud of her grace and beauty than I myself. Now what do you say? You understand the case perfectly. We are all that is left of a numerous family, it would be sad to have coldness and alienation come between us, nevertheless, I will bear no cool treatment toward my wife that is to be. Come, come, Bell, be a sensible woman, and acquiesce gracefully where it is folly to rebel."

She gave a long drawn sigh, a searching glance into his resolute face, and burst into tears. Nevertheless, not quite a year from that time, Mrs. Greenwood gave a grand party at her town residence, in honor of the return to their native land, of Mr. and Mrs. Ireson, and most loving and attentive and admiring was her demeanor toward the latter, of whom, by the way, many a rumor had come back to her native land, reporting the flattering attentions her graceful dignity and unusual loveliness had received from foreign dignitaries, all of which lost nothing of their importance when repeated by Mrs. Greenwood to her fashionable friends. It was "my charming Mary," "my beautiful sister," now, not a word about the "low-bred, ignorant schoolmistress."

Miss Morton, still unmarried, was at that same levee. When she paid her next visit to her friend's country seat, a palatial residence had been erected between the Carleton's cottage and the Greenwood estate, to which she received many a cordial invitation, but strange to tell, she always refused; perhaps because with high-bred contempt she noticed the extreme intimacy of the two households—the humble cottage and the grand country seat.

"And all this," said Mr. Carleton, a dozen times to his smiling wife, "all this has come from that sultry morning, and my lugubrious exclamation, 'O, DEAR!'"

#### THE VALUE OF 'OZONE.'

What people have done instinctively, science seems to confirm; for going to the seashore and to the hill countries, they go where ozone is most abundant. This word ozone is perhaps a puzzler to many of our readers, and requires some explanation. Shortly, it is the term applied to a recently discovered principle, existing in greater or less intensity in the atmosphere—in greater, in those situations, as on the seashore or on lofty mountains, where the air is most pure—in less, where, as in large cities, it is less pure. It seems more than probable that this ozone is the oxygen gas of the atmosphere in a peculiar condition; but whether it is so or no, its existence in greater or less proportion is evidently closely connected with health. As we are digressing into this scientific explanation, we may as well embrace the opportunity to impress upon our readers how greatly health is influenced for good, especially in the feeble, by free exposure, not only to good air, but to the diffused light of day. This is not the place to discuss the subject, or to bring proofs of what is an undoubted fact, so pray take it upon our testimony—pray act upon it; we know not, even yet, how much the chemical rays of sunlight influence our well-being, so pray, reader, remember when we talk of fresh air, we mean plenty of sunlight as well.—*Dr. Thompson's Health Resorts.*

#### A REAL RELISHER OF A JOKE.

A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping-post in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him his twentieth blow, the angry officer could stand it no longer.

"Well, look here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny!" roared the other; "why, it's excellent. *You've got the wrong Smith!* I aint the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one. Now you'll have to go it all over again! Really, it's too good! You must lick the other man! Ha, ha!"—*London Punch.*

#### LOVE OF ORNAMENT.

The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.—*Ladies' Book.*

#### REVENGE.

My revenge  
Was born in laughter (as our highest delights  
Of bluish at first through tears); but 'twill endure,  
Like oaks which, born in May, seem slight and weak,  
But having a score of winters on their heads,  
Grow strong and rugged—so doth my revenge!  
Nought shall impoverish it. The bounteous years  
Shall lend their seasons and apparel it;  
And, lest its roots should e'er be loosed by pity,  
We'll water it well with blood!—*BARRY CORNWALL.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Trials of a Near-Sighted Man.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I AM near-sighted; and when I have written that, I have confided to you the chief difficulty of my life. Near-sightedness is to me the root of all evil. I have nothing to say against the honored proverb that declares money to be that root; I know nothing in favor, or against that assertion, having never been possessed of a sufficient quantity of that particular "root," to satisfy myself of its nature. And here, permit me to introduce myself to the reader. My name is Jehoiakim Wilson; but people having a dislike to use their vocal organs unnecessarily, have abbreviated my cognomen, and I am generally known as Hoke Wilson. A decided improvement over my baptismal title, I think.

At the early age of fifteen, I began to be near-sighted. Whether this infirmity was caused by disease of the visual organ, or by the practice of reading novels by twilight—to which I was addicted—I cannot say, but I think these after sunset readings had the greater share in producing the unfortunate result. And here, young people, allow me to warn you one and all, to let books alone at all hours when the light is dim, or the air thick and cloudy. If you are blest with eyes, take care of them, for if your life extends to the half of fourscore, you will find that good eyesight is worth more than a knowledge of all the novels in creation. I'd rather a son of mine would have the full power of his eyes, than be versed in all the foreign tongues that made Babel horrible.

The first that I discovered of my affliction, was one evening when I went out to walk by moonlight; for at that period, I was romantic. Almost every one has a touch of that feeling at some time of his life—it comes as naturally as the whooping-cough or measles—but it soon wears away before the stern, grinding realities that press their hard surfaces against him at every step. Yes, I went out to walk in the moonlight, and absorbed in the contemplation of her serene highness—the queen of night—I ceased to take an interest in things mundane, and in consequence I suddenly found myself introduced to the charming inhabitants of a deep drain, nearly filled with muddy water. The bath ruined my clean shirt, my mother's morning work at the ironing-table, and left perceptible impressions on my buff vest and Websterian coat. I tried to convince myself that if I had been looking at things earthly, I should have seen the abominable obstacle to

my further progress, but I know now, that this accident was only the first result of my *bane*. That night I awoke from sleep with a start. The old clock was striking the hour of midnight. The white moonlight filled the room with almost noonday radiance, and there by the window, horrible to perceive! was a tall figure, robed in white, with a fearful head, black as the pillars which support the dome of Erebus!

The cold sweat started out from every pore! I shivered like an autumn leaf, if not more so, and hid my face in the counterpane. By-and-by I ventured to look forth once more—still the gaunt presence kept its station, not a fold of its ghastly robe moving, not a feature of its black countenance relaxing! There it stood immovable, stern, and terrible as fate itself! I gave a desperate turn to my courage—it was screwed to the sticking point. I resolved on addressing my fearful guest. I had heard it remarked, that if, when visited by a ghost, you could speak to it and demand its errand, it would acknowledge the courtesy by unfolding its business and taking leave. I plucked off my nightcap, that all my senses might be acute; and unbuttoned my shirt-collar, for somehow I felt dreadfully the need of more air.

"Who, and what art thou, unnatural visitant?"

I used just the same tone of voice in making the address, that old Elder Blake generally employed in giving out the benediction.

There was no answer. The wind rustled the vines against the window, and bellowed fiercely down the chimney. Every separate hair on my scalp stood erect, like the quills of Shakspeare's porcupine.

"What dost thou here at this hour of the night? Why dost thou wander from thy grave, disturbing honest men?"

I say I was but fifteen years old then, but I had begun to scrape my upper lip with one of my father's cast-away razors, and consequently felt myself honestly entitled to the name of man.

Still, my visitor made no reply. O, how the cold shudders crept over me! I know exactly how the fever and ague affects one, though I have never been further west than Troy, in New York. I lay down again, and enveloped myself in the blanket. With the warmth of the bedding, I was reassured. I began to think that I was acting a very cowardly part. What would Angelica Brown say if she knew that I laid with my head covered up, afraid of somebody dressed in white? The thought gave me fresh courage, for Angelica was a particular flame of mine. What if I should arise and lay hands on the spectre, and force him to evacuate the premises, or explain his

right to remain? Wouldn't it be a deed to relate to my children's grandchildren? Wouldn't an admiring posterity, years hence, point to my grave with pride, and say:

"There lies one who feared neither mortal nor immortal! The man who talked with ghosts—who communed with spectres—the renowned and brave Hoke Wilson, Esquire!"

Yes, I would perform the action (that is, if my courage did not ooze out in the showers of perspiration that ran down my body. I put one foot cautiously out of bed—then the other. Then I down with both together, and landed on the floor. Cautiously and breathlessly I crept towards the window; my heart was in my throat, and my eyes starting from their sockets! My knees knocked together like two dramasticks, animal heat had departed—I was cold as a block of ice! I neared the frightful apparition—I reached out my hand and grasped its garments! Humph! It was nothing more nor less than my white linen coat, which was spread over the back of the black stuffed rocking-chair!

So much for being near-sighted.

As time fled on, the accidents that I met with from being near-sighted were legion. I was continually stooping after imaginary pins and needles that proved nothing but straws. The figure of the carpet had a score of times deceived me into the belief that there was a buttercup littering the floor; I bumped my head against cupboard doors and clothes poles innumerable; I mistook the salt for sugar, and the boiled pork (which I abhorred) for the spotted cheese. At a neighbor's, I astonished the good woman by asking for a spoonful of blackberries and cream—it was in the month of January—and come to find out, I had mistaken a bowl of grey beans for the summer luxury of blackberries!

I could not tell the time of day by the town clock, if it had been to save the city; and I should not have recognized my own grandmother across the room. People with whom I was acquainted, began to call me haughty and "stuck up,"—I would meet them in the street, they said, and pass them by as though they had been so many lamp-posts! Good, well meaning souls; I did not recognize them from Adam! All this was, of course, very mortifying to me, and many a practical joke did I have played upon me by my pretended friends.

Near me lived the Widow Grey, a fine-looking, blooming woman of thirty-five. I was quite a frequent visitor at the widow's. My excuse for going there so often was that I was practising singing with the widow, who was a superior vocalist—but this was very far indeed from the

truth. I went expressly to see the widow's daughter Mary! And this same Mary was as pretty a black-eyed lass of sixteen, as Hillville could boast. The widow was very young-looking herself, and persisted in keeping Mary in ridiculously short dresses, which gave the beaux of the village the idea that the mother considered herself still very marriageable.

One balmy October night (I was just nineteen then) I dropped in on the Greys, to assist the widow in singing a new adaptation of "Am I not fondly Thine Own?" The widow presided at the piano; we were alone in the parlor, Mary having gone out with some young friends. I stood behind the pianist, at her left hand—but the composition was entirely new to me, and at my distance from the music, I could not discern a single note. The base might commence with a crotchet, a quaver, or a semi-quaver—how was I to know? I did my best, however, keeping up with the accompaniment, and effectually drowning the widow's fine contralto voice.

"O mercy!" cried the fair one, dropping her fat, white hand on the keys with a hard clatter, "that note was staccato, and you sang it as though there was a hold over it!"

I tried again, but with no better success.

"Goodness, Heke!" screamed she, "what has got into you, I'd like to know? You call it sol, and it's do—low G—and a full swell! Don't you see?"

No, I certainly did not see, but I told her I did, and asked her pardon for my inattention. I will inform the reader, in confidence, that I had a great and over-mastering fear of having it known that I was near-sighted. I leaned down over the music, so low that my hair (it was worn in Byronic locks) touched her forehead. I rather think she liked that, for she stretched her long neck slightly upward, and lifted her eyes to my face. Well, how it happened I do not exactly know, but in some part of the music that required a little extra eyesight to dissect one quaver from another, I bent lower, and my lips came in direct contact with the widow's cheek! She quit playing in a moment, and shrieked out:

"Why, Mr. Wilson, how could you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I don't know as I am," said I, "I did the best I could with it. The base seems to be all mixed up with the tenor."

"Base, indeed!" ejaculated she. "Why, sir, do you pretend to deny that you kissed me?" Her face was as red as a full-blown peony, and her round blue eyes really expressed unlimited astonishment.

"Why, really, I—I—I beg your pardon!"

"No, I'll never pardon you, Hoky—no, never!" pouted she, half-covering her face with her hand, and inclining her head towards me.

"Madam, I never intended to kiss you! The touch was an accident!"

How I ever found courage to make the explanation, I do not know, but it was worth while to see Mrs. Grey when I had spoken. Never did I behold so irate a countenance on a female before!

"Hoke Wilson," said she, with terrible calmness, "it is a lie, sir! A false-faced bare hood! I mean a bare-faced falsehood! And I'll have you arrested for a breach of promise, see if I don't. You've visited here for more'n two years, and we'll see if a fellow's to be attentive to a lone widow for two whole years, and then have the effrontery to declare that he never intended to kiss her! Yes, we'll see! I'll go this instant to Squire Hill, and have the writ made out."

She stood up before me, pale, stern and resolute—a determined Nemesis. I have a holy horror of the law, and the bare mention of a writ made me shake with terror. Was there any harm in employing a little policy to assuage the widow's wounded pride, and save myself? No, no, I said, not the least.

"My dearest Mrs. Grey," I began, "I had never thought of kissing you, because it was something that I dared not do. Your well-known virtue and modesty would have deterred me. I should have lost your favor, without which I could not exist. And, my dear madam, cannot we settle this little matter without recourse to a third person? I should die of shame to hear your pure name brought into a disolute court!"

Well, I am not going to tell you all I said to the widow; but I gave her my handsome gold watch, and received her pardon. She hoped that our slight misunderstanding might not affect our friendship, and I said, "Assuredly not."

But do you think I ever ventured inside Sally Gray's door again? If you do, you are mistaken.

The time came when I left home for Boston, where I engaged in the practice of my profession; for I had studied medicine at Bowdoin. I soon obtained patronage, for I flatter myself that my skill was of no common order. But I made sad mistakes in the houses of my patients. I fell over poodle dogs; trod on cat's inviolable tails; knocked down diminutive flower-pots; entered wrong chambers, and fell down whole flights of stairs, by tripping my toes into loose pieces of carpeting.

In the street it was even worse. I knew nobody, of course; and I could not tell the Dock Square from the Hanover Street omnibus. No

doubt my friends thought me very green, but I could not help it; near-sightedness, not verdancy, was my besetting curse.

I had a wonderful way of going into the wrong shops and places of business. I dumfounded more than one dainty milliner by entering her establishment and requesting to be shaved; and on one occasion I visited a stove warehouse to purchase a bonnet for my sister Georgia. The sign at the door deceived me. I thought it read—"Millinery and Bonnet Store,"—whereas, it read thus:—"Pottery and Iron Ware."

One day I concluded to visit home and surprise everybody. I had not had a letter from Hillville for a long ten weeks, and I thought it would be charming to drop in upon the dear ones at home, without warning. So I paid calls to all my patients, packed my valise, took a ticket for Hillville, and consigned myself to the rail-cars. Arrived at my destination, I walked briskly out towards my father's cottage in the suburbs. I reached the gate leading into the front yard, Georgia my sister was standing in the door. I cleared the fence with a bound, sprang up the walk, flung away my valise, clasped the dear girl in my arms, and nearly drowned her with kisses. Instead of returning my caresses, she kicked, struggled and screamed, "Murder! help!" at the top of her lungs. Her cries brought a tall, black-whiskered man from the back yard, armed with a hoe-handle, and of all the drubbings that ever one poor fellow received, I got the worst. I was black and blue for a fortnight. Soon as I could speak, I informed the black avenger that I was Mr. Wilson who had formerly resided there; that I was near-sighted, and that I had supposed the lady who was standing in the doorway at the time of my arrival, to be my sister Georgia. The gentleman looked puzzled for a moment, then he burst into a loud ha, ha, ha! It was no laughing matter for me, I assure you. I didn't understand what he could see so amusing.

"Ah, the Wilsons have removed from here to a stone front on Merton Street. I am Mr. Graham, the present proprietor of this cottage. The lady whom you mistook for your sister was my wife."

To do the Grahams justice, they tried hard to atone for the wrongs done me, and pressed me hard to stay all night. Mrs. Graham was a very pretty woman, but her husband had a jealous look, and I declined remaining. Mr. Graham then very kindly sent me over to my friends in his carriage.

Delighted with being at home, I entered with-

out ringing, hurried through the hall and into the parlor, which was vacant. I seated myself in what I took for a light-cushioned arm-chair (it was early twilight), but, goodness, gracious! my seat sprang up with a scream, and fled from the room! It was a young lady dressed in buff muslin! Slightly out of temper with my continued ill-fortune, I groped my way through a dark passage, towards a light that streamed dimly from somewhere. The apartment that I entered was the kitchen, and intent on exploring it, and discovering its inhabitants, I did not observe a large tub of soft soap which obstructed my passage. Consequently I walked directly through it, or attempted to, but my foot caught in the handle, I tripped and fell my whole length on the hearth, where Sarah, our ancient domestic, was busied in stirring more soap. It was evidently soft-soap day at my father's. Sarah uttered the inimitable female scream, and fled from the house. I arose, and to vent my wrath some way, I kicked the unoffending skillet of soap into the fire!

Just then, Georgia appeared at the door. Dear girl—what a welcome I received! I was put into a hot bath, and then into bed, and nursed up with good eatables and drinkables to my heart's content. The next morning, I found on the stand by my bedside a pair of spectacles that made the world seem a new one to me. I have worn them ever since. The young lady in whose lap I had so unceremoniously quartered myself the previous evening, was Mabel Luther, Georgia's school-chum, and sometime—well, perhaps I shall be a married man yet, in spite of my infirmity.

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#### TOBACCO USERS.

It has become very common to invest chewing tobacco and snuff in lead foil. Herr Hockel examined some snuff from a quantity, part of which had been used by a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of lead poisoning, and found that it contained two and a half per cent. of metallic lead. The tobacco near the corners of the package, being more perfectly enclosed by the foil, contained the most lead, which is decomposed by dampness, and remains in the tobacco or snuff in the form of carbonate of lead, which is the white lead paint of commerce, which inflicts such horrible sufferings on many of those whose business compels them to work in it. The slaves of the disgusting "weed" would do well to make a note of this, and either abandon the inexcusable filthiness, or avoid using any that is enveloped with lead foil.—*Hints on Tobacco Using.*

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#### IRRESOLUTION.

I am a heavy stone.  
Rolled up a hill by a weak child; I move  
A little up, and tumble back again.—W. RIDER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE NIGHT ATTACK.

### A MOUNTAIN STORY.

~~~~~  
BY JOHN ROSS DIX.  
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A FEW weeks ago, while on a ramble in the Pyrenees, I came towards evening to a small *auberge* or inn. Hungry and tired, I was welcomed by a young woman, extremely good-looking. Goat's flesh, cheese and milk soon satisfied the cravings of nature, and I sat down to enjoy my pipe. My hostess seemed to be cheerful, but not gay. Her husband, she told me, was out on the hills, along with a lad who assisted him in the management of the little spot of ground attached to their residence. By the time the shades of evening had fallen in, I observed my hostess begin to show signs of impatience. Ever and anon she went to the door, looked around, returning each time with signs of anxiety visibly depicted in her countenance. At length I asked :

"Is there a storm at hand? or do you fear any harm?"

"O, sir!" she replied, "I am only a little distressed that Miguel—my husband—should be out so long. It will soon be dark."

"Is there any danger?—has the neighborhood a bad name?" I inquired.

"O, no, sir; the country is thought now to be quite safe, and I am perhaps foolish to be uneasy; but it was once so very unsafe, and we suffered so much from it in consequence, that I cannot rid myself of fear at times."

She bent down her head at times, as she spoke, and appeared to lose for a moment the sense of present weariness in the revived recollections of the past.

At this instant the door opened, and a tall, strapping, sunburnt fellow entered, whom I immediately conjectured to be the husband, from his being followed by a young peasant. My hostess had sprung to her feet, and I thought it augured well for her husband's marital tenderness, that he at once noticed her to have been discomposed, and exclaimed :

"What, Inez—at thy old terrors!"

Then noticing me for the first time in the growing dusk, he continued :

"And strangers with thee, too!"

He then saluted me civilly, and we were soon engaged in conversation.

I staid two days with Miguel and his wife, and became excellent friends with them. I found an opportunity to gratify my curiosity, by inquiring



into the misfortunes which my hostess had alluded to as having arisen from the former insecurity of the country, and I heard the whole story from her. I now present it to the reader.

"But a few years ago," said Inez, which was my hostess's name, "my father was the tenant of this house where we now live. Here I was born, and here I had the misfortune to lose my mother in my youth; in short, all my days have been spent here. When I was about eighteen, I first became acquainted with Miguel, who had hired himself as conductor of a wagon that passed regularly by on this road from one part of the mountain to another. The wagon always stopped at night here as it passed, and Miguel and I began to love each other. Nor was it long before both of us were aware that this was the case. My father saw the state of our affections as well as we did, and he was not averse to our union, for he was growing old, and even at the best he always required a lad to assist him with the little farm, upon which our support depended much more than on the visit of travellers to the house. It was at length settled that Miguel and I should be married as soon as he had completed his term in his present situation.

"When this arrangement was made, Miguel had but three journeys backward and forward to perform. These were long journeys, to be sure, and what was worse, there were reports of recent robberies at no great distance, which rendered travelling dangerous. The first journey, however, was performed in safety. When Miguel came to us on his way over the mountains a second time, some circumstances took place which after events caused us to remember.

"A traveller had come to our house that day, before Miguel reached us with his wagon. That traveller was a dark, active looking man, dressed in the ordinary Spanish fashion, and seemingly in the prime of life. Before Miguel arrived, this stranger addressed himself to me in such a manner as was very disagreeable to me. I at first, indeed, paid little attention to his words, for my thoughts that day were occupied with another subject. When at length — encouraged, it may be, by my silence — he would have carried his freedoms further, I repelled him civilly, but firmly, and told him my affections and hand were engaged to another. The dark, malignant smile which came over his face as I told him this, gave new and unpleasing ideas of our guest. He did not alter his conduct, nor even when Miguel came did he desist from annoying me.

"This gave me much alarm, for I saw Miguel's eye darken as he observed his behaviour. Nor was my alarm groundless, for on the traveller's

seizing and holding me by the arm as I passed him, Miguel sprang up and threw him violently to the further end of the room, where he fell heavily on the floor. In an instant the man was on his feet, had his long knife drawn from his belt, and seemed about to spring upon Miguel. But my father chanced to enter at that moment, and the traveller uttering a violent threat hastily left the house. Though he had spoken of resting all night he did not return.

"On being informed of what had passed, my father, who had been in a weak state of health for some time, said to Miguel :

" 'I grow weaker and weaker every day, my son. It is time that you were here to protect Inez, and myself also. Heaven help me! Had you not been accidentally here just now, we might have been exposed to any insult from such a rude visitor as this.'

"Miguel replied :

" 'You are right ; I ought to be here to guard those whose lives are so dear to me ; and I *will* be here without delay, if I can get a trusty substitute to perform the rest of the journey for me when I reach the town of Ai.'

"We talked long on these subjects before going to rest. Little rest, indeed, fell to my lot that night, for the dark looks and dagger of the man whom Miguel had made an enemy for my sake, came ever between me and slumber.

"In the morning Miguel departed with his wagon, under the promise to return soon, if it was in his power. I had, before, never felt so much anxiety at his departure, though when I told him so, he smiled at my fears on his account, and showed me his double-barrelled gun, which he called his sure protector. Nothing occurred for two days afterward, though during that interval many fears came over me relative to the possible return of the traveller.

"Our household at this time, it is to be understood, consisted of my father, a lad who assisted him out of doors, and myself. This lad went away first to rest, my father next, and I last. After they had both retired, on the second night from Miguel's departure, I closed the door, and went into my own little room to seek repose. But I had not yet undressed myself, when I heard a voice seemingly on the outside of the house. I listened, and heard it repeated, nearer at hand, as it appeared to me. Though much disturbed, I resolved to satisfy myself there was true cause for alarm before I called father. With this view, I took up my light, and went into the kitchen, when I saw a sight which rooted me to the spot. The under part of the window had been raised, and a man having got in with his feet foremost,

was in the act of extricating his head and shoulders from the window. I screamed and fled in the direction of my father's sleeping-place, but before I had gone a few steps was in the grasp of the man who dragged me back to the kitchen.

"It was the traveller, who gave me a look of such triumphant malice, mingled with more hateful feelings, as made me shudder. Meanwhile, one man after another entered rapidly by the window, to the number of six, as it seemed to my confused senses. I then became insensible.

"How long I lay in this condition I cannot tell. On my recovery I found my father hanging over me in the state in which he had been dragged by the ruffians from his bed. The poor youth who lived with us was there in the same condition. Besides, the wretches had had time to discover and seize the little money and valuables—the fruit of my father's long toils.

"'Divide, divide!' said the chief of the robbers, 'for me, I will take nothing; this is my prize;' at the same time laying his hand on my shoulder.

"'O, Miguel! Miguel!' I thought, 'little knowest thou what Inez is now suffering!'

"Look at that open space, sir," said my hostess, at this part of her story, pointing at the same time to the end wall of her kitchen, where we were sitting. A portion of the space above the level of the side walls was open, being evidently an entrance into a hayloft that lay over the stable of the auberge, and which stable was continuous with the building, the whole being of one story.

"As I thought of Miguel at that awful moment," continued Inez, "my eyes were raised to that space, and there I beheld the head of Miguel. It struck me at first my excited fancy had conjured up an illusion, and I closed my eyes for a moment. Again I opened my eyes, and saw not only that Miguel was really there, but that he was about to attempt something for our delivery, for his gun was stretched out before him. He motioned to me with his hand, and I understood his intention and his purpose—his terrible, but necessary purpose. I bowed my head low, and in another second of time a sound as of thunder filled the room, followed by groans and curses. Another reverberation almost instantly followed, and amid the smoke that filled the room I saw nothing, though I heard my Miguel leap down into the chamber, shouting (doubtless, to deceive the robbers), 'Here, this way, my friends—down with the robbers!' I beheld some of the latter escaping from the room by the way they had entered, and all was ere long quiet.

"What a scene this place where we now sit, sir, presented, after that awful struggle. Two men, killed by one ball, lay prostrate on the floor, and another beside them mortally wounded. Miguel's first thought was to close the door more carefully for the night. He then informed us, that having procured a faithful substitute at the town of Ai, he had rapidly retraced his steps on foot, being apprehensive with fears for us.

"Next morning the bodies of the traveller and his comrades (the wounded one died after confessing that the former was captain of the gang) were removed. Miguel received the thanks of the whole country. My father lived long enough to see Miguel and me united. Thus you see, sir, that it is little wonder I should sometimes tremble, when Miguel is abroad at night on these lonely hills."

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### TOMATOES.

This is one of the most healthful as well as the most universally liked of all vegetables; its healthful qualities do not depend on the mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten thrice a day, cold or hot, cooked or raw, alone, or with salt, pepper, or vinegar, or altogether, to a like advantage and to the utmost that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthful quality arises from its slight acidity, in this, making it as valuable perhaps as berries, cherries, currants and similar articles; it is also highly nutritious, but its chief virtue consists in its tendency to keep the bowels free, owing to the seeds which it contains, they acting as mechanical irritants to the inner coating of the bowels, causing them to throw out a larger amount of fluid matter than would otherwise have been done, to the effect of keeping the mucous surfaces lubricated, and securing a greater solubility of the intestinal contents, precisely on the principle that figs and white mustard seeds are so frequently efficient in removing constipation in certain forms of disease. The tomato season ends with the frost. If the vines are pulled up before the frost comes, and are hung up in a well-ventilated cellar with the tomatoes hanging to them, the "Love-Apple" will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids and who are fond of the tomato.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

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### Photography and Dentistry.

No art, excepting that of photography, has progressed and improved so rapidly as that of dentistry. Forty years ago it was not a distinct profession, for all doctors then officiated as tooth-pullers, with turnkey levers of the most rude description; and as for supplying the place of old teeth with new ones, it was never done at all. In 1820 there were only thirty practising dentists in the United States; in 1850 there were 2923; at present there are about 5000. The invention of artificial teeth has given a wonderful impetus to this most useful and beneficial art.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

In a little brown cottage just over the way,  
Are two lovers coquetting the hours away;  
O, beautiful pictures in love's fairy loom  
Are woven in manhood's and maiden's young bloom.

The wind floated in with a gentle caress,  
Just rustling the folds of her snowy dress,  
And the sun, darling fellow, was certainly bold,  
To weave in her tresses such pictures of gold!

And I know quite as well as if I had heard,  
That he whispered just now some passionate word,  
For the rosy tide ripples, and ebbs, and flows,  
O'er her bosom, more fair than the drifted snows.

This bewitching and beautiful daughter of Eve  
Ne'er meant such a thing—of course, I believe;  
But it looked like a challenge, I'm bound to confess,  
When she kissed her pet dove with such loving caress.

I don't think him, do you? so deserving of blame,  
For trying to do very much the same;  
Sure the veriest cynic, or anchorite cold,  
Would yield to her roces and tresses of gold

So it was not so strange that the passion of youth  
Caught a flame from the altar of beauty and truth;  
For the beauty of Eden, the freshness of May,  
Are paled by the brightness of love's summer day.

[ORIGINAL.]

## The Romance of Hope Weston's Life.

BY GEORGIN C. LYMAN.

"My dear girl," said my cousin Hope, bringing her quiet, cheerful face into my room one day, "how forlorn you look! What is the matter?"

"O, nothing more serious than that I have a story to write, and send out by this evening's mail, and have n't the first idea to begin on," I replied, drearily.

"Well, poor child, don't look so doleful about it. Let me see what I can do to help you. How would 'The Romance of Hope Weston's Life' do for a title?"

"Very well."

"Then, now for the story. Listen.

"I was just sixteen—a petted, delicately-reared young girl, when my mother died. I left my native village, and went alone to New York to earn my living. Such a desolate young heart as I carried into the great city! But I could not stop to weep. I must work hard and steadily, and a long time must elapse before either hands or brain could rest. The large sum of money

needed to pay the expenses of my mother's long illness must be earned, and a respectable living procured for myself, meanwhile. This I calculated would take me all summer, perhaps through the fall, and then, once clear of debt, I could commence the long-cherished plan of educating myself for a writer. I was sure that this was my true vocation—the one for which I was best fitted by nature, and should succeed in. There was so much in my heart which could not be told in any other way—so much that I could say to none but the great world, and would never have uttered in confidence to the dearest friend living. No false ambition for fame, or adventitious spirit, led me to this path. I believed fictitious writing to be useful, and as necessary a part of literature as flowers are of the vegetable creation, and was influenced only by sincere and earnest promptings to obey nature, and do what little good I might. And so I wrote; at first very simply and briefly, but receiving encouragement, I ventured a step further, and in a short time becoming a regular correspondent to several weekly journals, received suitable remuneration for my articles. Until my mother's death, I had written only when in the mood for writing, carrying the fresh enthusiasm of the hour into my productions; and when I planned to make authorship my means of support I did not realize how necessary this natural impulse was to my success. Once the thought occurred to me, but I said to myself, crushing down a sigh:

"'Where there is a will there is a way;' I must not fail."

"When I stepped upon the crowded platform of the depot at New York, I stood for a moment bewildered by the rush and tumult. Some one touched my arm.

"'Carriage, ma'am?'"

"'Yes!' I replied, turning to a hack-driver with a feeling of relief, and he led the way to the street. I had one acquaintance in the city, a gentleman who had once resided in my native place, and to whom I went for instructions where to find a boarding-place. He directed me to a large brick house, on the corner of a street, and facing a common, green and shady with trees. The mistress of the establishment, a spare, black-eyed little woman, with movements so sudden and quick that she made me constantly apprehensive and nervous, received me with voluble cordiality, after reading the note of introduction which I had brought from my friend, and went chatting up the stairs, requesting me to follow.

"'You had better look at the unoccupied rooms now, and select one, Miss Weston,' she said. 'What kind of a room do you want?'"

" 'I should like two apartments,' I replied ; 'one to be used as a sitting-room, the other as a bedroom.'

"She paused in apparent surprise, and looked me over from head to foot.

" 'Two rooms?' she repeated. 'My lady boarders seldom require but one.'

" 'Yes, ma'am ; I require two.'

"Perhaps I spoke a little shortly, for I was annoyed by her manner, which seemed to imply a doubt of my being able to pay for an extra apartment.

" 'You are a teacher?' she asked, after a pause, as we walked along the neatly carpeted halls.

" 'No, ma'am.'

" 'Ah, a pupil. I have several of the high school scholars boarding with me at present.'

" 'I do not attend school,' was my brief reply.

"It it had been necessary for her to know what my occupation was, I should have told her ; but coming to her as I did, with a note of recommendation from a respectable person, her motive in wishing to know my business was no higher one than a vulgar, personal curiosity, and I was not in the mood to satisfy it. She pursued her inquiries no further, after my last unsatisfactory answer, and when I had selected my rooms, and paid for them in advance, according to the rule of the house, she left me.

"The apartments were of good size and neatly furnished, and having arranged my clothes in the wardrobe, unpacked my books, and hung the few choice pictures I possessed upon the walls, the place put on quite a home look.

"The next morning I went to work. There were some drawbacks—the constant noise in the streets, so different from the dreamy stillness of the country, annoyed me very much—but I met with as good success at the beginning as I had dared to hope. But after a while I found that the confinement was wearing upon me ; that the face which looked out from the carved frame of my bedroom mirror, grew daily paler and thinner. I began to be anxious about my health. I had never thought of *that* failing me. The long days of loneliness wore upon my spirits, and I grew nervous and unhappy ; for I had no companions. There was no congeniality between me and the gay, high-spirited, showily-dressed girls, whom I met at table twice a day, and I never spoke to them. There was but one of their number whom I even knew by name. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, the niece of my boarding-mistress, and they called her Kate De Kalb. Her room was opposite mine, and she sat

next me during meals, and though I liked her even less than I did many of the others, we sometimes exchanged a few words. The gentlemen boarders I seldom saw, for they took their meals half an hour earlier in the morning, and an hour later at noon and night than I did.

"One afternoon, in coming from my publisher's office, I was caught in a shower, and when I reached the house went round to the basement door, fearing that my wet boots would make marks upon the neat carpet of the front hall. But as soon as I entered the yard, I stopped involuntarily. Such a pretty, laughable sight ! A little child stood upon the steps of the entrance, his flushed cheeks dashed with water, his golden hair hanging drenched over his shoulders, his pretty head thrown back, and his rosy mouth stretched to its widest extent to catch the rain-drops. I could not help laughing aloud.

"The little one started, cast a quick glance over his shoulder at the door, and then stood looking shyly at me as I advanced.

" 'You little Cupid, what is your name ?' I asked, stooping to kiss him.

" 'Archie Winchester,' he replied, in his pretty, baby English.

" 'What will your mother say ?—see how wet you are,' I said.

" 'She wont say anything, 'cos she's dead, but Sallie 'll shake me,' he replied, gravely.

"I was amused by his coolness.

" 'Did n't you know that you would get punished for coming out ?' I asked.

" 'Yes ; but I'd rather play out in the rain and take a shaking, than to stay in the house and not,' he answered, and, laughing, I led my dripping little philosopher into the kitchen.

"A stout, red-armed Irish girl, sitting by the fire, sprang up as we entered, and, catching the child by the arm, shook him most vigorously.

" 'Ye little haythen !' she cried, in her strong brogue, 'you'll be the death of me yit. Faix, but it's enough to put patience out uv a saint. Lak at him, Ann ; dthripping from head to foot !'

"A girl engaged in ironing at a table looked around, and burst into a loud laugh.

" 'Och ! you'll have to sthrip him,' she cried.

"And stripped the child was in a twinkling, and left standing before the fire in his little shirt. He had not uttered a cry or a word.

"When the girl had procured dry clothes, arrayed him in them, and made his beautiful hair into glossy curls by winding it about her fingers, she thumped him into a chair, with the command to stay there until supper time !

"The little fellow sat quietly enough until her back was turned towards him, and then he slid

down and stole over to me as I sat by the stove, drying my feet, for there was no fire in my room.

"Take me," he whispered, reaching up his arms, and laughing till his cheeks were dimpled all over; and after a moment's hesitation, I took him upon my lap. He did not talk much, only answered my questions in his quiet, old-fashioned way, and lay still in my arms, with his golden head against my shoulder.

"After a while I told him I must go to my room, and attempted to put him down.

"Let me go with you; please let me go," he pleaded, clinging to my dress with his little, fair hands. 'I will be good.'

"A little timidly, for I did not know how my request would be received, I went over to where the child's nurse stood at a window.

"I should like to have your charge come to my room with me a little while, if you are willing," I said.

"Certainly, mum;" and stooping down to the child, she jerked his clothes in order with a force that spoke well for the strength of the thread with which they were made.

"Don't be a throuble to the leddy, Archie!" she called after him.

"I was delighted with my success, and bore the child off to my lonely rooms in triumph. Little sunbeam! how he brightened the place with his sweet face and golden hair! I rocked him in my arms, and told him stories, and sung him songs, till the tea bell rang, when Sallie came for him.

"I don't want my supper, and I want you to put me to bed!" he cried, clinging to my neck, and resisting her attempts to take him. I interposed, expressing my willingness to undress the child, and, apparently willing to be rid of the trouble, the girl brought me his night-clothes, and left him to my care.

"When robed in his little white night-dress, I carried him to a room at the further end of the hall, which he said was his chamber. It was a tasteful, airy, spacious apartment, with graceful furniture of a light color, a delicately tinted carpet, and white window shades, with drab tassels.

"Do you sleep here alone, Archie?" I asked.

"No," he replied. 'Papa sleeps with me. See, here is his other room!' and he bounded forward, and flung open a door.

"I held my breath in involuntary admiration. Never in my life, I thought, had I seen anything half so beautiful as the mossy carpet, with its velvet roses and lilies, which covered the floor of that wonderful room. The elegant sofas, lux-

urious arm-chairs, and mahogany book-case, with its long doers of gleaming plate-glass, were miracles of beauty to me. A dainty lounge covered with violet velvet, was drawn up beside a marble-topped table, upon which was a cigar-case, an open book, and a showy vase of Parian marble, holding a spray of crimson roses. The walls were hung with delicate engravings of lovely female faces, and fine oil-paintings, full of mellow lights and shadows, and about the room were niches artificially made for choice cream-white statuary. My first glance was one of delight, my next of apprehension. But the apartment was unoccupied. Over the arm of a sofa I noticed a gentleman's dressing-gown, and upon a gracefully carved side table was a stained goblet of water, a kid glove, and a withered water lily, but the owner of that regal room was not present. I lingered a moment longer, and then drew back.

"Come, Archie—come out and shut the door. We must not go in," I said to the child, who was running back and forth over the carpet with his little bare feet. He obeyed me instantly. I taught him a little prayer, and kissing him good night, entered my own rooms with the happiest heart I had carried for weeks.

"After that, it became a regular practice for me to put the little one to bed at night. I was a little timid at first about entering the child's room so freely, fearing that I might meet his father, but I never did. Sometimes my heart would bound suddenly when I opened the door of the chamber, and heard a slight noise which seemed to come from the adjoining apartment; but long as I might listen, nothing more could I hear, and so I would enter. But I was apprehensive and watchful all the time Archie knelt at my knee, and when his little prayer was said, I would lift him into the bed, and hurry away.

The summer days grew long and hot, and I became weary, mentally and physically. I could not write, try as I might, I was so tired and heart-sore. My publishers complained that my stories lacked interest, and lessened the remuneration. For a while I was roused by desperation, and wrote, but with beating temples and hot, unsteady hands. Then again I sank back into the old nerveless, despairing state. I could not work at anything else, or read, or weep—only bow my pale face upon my hands, and repeat again and again, 'What can I do?'

"One sultry, stifling afternoon, I lay stretched upon my bed, trying to sleep, that I might ease the throbbing pain in my head. I had just fallen into a light, uneasy slumber, when a light noise in the adjoining apartment aroused me, and thinking Archie was there, for he stole away to

me whenever he could, I called. There was no reply, only a quick step, and then I heard the door shut. I arose and went out. O, life and hope! how my heart bounded as my eyes rested on the table. A whole summer's sweetness and sunshine seemed nestled in the deep, fragrant hearts of the flowers, which some one had left there. There were golden-hearted lilies, rich, wine-hued English pansies, blood-red and milk-white roses, carnations, passion-flowers, azure-tinted hyacinths, and creamy japonicas. With a satisfied heart, I knelt down beside them, and pressed my lips to them. I clasped my reverent hands over them, and wept all the darkness and bitterness out of my soul. They were what I needed. I wanted nothing more. I could work then. Their fragrant breath had in it the old dreamy fancies. They thronged into my brain, and made my heart fresh and tender. Yes, I could write, and as in the old time.

"It is strange, but I gave but one thought to the donor of the gift. I did not care from whence they came; the thought that they were mine crowded down as insignificant every other idea. I was satisfied, blest, calmly happy. The little sketch that I wrote the next day, sitting by the table, with the sweet eyes of the blossoms watching me, received extraordinary praise. Alas, on the third day my treasures began to droop their dear heads, as if their mission was ended, and I wept and prayed that they might not leave me. But I did not see them die. They were gone one night when I returned to my room after tea, and others as fair and sweet and fresher, occupied their place. And in turn others succeeded them, coming as silently and strangely as their predecessors. At last my curiosity was aroused, but I racked my brain uselessly to untangle the mystery. I was forced to be satisfied, and rest content in my bewilderment.

"One evening when the summer was almost through—indeed, I think it was the first of September—I went down to tea with one of the spicy tube roses upon my bosom. Its rich fragrance attracted the attention of Kate De Kalb, and as we passed into the hall together after the meal was finished, she said, smiling, 'A love gift, Miss Weston?'

"'I hope so,' I replied, not heeding what I was saying, as I stooped to lift Archie in my arms, as he sprang towards me. There was a gentleman at the foot of the stairs—I did not at first notice whom—and as I was about to pass up with the child, he held out his arm to him. I glanced at him, saw that it was Mr. Winchester (I knew him by sight), and reached Archie towards him. The little fellow put out his right

arm to his father, while he clung with the other to my neck, and then, as the gentleman bent forward, and before I realized what he was about, he drew us both towards him. Mr. Winchester's bearded lips touched my cheek; could I think it accidental? I shook myself clear of the child's embrace, and sprang up the stairs, giving but one glance back. But that look showed me two pairs of eyes following my motions. One was clear, brown, and smiling, the other, glittering, black, and evil.

"I had it in my mind to reprove my pet for what he had done, when he came to be undressed, but the look on his face, when he came to me an hour later, silenced me. The warm flush had gone from his cheeks, and his violet eyes were heavy and languid. He pressed his little hands against his forehead, and said it ached.

"I bathed his head with cold water, rocked him in my arms till it was dark, and then, still wide awake, he asked me to take him to bed. I hesitated.

"'Where is your father, Archie?'

"'Gone down town,' he replied.

"'Did you see him go?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"I carried him to his room and laid him on the bed, but he clung to me with his little, hot hands.

"'Please stay a little while,' he pleaded.

"Thinking that he would soon fall asleep, I sat down upon the side of the bedstead, and rested my face upon the pillow beside him. He put his arms about my neck, and lay quiet. I did not know that I was drowsy, but my position was an easy one. I was weary with working all day, and before I realized that I was falling asleep, I was insensible.

"I was suddenly awakened by the sound of the city clocks striking ten, and at the same moment I heard a door open, and a light flashed upon my bewildered eyes. I leaped to my feet, and stood a moment confounded. Then murmuring something, I did not know what, I sprang past Mr. Winchester, and rushed into the hall. In the darkness I ran against some one who seemed to be standing there, but too confused and frightened to care who it was, I did not pause until I had locked myself in my own room. I was almost wild for a time with shame, fear, and apprehension, and had not closed my eyes in sleep when the morning came. I pleaded illness as an excuse for my non-attendance at breakfast, and, indeed, I was almost blind with a terrible headache. I was so confused that I could not determine what course I ought to pursue, and the more I thought of the matter, the more I was

troubled. I fretted myself almost into a fever before night, and went down to tea, sick and loathing food, though I forced myself to eat, fearing that my manner would attract attention. As I rose from the table, Kate De Kalb made some trifling allusion to roses, and fixed her sneering eyes on my face. I could see no hidden meaning in her words, but the peculiar look she gave me haunted me long after I returned to my room. It was scarcely dark, when a servant came and informed me that Mrs. Maynard, my boarding-mistress, wished to see me in the back parlor. With my face flushed and my heart beating heavily, I obeyed the summons. I hardly knew what I dreaded, though I was shivering with fear as I entered the room. My anxiety and unhappiness had been caused by the fear of what Mr. Winchester would think of me. I had never once thought of his betraying me, but as I met the severe expression of Mrs. Maynard's face, and the sneering smile of her niece, I apprehended with a sudden faintness what was coming.

"Miss Weston," began Mrs. Maynard, motioning me to a seat, "I have requested this interview for the purpose of advising you never to attempt again to impose upon persons of respectability by assuming a character which is not your own, for your success will be but of short duration. You have played your part with good success until now, but after a young lady is seen coming from a gentleman's room at ten o'clock at night!"

"Mrs. Maynard!" I gasped, my lips white and stiff.

"O, don't attempt that," interrupted Kate De Kalb, with a short, scornful laugh, "for it wont avail you in the least. Miss Weston, you are a shameless creature. I saw you come from Mr. Winchester's room last night. For a long time I have noticed your manoeuvres to attract his attention, but I never suspected that you were so degraded. I have thought you artful and unwomanly, but I have always given you credit for respectability. Mr. Winches—"

"The folding-doors behind her were thrown back suddenly, and the owner of the name which was upon her lips strode into the room. With his dark eyes flashing, he faced her.

"Hush, you evil-minded, heartless woman!" he exclaimed, and then turned to her aunt:

"Mrs. Maynard, you know me to be a man of good character, and will not doubt my word, when I tell you that the motive which induced Miss Weston to visit my chamber last night, was one which an angel might be proud of. When I assure you of this, it will be unnecessary for the

young lady to say more unless she wishes to do so."

"The room was as still as death as his clear, rich voice ceased. Mrs. Maynard looked bewildered, her niece became crimson. I rose from my chair, and turned towards the door.

"Miss Weston—" began the confused lady of the house, but I hurried from the sound of her voice, as if it had been a pestilence. In the second hall I paused at my door. There was a step behind me. I tried to look up at Mr. Winchester and speak, but my lids would not be raised, my lips were rigid. I could only hold out my hand. He took it in both his warm, strong palms.

"He did not speak for a moment, but searched my face with his deep eyes silently. Then he said, 'Good night, dear child!' gently, and turned away. He took but three steps, and immediately retraced them.

"Hope," he said—how well I liked my name when he pronounced it—"you are like a timid, defenceless little dove, in a nest of serpents. Will you let me shield you, and take care of you through life? For I love you, dear one, best of all the world. See, I can hold you so that harm can never reach you. Look up; answer me."

"I did look up, but did not speak, and he was satisfied. And he is the dearest husband in the world!"

No need to have told me that, dear little woman. She jumped up from the low seat at my feet, laughing and blushing as if she were ashamed of having made the assertion, and ran away from my voice, as I sang, "And they lived in peace," etc., leaving me to write her story.

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#### PRIDE AND EXCLUSIVENESS.

It is reported of the proud Duke of Somerset that he never stooped to speak to a servant, but signified his wants by signs. His children were not allowed to sit in his presence. In his afternoon nap, one of his daughters was required to stand by him as he slept. Lady Charlotte Seymour, having once, when very tired, violated this etiquette, he left her in his will £20,000 less than her sister. His second wife once gave him an affectionate and familiar tap with her fan. "My first duchess," said the august noble, drawing himself haughtily up, "was a Percy, and she never would have taken such a liberty."—*Anecdotes of English Aristocracy.*

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#### A CONSTANT SOLDIER.

Ay, still he loves  
The lion-tressed Bellona, like a bride;  
Wooes her with blows; and when his limbs all sweat  
With struggling through the iron ranks of war,  
Down doth he tumble on the tired ground,  
Wipes his red forehead; cries, "How brave is this!"  
And dreams all night of bloody victory!



[ORIGINAL.]

## O, FOR A FAITHFUL HEART!

BY WILLIAM WAIT.

O, for a heart on which to lean,  
When weak, and worn, and faint;  
O, for a breast on which to weep,  
When sad, without restraint;  
O, for a gentle hand to rest  
Mid my neglected hair,  
To soothe my brow, and leave the touch  
Of loving comfort there!

O, for a voice to whisper faith,  
In accents soft and low;  
To chase with kindness grief away—  
Dispel the shades of woe!  
To hush my doubts to sweetest rest,  
And calm my anguished fears;  
To stay my sighs, and dry with love  
My often falling tears!

O, for a loving eye,  
Beaming with kindly light,  
Irradiant with a flood of peace,  
With tender feelings bright!  
Methinks, beneath its soothing ray  
Sweet happiness would come,  
And heavenly sunshine rest upon  
My lone and dreary home!

O, for one hour of rest,  
To throw all care away,  
And feel that not a duty calls  
The whole long, tranquil day;  
To lean in sweet oblivion  
On some protecting breast,  
And be in love's dear presence  
For one short hour blest!

Why should I murmur thus?  
God's ways are always right!  
Against Him I would not rebel,  
Though wrapt in blackest night.  
Aid me, thou great Jehovah!  
Let these poisonous thoughts depart;  
Help me to labor on through life  
With an unrepining heart!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GRAVE OF ONONTAWA.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

To the lover of the picturesque, the mountain ranges of Western Virginia are one vast, unworked mine of beauty. In saying *Western Virginia*, I adopt the customary phraseology, though a large part of the mountains of Virginia are near the centre of the State. For a long time this region has been a *terra incognita* for the people of the United States in general; but of late years the mineral springs, which are no-

where more numerous, have drawn attention somewhat to the unrivalled scenery.

My daughters had long been urging me to make a summer tour through this portion of our native State, and a few years ago I consented, and spent the whole of the warm season among the watering places, and the magnificent mountain scenery among which they lie.

As I am always reluctant to leave home, however, the thing would hardly have been done, if it had not been for the sake of our governess, the teacher and friend of my motherless girls. Always pale and languid, she had for a year past shown symptoms of declining health calculated to give us much uneasiness; and it was the hope of benefiting her, more than anything else, which eventually sent me forth among the mountains.

Mrs. Andrews had been with us several years, and was highly esteemed by us all. Her own daughter, now about sixteen years of age, was one of our party, and her ever ready laugh and exuberant joyousness were in striking contrast to the patient, unobtrusive, but painfully apparent melancholy of the mother. We knew little or nothing of the cause of this. Indeed, we were almost entirely ignorant of her history, and we had no disposition to pry into that about which she had evidently no wish to be communicative. The daughter was apparently no better informed on the subject than ourselves.

We had reached the extreme limit prescribed for our journey, and were now on our way home again. Some sixteen or eighteen miles to one side of our intended route, lay an extremely picturesque valley, of which we had heard, but which we had no intention at that time, of visiting, as it was an isolated, secluded, out-of-the-way spot, and rather difficult of access.

But, very much to our surprise, Mrs. Andrews expressed a wish to see the valley, and I at once resolved to give her an opportunity of doing so. It was so very rare a thing for her to express a wish of any sort, that no one of us would have hesitated a moment about doing all that was possible with the view of gratifying her, and I least of all.

We were well rewarded for the trouble it cost us to reach the mountain-girt solitude, both by the remarkable quality of the scenery, and by the evident interest taken in it by our invalid friend. She was so much absorbed and excited, indeed, that I sometimes felt afraid that ill consequences might follow.

One evening, in particular, Mrs. Andrews's emotion overcame her so that we were forced to stop and rest sooner than we had intended. The

nearest house, indeed the only one for a great distance, was a cottage, all embowered in verdure, and built upon a site the most beautiful I had ever beheld. The place was now in the hands of a rude, rustic tenant; but it was easy to see that the builder and former inhabitant must have been a person of no ordinary degree of taste and refinement. The man in charge had never seen the proprietor, who had not visited that part of the country, he said, for a number of years, and left everything in the hands of a lawyer, who lived in Lynchburg.

We spent the night with the farmer, and listened to his account of some of the marvellous hunting exploits performed in that Alpine locality. He also told us of a sort of wild man, who had been seen among the mountains, by himself and others; but where he lived, or who he was, or what he did, or where he came from, nobody could tell. Whether he was a real live man or not, was also a matter of doubt, some rather believing him to be a "sperrit."

The next morning we started, on horseback, up the neighboring mountain, which rose just back of our host's orchard. Our ultimate destination was a cave, where a gigantic skeleton had been found by the first settlers of the valley. These bones, and the place of their discovery, were regarded with superstitious veneration by the aborigines, who looked upon them as the remains of a sort of traditional demi-god, whom they called Onontawa.

The cave itself was known to them as the "Grave of Onontawa," and the superstitious feeling with which it was regarded had been in a good degree communicated to the white settlers, very few of whom would on any account go near it; this same feeling had been handed down from generation to generation, till the present day.

For this reason we found it impossible to get any one to go to the cave with us. The farmer's eldest son, however, accompanied us as far as the route was accessible on horseback, and undertook the care of the animals till our return. Though we started soon after sunrise, it was nearly ten o'clock before we reached this spot, so frequently were we lured from the path by the magnificent scenery which everywhere surrounded us. The distance, in a direct line, was but trifling.

We found the Grave of Onontawa to be a cave with a high but narrow entrance, inconsiderable in point of size, and with nothing remarkable about it, that we could discover. There were still a few bones of wild animals there, but no human ones. Our young people were soon satisfied with their explorations, and began to look

for berries, on the outside, leaving Mrs. Andrews and myself to rest quietly within the cavern.

Seeing some rather rare minerals just at the entrance, I went to look at them, and spent some time in getting a few small specimens. When I had secured them, I returned to the place where I had left Mrs. Andrews, but, to my extreme astonishment I found her no longer there.

I called her, but she did not answer; I searched in every nook and corner, but she was nowhere to be seen. She could not possibly have left the cave without my noticing it, for at the point where I had been standing, her dress must have touched me as she passed out.

Surprise now began to be mingled with alarm. The thing was so utterly strange and unaccountable, that my mind would, in spite of me, revert to the evil reputation of the place, while a feeling very much akin to superstitious awe stole over me, the existence of which I was hardly willing to acknowledge, even to myself. The cave was not large, and it was tolerably well lighted, the entrance, as I have stated, being quite a lofty one.

After the lapse of three or four minutes, I instituted a second search, going carefully round the whole place; but my success was no better than before. There were of course cracks, and crevices, and inequalities in the walls, and pretty deep fissure in the rocks in some places; but no cavity, that I could find, where anything larger than a cat could have lain concealed. But even if there had been such a place, why should Mrs. Andrews act in such an extraordinary manner as to conceal herself there? Why indeed? It was a mystery which only grew darker the more I endeavored to throw light upon it.

I dreaded every moment to hear the merry voices of the girls returning to seek us. What could I say to that sweet child when she should come to me, all trembling with apprehension, and ask me where her mother was? The very idea was torture to me. I went to the mouth of the cave, to see if they were near, and was gratified to perceive that they were all out of sight, and apparently very busy enjoying themselves. I could just hear their voices through the bushes.

Entering the cave again, I had not taken more than half a dozen steps, when I saw Mrs. Andrews, reclining on a heap of leaves, in the same attitude, and on the very same spot in which I had left her when I went to look at the minerals near the entrance!

"O, let us go back," said she, beseechingly, as soon as she saw me.

She looked so feeble, wan, and wretched, that

I controlled my curiosity, and asked her if she would not rest awhile first.

"O, no! Do let us leave this place without delay—this very instant." And as she said this she gazed wildly about her, as if she was afraid of seeing some horrible spectre, if she should remain there.

I gave her my arm, without any further remark, and we left the cave together. A few yards only from its mouth, we came suddenly upon a stranger, who had just stepped out of a dense pine thicket. He was a tall person, with the air and look of a gentleman, pale, and thin to emaciation, with dark hair, and a long black beard considerably streaked with gray.

The moment he saw Mrs. Andrews, he started back, as if he had been stabbed, and would probably have fallen to the ground if a tree against which he staggered had not sustained him. In a few seconds, however, he recovered, and immediately darted into the cavern. At the same instant, Mrs. Andrews bore so heavily upon my arm that all my attention was transferred to her. She had fainted outright.

Half believing that there was, after all, some demoniacal influence about the Grave of Onontawa, I allowed the lady to slip gently down upon the grass, and applied myself to the task of restoring her to consciousness. After a while, she opened her eyes, shuddered, gazed wildly around her, and then begged that I would take her away. The girls were already calling to us from the spot where we left the horses. With some difficulty she managed to get thither, to mount, and ride back to the cottage without particularly attracting the attention of the others. When she reached it, however, she was forced to retire to her bed immediately.

As the lady could not then be questioned, I determined to seek the individual who had produced such an extraordinary impression upon her. After a frugal dinner, I took the farmer's rifle, and other shooting implements, and hastened back to the cave, thinking it probable that I should find him there or somewhere thereabouts.

Sure enough, just as I emerged from the bushes, near the mouth of the cave, I saw him, within a few yards of it. His back was towards me. He was evidently making for the cave, and in half a minute he entered it. I pushed on after him, and in two minutes, perhaps, was within the entrance, and looking about eagerly for the stranger. But, like Mrs. Andrews, he had vanished!

"Come, come," said I to myself, "people don't carry the fern-seed of invisibility in this age or country; I must find the secret way out

of this place. If others can get out I can."

It is possible I might have done so if I had tried long enough and hard enough; but half an hour more of diligent scrutiny proving fruitless, I gave up the search. I found everything precisely as it was when I made my examination in the morning. There was surely no visible outlet, and no large hole, anywhere, except an excavation in the floor, close to the southern wall, which I had already examined. It was several feet deep, but upon trying it with a ramrod, I found that it did not extend back, under the wall, more than two or three feet. The means of egress, if it existed, must be a secret one. How then did Mrs. Andrews find it out?

I stood for some time, thinking the thing over, and while I was thus occupied, to my excessive astonishment, the man I was looking for stepped out of that very hole which I had just found to be only about three feet and a half deep, and which extended into the wall certainly less than three feet. He seemed a little surprised to see me there, but he advanced without hesitation, and the light from the entrance fell full upon his face as he did so. It was a face painful to behold. He seemed hardly more than forty years of age, but sickness, or sorrow, or some such thing, had ploughed his wan visage with the furrows of three-score, and stamped upon it an expression which might well have been translated by the famous inscription in Dante's *Inferno*, "No hope enters here."

"Sir," said I, "I trust you will attribute to something more important than mere curiosity the motive which induces me to beg of you some explanation of the extraordinary influence produced by your presence upon Mrs. Andrews, who is a valued member of my family."

"Mrs. who?"

"Mrs. Andrews."

"A member of your family, is she?"

"Yes."

"Then I advise you to get rid of her as soon as possible." And with these words he turned quickly upon his heel, and prepared to leave the cavern.

"But you have not answered my question," said I, interrupting him.

After gazing at me a minute or two, he said, "Why do you not ask *her* for an explanation?"

"Because she is not in a condition to give it. She was hardly able to ride to a place of shelter, and is now in bed."

"Humph! May I ask what position Mrs.—A.—Mrs. Andrews occupies in your family?"

"She is my daughters' governess."

"Then, sir, content yourself with the solemn

assurance of a truthful man, that she is, in a moral point of view, unfit for such a position; and do you get rid of her as soon as you can."

"Pardon me, sir, but you have not answered my question, and I think it is your duty to give me further information."

"You will not dismiss your governess without proof of what I have asserted?"

"Certainly not; nor do I think that anything you are likely to tell me will induce me to take such a step."

The stranger appeared to reflect for a short time, and then said:

"I will tell you what I know of that woman's history, and then you will do as you please. Follow me."

As he said this he advanced to the wall of the cavern farthest from the entrance, and stepping into the hole from which he had emerged, almost immediately disappeared. I followed his example, and when I had stooped down, I found that I could pass under the rocky wall, where it came down nearly to the level of the floor. The excavation which I have described gave me room to stoop under it, and pressing close against the rock where I had touched it with the ramrod, I found that there was room enough for me to rise into an upright posture, and stand between that rock and the wall, in such a position that an observer in the cavern would have been able to see my legs only.

By putting out my hands, I now found that there was room to move only in one direction—the right. Just as I ascertained this fact, my predecessor took hold of my hand, and led me away in that direction, telling me at the same time to look well to my feet. The caution was not unnecessary, for the very first step I took was an ascent of eight or ten inches. A few more steps, still ascending to the right, brought us to a level place, where the two rocks, between which we were, retreated from each other, so as to give us plenty of room in every direction. There was a dim light, too, coming from a fissure far above our heads.

From this point the passage turned, so as to lead us nearly at right angles to our former course, and away from the cave we had just left. This passage was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet in length, and terminated in another excavation made by nature's hands, which was much larger than the Grave of Onontawa. No hall or temple of human construction would bear comparison for a moment with this splendid apartment.

The ceiling was of immense height, reaching to the very summit of one of the highest peaks of the mountains, and from a great rift in the vast

rocky dome sending down a flood of light upon a mazy wilderness of stalactites, assuming thousands of shapes of strange, fantastic beauty. I had but little time, however, to note the wonders of the place, for my conductor hurried me on, through this Aladdin's palace, then into another passage, and by this time to a third cave, smaller than either of the others, but perfectly dry, and fitted up with furniture, which must all have been introduced piecemeal, through the narrow passage, but which was nevertheless convenient, elegant, and almost luxurious. And here also was a skylight, formed by the same fissure, running across the rocky pinnacle, at a point where human foot had never trodden.

Without giving me time even to wonder at the marvels which I was encountering at every step, the stranger motioned me to a seat, threw himself into another, and commenced the following narrative of a portion of his own history:—

—The events which I am about to relate have never spoken of to any one—never thought of doing so. But it seems necessary that I should make an exception in your case. I will be as brief as possible.

I am a native of Virginia, but not of this part of the State. I was born in the tide-water section, the sole offspring of a wealthy planter. Both of my parents died before I was old enough to know them, and having no near relatives in the United States, I was brought up by a guardian, who gave himself very little trouble about me. My property was well managed, but my moral and mental culture was left pretty much to take care of itself.

When I came into possession of my estate, my mind was certainly not the best regulated one in the world, nor my character perhaps as well settled and as steadfast as it ought to have been. I was wayward and impulsive; but I was at least truthful and sincere, and gross vice and dissipation had never any charms for me. Meanness and falsehood in every shape I detested. My character was open and transparent to a fault, and anything like deceit or double-dealing thoroughly disgusted me.

Such were my peculiarities when, at about twenty-two years of age, I completed a course of medical study, and received a diploma. The summer of that year I spent in roving among the mountains and watering places of my native State. One evening, while ascending the Valley, towards Staunton, I stopped for the night in Harrisonburg, Rockingham county. A magnificent sunset was just fading out in the west as I left the hotel for an evening stroll, shaping my course in an easterly direction.

The southern end of the Massanutten Mountain, where it terminates abruptly, and seems suddenly to sink into the plain, attracted my attention, and I walked slowly forward, with my eyes fixed upon it, as it lay before me, somewhat to the right of my path.

I soon found myself without the village, and ascending a rising ground, known from the color of the soil, as Red Hill. Within a few rods of a white house which crowns the summit of the hill, a pair of runaway horses, attached to a travelling carriage, containing two ladies and a gentleman, came thundering down at full speed. I had heard the noise for some minutes, but supposing it to be a wagon, and paying no attention to it, the horses were almost on me before I noticed them.

It was too late to throw myself in front of them. After a moment's thought, I watched my opportunity, pressed close to the flying animals, allowed them to pass, and as the carriage flitted before my eyes, leaped on behind it. In an instant I clambered to the front, and snatched the reins from the hands of an old gentleman who was grasping them steadily but feebly. He had thus far kept the frightened horses in the centre of the road; but his hands were trembling, and his strength was fast giving way.

By exerting all the force I could muster, together with some degree of address, I soon managed to check the panic-stricken animals, and finally drove them into the village at a moderate trot. The destination of the party, for the night, was the same hotel at which I was stopping, and in a few minutes we reached it.

One of the ladies had fainted. I took her up in my arms, carried her into the house, and laid her on a sofa. Her looks, her touch, her helpless condition, her long, dark-golden hair streaming over her snowy shoulders, her long, dark eyelashes resting on a skin as pure as alabaster—all these things, and more besides, conspired to produce upon me an impression which was no less novel than delicious.

I informed the old gentleman of my professional character, and continued my efforts to call back to life this beautiful statue, until the landlady arrived. By that time her bosom was beginning to heave, and her eyelids opened heavily. As soon as her eyes met mine, she evidently recognized me as the person who had stopped the horses, and a bright smile and a rosy flush gave that animation to her pallid face which was all her exquisite beauty needed to carry it to perfection. From that moment I was enthralled, captivated, heart and soul.

She was led away to her room by the landlady,

and I then learned that her name was Ada Minden, that she was a resident of the city of Baltimore, and that, like myself, she was making a summer tour in Virginia, in company with her friend, Miss Roane, and her friend's uncle, Mr. Roane. They had their own carriage and horses; for travelling facilities, and travellers themselves, indeed, were far from being numerous in Virginia at that day.

The incident I have mentioned was the means of establishing a very intimate acquaintance on my part with the little party of travellers. I remained in their company the whole season, and we visited together many beautiful spots, and among others this wild mountain solitude, which was then much wilder and more solitary than it is now.

In the month of October I accompanied them to Baltimore. From the first moment of our meeting I had loved Ada Minden with all the ardor of my passionate, fiery nature. Like myself she was an orphan. She was living with a distant relative, on a patrimony barely sufficient for the supply of her necessary wants. Early in November we were married.

Before I left Virginia, I had purchased two thousand acres of land in this valley, and as soon as we reached Baltimore I sent thither competent persons to build the cottage you have seen and lay out the grounds. The death of an uncle in England—my last surviving relative—had added largely to my income. I therefore gave my architect *carte blanche*, merely restricting him to the general outlines of a plan which I had sketched for the principal features of the establishment. Our house could not well be ready before the spring. We therefore spent the winter in Europe, and reached Virginia again in the early days of May. Our agents had proved themselves intelligent and faithful in carrying out my designs for the creation and embellishment of a desirable home in this mountain wilderness, and had done all that art, in that time, could have done, to heighten the very extraordinary natural beauties of the place.

Here we spent three swiftly-gliding years, in a paradise such as few since Adam's fall have ever enjoyed on earth. In the course of our frequent rides through our domain, we often visited the outer cave, and one day, by accident, I discovered these inner ones. Until to-day, no one, I believe, has ever entered them but Ada and myself. No one here, indeed, ever visits even the outer cave, the country people all shunning it as an accursed spot—which indeed it is, though not more so than many other spots in this vicinity, which have never had any special evil reputation.

All the articles you see around you were conveyed hither by myself, by night, and with no little difficulty; and I spared no pains nor expense in fitting it up as a pleasant retreat, where our privacy was in no danger of ever being invaded. It is because of this, because of the solitude which it secures to me, that I inhabit it now, and endure the painful thoughts which memory and association evoke from these silent walls. During the second summer of our residence in this valley, a little daughter was born to us, and my cup of happiness, brimful before, now ran over. It was a felicity too perfect for creatures of a sinful, fallen race, and a vague apprehension of the fact caused its very intensity to make me tremble.

One day, when our little girl was about ten months old, I returned home from a visit to this cave, where I had been reading and writing, and found a man seated on the verandah, and holding the child in his arms. This person was the only visitor we ever had from a distance, and he did not come very often, for I gave him little encouragement to do so. He professed to be a distant relation of my wife's. I disliked the man, and had more than once suspected him of annoying her with impertinent attentions; but she made no complaint, and I curbed my temper as well as I could, though he could not but see that I had no desire for his company.

It affected my nerves most unpleasantly to see this fellow fondling the baby, and I snatched her away abruptly, and placed her in her mother's arms. Scott (that was his name) appeared to take no notice of my ill-humor, but remained with us till after dinner, when he asked me to take a walk with him. I assented, and we walked in this direction, and eventually reached the outer cave, entered it and sat down to rest. After a silence of some minutes' duration, he said to me:

"Dr. Envile, I have a painful duty to perform. I have been hesitating about it ever since your marriage, and I am now resolved to hesitate no longer. You know Mrs. Envile's hand-writing, do you not?"

"That is a very strange question, sir," replied I. "Of course I know it."

"It is a peculiar hand, isn't it—one that would be very difficult to counterfeit?"

"Yes, it is. But what business is it of yours?"

"Excuse me, you will know in a moment. I will ask only one more question. Do me the favor to look at that, and tell me if it is her writing—yes or no."

"Yes—it is her writing."

"You have no doubt about it whatever?"

"None whatever. It is not possible that there should be any. But what is the meaning of this catechizing? What is your object? I demand an answer."

"My object is merely to deliver to you these letters. They came accidentally into my possession, and I felt it to be my duty to place them in your hands. Having done so, my business with you is ended, and I have only to wish you a very good evening."

There was a peculiar, ironical emphasis in the man's words, and a sneering devil in his eye, as he turned and left me, which gave a significance to his adieu beyond its literal meaning. Though I had never been actually jealous of this person, I had certainly been annoyed at the familiarity which he assumed in his intercourse with my wife under cover of his alleged relationship, and had always felt an antipathy to him not unlike that which one feels towards a sneaking, venomous reptile. He had handed me two entire letters, and three fragments. They were all addressed to a man—a man I had never before heard of. With a chill of apprehension, and an involuntary sinking of the heart, I took up the first that came to hand, and opened it.

No hellish torture, contrived to palsy the heart and sear the eyeballs of its victims, could have done its work more quickly or effectually than did the first few lines of that accursed letter. In three minutes fate's lightning had flashed forth from its terrible page, the scathing thunderbolt had fallen upon eye, brain and heart together, and I was the wretched, ruined, heart-broken man you see before you. It needed but the first half-dozen lines to fix my destiny forever; but the damning characters seemed to fascinate me, and I read without stopping every line and word the letters contained. All was written in my wife's singularly beautiful and elaborate Italian hand, which I well knew no human skill could counterfeit; and they breathed in every sentence the most ardent, devoted, passionate, burning love which human heart can feel, or human pen express. One letter, solemnly vowing a love "truer than steel and stronger than death," was dated but thirteen months anterior to our first interview, at Harrisonburg.

There was, alas, no possible room to doubt that I had been the facile dupe of a designing, artful, hypocritical, and perhaps radically wicked woman! It was a matter beyond dispute that she had wilfully deceived me—that she had plighted to me her maiden troth, while her bosom was yet glowing with the amorous fires which another had kindled, and which had been very recently, if at all, extinguished. And worst of

all, she had deliberately perjured herself; volunteering the solemn assurance that no thought, even of love for another, had ever agitated her virgin breast. With the fresh poison of this lifelong misery rankling in my heart, I returned to my beautiful home, which could be home to me no more, and immediately sought the presence of my wife. My agitation had by that time subsided, and given place to the ice-cold calmness of despair. I quietly showed her the letters, and asked her if she wrote them.

Struck with confusion, pale and trembling, she nevertheless denied all knowledge of them, or the person to whom they were addressed. It was enough. If she had confessed the truth, or given any proof of repentance, I would at least have pitied her; but as it was, I turned and left her without another word.

As I passed out of the house, I saw the little girl that ever since her birth had been a fountain of delight to my love-thirsty heart. I could not think of tearing her from her mother's arms, and the father's soul within me yearned in agonizing tenderness towards the beautiful babe. But even while I gazed upon her, the conviction fastened itself upon me that there was no shadow of a resemblance in those infant features to my own, and a mocking fiend seemed to whisper in my ear: "It is no child of thine!" And for once, I fear, the devil told the truth. At all events, another arrow had entered my soul, there to fester, a fount of ceaseless agony, as long as memory remains. On my love for Ada I had staked my all. That lost, there remained no earthly thing worth living for; and so hateful had the dull current of existence become, that for long years all that preserved it from utter stagnation was a daily battle with conscience for the privilege of self-murder.

I went immediately to Europe, there to endure "life's fitful fever" as I could, till the mighty physician death should cure it forever. But the unrest which moral tortures like mine must necessarily engender, has driven me onward, like the "Wandering Jew," through every quarter of the globe, savage or civilized, and has eventually forced me to return to this valley, where, like the senseless moth, I flutter round the spot where my heart was so scorched and scathed as almost to have lost the impress of humanity. You now know my reason for speaking to you as I did. I have done my duty, and the responsibility now rests with you alone.

Thus ended the narrative of Dr. Enville. He rose immediately and left the cave. I followed him mechanically, and when we reached the

open air he bowed, silently, and disappeared among the trees.

What I had heard disconcerted and annoyed me more than I can express. Mrs. Andrews, as I still continued to call her, had established a character with me and my daughters which it would require very strong evidence indeed to tarnish. But was not the evidence just placed before me as strong as it could well be? It did certainly seem so, but it nevertheless was far from satisfying me of the lady's unworthiness. I knew not how to gainsay it; my reason assented to it, but my heart absolutely refused to admit it.

At the first opportunity, I stated frankly and fully to Mrs. Andrews what I had heard, and from whom I had heard it. With a voice choked by sobs and bitter tears, she described to me the parting interview with her husband, and with a passionate appeal to Heaven to attest the truth of her assertion, she solemnly affirmed her utter ignorance of everything connected with these fatal letters, declaring that she had never written them, never seen them till they were shown to her by her husband, and that she knew no more of the person to whom they were addressed than did the child unborn. That the handwriting and even the style of the letters was so marvellously like her own that she could not distinguish them from others that were her own, she freely admitted; but for all that they were *not* hers, for the contents were as strange to her as they could possibly be to any one else.

When her husband left her, her friend Mr. Roane had been dead more than a year, and his niece was married and gone to live in the far West, she knew not where. Dr. Enville had left funds sufficient for her support, and she continued to live in Virginia some five or six years after his departure. At the end of that time, however, by an unfortunate investment, she lost nearly every dollar she possessed. She then removed to Alabama, partly to get rid of her disagreeable cousin (the man who had exhibited the fatal letters, who was a rejected suitor, and who still annoyed her with his attentions), and partly in search of employment by which she might support herself. She finally obtained a situation as a teacher, and continued to reside in the far South until she left it to take up her abode with me.

Her feelings upon now revisiting the scene of her former happiness, and her desire to behold once more the cottage and the grounds, and the cave, of which she alone, besides her husband, possessed the secret, will be readily understood and appreciated. The more this mysterious affair was inquired into, the darker it became. But



still my confidence in the much-stricken lady whom it so nearly concerned, was steadfast and unshaken. I felt satisfied that her husband had judged her too hastily, and as I thought time would show, too harshly also. Nor did I think that her emotion at the first sight of the letters was any certain proof of either falsehood or duplicity.

The morning after my conference with her, I sought and obtained another interview with her husband, and urged him to take some steps with a view to clearing up the mystery which hung over this affair. He replied that he did not believe any mystery existed. The letters were his wife's; and though she denied the fact, it would be as easy to prove that white was black, as to make that denial good. He then spoke of obtaining a divorce, and I soon discovered that I was doing more harm than good, and consequently beat a precipitate retreat; being resolved, however, to do all I could to probe to the bottom what seemed to me to be so strangely and so mischievously inexplicable.

The next day we left the valley; but not till I had put in execution a project which I had conceived during my visit to the cave. With the mother's permission I took aside the daughter, Alice, a sweet and lovely girl, and told her the whole story. She was greatly shocked, and for a time violently agitated, but when she grew calmer I communicated to her my project, to which she agreed at once. It was simply this; that she should remain at the cottage, and pass for a relative of the farmer, on a visit. It was my hope that Enville might be attracted towards her, without knowing, of course, who she really was. We gave the farmer a liberal fee and left him. My plan eventually succeeded beyond my expectations. Alice soon found means to throw herself in her father's way, and in a short time they became every-day companions. It was not long before the morose and melancholy man began to respond to her filial attentions, though suspecting nothing of her real personality; and she eventually exercised upon him an influence of a most salutary character, and prepared the way for what I hoped would finally prove a reunion of long-sundered hearts.

In the meantime, I undertook to discover, if possible, some one who was well acquainted with the early history of Ada Minden, which might, I thought, throw some light on the one great and fatal mystery of her life, which, I felt convinced, was no less a mystery to her than it was to me. In this purpose I was successful, and in a quarter where I had not anticipated it.

Harmon Scott, the man who had exhibited

the letters to Dr. Enville, was the only person I knew of who was likely to possess the information I was seeking. But could he be induced to communicate it? I feared not. Such a thing was highly improbable. Suddenly a thought struck me, and as soon as I succeeded in finding the man, I put my idea in practice. I had resolved to obtain by moral force what I felt sure "moral suasion" would be very unlikely to accomplish. Choosing well my time, therefore, I so worked upon the fears of this base poltroon, that he told me the whole truth, and enabled me to clear up the mystery to my entire satisfaction, without any additional research, further than I thought desirable for the corroboration of his own statement, and for the more certain enlightenment of the prejudiced and skeptical husband. The history of this affair involved a singular physiological, or rather pathological phenomenon, which, though of rare occurrence, is, nevertheless a well authenticated and established fact. While still very young, Ada Minden's love had been won by a young gentleman of great worth, and singularly attractive both in mind and person; and after their solemn betrothal, she did not hesitate to lavish upon him a wealth of affection, which, though pure as the virgin snows, was nevertheless all glowing with the warmth of an unusually ardent, passionate temperament, and a tender, susceptible heart. It may well be imagined what fervid letters would spring from such a love. The wedding day was fixed, and the bridal party assembled; but the long-expected bridegroom never came. Instead of a merry marriage peal, the old church bell rang out the knell of a departed soul, and for the gay and brilliant epithalamium was substituted a funeral dirge. Ada's lover was thrown violently from his horse but a few minutes after leaving his father's door, and was borne back into the house a mangled and bloody corpse.

The terrible news was communicated to Ada with ill-advised abruptness, and its effects were fearful to behold. It seemed to set her brain on fire. Fever, delirium, frenzy of the most alarming character speedily followed, and raged with unabated violence for many days. Finally it left her, but so weak, so utterly prostrated in both mind and body, that no one dared to believe it possible that she could ever recover. She did, however, and by slow degrees rose up from the very jaws of the grave, already open to receive her.

After many weary months of tedious convalescence her health was fully restored, and her shattered mind renovated, except that everything connected with her illness, even in the most re-

mote degree, was utterly blotted out of her memory, and was as if it had never been. Not only the letters she had written to her lover, and his subsequent death, but even the very existence of such a person were steeped in some mysterious Lethe and made to fade away forever. It was a curious case, but by no means without a parallel in the annals of medical science. Fearing some unfortunate result of a contrary procedure, the physician earnestly enjoined it upon all who had become acquainted with the circumstances (and there were not many such in Baltimore) to never, on any account, allude to them in conversation with her, or in her presence. Her few friends and associates rigidly complied with this injunction, and it was not strange that the facts had never come to the ears of Dr. Envilleville during his brief courtship.

The moment I became possessed of these facts, I hurried home, and in company with the hardly-used and much afflicted lady hastened to the romantic valley, the scene of her short-lived happiness. There I was fortunate enough to find her husband still lingering, detained by the gently soothing ministrations of his unknown daughter. When I had told him all, I found my task a much easier one than I had anticipated. As a medical man he was prepared to acknowledge as truth what many persons, not so well-informed, would have received with scorn and ridicule. His intercourse with Alice, too, had done much to smooth down his stubborn misanthropy, and when, after listening to my story, he was finally assured that the sweet girl was his long-estranged daughter, his self-hardened heart melted in a flood of tears, while he bitterly accused himself of brutal precipitation, cruelty and injustice towards the gentle-hearted woman who had given him so many proofs of the truest, most self-sacrificing affection.

The bitter cynic, the pitiless man-hater, wept as if his heart would break, and his loud sobs were heard in the adjoining cavern, and brought thence his wife and daughter, with streaming eyes, and hearts overflowing with gratitude to Heaven. Let us drop the curtain on a scene too sacred to be intruded upon, even if an adequate description were within the scope of our feeble abilities. Suffice it to say that all the gloomy past was forgiven and forgotten, and that there were few happier hearts that day in Virginia than those which beat in the wild mountain cave by the GRAVE OF ONONTAWA.

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#### LOOKS.

Thy mild looks are all eloquent,  
Thy bright ones free and glad;  
Like glances from a placid sea,  
Thy sad ones sweetly sad.—ROBERT MORRIS.

#### THE END OF GREATNESS.

Alexander, after having climbed to the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal—died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but could not, or would not bring him aid.

Thus, four great men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representatives of all the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the world tremble to its centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or some suppose, by poison mingled in wine; one a suicide; one murdered by his friends, and one in lonely exile.—*Providence Herald*.

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#### COAL GAS ON PLANTS.

A collection of exotic plants in a greenhouse, in Philadelphia, was, through the breakage of the city "mains," and the consequent leakage of a large amount of gas, exposed to its deleterious influence. The plants, numbering nearly three thousand, were almost entirely ruined. Those in leaf did not suffer, nor did a row of maple trees immediately over the leak; the injury sustained being entirely through their breathing organs. The general sympathy known to exist between the genera of the same natural order, extends to the action of this deleterious substance upon them. The beautiful *Amantiacæ* were so keenly sensitive to the poison, that even large old specimens were stripped at once. The floor was covered with leaves, and oranges and lemons in all stages of growth, from first fruit formed to that fully matured. The trees by careful pruning and nursing, were somewhat restored. *Camellias* were in bloom in about 120 varieties; not a leaf, bud, or flower remained upon the largest and the finest plants.—*Timbs's Curiosities of Science*.

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Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

[ORIGINAL.]

## HIGHER, STILL HIGHER.

BY LIKEN MORSE.

The moon from the east, in her glimmering car,  
 Urgeth her steeds towards the keen zenith star;  
 And her spokes and her tires dash silvery spray  
 Down the cool silent air, in her radiant way,  
 As she goadeth her team, with an eager desire  
 To wheel up the skies, "O, higher, still higher!"

And the wild eagle, feeding her clamorous young,  
 Shakes off the dews that cool o'er her clung,  
 And springs from her home on the old mountain high,  
 And spreads her wings darkly along on the sky,  
 Till her plumes seem to burn in the blazing fire—  
 Yet exulting she screams, "O, higher, still higher!"

And the billows draw on their frothing white shrouds,  
 And beat their bald heads on the low-flying clouds,  
 As thin they would burst the dim, murky pall  
 That hangs on the wing of the swift-flying squall,  
 And plunge in the lights that over them flame,  
 And hungering, "Higher, O, higher!" the same.

And the century oak, that defied all the blasts,  
 For ages, of lightnings that harmless it passed,  
 And beat 'gainst the stars through all the night long,  
 Catching low bars of their triumphal song—  
 Yet still now it moans, in each quivering lyre—  
 "Upward and onward—O, higher, still higher!"

The lark in the grass by her dew-lighted nest,  
 Smooths o'er the plumes on her song-swelling breast,  
 When amber flames rain o'er the eastern skies,  
 And the purple air parts, while singing she flies—  
 Her chant growing wilder, and her wings never tire,  
 As she floats like a star, "O, higher, still higher!"

And thus, O man, thou likenest them all!  
 Like meteors they rise, like meteors they fall;  
 Though you blaze like a rocket along on the sky,  
 Yet prone in the earth you darkly must lie.  
 Then pray that thy spirit, with a holy desire,  
 Shall wing in the skies, "O, higher, still higher!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## How Kitty Forrester was tamed.

BY M. M. HAVEN.

It was in the freshness and beauty of June in the country—when the birds were abroad from dawn till sunset, when the fragrance of the faded apple blossoms yet lingered in the air, when the grass was tender and bright in its early growth, and when the mighty old trees around Kitty Forrester's home were massive domes of lustrous green, swaying in the summer wind, and throwing soft shadows upon the turf—shadows which were now long and dark, for it was late in the afternoon.

It was Saturday afternoon, too, when, in New

England farm-houses, the week's work is all "done up," and the cool, quiet apartments wear a look as if nothing was to be done in them again forevermore; the wind coming in at the open windows gently stirs the drooping asparagus boughs that fill the fireplace—the only visible motion—and the sharp, positive click of the tall clock in the corner is the only sound heard. Saturday afternoon! Suggestive of long rows of pies, with crisp, flaky crusts, huge loaves of bread, snowy wheaten and golden brown, and joints of meat of a most appetizing odor—delightful foretastes of the Sunday dinner.

Looking into Mrs. Grimes's pantry, and seeing all these toothsome delicacies nicely arranged along the white shelves, you would have sympathized with the satisfaction which irradiated the good old lady's countenance, as she surveyed these results of her own and her daughter's skill. Ruth, the daughter, was moving quietly about in the large, pleasant kitchen, deftly arranging the table for tea. She is a comely, rosy-cheeked girl, and there is a handiness in all her movements, that pleases the eye. Ruth is a model housewife, no doubt. Dorcas, the elder daughter, is sitting by the window, sewing, pausing now and then to throw a glance out over the fields and up the road. She is not so pretty as Ruth, you would say. Mrs. Grimes has come out of the pantry now, and stands at a side table, cutting slices from the wheaten loaf. The soft clink of the dishes goes on under Ruth's skilful hands, not loud enough to drown the talk.

"Do you see anything of him yet, Dorcas?" questions Mrs. Grimes; and Ruth steps back from the table, so as to come within range of the window.

"No, mother, there's no one in sight yet," was Dorcas's reply.

"Where's Kitty?" asks Mrs. Grimes, presently.

"She is up stairs, I guess," answered Ruth. "She has been arranging some flowers to put in his room."

"I don't think the minister will thank her for her pains," remarked Dorcas. "I trust he is occupied with more solemn things. And as for Kitty, she had better be making shirts for the heathen."

"I suppose she will come down pretty soon, with her hair looking like a fright, and her dress tumbled up and stained all over. She would sit right down on the grass," chimed in Ruth.

Just then there was a breezy rush along the passage way, a tripping of light feet, and Kitty Forrester burst into the room, dropping the corner of her apron in her effort to shut the door, and letting fall, as she did so, a shower of blos-

soms and leaves and stems, that gave the spotless floor a sadly littered appearance.

"Now, Kitty Forrester, what *does* possess you?" exclaimed Mrs. Grimes, in a distressed tone. "You do beat anything I ever see—and just look at her dress, girls! Did you ever?"

"I told you so, Kitty," said Ruth, by way of consolation.

"You ought not to let her wear such things," remarked Dorcas. "What is the use of white muslin for such a romp as she is? Now that dress would make over beautifully for the poor little Sandwich Island babies."

"But they won't get it though!" murmured Kitty, in a vexed tone; and pushing back her short curls, she stooped down to repair the disorder she had made.

But the curls *would* fall into her eyes, and the eyes *would* fill with tears, and the awkward little hands made small progress, for all the while Aunt Abigail stood watching her like an avenging Fate. The tidy lady lost all patience, at last.

"There, you might as well go away, you careless, wicked girl! You only make it worse. Go and get me the broom. I'll tell you what, Kitty Forrester," continued Mrs. Grimes, emphasizing her words by vigorous sweeps with the broom aforesaid, "if you don't turn over a new leaf, and set about doing something, and leave off kiltering all over the fields like a wild cat, I'll get the minister to take you in hand. I've talked and talked till I'm tired of it."

"I don't care if you do!" sobbed Kitty, in a burst of passionate tears. "I don't care anything about the minister. I never mean to speak to him—*so*!" And the naughty little gipsy rushed out of the room and away down through the lane, as if all the graduating class of the theological seminary were in full chase.

While Kitty is gone, and Aunt Abigail and her girls condole with each other over their "trial," we will talk a little about her. You know we naturally fall to talking of our friends as soon as their backs are turned. If a quiet family were to take a comet to board, the erratic guest would not whisk about and overturn and upset things generally with more celerity than did Kitty Forrester when she made her advent into the family of sober Deacon Grimes.

Such a staid, order-loving household it was! such a clockwork nicety pervaded all its arrangements! And to have all this method and system annihilated by Kitty Forrester! No wonder Mrs. Grimes declared it was a "trial;" no wonder housewifely Ruth and prim Dorcas echoed the complaint, and played upon it with variations, till even the easy, good-natured dea-

con groaned in spirit that he had been born her uncle. How he rued the day that young Harry Forrester, in one of his college vacations, found his way up into the country village and wooed and won sweet Mary Grimes, in the beauty of her budding girlhood—the fair promise of a rich maturity which was never to be fulfilled, for the third summer the violets bent over the grave of the child-wife. And when, ere many years, Harry Forrester came to Bingley, to wander listlessly about through a weary summer of illness and depression, and at last lay down to a peaceful sleep under the falling leaves, it was in a temporary softening of the heart that Mr. Grimes adopted the orphan into his family—a generosity which Kitty's freaks made him almost or quite repent of.

Schoolmaster and schoolmistress alike bore testimony to her incorrigible wildness. Was a piece of mischief done? Who could be at the bottom of it but Kitty Forrester? Many a time did Kitty get the credit of some roguish prank that she was as innocent of as a lamb; and the poor little puss had been tried, condemned, and almost executed so many times, upon circumstantial evidence, that she had grown impatient of even the slightest reproof.

And yet everybody loved Kitty—at least everybody except the deacon's family. If she *was* quick-tempered, she was so warm-hearted and generous, her tears flowed so freely for another's sorrows, she had such a blithe spirit and such arch, captivating ways—who could help loving her? A few wiser, kinder persons than the rest, hinted at the bad system of repression which the child had grown up under, talked about the free, nature-loving tastes that drew her out into the woods and fields, and suggested that those large capacities would richly repay a careful nurture; but these whispers never came to the ears that might have profited by them—and so Kitty was seventeen and not yet tamed, had not a single web of linen spun, nor a calico quilt pieced up, did not know dimity from huckabuck, and never turned a cheese in her life.

It was nothing that she knew by heart whole books of poetry, and could tell you the name of every flower that grew within ten miles of Bingley—she was an ignorant little goose for all that, and would never make a good farmer's wife in the world. Not so, however, thought Charlie Brown, a tall young farmer who came every Saturday evening and sat two hours in the "front room" in a state of singular embarrassment as to his hands and feet, and glowing with admiration for the wild little Kit. An eye for beauty had Charlie Brown, if not for thrift.

She had such a piquant little face, so fresh and bright, with sunny, golden-brown curls and such sweet, blue eyes! As for teeth, lips, arms—throw in pearls, coral and ivory, *ad libitum*, and you have the picture. But you cannot paint the winsome ways, the saucy shrug of the round shoulder, and the defiant toss of the pretty head.

The atmosphere has cooled again, after the passion burst, the tea is all ready, and Miss Dorcas, looking up the road, sees a coming vehicle, and the expected clerical guest seated therein.

"This is pleasant!" soliloquized the Reverend Henry Oxford, as he opened the gate and passed up the walk under the shadow of the elms. "Now for a realization of my ideals—now for embodying my day dreams. I shall like the green fields and these great trees. I wonder if that is my room, where the woodbine runs over the window!"

They were all in the portico to receive him—all but Kitty; the deacon with his blue frock replaced by a clean linen coat, Aunt Abigail in her best cap, Ruth smoothing down her braids with a fluttering hand, and Dorcas, erect and prim.

The welcome was cordial and kind, and the young minister, taking in at a glance the fresh, sweet air of the chamber to which he was conducted, resumed his self-congratulations.

"Did ever another poor, toil-worn student find such a home as this?" And he gazed with a loving eye out upon the June landscape, and then turned again to the fragrant blossoms upon his table.

How Aunt Abigail's face assumed another shade of complacency, while she listened to the praises Henry Oxford knew would be grateful.

"Really, Mrs. Grimes, I haven't tasted any such bread since I was a boy. It is like that my mother used to make."

"This is Ruth's making," replied Mrs. Grimes, giving her cap-strings a little pull, "but I don't think she had quite so good luck as usual—did you, Ruth?"

"No, mother. The yeast wasn't quite lively enough," said Ruth, modestly.

"Nothing could be nicer," remarked the young minister, testifying his appreciation by accepting a second slice; "and with this sweet butter, it is really delicious."

"Ruth is a good hand to make butter," returned Mrs. Grimes. "I sometimes think she has a better knack at making it come waxy than I ever had, though folks *did* use to praise my butter."

"Mr. Oxford," put in Dorcas, in her turn, "is there any recent news from the mission at Borriboola Gha?"

There was just the faintest suggestion of a smile in Henry Oxford's eyes, as he answered:

"Indeed I cannot tell. I must refer you to the Herald. For myself," he continued, more earnestly, "though I am eager to forward the work of our Master abroad, I have been more particularly interested, of late, in the effort to reclaim the vicious and degraded of our own large cities. It is a work that needs doing."

"Dorcas thinks so, too," chimed in the deacon, meekly.

"By the way, Mrs. Grimes," said the minister, presently, "it was a real deed of charity to place those flowers in my room. I am very grateful for it." And he glanced at Ruth.

"O, that's only Kitty Forrester's work!" replied Mrs. Grimes. "The child's head is full of such nonsense. She's such a trial!" And a sigh closed the sentence—sigh the second from Miss Dorcas—sigh the third from Miss Ruth.

The robins were chanting their matins when, the next morning, Henry Oxford threw up the window and looked out upon the woodbine, wet with dew. O the beauty, the sweet repose of a Sabbath morning in the country! The young minister had a heart and a will to join in the great hymn which goes up to God at such times, and now he longed to be abroad where the harmony would rush over his soul in grander sweeps; so he stole softly down stairs, undid the old-fashioned bolt, and was abroad in the June air. He wandered on the lane, across the pastures, gathering the violets as he went, and then into a wood whose cathedral trees arched above him more majestically than any minister of man's making could do, and where the birds sang His praises as no human voices can. Trees are mighty teachers, and there is no orator so eloquent as the forest silence.

Henry Oxford bared his head reverently in that lofty presence—and who shall say that the earnest aspirations which struggled heavenward in the morning prayer at the village church, were not inspired by communion with the voiceless woods? After a time, Mr. Oxford thought he distinguished the tinkling of waters in the distance, and lured on by the music, he threaded the winding forest path and presently came to a small stream restricted to a narrow channel and leaping over obstructing rocks with a resolute, cheerful vigor of purpose that made one's heart glad. The brook was lovely; and perchance the young minister might have found volumes therein, had not another vision dawned upon him, effectually putting to flight all his previous fancies. It was a charming vision—a young maiden with floating curls and dimpled cheeks,

one foot daintily poised on a stepping-stone, her hat ribbons trailing in the water, and both hands full of flowers. It was a comical picture, too.

"Are you the Naiad of the stream? Have you been seeking pearls to sprinkle your locks withal?" he said in a roguish, yet respectful way.

"No, sir. I am only Kitty Forrester, been to gather violets," said the little gipsy, demurely.

And this was Kitty Forrester's introduction to the minister.

The leafy glory of June had ripened into the luxuriance of midsummer, the violets were gone, save here and there a tardy loiterer, the leaves had fallen from the roses, and the west wind blowing softly across the dewy field was sweet with the scent of the new-mown hay.

Henry Oxford was quite at home in Bingley already. His genial, popular manners preposessed the people in his favor, and the real earnestness of purpose and loftiness of aim which they found in him, strengthened his hold upon their affections. His sympathy for the poor and neglected was no shallow sentiment. He found out the untaught and uncared-for, who lark in the outskirts of every country village, and became their friend and adviser. The worldly-minded farmers were interested by his simplicity and sincerity, and unfamiliar faces began to be seen in the church. His power of winning affection was almost marvellous. There were no limits to his popularity. There was only one thing that the minister needed; all agreed that if this defect was supplied, Mr. Oxford would be a model minister, and Bingley the most fortunate of parishes. The parsonage was all ready—a most charming place, too—a cottage half hidden by shrubbery and climbing roses—a perfect gem of a parsonage it was! What more could be wanted but a bird to put in the cage? How the kind matrons pitied poor Henry Oxford's bachelor condition, and how unweariedly they strove to rescue him from his gloomy celibacy!

How faithfully Miss Dorcas learned the Herald by heart, and how industriously she worked on the garments for the heathen! With what careful solicitude Ruth compounded her pastry, and tended the dairy! I think the minister should have been very grateful for such disinterested sympathy.

As for wild Kitty Forrester—nobody minded her. Aunt Abigail, indeed, thought it was very kind in Mr. Oxford to take so much interest in the careless girl, and united with Dorcas and Ruth in hoping that Kitty would be tamed. There was the more reason to hope for this, since Kitty was altogether more respectful in her behaviour toward Mr. Oxford than they had ex-

pected, and condescended to listen to his advice, and even reproofs, without pouting her rosy lips.

Kitty herself did not know what to make of the minister. His manner toward her was a mingling of command and deference, softened by gentleness so peculiar, that the little puss was quite bewildered. He gave her *carte blanche* to the shelves of his library with the air of a man asking a favor; but if she selected a volume not to his liking, he took it away unceremoniously, and bade her go for another. One thing Kitty was sure of—he was not stupid; and all the *pious* people whom she had ever known had been—O, so stupid! that the two were inseparably associated in her mind. In every way, then, Henry Oxford was a new revelation to her. You have seen the wild rose, growing alone in tangled luxuriance, and sending forth its shoots after its own wayward will, till sometimes it offends the eye by its want of symmetry; but take it into your garden, trim it a little here, and straighten its branches there, let in the sun upon this side, and give it a support upon that, round off the angles of Nature into the shapely curves of Art; and it becomes your most beautiful shrub, never losing its own native grace, but discovering daily new harmony of proportions, and blossoming all over into beauty and fragrance. So with Kitty. She did not lose her frolicsome, kitten-like ways all at once, but by-and-by there was a wiser, deeper look in her eyes, and a graver cadence in her voice; her gayety was softened by a quiet thoughtfulness, her abrupt manner grew more gentle, and now in the dawn of womanhood, just beginning to catch a glimpse of its great mysteries, and looking back half wistfully upon the free, childish life which was every day becoming more and more a thing of the past, Kitty Forrester was more winning than ever.

No one would have suspected that so great a change was being wrought in the young girl. You can never tell when the buds become blossoms—it is the work of a summer morning; but for many a week the petals have been getting ready to expand, and a little sunshine unfolds them. And Kitty, living in the light of Henry Oxford's presence, developed with wonderful quickness the capacities that many a summer had nurtured. Now and then, however, upon some extraordinary provocation, her impulsive nature broke forth in the old, impetuous way.

Meantime Charlie Brown presented himself in the deacon's front room as regularly as Saturday night came round, on which occasions Kitty sat silent by the window, gazing out into the darkness, and listening with supreme contempt

to Charlie's very original remarks, which were generally to the effect that he "guessed we was a goin' ter hev a dry spell," or that "the taters needed hillin' up awful bad." No wonder Kitty hated labor, since it was to her synonymous with coarseness and uncouthness.

One of the hardest of Kitty's trials was that Aunt Abigail always spoke as if she belonged as a matter of course to Charlie Brown; and many a time did she run away into the woods, or up garret, to escape this infliction, which was especially distasteful when the minister was by to hear. One evening, after an escapade of this kind, Kitty was gliding softly in at the front door, hoping to reach her chamber unnoticed, when her own name, pronounced by Mrs. Grimes, checked her steps a moment.

"It'll be a good match for the child," Aunt Abigail was saying; "an' I'm sorry she don't take to it no better. I wish you'd advise her, Mr. Oxford. She might pay some attention to what you'd say."

"I will, my dear madam—I will advise her as I think is for her good."

Kitty's sense of honor compelled her to retreat, but the old staircase creaked fearfully, and her dread of being betrayed retarded her movements; and so the rest of the conversation came to her ear.

"So do, Mr. Oxford," said Mrs. Grimes, in a gratified tone. "If your influence could make something of Kitty, I should bless the day you came to Bingley, for mercy knows what a trial she's been!"

"Never you fear, Mrs. Grimes," replied the minister. "I'll tame her—yes, I'll tame Kitty."

This climax was too much for the little puss. She reached her own room in a rage.

"He will advise me, will he? He will tame me! See if I ever read another book of his! I'll never speak to him again—never!" And she broke down into a sob. "And he wants me to marry Charlie Brown—a great, ignorant booby! I never will—never—if they kill me. And for him to take sides with them—it's too bad—it's shameful!" And the sobs quite vanquished her this time.

I do not know whether any of Kitty's air-castles were blown down in this tempest. You must watch closely, if you find out the secrets that lie wrapped up in the rosebuds, and after all, they may die and never speak. I only know that she was very cool towards the minister after that, assuming an air of dignity that was charmingly comical; and the next Saturday evening, when Charlie Brown came, she absolutely had the audacity to refuse to go down.

Henry Oxford could find no opportunity to give her the advice he had promised, though he sought for it earnestly—for of course he meant to keep his word with Aunt Abigail. But fortune favors the brave, and one moonlight night he caught Miss Kitty in the garden, and the frightened little thing could not escape.

"Now, Kitty Forrester, what new freak is this? What is the matter, Kitty?"

"Nothing, sir." And Kitty retreated to the further end of the rustic bench, and looked imploringly up into the old elm, as if she meditated a flight in that direction.

"Nothing! Precisely what I expected. Kitty," continued Mr. Oxford, laying aside his jesting tone for a very grave one, "Kitty, I promised your aunt I would give you some advice, and—"

He did not finish the sentence, for Kitty turned towards him, quite crimson with anger, and burst forth impetuously:

"I don't want any advice—I wont take any—and you needn't call me Kitty any more—my name is Katherine Forrester!"

"Katherine Forrester," said Mr. Oxford, perfectly unmoved, "your aunt wishes you to marry Charlie Brown—"

"I wont marry Charlie Brown—never—and it is very cruel in you to say anything about it," interrupted Kitty, with flashing eyes, but with a great tremble in her voice. "I will never marry anybody!"

"But, Katherine Forrester, Charlie Brown loves you!"

"I don't care if he does."

"And you love him."

"No, I don't—I hate him!" with a burst of tears.

"I am truly rejoiced to hear it," said the minister.

Kitty stopped crying, too much amazed to go on.

"Because, Kitty," said Henry Oxford, speaking very low, "I love you, and I want you to love me, and be my wife!"

If the great elm had broken loose from its moorings and sailed away into the sky, Kitty could not have been more astonished. But of course she was properly indignant—for hadn't she just told him she would never marry anybody? And now to think of such assurance!

Of course she let him know, speedily, that she wasn't going to be whiffled about in that way, and change her mind in a minute—not she. I suppose she told him so—only how does it happen that Kitty Forrester writes her name "Mrs. Henry Oxford," and resides at Bingley parsonage?



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BLUNDER.

BY JOHN D. ROBINSON.

ROBERT ELLIS and his brother James were about as striking examples of the dissimilarities which frequently exist in the same family as can well be imagined. Robert was a fine, frank-hearted fellow, with a ruddy countenance, open as the day. James was mean and miserly. Shriveled, shrunk, squalid in aspect, he looked what he was. His pinching parsimony, it was said, had broken his wife's heart, and had driven his son, his only child, from the door. These latter matters, however, had occurred years before the date of our story.

Though James Ellis had amassed much property, he lived in the meanest and most wretched way, keeping house, or rather hovel, alone, and denying himself even the necessaries of life. Most unlike this was Robert's method of living. He had been in business, and had earned for himself a comfortable competency, and he enjoyed it in comfort. Robert had never been married, but he was not, therefore, without a family; for he had taken to his home and heart a poor widowed sister. And this sister had a daughter who had become the apple of old Robert's eye. She had come to his care as a child, and each succeeding year had ripened in the old man's love.

"Ah, Luce," he would say, after making her some present, "I am just giving thee a staff to break my own head. Thou lookest so handsome now with that bonnet, and those ribbons, that all the young sparks must fall in love with thee. And what would thy poor old Uncle Robert do without thee, girl?"

But the worthy old man fell ill, became sick almost unto death. Illness was a thing Robert had scarcely known in his lifetime, and this attack reminded him forcibly of what health too often makes men forget, namely, the necessity of arranging his affairs so that things might go as he wished after his death. His property lay chiefly in houses, and he wished to give his sister a life tenure of that property, and to constitute his niece ultimate heir to all. Without a will, this disposition of the property could not be made, as Robert's brother, who was heir-at-law, would otherwise be entitled to all.

To accomplish this making of the will, the village schoolmaster's talents were put in requisition, for the schoolmaster was a will-maker in general, at least had often acted in that capacity,

and thought himself very perfect in the calling. He had one form for all cases; and accordingly when Robert Ellis communicated his wishes to him, the schoolmaster drew up a will agreeably to this form. According to his friend's wish, the schoolmaster himself was named executor, a post which he held in nine out of ten will cases with which he had to do.

When the schoolmaster came to old Robert's bedside with the will to have it signed and witnessed, Lucy sat near her kind uncle. Her mother was also in the room engaged in knitting. Neither she nor Lucy knew of the commission which Robert had given to the schoolmaster, and when it was communicated to them they were moved to tears, partly of gratitude and partly of affectionate anxiety.

"O, dear uncle," said Lucy, "you will be spared to us yet."

"A little while, perhaps, but not long; not long now. The blow has been given, and the first high wind will bring down the tree," said the old man, calmly.

The invalid signed the will, and under the direction of the schoolmaster Lucy and her mother signed their names to it, along with his own, as witnesses.

After the completion of this deed, Robert lived several weeks in tolerable health. But a second attack of the same nature as the first, terminated his days. For the first time for many years, James Ellis entered his brother's house on the occasion of the burial. He had become more squalid and haggard than ever, and though evidently verging rapidly to the grave, still grasped at wealth with as keen a hand as ever. Some thought they observed on his countenance gleams of wild eagerness breaking at times, as if unconsciously, through the show of gravity he wore as he followed his brother to the tomb. Certain it is that his disappointment was obvious to every one present when the will of the deceased was read. The countenance of the miser fell when he heard the deed gone over. His limbs shook, and he glanced with his dark, cunning eyes at the innocent inheritors, as if they had robbed him of his treasure. He had so much self-restraint as not to break out into abuse, but he would partake of nothing with the other friends of the family, and left the house with a drooping head, and with mutterings on his lips. His character and peculiarities were too well-known to his sister and his niece for them to feel surprise at his behaviour.

About a week after the funeral, the schoolmaster in his capacity of executor waited on Lucy's mother, and informed her it would be

necessary to prove the will in the proper court, and proposed that she and Lucy should go with him to a friend of his, an attorney, in order to get the matter completed. Of course the proposal was immediately acceded to.

On reaching the lawyer's office the special will of Robert Ellis, drawn up and signed as already mentioned, was shown to the legal practitioner. He had not looked at it a few minutes, when he discovered it to be totally useless and invalid. By law every devise in such a will, to an *attesting witness*, is void, and of no avail. Lucy and her mother were placed in this position through the consummate ignorance of the person who had undertaken to be their guide in the matter. When the attorney with a grave face, but kindly tone intimated this sad error, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, as she looked at her daughter, and as the recollection of the heir-at-law's character came across her mind. And as for the schoolmaster, who was really a kind, worthy man, his self-accusations were exceedingly bitter. But he tried to reassure himself and his friends with the hope that the flaw would never be known, and that if it were known, James Ellis could not be so cruel and unjust as to take away what it was undeniably his dead brother's wish to give to those who now had it.

The attorney shook his head at the latter observation of the schoolmaster, and said that secrecy, to say the least of it, was the better security of the two. To the preservation of silence on the subject he at once pledged himself, and trusted that the flaw might not be heard of. The schoolmaster then departed with Lucy and her mother, all three, it must be confessed, much depressed in spirits.

Alas, evil news spreads fast. Whether James Ellis had himself observed the circumstance of the signatures at the reading of the will, or whether some other person had detected the error, and promulgated it, we are unable to say. But the flaw did come to the notice of James Ellis. The attorney candidly told him that he believed all men would allow the intentions of the testator to be represented by the will, but those intentions most certainly had not been made good in such a way as to stand a contest in a court. Lucy and her mother returned to their home, and the cheerful girl for a living took in needlework.

There let us leave them, cheerful and resigned, and turn to the miser. This day he has added another half at least to his wealth, and he is still in his wretched old hovel. Though the night is one of winter he has no fire, but he lies in bed with his clothes on, and all the rags in his pos-

session heaped upon him to keep him warm. Yet this night all will not do, for he shivers incessantly. Ever and anon, however, the thought of his newly-acquired wealth sends something like a glow through him. Lying in bed saves candles—this was also a part of his creed. Has he no remorse for turning a sister and her child to the door? It is hard to say what are his thoughts, but latterly he has seemed excited, but apparently more with joy than any other feeling. But hark! there is a tap at his door. It is unheeded, and is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries:

"Who is there?"

"It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?"

"You can get no shelter here, whoever you are," cried the miser.

"Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Ellis, your son!"

There was silence for a time within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled:

"Go away, I do not believe you!"

"Father, I am very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice; open the door and you will see that I am Charles."

"Whoever you are, go away," cried the inmate, in still huskier tones, "you can get nothing here."

After a few more words the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteelly dressed, and with his handsome face deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step, but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, "you used to say you would know me a mile off when we were children, but I think you had some doubts just now."

Warm was the welcome which the young man received from his aunt and Lucy, for when a boy he had always been a great favorite with them. He told them his story—he had been to the West Indies and had been prosperous.

He himself was the first to enter on the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn where he had slept. His visit to his father at night was also described to them. He had gone, he said, to try if his father would permit

him to be a son to him; but he found his heart to be as cold and as hard as ever.

"But fear not, Cousin Luce," said he, "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much, after all, but you and your mother shall be comfortable. And who knows, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all."

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode, the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable miser was dead—cold as ice—he had been literally frozen to death.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel. Charles married his cousin Lucy. We are happy to add, also, another fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share of the misfortune, that he resolutely declined will-making in future. Let all like him avoid meddling with what they do not understand. It is not always that the mischiefs incident on such mistakes, are thus happily obviated.

#### HEALTHY CHILDREN.

"What makes the children in England so healthy and ruddy?"

"They are fed on good bread, bannocks and milk."

"Do they not give them any pies, hot cakes and preserves?" said Lizzie.

"No, child, except on special occasions, and then quite sparingly."

"I would not like to live there."

"Would you not like to have red cheeks, bright eyes, and blooming health?"

"O, yes! but what have these to do with cakes, pies and puddings?"

"Much every way," said auntie.

"Did you not feel a little feverish yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, my head ached so bad, and my heart beat dreadfully, and I was so hot."

"So I thought. It was the pound-cake and brandy-peaches that did the mischief."

"But mother says I am so delicate, that I need something to help me."

"Yes, child, you need much to help you, but not in the way of such delicacies; these only make the matter worse."

"But I like them so much!"

"This is because you have pampered your appetite. Only try for a week plain, simple food, and you will like it better. Warm biscuit, mince-pies, doughnuts and hot coffee, would try the digestive organs of an anaconda. Boys who run in the open air, and play at foot-ball and take it roughly, may stand such diet; but girls wilt and waste away under it."—*The Gem*.

The sun,  
God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens.—*BAILEY*.

#### INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story: There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields and goods—and expected for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Wont you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful, when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time, she too was tired of him, and told him by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to Cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you, than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.—*The Home Educator*.

#### A CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

One of our contributors relates the following incident at a marriage service: "I was once called upon to marry a couple, who, to use the phrase of a New York editor, were 'as black as the ace of spades on a rainy midnight in a dark cellar.' After I got to the house, the bridegroom went out to get a witness for the ceremony. When he returned he brought two—a man and a large dog. At their entrance I was standing leaning against a mantel-piece, and two cats were upon the floor near me. At the sight of the dog one of the cats ran under a bed that was in the room, and the other ran up my back, between my coat and my vest, where I let her remain until the dog was put out, when I removed her." Of course the want of harmony between cats and dogs did not, on this festive occasion suggest any thoughts respecting what possibly might be the experience of the married couple.—*Transcript*.

## YOUTH.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,  
 Gentle river, thy current runs,  
 Sheltered safe from winter gales,  
 Shaded cool from summer suns.  
 Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,  
 Fenced with flowery shelter round;  
 No rude tempest wakes the tide,  
 All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,  
 When, wooed by whispering groves in vain,  
 Thou 'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,  
 To mingle with the stormy main.  
 And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass  
 Into the world's unsheltered sea,  
 Where once thy wave hath mixed, alas,  
 All hope of peace is lost for thee!

(ORIGINAL.)

## ISADORE, THE IDEAL.

## A REMINISCENCE OF PARIS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

DURING my stay in the French metropolis—it was in 183—, I believe—much of my time was engrossed in visiting artistic exhibitions and galleries. One, in particular, in which I rarely missed passing an hour daily, was entirely a private collection, thrown open gratuitously to public inspection, by the generosity of the proprietor. This was the generally-received opinion; although the reader who follows me to the end of my sketch, will discover another and very different motive.

There could be but one opinion as to the taste of the owner of this collection; and that, that it was highly-cultivated. So fine a gallery of pictures, both of the old and new schools, and in every conceivable style of art, and upon such a happy diversity of subjects, is not of frequent occurrence, even in public institutions; and indeed the fact that these paintings should be private property, was an agreeable novelty to me. I became anxious to see the man to whom I had become indebted for so many past and prospective hours of pleasure; and expressing the wish to a friend with whom I was one day promenading, he replied:

“Well, *mon ami*, you may have that pleasure immediately. Monsieur Earnest Durant, to whom you refer, is at this moment seated in yonder cabriolet.”

I had thus a good opportunity to observe, without attracting attention, the individual whom I wished to see. I recognized him immediately,

as one whom I had often noticed in his gallery, although of course unknown to me, as he must have been to the great majority of those who attended it. He was a person of perhaps thirty-five, handsome, agreeable when he chose to be, with great, dreamy eyes, profuse black hair, and a moustache which is exactly fac-similed in that of the present French emperor. What was more particularly noticeable about him, was his careless, not to say slovenly appearance, as well as the general abandon of his dress, and the unchangeable abstraction of his air. Yet he was evidently a man of wealth and education, as well as of luxurious habits, and therefore, in view of what I have just said concerning him, an anomaly. With deeply increased interest, as we passed on, I asked my friend for an explanation.

“Remind me to tell you about it some other time,” he said, in reply. “It’s too long a story for the street. Your own observation has probably shown you that he has some absorbing pursuit which engrosses his time and thoughts. This much everybody knows, although very few are conversant with the real cause of his melancholy habits.”

I, of course, promised myself the gratification of soon learning the history of M. Durant; but before an occasion had fairly offered for me to remind my friend of his promise, I had learned all that I wished to know, in a much more interesting way.

It so happened that upon the following morning, I dropped into the gallery to which I have alluded, intending to remain but a few moments. Quite a number were present notwithstanding the earliness of the hour; and as fate would have it, M. Durant came strolling in, with his usual careless gait, alone; and I at once determined to watch him. Nobody seemed to recognize him, and it was soon apparent that no person present was honored by his acquaintance. And it may be remarked here, that I say *honored*, because I mean it, speaking not at all frivolously. M. Durant walked slowly down the gallery, towards where I stood, and it was observable that he scrutinized the face of every lady as he passed; this, of course, not rudely, or in a manner at all marked, but respectfully, and in such a way that even the most fastidious could not have taken offence. Finally, after passing all the spectators, he took his stand very near me, and at once occupied himself with gazing at a picture. Approaching behind him, I immediately remembered to have seen him pause before no other painting than this, upon whatever occasion I might have seen him in the gallery; and I now examined the picture more attentively than I had yet done.

It was, in fact, a most exquisite production—the representation of a young girl, a brunette, black-haired, and with the most liquid, dreamy black eyes. The beauty of the features was of the most perfect model; but above this, the spectator was interested by the mysterious *inner beauty*, which was neither of one feature nor of another, but which looked out from the countenance as clearly as though the artist had produced the shadow of the soul itself in his work. It was, in short, just such a picture as an enthusiast might linger over for hours, and then leave unsatisfied.

Whether some comment, such as are made above, unconsciously dropped from my lips, I am unable to say; but M. Durant suddenly turned his head and discovered me at his back. There was a pleasant look upon his face as he pointed to the painting, and said, with an excellent English accent:

“You like it?”

“Exceedingly, monsieur,” was my reply.

“Give me your opinion of it in brief, if I may trouble you.”

“With pleasure. It is a beautiful piece of work, excellently finished. More than this, it is the triumph of fancy, a wonderful trick of the imagination, and the production of some person who must succeed just as often as he surrenders his will to his redundant ideality.”

“Ha! you talk like an artist; you are an acute critic! What if I should tell you that it is a portrait?”

“A portrait?” was my incredulous rejoinder, as I ran my eye over it again. “Impossible, monsieur; sitters are not so readily forthcoming for a portrait like this! We do not see faces like this in the street. I have not seen one since my arrival in the city, now some weeks past. No—it is not a portrait; I will wager what artistic reputation I have on the fact.”

My words seemed to create a sudden enthusiasm in M. Durant. Narrowly watching the expression of my face while I was speaking, when I had concluded, he grasped my hand cordially, exclaiming:

“Monsieur, I like you immensely. You are a person of quick discrimination and great taste! You have discovered at a glance, what I have been investigating for years, and am hardly assured of yet. Let us throw aside all ceremony. I am M. Ernest Durant, the proprietor of these galleries.

Returning the hearty pressure of his hand, I bowed and mentioned my name.

“An Englishman?”

“Not quite—but an American.”

“Ah—so much the better,” he replied, betray-

ing an alacrity which seemed new to him. “You Americans are apt to be sympathetic and warm-hearted, and if I mistake not, I shall find an abundance of both qualities in you.”

Acknowledging the compliment, I observed that it must be a very fine thing to own so many fine pictures.

“It would to any other than myself,” he dejectedly replied. “But as for me, there is but one thing particularly desirable, and that, long experience has taught me is an impossibility. But, my dear monsieur, I have forced my acquaintance upon you so abruptly, because you have betrayed such an artistic taste, and have received my advances with such good-humored courtesy, that I feel sure of your sympathy and condolence with my misfortunes. Have I your permission to occupy your time for a very few moments—just long enough to make you acquainted with the story of this painting, as it is unhappily connected with my life?”

“As long as you please, monsieur—nothing would give me more pleasure.”

“Thanks—thanks. Well, then—here is a chair—pray be seated. We shall not be interrupted here.”

The morning hour of exhibition had, in fact, expired, and we were now alone in the gallery.

“To proceed,” M. Durant resumed, “my life, for the past ten years, has been a huge misery, an enormous anxiety. There is an expression which has become stereotyped on my lips. I repeat it every ten minutes. Let me give you a sample.”

Pressing his hands upon his sides, the speaker rolled up his eyes, drew down his visage till it had reached a Quixotic elongation, and in the most dismally doleful and lugubrious voice imaginable, sighed forth the words:

“*Mon Dieu*, how unfortunate!”

I was instantly convulsed with irresistible laughter, while Durant satisfied himself with a smile. It quickly occurred to me that I had heard precisely this phrase from him on several different occasions; although, of course, rendered with less exaggeration. When I could sufficiently control myself, I suggested that none but a Frenchman would ever find food for merriment in his own misfortunes.

“Perhaps not,” was his reply; “but it is certainly more humane than to gather it from the ills of others. However, it is a luxury which I do not often indulge in. But without further preliminaries, let me relate my story. It will necessarily be brief.”

“It is ten years this present summer, since Adolphe Regnault came to visit me and Paris.

His family resided at Lyons, and they had been for many years upon terms of close intimacy with mine. Latterly, however, this intimacy had subsided, from no particular cause, other than the distance between our respective places of residence; and it so happened that I had seen neither Adolphe nor his sisters, since we played together as children. I was heartily glad, therefore to see my friend, and for several days devoted myself closely to his pleasure—to say nothing of nights.

"One afternoon, while sitting together in the parlor of my hotel, Adolphe uttered a sudden exclamation, and ran up to his chamber. Returning in a moment, he brought with him a case, such as pictures are usually packed in.

"'Strange that I should be so forgetful,' he said. 'This, Ernest, is for you; my mother and sisters joined in sending it to you—although Isadore pouted a little about it.'

"'My sincere thanks. But why did the fair Isadore pout her beautiful lips, may I ask?'

"'You shall know in a moment.—Hang these nails—will they never come out? There, *mon cher* Ernest, what think you of that?'

"I had expected to see a rural landscape, done in a very rural style, by a rural artist; but imagine my surprise and gratification when this picture before us was produced. I recognized it as a gem from the hand of some master of his profession, and my expressions of thanks and gratification to Adolphe were profuse. Still, I had not the slightest idea that it was intended for anything more than a fancy sketch; and I jumped bolt upright, when Adolphe added to my praises;

"'Yes, it is all you say of it, and a most faithful copy of the original!'

"'Original!' I ejaculated. 'Adolphe Regnault, do you tell me that this is a *portrait*?'

"'I have not, as yet; but I do now. This picture, Ernest, is generally conceded to be a most lifelike representation of my sister Isadore!'

"'But are you not jesting, my dear fellow? I am not able to conceive how a woman can be so incomparably beautiful! There is some flattery of the artist, I suppose—some additions after the picture was finished, to give it a romantic effect.'

"'Allow me to say, Monsieur Ernest Durant, the romance is all in your own head,' Adolphe indignantly replied. 'I tell you now, a second time, that the portrait is Isadore herself, just as she is—and a lovelier woman you cannot find in France. Are you satisfied?'

"'Excuse my incredulity, my dear fellow; I am assured.' And for some minutes I continued to devour the picture with my eyes.

"'But I say, my dear Adolphe,' I cried, 'has Isadore any lovers?' I actually trembled for his answer.

"'Aha, my boy—trapped?' he smilingly observed. 'No, Ernest—none that she favors.'

"'Then I'll enter the lists myself! Don't smile—I was never more serious in my life. I tell you I am passionately in love with the original of that picture!'

"'Bravo!—I wish you success!' Adolphe replied, quite in earnest. 'And I don't know, Ernest, why you cannot win her. You shall return with me, and I promise you a fair field.'

"In my delirium of ecstasy I hugged Adolphe, called him my brother, and perpetrated a hundred other absurdities. Nor would my impatience permit me to wait until my proposed visit to Lyons, for the accomplishment of the great object which now lay next to my heart. My miniature was forwarded post-haste to Isadore Regnault, accompanied by an epistle, which, if it was not a declaration of love, was as certainly not a declaration of war. To madame, her mother, I also addressed the most respectful of letters, delicately reminding her of the pleasant intimacy which had subsisted between our families in times past, hinting at the strange and positively ridiculous fact, that this intimacy had never been more closely cemented by an intermarriage; and finally requesting her permission to me, to address Mademoiselle Isadore upon the subject of matrimony.

"You smile, my friend; but my conduct upon this occasion, only serves to illustrate the extravagant lengths to which men will go, when a woman happens to be in the case. I had no reason to complain, however, of the effect of my letters. From madame, I quickly received a very gracious reply, granting the permission asked, with evident satisfaction; while from Isadore herself, came a dainty epistle, filled with wit and sentiment such as really charmed me. It was doubly gratifying to ascertain that my idol was refined and educated; that the beauty of her face was matched by that of her mind. Other letters passed between us, until, to be brief, when Adolphe and myself were ready to start for Lyons, I was the accepted lover of the peerless Isadore Regnault!

"My heart was full to overflowing; my exaltation knew no bounds; reversing the wish of the Roman tyrant, I could have clasped the whole world in my fraternal embrace. During our journey, Adolphe was constantly employed in repressing the exuberance of my spirits; and I finally left the diligence at Lyons, with the air of a Cæsar. We were received with open arms

by madame and her daughters—but Isadore was announced as absent, in the city, on a visit. She would return, however, in the evening. And until evening I was tortured every moment with the suspense. I could do nothing, be nothing, until I had seen the object of my affections; and as I so frankly declared, madame excused my abstraction and applauded my fidelity.

"Finally Isadore returned; and with a painfully palpitating heart, I was presented to her. My eyes had no sooner rested on her face, than I started back in anger and sickened disappointment.

"This Isadore Regnault—this? *Juste ciel!*"

"I must have pronounced the words loud enough to be heard by every person in the room; but in the desperation of my disappointment, I was utterly careless. Taking her hand, I actually held her from me and scrutinized her. There she stood, blushing in the vexation of maidenly modesty, a handsome brunette—and that was all! None of those bright shades of finer beauty which the treacherous artist had so cunningly employed; none of that deep soul-beauty which *dreamed* on the countenance of the pictured Isadore—all, all was delusion. And here was the woman who had been represented to me as the original of that wonder, that miracle of art! *She*, forsooth! Though undoubtedly beautiful, she bore the same relation to that work of art, as the unwrought marble bears to the delicately chiselled figure. It was a bitter, bitter disappointment—the more bitter since the blow was entirely unexpected. *Mon Dieu*, how unfortunate!"

I could have smiled at the words, though uttered in real misery, had it not been for the tears which trickled down his cheeks. Impatiently dashing them away, he continued:

"These tears proclaim my weakness; but they are not so many, nor so bitter as those I shed in my privacy that fatal night. Ah, it was fearful—to build up such an idol as I had built in my heart, only to have it thus rudely dashed down. It was like the breaking of the heart itself.

"But to resume. I made no efforts to conceal my real feelings; in a matter which touched my heart so deeply, I could practise no deception. Therefore, seizing my hat, I abruptly quitted the room and the mansion. I had no reason to suppose that I should hear no more of the affair, and in an hour Adolphe encountered me in the street, pale with fury, and with epithets none of the mildest, demanded an explanation. I endeavored to retain my composure, but the course of our colloquy rendered this impossible; and at last, losing all patience, I abruptly charged the

presentation of the picture as an atrocious cheat, an artful deception, and other equally reprehensible asseverations. Language such as this could of course admit of but one settlement; and that was resorted to, with the assistance of small-swords and seconds, the next morning. To be brief, I inflicted an ugly puncture just beneath Adolphe's shoulder-blade, from which, in some miraculous manner, he managed to recover. Nevertheless, it consumed some six months, and threw the family into a terrible panic. *Mon Dieu*, it was immensely unfortunate, especially for him!

"Nothing remained for me, but to return to Paris; so I returned. Everything seemed distasteful to me, save my picture, and I often gazed upon it by the hour, until finally a happy idea visited my mind. Why should there not be an Isadore somewhere, of whom this should be the true representation? Was this artist's skill so wonderful, that he could conjure up an image more lovely than all the forms of loveliness which people this wide world? Obeying the impulse, I frequented public places; I haunted the streets, I travelled, but all to no purpose. Many beautiful faces I saw, but none to rival, none to compare with this! Weary of all this vain labor, I gathered the choicest of my paintings into these rooms, and opened them for free, public exhibition. I solemnly declare to you, my friend, that my sole motive in so doing, was to discover, if possible, among the crowds which daily flock here, the counterpart of this picture. What an extravagant idea—what a vain labor! I am at last beginning to think very much so. Pshaw! what faces do I see here daily! In fact, I think I am becoming skeptical upon the subject of human beauty. My standard is this picture, and all below it must be set down as spurious.

"Some months ago, I chanced to see, unobserved, Isadore among the spectators. *Quantum mutatus ab illa!* Imagine a portly dame of two hundred, avoirdupois, leaning on the arm of a man quite as gross-looking, and followed by four noisy children! I gave a sigh of relief, thanked the fates, ordered the servant to remove my darling picture until their departure—and prudently kept out of the way myself.

"But I must not conclude, without relating a most interesting incident which occurred to me the other day. You observe that the name of the artist is in the corner of the picture—Franz Kepler. Becoming lately aware of the presence in Paris of an artist of that name, I sent an invitation to him to visit my gallery, in company with myself. He gladly complied; and I found him to be a German, with a fine intellectual head, the true artist's eye, and a certain indescribable



something in his *tout ensemble*, which assured me that I had discovered the painter of my picture; at least, I should have chosen him from a hundred to execute such a work. But to reduce the matter to certainty, we had no sooner entered the gallery, than I led him straight to the picture.

"Are you not the artist of this, monsieur?" I asked.

"He immediately recognized his work, and a moment later recalled the circumstances, the time, and the place of its execution. He was continuing to descant upon its merits, when I stopped him.

"Monsieur," I gravely observed, 'you, by this unhappy picture, have ruined me forever!'

"The astonished artist stared with wonder—and with my heart swelling with grief, I narrated to him what you have just heard. His sense of the ludicrous was several times evidently affected as I proceeded; but sympathizing with my unhappiness, he restrained his mirth. When I had finished, he frankly said:

"I see, monsieur, that you regard me as a skillful knave of the brush—a kind of quack in portraiture, who flatters with his colors those who are vain enough to be deceived. You do me injustice, monsieur. Had I a particle of such knavery in my composition, I would throw my palette and brushes into the Seine to-morrow, and forswear art forever. The truth is, monsieur, my ideality is so great, that it betrays me into extravagance whenever I take up a brush. I find it impossible to reduce myself to plain truth; it is so severe that my fancy will get the uppermost. And so, when a plain country dame comes for her portrait, I make her a paragon of beauty; when the proprietor of some dilapidated estate wishes a picture of his possessions, I astonish him with an Eden. Both are delighted, and I receive five times my usual charge. This is a fact, monsieur, and I pray you believe it. The fault is natural—inborn, and I can never hope to conquer it.'

"This statement, so frankly made, disarmed my hostility, and left me to communicate still further with the artist, upon the picture.

"Did you, M. Kepler," I said, 'ever meet with a human face as lovely as that you have delineated upon the canvass yonder?'

"In good sooth, I never did," he unhesitatingly replied, gazing upon the canvass.

"Do you think, M. Kepler, that there is in the world a face as beautiful as that?'

"My dear monsieur, vanity aside, and to speak candidly, I do not. Such faces, let me assure you, are born only in the brain, and exist only in the colors of Franz Kepler! Ah, no—

they are sadly unreal! I have worshipped my own pictures more than you have ever worshipped this: and although I never sought their originals about the world, yet I think I should know what course to pursue, should I meet one of them at any time—the counterpart of this, for instance!'

"You would woo her for me, noble Kepler," I enthusiastically exclaimed. 'You would tell her of my devotion and of my romantic love, and—'

"Tush," laughed the artist. 'Yes, I should assuredly woo her, but it would as certainly be for myself!'

"*Mon Dieu*—how unfortunate!' was all that I could say.

"Thus, you see, my friend," Durant continued, "what have been my toils and struggles, my weariness of heart and mind, while pursuing this phantom—this ideal Isadore. And now you will ask, 'Do you really believe in the existence of the reality of what you so faithfully seek?' My friend, I sincerely do believe it—somewhere in this wide world my ideal Isadore, my glorious creation, is awaiting my coming! I must seek her until the day of my death—it is my destiny! Why not in America?'

"There are marvellously beautiful women in my native land, but I must confess, I find too much attraction in women of undoubted substance, to admit of my seeking after ideals!'

"Ah, you are skeptical! But perhaps I shall meet you in America in the course of a year or two. Adieu, for the present! *Mon Dieu*, how extremely unfortunate!" We parted with a cordial shake of the hand, and as it so happened that I was suddenly called away from Paris a few days later, and returned home without revisiting it, it also happened that my first and last meetings with M. Durant were identical. I never saw him again. The friend mentioned in the first portion of this veritable narrative, sent me, quite lately, a paper, containing a detailed account of M. Durant's death. During the long interval of years, between the date of my meeting with him, and that of his death, he had continued to haunt his picture-gallery, stubbornly intent on the same purpose, growing weak and pale as he grew older, until he could with difficulty totter about. When upon his death-bed, he ordered the picture which had been the source of his destruction, to be hung before him, and he actually died with his eyes rivetted upon it, and with the words upon his lips—" *Mon Dieu*, how unfortunate!"

#### NATURAL MELODY.

Harp of the winds! What music can compare  
With thy wild gush of melody?—or where  
Mid this world's discords may we hope to meet  
Tones like to thine—so soothing and so sweet!

A. A. WATTS.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A REFRAIN.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

That sound—that sound—it comes afar  
 From chambers of the past;  
 No other song shall ever mar,  
 Or to that strain a sweetness cast.  
 Its single thrill of melody  
 All down life's pathway shall bestow  
 Haunts of the music said to be,  
 Where chastened hearts no sorrows know.  
 Its tender echoes strangely tell  
 Of sinful thoughts all swept away;  
 Of fresher tears, which gently fell,  
 When with that sound came fresher day.

How may I speak enough the love  
 Of Him who touched my wayward heart  
 By tones akin to those above,  
 A heavenward yearning to impart?  
 How can enough my spirit soar,  
 To seek a glimpse of joys beyond,  
 Until from earth's bleak tempest-shore  
 A saviour's hand shall break the bond?

(ORIGINAL.)

## MARY.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

"Loop up this sleeve a little higher, Mary. Why do you lag so, child? The company will be here before I am half dressed. Why, you are crying, as I live! One would think you were half-envious of me. Never mind—some day you may be married, too. But, alas, poor girl, you will never have a Richard Angell!"

"God forbid that I should!" said the young girl, hastily, wiping away the drops that had gathered in her eyes.

"Nay, now you are too bad, Mary. It is a poor joke, if you mean it as such, and a wicked thing, if you do it to annoy and vex me."

"I do it for neither, Alice. I would not jest about it for the world; and God knows, my poor girl, you have vexation and disappointment in store, enough to make you old before your time. I will not add to the load, believe me."

"Ah, you have some foolish story in your head about Richard's taking a social glass at a wedding. He has explained all about it to me, and I am perfectly satisfied."

A tap at the door, and a rich, musical voice calling, "Alice, dear, are you almost ready?" stayed the answer that was rising to the sister's lips, and Alice ran to open the door. The figure that stood there, leaning against the doorpost, was one that might have captivated the imagina-

tion of a stronger minded woman than Alice Phillips. He was somewhat taller than the middle height, was of fair complexion, had bright, laughing blue eyes, and auburn hair which curled in tight, crisp rings close to a head which would have been beautiful as that of Antinous, had not the sensual characteristics predominated somewhat over the intellectual. To-night he is perfectly radiant with his new happiness and the delight of seeing Alice so very beautiful.

Richard's tendencies were all selfish. It was not so much that he cared to see beautiful women—but then, Alice was about to belong to *him*, and he loved to think of showing her in public. I am not sure that he would not have had a similar feeling in regard to a fine animal, were it his property. He had once offered his hand to Mary Phillips. She had heard of his love for wine, and, although she was certainly dazzled not a little by his exterior, and the worldly advantages of fortune and position which he possessed, yet her refusal was peremptory and decided. It was, therefore, with great pain that she saw him daily gaining ground with Alice, to whom he had lightly transferred his affections.

In vain she had represented to her father and mother that he was not a person with whom one so light and volatile as Alice should be trusted—that he was one with whom her happiness must surely be wrecked. They laughed at her fears, declared she was an envious old maid, and insisted that she should not spoil her sister's good luck by her croakings.

Misapprehended on every side, Mary had nothing but to fall back upon silence; yet, at the last moment, she did suffer another word to tell her strong disapprobation of Richard's habits, although she knew it was too late to alter her destiny. The foolish story to which Alice referred, was this:

Richard Angell, hitherto a sober youth, unadicted to any of the excesses of the age, had been coaxed by a young bride to take wine at her wedding. It was contrary to his habits and his principles. The very selfishness that was inherent in his nature pointed away from this sin; but the fair bride prevailed. The wine was swallowed—and thenceforth Richard Angell never saw the red wine sparkling in the cup that he did not quaff it to the bottom.

When his father and mother went down to the grave, the hardest part of death to them was the thought that Richard was fast becoming a thing for scorn to point at; but still they had some faint hope that a good wife might come to the rescue, and save him from utter ruin. Had he married Mary Phillips, she might have done so; but for

Alice—God pity her, though she wilfully shut her eyes to the coming destruction.

In vain Alice had entreated Mary to accompany them to town, where Richard had engaged a fine house, and had launched into great outlays for its furnishing and decorations. She firmly resisted, notwithstanding the childish complaint of Alice that "Mary could not bear to see anybody happy." Richard asked her; but she could see that he was not ungratified at her refusal. Perhaps he dreaded her lynx-eyed sagacity at discovering his little foibles.

A round of visiting brought them into contact with gay and fashionable people, with whom the glass was, as a matter of course, indispensable. As a matter of course, too, Richard prided himself upon fine wines, and seldom bought any but those that were expensive. Alice acquired a love for these costly luxuries, and headache and lassitude were her mornings' experiences. Soon it began to work on her beauty. Her delicate complexion grew coarse, and harsh lines settled in her once smooth forehead; while—it shocks us to speak it—but her nose actually blushed in imitation of the ruby tint which each day she allowed to pass her lips. Richard saw it all, but he held his peace, conscious that his own example and urging had brought on this change in his idol.

One year had passed away, in which Richard's outward affairs had but little changed. It takes some time to undermine a noble property so that the ravages become visible. It is not so with the person. That shows the slightest outrage which strong drink makes. To one of his sanguine complexion and temperament, it discovers itself quickly in the added color that spreads itself over and beyond the cheeks and extends to the throat and temples, and even to the roots of that hair so nearly bordering upon red as to be scarcely distinguishable from the red face. About this time Alice was ill, and sent for her mother to be with her. Mr. Phillips had been far from well and did not like to have her leave him. He suggested that Mary could better be spared from home; and Mary, fearing to worry and annoy her parents, decided upon going.

She arrived half an hour after Alice had given birth to a son. Richard was in high spirits, distributing wine in abundance to every person who had any place in his household, so that the servants were in the most amiable moods imaginable. Mary hastened to Alice, sick at heart of the sight and smell of liquors which stood in bottle array all over the house. Alice welcomed her, and she took her place as assistant nurse; for unhappily the principal was already over-

come with the generous hospitality of the exultant father. When she went to tea, Richard's manner towards her was marked by an almost foolish familiarity, which she could not at once repel.

"You ought to have been that boy's mother, Mary," he said, as she poured his tea. "Alice is a good girl, but then, you know 'First love'—what is it, Mary? O, I know—'First love will with the heart remain' when it spells—spells—never mind," he continued, winking most offensively at her, "the worst has been your own. You might have been sitting opposite me as my wife instead of my sister—"

"Mr. Angell, you insult me. If you do not instantly cease, I will leave the table."

"No, indeed, Mary, you shall do no such thing," he answered, suddenly becoming sober at her visible anger. "I did not mean anything; but I am so elated with the coming of my boy, and so happy at Alice's being so much better than I apprehended, that you must excuse my levity."

"I am quite ready to do so, Richard," she rejoined, more gently, "but let me beg you not to resort to anything that will induce artificial spirits, since you seem already to be sufficiently elevated."

"Bless your soul, Mary, I am the most temperate man living! I have often laughed at your refusal of me for indulging in a glass of wine. Now, I assure you, I do not care for it in the least."

Mary was displeased at this statement, knowing it to be false, and escaped as soon as possible to her sister's chamber, where she found the old nurse asleep in the great chair, with the baby just dropping from her arms. She caught the child, but turned away her head as the strong odor of spirits came from the little one.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "has this woman been dragging this child?"

"Pooh, Mary!" said Alice, who had seen nothing of the state of either child or nurse, "baby was in pain, and nurse gave it some cordial. Don't be a fool!"

"But look at the woman herself, Alice."

"O well, I dare say she was up with some sick person last night, and this warm room has made her sleepy."

Mary made no answer, but she inwardly resolved to watch and if possible, to prevent the little creature from being drugged again. Her scrutiny offended the nurse, and she said to Alice:

"I shall feel obliged to go away, ma'am, if Miss Phillips chooses to stay here. Her and me is so different in taking care of childr'n."

Alice was terrified, and begged the two, separately, to give way to each other's fancies about the child. But the nurse declared she would not stay to be watched, and accordingly took her leave. Mary walked miles to find another nurse, and succeeded in obtaining a mild, gentle-looking woman, whose judicious management of the child recommended her even to Richard himself.

The next three years made it quite visible that things were going behindhand with the Angells. Alice had now four children, two of whom were twins. She took no care of her household, and Mary, when she visited her, which she did for the children's sake, was grieved to see her falling into a low-spirited, miserable way that required constant stimulants to overcome temporarily. Richard was reduced to the condition of an actual drunkard. He was cross, morose and ill-tempered in the morning; foolish and maudlin at noon, and sunk into utter insensibility at night. Mary persuaded Alice to go home and visit their old father and mother, who now felt keenly their own share in this unhappy marriage. Alice complied, to change the scene, as she said, but really to get rid of her husband. The love that had seemed so warm, had paled into mere indifference. Her feelings were not strong enough for hate.

When she returned to his house, Mary begged to keep little Richard. He was now old enough to know what his father's habits were, and Mary dreaded the contagion. Alice gladly consented; for her troop of lazy, ill managed servants were not fit to take care of children. Her husband ridiculed her when she returned without the boy, and let fall some offensive expressions about the "old maid." But he had not spirit enough to recall him.

The wreck of a fine property was, at length, all that was left to the miserable family, and Mr. Phillips was obliged to take them all home. The tribe of idle servants was discharged; the house and grounds, which were found to be deeply mortgaged, were let in order to pay off the interest, and there was nothing else left. Richard Angell scoffed at the narrow economy which the Phillips were absolutely obliged to practise, now that they were so heavily burdened with his family—and he was a prey to ill-temper because his stimulants were so wholly cut off. Everything was done to rouse him into action; but it required some great shock to waken him from his contemptible indolence. It came to him at last—that terrible shock which would have had effect upon one not so sunken as himself. The cholera of 1832 had made ravages in almost every home, and that of Mr. Phillips was not

exempted. Alice and the twins were taken first. He saw them die—and the next hour he was helplessly intoxicated with the stimulants that had been used to allay their sufferings. Alternately weeping at his loss and clamoring for wine and brandy to cure the sickness which he declared was already upon him, he fell into a state which precluded his attendance at the funeral. It was with difficulty that they made him understand that Alice was dead, although he had been conscious of it at the time.

Mary was all that a mother could be to his children—more than Alice ever could have been. For their sakes she bore with their father; and when at last the body which he had so wronged and outraged with strong drink, was sinking into its last slumber, she had her reward in knowing that he was sensible of her kindness and repented of his worse than useless life.

Little Richard is a man now—a good, upright, honest and temperate man. He knows that he owes it to his Aunt Mary that he is so; and the tender care that he bestows on her old age is beautiful to behold. As she sits and gazes upon him from the recesses of her easy chair, she thinks that so might his father have become, had his childhood been so watched as Richard's had been. And, as she cherishes that thought, her remembrance of the elder Richard grows more tender and forgiving, for he is now in the hands of Him who judges human frailty and imperfection in a different way perhaps from mortals.

#### A SWISS PENALTY.

In some parts of Switzerland, singular judicial penalties are still in force. A few days ago, one Hug, of Stanz, was convicted by the tribunal of Unterwald, for having, while in a state of intoxication in a public house, employed offensive language respecting the Pope, and he was condemned to twenty blows with a stick, to be administered in private, a fortnight's imprisonment in the hospital, a week's retirement to be passed in religious exercises in the monastery of the Capuchins, to occupy a separate place at church for the space of two years, and during that time to attend morning and evening service and the class of catechism, to be deprived for an indefinite period of his civil rights, and finally to pay all the costs.—*Paris Moniteur*.

#### GRAVES AT SEBASTOPOL.

It appears by a letter of Mr. Gowen, the American engineer, who is engaged in raising the sunken Russian vessels in the harbor of Sebastopol, that the graveyards of the allies number three hundred, and that they cover twenty square miles of territory. Considering that the siege lasted less than two years, and that these graves comprise the dead of but one side, such a war, if continued, would in time have decimated the nations engaged.—*New York Express*.

## The Florist.

Out at sea the island wooded,  
Silver birches golden-hooded,  
Set with maples crimson-blooded,  
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,  
Stretch away, far away,  
Dim and dreary, over-brooded  
By the hazy autumn day.—J. G. WHITTIER.

### Lawns and Gravel-Walks.

The grass-plot and lawns in gardens generally have a melancholy appearance at this time of the year. In some places they are rough with wormeats, and in others bare from the shade of trees, or the constant passing of feet. Laying down fresh sods is the usual remedy, but it is very troublesome, and oftentimes affords only a temporary relief. The best way of renovating a grass-plot is, therefore, not to lay down fresh sods, but to sow a few seeds; and to render these more effectual, the surface should be scratched over with an iron rake before the seeds are sown, and rolled afterwards. Dutch clover, and what are called mixed grass seeds, are best; and the thinner the seeds are sown so as to cover the ground, the more likely they are to come up. When dug ground is to be sown with grass seeds, so as to make a grass-plot without laying down sods, the proportion may be about five bushels to the acre. Gravel-walks at this season are also apt to look poor and neglected, and they should be either relaid entirely with fresh gravel, or they may be stirred, and a thin layer of gravel laid on top, and afterwards firmly rolled. When the gravel is loose, it ought to be mixed with gravel of an adhesive nature.

### Roses.

Roses are such general favorites, that a few remarks may be acceptable. There are many roses which, if carefully removed from the borders, will continue to bloom all the winter with very little trouble. The crimson and blush China rose, the Crimson Perpetual, or *Rose du Roi*, are all very beautiful profuse bloomers, and of a neat, compact habit of growth. There are some roses which seem especially adapted for pot-culture, from their graceful, neat form and persistent blooming—almost all the monthly roses have that reputation. The soil for roses should be two-thirds loam from rotted turf and one-third cow-mazure, or the soil from an old hotbed; and the size of the pot should be dependent upon the root, which may be trimmed a little, but not much.

### Hoya Carnosa.

A fine thick-leaved climbing plant, bearing many bunches of small star-formed blossoms. Grow in a compost of one part loam, two parts peat, and one part dung. Shift from time to time, and support the plant as it grows. It trains well up a rafter, or on a wall; and if healthy and luxuriant, will have from thirty to forty blossoms upon it at a time. Cuttings can be struck, and even its thick leaves.

### Gloxinia.

These plants are remarkable for their splendid leaves, which are like so many shades of green velvet. They die down after blooming, and rest all the winter; in the spring shake out all the old soil, and re-pot them in rich loam. Keep them near the light, but be careful to shade the flowers from the sun. These plants will soon be covered with beautiful flowers in great profusion.

### Hyacinths and Narcissus in Pots.

Hyacinths, polyanthus and jonquils make a beautiful appearance during the winter in the house. Bulbs intended for blooming in the winter should be potted in October or November, and left out until it begins to freeze, and then placed in a warm room. They will want occasionally a little water until they begin to grow; then they should have both air and sun, and plenty of water from the saucers or pans beneath the pots. Those bulbs, as hyacinths, etc., which are designed to flower in glasses, should be placed in them towards the end of November, the glasses being first filled with rain-water, so that the bulbs may come in contact with it. Then put them in a dark place for a few days, to promote the shooting of roots, after which they are to be exposed to the air and sun. The water must be changed as often as it becomes impure, and never be allowed to freeze.

### Skill of Japanese Gardeners.

The botany of the island of Japan is more varied than that of any country of the same area, as it comprises the flora of the tropics and of the antarctic regions. The Japanese possess the art of dwarfing and of magnifying vegetable products in an extraordinary manner. A recent traveller states that he saw a plum tree, a cherry tree and a fig tree growing in a small box, not more than six inches long, the plum tree being in blossom; while, on the other hand, cabbages are grown of such a size, that one is much as a man can lift. The Japanese horticulturists also have the power of concentrating the vigor of a fruit-tree in a single branch, which will thus bear blossoms and fruit much greater than the common size.

### Pompones Crysanthemums.

The miniature or daisy flowered crysanthemums are yearly becoming greater favorites both in the garden and for the house, and we are glad of it. We hope the taste for them will continue to extend. For pot culture the pompones are considered superior to any other kinds yet introduced, and are easily propagated. Strong healthy cuttings should be used, placing each cutting singly in a pot. The pots should be kept warm and moist. When well rooted they may be given more sun and air, and be re-potted into four-inch pots and treated as before, keeping them rather close for ten days; this will promote their growth very materially. When well rooted they should be shifted for the last time into a larger pot.

### Polygala.

Common greenhouse plants, of which we should not care to have more than one. They require only common greenhouse treatment; but to prevent its being bushy, the plant must be checked while young, and the checking must be persevered in for some time. The flowers are purple and abundant.

### Sensitive Plant.

This, though a native of the East and West Indies, and South America, is often successfully cultivated in New England. There are several species. The flowers are pale purple, contracting at night, and also when touched by the hand.

### Faxonia Pannatistipula.

A plant nearly allied to the passiflora, and blooming very much like one. The plant will only do well trained to rafters; in fact, it is fit only for a conservatory.

## The Housewife.

### Tooth-Powders.

Prepared chalk, finely levigated, three drachms; Spanish soap, one drachm; Florentine iris root, one drachm; carbonate of soda, one drachm. If the teeth are constantly brushed once or twice a day with this powder, they are kept free from tartar.—2. Powder of Krameria, two drachms; myrrh, in powder, one drachm; camphor, four drachms; charcoal, one ounce; spirit of wine, ten minims. Rub the whole into a fine powder.—3. Red bark and Armenian bole, of each half an ounce; powdered cinnamon and bicarbonate of soda, of each, quarter of an ounce; oil of cinnamon, one or two drops; all in fine powder; mix.

### Apple Jelly.

Cut in quarters six dozen good apples, take out all the cores, put them in a pan, just cover them with cold water and place them on the fire. Let them boil until quite soft, then drain upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which passes through a clean jelly bag; weigh out one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor; boil the sugar separately until it is almost candy, then mix the liquor with it, and boil, keeping it skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in thin sheets; then take it from the fire, put it into small jars, and let it stand a day until quite cold, then put paper over and put by till wanted.

### Compote of Peach.

Pare half a dozen ripe peaches, and stew them very softly from eighteen to twenty minutes, keeping them often turned in a light syrup, made with five ounces of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish the fruit; reduce the syrup by quick boiling, pour it over the peaches, and serve them hot for a second dish, or cold, for dessert. They should be quite ripe, and will be found delicious dressed thus. A little lemon-juice may be added to the syrup, and the blanched kernels of two or three peach or apricot stones.

### Hop Ale.

Three quarters of a pound of the best hops to ten gallons of water, and one pound of white sugar to each gallon, boiled together for half an hour; then run it through a sieve into an open tub, to work for three, four, or five days, a little barm being put to it as soon as cool; put the clear liquor into a barrel, and bung it up; in a fortnight it will be ready to drink; in a week after put a few of the spent hops to float at the top of the barrel, when it is to be stopped up.

### How to clean old Silver Coins.

Take four ounces of polishers' putty, four ounces of burnt hartshorn, and eight ounces of prepared chalk; mix them well together, and with this composition rub the coins, and in a short time they will become, to all appearance, equal to new. Or, wash them well with soap and water and a soft nail-brush; when dry, rub them with wash leather, or a soft brush used for cleaning plate, but not too roughly, or they may be injured.

### How to detect Chalk in Milk.

Dilute the milk with water, and set it aside for a few hours; the chalk, if there be any, will be found precipitated to the bottom, which may be sufficiently identified by its appearance and its effervescing with an acid.

### Dried Herbs.

All herbs which are to be dried should be washed, separated and carefully picked over, then spread on coarse paper, and kept in a room until perfectly dry. Those which are intended for cooking should be stripped from the stems and rubbed very fine; then put them in bottles, and cork tightly. Put those which are intended for medicinal purposes into paper bags, and keep them in a dry place.

### Cherry Marmalade.

Remove the stones and stalks from the cherries, and rub the cherries through a sieve; add to this result a little currant juice, say half a pint to every three pounds of cherry; put the whole over the fire, stirring into it three-quarters of a pound of fine white sugar to every pound of the fruit, and boil it until it becomes a thick jelly; pour it into jars or moulds.

### Hoarseness.

Take one drachm of freshly-scraped horseradish root, to be infused with four ounces of water in a close vessel for two hours, and made into a syrup with double its quantity of vinegar. It is an improved remedy for hoarseness; a teaspoonful has often proved effectual. A few teaspoonfuls, it is said, have never been known to fail in removing hoarseness.

### Bitters.

Take half an ounce of the yolk of fresh eggs, carefully separated from the white, half an ounce of gentian root, one and a half drachm of Seville orange peel, and one pint of boiling water. Pour the water hot upon the above ingredients, and let them steep in it for two hours; then strain, and bottle for use.

### Italian Lemonade.

Pare and press two dozen lemons, pour the juice on the peels, and let it remain on them all night; in the morning add two pounds of loaf sugar, a quart of good sherry, and three quarts of boiling water. Mix well, add a quart of boiling milk, and strain it through a jelly-bag till clear.

### To detect Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.

Put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper be present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

### Bites and Stings.

Apply instantly with a soft rag, moist freely, spirits of hartshorn. The venom of stings being an acid, the alkali nullifies them. Fresh wood ashes, moistened with water, and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute, or soda or saleratus, all being alkalies.

### To seal Preserves.

Beat the white of an egg; take good white paper, tissue is best, cut it the size you require, and dip it in the egg, wetting both sides. Cover your jars or tumblers, carefully pressing down the edges of the paper. When dry, it will be as tight as a drumhead.

### To destroy Worms in Garden Walks.

Pour into the worm-holes a strong lye made of wood-ashes, lime and water. Or, if more convenient, use for this purpose strong salt and water.

### Roses.

Put some powdered charcoal around the roots of your roses. It will improve their color.

**Tomato Catsup.**

As the time is here for enjoying this favorite sauce, the following is a very good receipt for preparing it for future table use:—To half a bushel of skinned tomatoes add one quart of good vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of African cayenne, a quarter of a pound of allspice, six good onions, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine sieve or coarse cloth, and bottle it for use. Many persons omit the vinegar in this preparation.

**To make Grease Balls.**

Shave down half a pound of white soap, and mix it with three ounces of fullers' earth powdered; then mix together three ounces of ox-gall and two ounces of spirits of turpentine; with this moisten the soap and fullers' earth till you have a stiff paste. Mix it thoroughly, and beat it well. Make it into balls with your hands, and place the balls where they will dry slowly. To use it, scrape down a sufficiency, and spread it on the grease spot. Let it rest awhile; then brush it off, and scrape and apply some more. A few applications will generally remove the grease.

**A good Blackberry Wine,**

To make a wine equal in value to port take ripe blackberries, press the juice from them, let it stand thirty-six hours to ferment (lightly covered), and skim off whatever rises to the top; then to every gallon of the juice add one quart of water and three pounds of sugar (brown will do); let it stand in an open vessel for twenty-four hours; skim and strain it, then barrel it. Let it stand eight or nine months, when it should be racked off, and bottled and corked close; age improves it.

**Ginger Lemonade.**

Boil twelve pounds and a half of lump sugar for twenty minutes in ten gallons of water; clear it with the whites of six eggs. Bruise half a pound of common ginger, boil with the liquor, and then pour it upon ten lemons pared. When quite cold put it in a cask, with two table-spoonsful of yeast, the lemons sliced, and half an ounce of isinglass. Bung up the cask the next day; it will be ready in two weeks.

**Snake Bites.**

Turpentine is said to be a sure cure for the bite of a snake. It should be put in a bottle, and the mouth being placed over the spot, the liquid brought directly in contact with the wound by inverting the bottle, which should be held there until relief is obtained. A complete alleviation of pain has been known to ensue in less than a quarter of an hour. An important discovery.

**Stye on the Eyelid.**

Put a teaspoonful of tea in a small bag; pour on it just enough boiling water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the stye will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is sure to remove it.

**Cup Cakes.**

Take twelve eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups of butter, four of sugar, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, five cups of flour; season with anything you choose, and bake in a slow oven.

**Boiling Potatoes.**

Let the potatoes lie in cold water six or eight hours before boiling—twelve hours for very old ones is not too long. Then put them into boiling water a little salted, and the water should be kept at a moderate boll till they are done, which should be tested with a fork; then pour off the water, and let them stand in the pot till dry. Great care should be taken not to let them boil a moment after they are done, as it will render them watery. An excellent plan to make potatoes mealy, is to turn them into a cloth and slightly press them. The large potatoes should be put into the pot before smaller ones, that they may be equally done. It requires from forty to fifty minutes. New ones will take about half that time.

**Home-made Buns.**

One and one-fourth cup of sugar, one-half pint of new milk, one cup of yeast, one-half cup of butter, add flour enough to make a thin batter, and let it rise. When sufficiently raised, add fruit, a tablespoonful of lemon or rose-water, with flour enough to mix into a firm dough. Cut into rounds, place in pans, and when again raised, it is ready for baking. Soon after they are taken from the oven the tops should be moistened with a little milk and molasses.

**Relief for a Sprained Ankle.**

Wash the ankle very frequently with cold salt and water, which is far better than warm vinegar, or decoctions of herbs. Keep your foot as cool as possible to prevent inflammation, and sit with it elevated on a high cushion. Live on very low diet, and take every day some cooling medicine—for instance, Epsom salts. By observing these directions only, a sprained ankle has been cured in a few days.

**Seed of small Fruit.**

Save the seeds of the small fruits—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc.—as they ripen, and sow them so as to produce new and superior varieties. If you wish to produce earlier kinds, save seeds that ripen first; if late kinds, those that ripen later. It is probable that fruit adapted to all localities can be best originated in the places designed for them.

**To get rid of Mosquitoes.**

Mosquitoes, says somebody, love beef blood better than they do any that flows in the veins of human kind. Just put a couple of generous pieces on plates near your bed at night, and you will sleep untroubled by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with the beef blood, and the meat sucked as dry as a cork.

**Useful Receipt.**

The Scientific American advises the ladies, when they wish to wash fine and elegant colors, to boil some bran in rain water, and use the liquid cold. Nothing, it is said, can equal it for cleaning cloth, and for revivifying effects upon colors. Try it, ladies.

**Chloric Ether.**

Chloric ether is made by mixing one part of chloroform with six parts of rectified alcoholic spirits. It is excellent for outward applications in neuralgia and toothache.

**A good Baking-Powder.**

A good baking-powder is composed of nine ounces of bicarbonate of soda, eight ounces of tartaric acid, and ten ounces of rice or fine wheat flour.

## Curious Matters.

### Singular Preservation of a Child.

The late English papers tell a story of a remarkable character, to the following effect:—In one of the interior towns of England two gentlemen, on an exploring expedition, were peering down a well, said to be a hundred feet deep, when one of them distinguished the voice of a child in distress. After satisfying themselves that there was indeed some one in the well, they procured aid, and a boy, stimulated by the promise of a handsome reward, consented to descend, and was lowered to the bottom. He found there a living child of a few months old, who was brought to the surface, and found not to be seriously injured, though nearly famished for want of food. A young woman of the neighborhood is suspected of having lowered this child by a cord to the bottom of the well, and left it there to perish. It is thought that it had been there for nearly two days when it was discovered.

### A Church-going Dog.

They boast of a remarkable dog down in Alabama. He is a small dog, but for three years, with only three or four exceptions, rain or shine, hot or cold, with company or without, he has not failed to attend divine service every Sabbath at the neighboring church. He seems to know instinctively when the time comes. It happened once that the dog had gone in the early part of the week to spend a few days at a house some miles from home. When Saturday evening came, however, he went home, and as usual on the next morning presented himself at church. It makes no difference whether any of the family go to church or not, he is always at his post. Moreover, when there he behaves himself as a good dog should. He stations himself near the door, and if any profane hog or cow comes rambling too near, he as noiselessly as possible drives them away.

### An anxious Applicant.

Recently a gentleman rushed into the police office in London, in great perturbation of spirits, desiring the aid of a detective in recovering two bank notes, one of £100, and one of £30. He stated, that while standing at the counter of a bank, they were matched from before him, and that he could form no opinion as to whom the robber was. He was confident, however, that the notes must have been taken from his hand. Just as he was leaving the office, in a rather dejected state of mind, one of the officers saw that he carried an umbrella, and asked him if he had looked inside that. The victim of the robbery laughed in derision, but concluded to look, and there the money was indeed found. The heart of the finder grew light, and he rewarded the astute official with £5 of the recovered treasure.

### A curious old Cannon.

The citizens of Brockport, Ill., have clubbed their funds and purchased an old cannon to be used for firing salutes on public occasions, and by political parties to celebrate their victories. The Brockport Republican gives its history:—It was cast at a government arsenal of Prussia at Berlin; was taken from the Prussians by the English during a battle in the year 1778; was subsequently taken from the English by the Americans during the war of 1812. It is 10½ feet long, has a 4½ inch bore, carries a 12 pound ball, and requires 2½ pounds of powder to charge it to its proper capacity. The gun weighs over 2000 pounds, aside from the carriage, which weighs as much more.

### Strange Accident.

A very singular accident, anatomically considered, occurred lately in Otsego county, New York. A little child five or six years old, while at play, fell in such manner as to strike the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe, upon the upper edge of the rocker of a small chair with such force as to break through the larynx, though the skin was not wounded; and although she did not at first seem much hurt, yet she began to cry, and the air came rushing out with fearful rapidity—and as there was no external opening, it passed into the cellular texture and was driven on under the skin, obliterating every natural feature of her countenance, closing her eyes, elevating the scalp, and then passing down, nearly surrounded the chest and upper abdominal integuments. Relief, however, was eventually afforded by physicians, and the child is now out of danger.

### Singular Precocity.

In 1791 a child was born at Lubeck named Henri Heinekem, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learnt the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years of age he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge; Cicero would have thought him an "alter ego," on hearing him converse in Latin; and in the modern languages he was equally proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year. According to a popular proverb, "the sword wore out the sheath."

### A Monomaniac.

A few weeks ago an eccentric old man died in Cleveland, and upon his deathbed he told his son-in-law, a resident of Erie, that in a certain place on Scranton's Flats a large sum of money was buried. He minutely described the spot, but did not tell who buried the treasure, or why it was buried. The son-in-law, at last accounts, has been digging for the money for several nights, assisted by several able-bodied men. He has found no money yet, but is sanguine of success, and will continue to dig. His friends regard him as an eligible candidate for some retired lunatic asylum, but he does not heed them. He says the old man would have told who buried the money had he lived a few moments longer, and feels confident that he will yet recover it.

### Ornithological Curiosity.

A *Rosen Journal* relates a curious incident—One of the inhabitants of Sainneville, near that city, possesses a large cat, which for some time was in the habit of attacking the nests of swallows beneath the cornice, and devouring the birds. A few days ago she was basking in the sun in the open air, when a number of swallows, uttering piercing cries, attacked her, striking her with their beaks. The cat at first endeavored to catch some of them, but failed, and at last was forced to retreat, so violent was the attack of her irritated assailants.

### Singular Cause of Death.

A young boy died in Newburyport a few days since from internal inflammation, and a post mortem examination proved that he had swallowed the hull of an rat or some grain, which, lodging in the intestines, had gathered matter and caused death. But a short time before he had swallowed a cent, from which no injury resulted.



### A Convention of Toads.

A gentleman who observed the right states, that about ten days ago, along one of the main roads near Forge Village, in Westford, Conn., he observed the most marvelous collection of toads he ever witnessed or heard of. In the road, for as many as a hundred rods, the ground was so covered with them that one could not put his hand down without putting it upon a toad. An estimate was made, and it determined that there were at least as many as twelve toads to the square foot. The sides of the road and field were not examined, but for the distance we have named there were toads innumerable. Another fact not a little singular is, that they were all apparently the same size—being about half an inch high, or in length, and in color and appearance seemed to be precisely alike, and all were sprightly, and seemed as if very much at home. The question is, where did they come from?

### Curious.

The discovery of a "perfect mine of antique art treasures" in some mounds outside the old Armeno-Assyrian city of Van is described in several of our foreign exchanges. A couple of pea-ants were engaged in digging out some loose stones from the mounds in question, when they came, first upon one, and then a second bronze plate, thickly embossed with cuneiform inscriptions, interspersed with rude, angular figures of men and animals. The pasha then despatched a party of explorers to the mounds, and the result of a few days' search was the discovery of a splendid bronze human-headed bull, about three-quarters life size, a large winged eagle, and two elaborately carved serpents, all in the purest bronze.

### Mathematical Prodigy.

They have a mathematical wonder at San Francisco, in the person of a gardener employed by a gentleman of that city. Without having enjoyed any of the ordinary advantages of education, he is able, with scarcely a moment's reflection, to answer correctly difficult problems extending into the most distant calculations. Take, for instance, a given sum, say \$1369; require the interest compounded for seventy-nine years, at 8-7-8 per cent. per month. He will immediately give the answer, and slower computers will find, after elaborate figuring, that he is absolutely correct. The ordinary results of multiplication, subtraction and division, he attains by intuition, no matter how complicated the sum.

### Curious Violation of Law.

The Tribunal of Soissons, in France, has just condemned a farmer of Acy, near that town, for a singular offence against the game laws. It appears that recently the man, when rolling a field, found a hare caught by the roller, and picked it up in the presence of several persons. Afterward, thinking he had infringed the law, he threw the hare into a field. The tribunal decided that the offence of illegally killing game was proved, and condemned the man to pay a fine of fifty francs.

### Singular Will.

A person of Florence, just deceased, has left a singular will. It declares that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and the persons entrusted with selecting him shall be twelve hunchbacks! To compensate the latter for their trouble, he directs that, in addition to travelling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal bearing the effigy of *Æeop*, their prototype.

### Singular Case.

Thirteen years ago a Mr. Whitehead, now of Clinton, O. W., but then living in Scotland, had the misfortune to run a needle into his heel, which broke, leaving the point-half so firmly fixed therein as to baffle the efforts of a physician to withdraw it. He continued lame for some time, but eventually all pain left him, and he felt no inconvenience from the intruder until last month, when he experienced a sharp pain in his side under the arm-pit, which so annoyed him, that he had the spot examined by Mrs. W., who, after a little effort, succeeded in dislodging with her unaided fingers the identical piece of needle which had so baffled the doctor, armed and aided as he was with his probes and lances, so many years before.

### Not Inquisitive.

The Paris (Ky.) Citizen has found a woman who is not inquisitive. She has not seen the market-house for thirty-five years, although she lives within two squares of it; and she has never seen the railroad, and has no curiosity to see it. She says she did get a glimpse of the cars once from the street in front of her house as they passed over the bridge, but she "paid no attention to them." She has not been to church for forty years, and the reason she gives is, that people now-a-days go to church to look at each other's fine clothes and show their own, whereas when she was young they went there to pray and hear preaching.

### A queer Nobleman.

There lately died at Milan a nobleman named Caldevara, who left his whole fortune, amounting to six millions of francs, as a legacy to the principal hospital at Milan. His favorite maxim was evidently a reversal of the old adage, "A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" for his sole food had for many years consisted of half-starved rabbits. About a hundred of these animals were discovered running wild about the house in which he died.

### An odd Lawsuit.

A novel suit has been brought in Casnovia, Michigan, against a resident for obstructing the plaintiff's view of Casnovia Lake, by planting willow trees on the shore of the lake. The defendant's residence is on the lake shore, and he has built out into the natural waters by filling in with earth and planting rees, which the plaintiff contends he has no right to do. Much interest is felt in the result.

### Learned Dog.

"Leo," a favorite Newfoundland dog, owned by Cyrus Robinson & Sons, of East Concord, N. H., died a few days since. His acquiring powers were of an order seldom found in the canine race, and his death seems worthy of mention. He would go, day after day, about one-third of a mile, and return with a pail of milk, with more regularity and faithfulness than many boys; also go to and from the post-office with letters, and perform many other similar services.

### Remarkable Family.

According to the census returns, says the New Bedford Mercury, there is now residing in the north part of the city a family consisting of fourteen persons. The father of the family is 46 years of age, the mother 41, and their twelve children, all of the same parentage, are from 1 to 21 years of age, all of them remarkable for their quick intelligence. There has been no death nor sickness in the family.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### PRESENTIMENT.

A strange case of presentiment is recorded at Cambridge Valley, N. Y., by the Register of that place, as having recently occurred. A little boy of thirteen, son of Mr. Calver, had made arrangements to attend a balloon ascension at Saratoga, but his mother, having dreamed that her little son had suddenly died, had fears that he might meet with some accident in the crowd, and would not permit his attendance. By way of compensation, she permitted him to go berrying in the fields with some other children. He fell into a pond before his return, the same afternoon, and was drowned! How strongly this recalls to mind Leigh Hunt's poem of "The Inevitable," in which a man, afraid of death in a particular locality, wishes Solomon, the "Lord of the Magic Ring," to send him, by his magic power, elsewhere. He does so, and the man is killed in the removal. Shelley has an idea, too, of a soldier in battle, standing in a particular spot, seeing a shell approaching, springing six feet away to escape it, and landing in the very spot where one of the fragments of the shell strikes and blows him to pieces. Scott tells a story of a fisherman of whom it was predicted that he would be drowned on a certain day. His wife kept him at home, but he was taken with a fit and drowned by falling forward with his face in a basin of water in which he was washing.

**IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.**—A bald-headed gentleman in England has realized a beautiful crop of down, which bids fair to become hair, if it continues to grow, from the application of plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking a cast of his features. The artist, a well-known maker of busts, vouches for the fact.

**A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.**—The heir of Spain, the Prince of the Asturias, has made his appearance in public life, at the mature age of *two and a half* years.

**HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS.**—It is reported that Kossuth, Teleki and Klapka are somewhere in Switzerland, conspiring against Austria.

**A LARGE MAIL.**—A recent overland mail stage left San Francisco with 6902 letters.

### A BISHOP IN A FIX.

An Episcopal bishop, well known and well beloved in New York, had occasion, a short time since, to hold confirmation in a church in Westchester county, N. Y. Not knowing the exact locality of the building, he hailed some one by the way, and inquiring for Mr. D——'s church, received his directions, and rode on. Arrived, he alighted, and not readily finding the usual robing-room, inquired: "Where's your vestry?" "There is none in the church," was the reply. The bishop shrugged his shoulders, and retiring as modestly as was possible to the extreme corner of the church, doffed his outer habiliments, and loosening the carefully tied bundle, drew forth its contents, and prepared to array himself in the apostolic lawn. A suppressed sign of astonishment, on the part of the congregation, arrested his attention, and in the moment's pause, some one stepped up in evident confusion, with the remark: "There must be some mistake here, sir." "Why," rejoined the bishop, "isn't this Mr. D——'s church? I appointed to hold confirmation here to-day." "Well, sir, there's another Mr. D——, just beyond here, that keeps an *Episcopal* church; perhaps that's where you mean?" The bundle of canonicals, and the bishop with it, were seen leaving.

**SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.**—Professor Ehrenberg has examined, with great care, some specimens of snow, earth and rock, brought from the summit of Mount Blanc, in which he has been able to determine the existence of eighty-five forms of organic life.

**JUSTICE FOR HIGH AND LOW.**—According to the Russian criminal returns for 1858, among the convicts were 23 hereditary nobles, 39 enjoying personal nobility, and 22 ecclesiastics.

**A BAD MOTIVE.**—A woman in Baltimore committed suicide a few days since, because one of her daughters married a poor but honest young man.

**HORSES.**—The last Springfield Horse-Show was the most brilliant exhibition of the kind ever opened in New England.

**AMERICAN TACT AND ENERGY.**

No one, who has mixed much with business men the world over, can have failed to be impressed with the superior energy, tact, mental rapidity and decision of the mercantile class in this country. They have all the qualities that command success, coupled with high honor, and there is no body of men whose manners are more refined or agreeable. But we do not propose to write a dull essay, but simply to make a statement of curious facts illustrative of our proposition.

Not long since, a merchant of this city found that a French Jew, who had been doing business in San Francisco, had taken French leave, owing him some seven thousand dollars for goods shipped to California, while he had "stuck" another merchant of this city to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars. It was known, or suspected, that the swindler had gone back to Paris. Our merchant accordingly wrote to the prefect of police, stating the circumstances, and giving a pen-and-ink portrait of the fugitive. He described him as a man of middle height, with a stoop, restless eyes, a partially bald head, a hooked nose, and a peculiar wart on his forehead. In due time he received a letter, saying that an individual answering the description had been "spotted." Our Bostonian received this letter on a Monday; the next Wednesday found him on board a Cunard steamer for Liverpool, furnished with credentials from the Governor of Massachusetts bearing the State seal, a general letter from the Mayor of Boston, with the city seal, and various other letters and documents. Arriving in Liverpool on Sunday, he saw the lions, visited some friends, and the next morning was *en route* for London on an express train. The next day he had an interview with Mr. Dallas, was appointed bearer of despatches to our minister in Paris, saw the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the queen's stables, and various other noted things, and was off the next morning for Paris as fast as steam could carry him. In Paris, he found that the bird had flown; but, in company with an officer, he tracked him to Strasburg, where all traces of him were, for the time being, lost. Strolling about the streets rather disconsolately with the French officer, our Bostonian saw a case of photographs over the way, and crossed the street to look at it. Among the interesting countenances on exhibition, was that of the very man he was in pursuit of. Through the photographer, his whereabouts and the assumed name he went by, were discovered. To make a long story short, the absconding debtor was sued, and

a judgment obtained against him. He appealed, and the next court reversed the decision. The plaintiff took it up to the highest tribunal, and the decision of the first court was re-affirmed. The defendant, however, had contrived to alienate his property; and here was another apparent block in the game. However, our townsman discovered that the Jew had just shipped a large cargo of goods for California, and he obtained, by a decree of court, possession of the bills of lading, which of course gave him the control of the property, so that his agent in San Francisco laid claim to the cargo, and the Boston creditors finally succeeded in getting fifty cents on the dollar. Our adventurous merchant returned to this city after an absence from home of only six weeks, during which he had seen Liverpool, London and Paris, made a brief visit to Germany, successfully carried a case through three courts of law, visited several manufactories connected with his branch of business, and secured three lucrative agencies. We have abbreviated the narrative of many interesting details, but the main facts are, we believe, correctly stated. The hero of the adventure seems to think nothing of his exploit, and to look at it simply as an ordinary business transaction; but it strikes us as quite a romantic episode in the current of mercantile life, and as a felicitous example of the promptitude and energy of our people.

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**THE MOON'S APPROACH.**—Astronomers tell us that the moon is approaching the earth, but at the rate of less than one inch yearly. If she keeps on at this rate, we shall be able to discover whether she is made of green cheese or not—if we live long enough!

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**A CHURCH-GOER.**—A lady going to church on Ash Wednesday, finding her seat already occupied, requested the pew-owner to remember that although it was Ash Wednesday, the pew was not *lent*.

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**PENITENCE.**—A penitent man should be forgiven; but, unless you can insure the removal of the mental taint, it does not follow that he is fit for safe intimacy.

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**MONARCHS AND WOMEN.**—Men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

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**THE BRAIN.**—The brain is the twenty-eighth part of the human body, but in a horse but the four hundredth.

**AN AWFUL SCENE.**

We rarely meet in the pages of romance a scene more thrilling than that described by a correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, writing from Barclay's Fort, New Mexico. One cannot read the narrative without a thrill of terror. Four Mexicans, with a herd of cattle, were surrounded by fire while in a valley in the mountains. The long drought had rendered the rubbish and undergrowth below as dry as tinder, and the flames licked them up with fearful rapidity, and springing upward, caught the pine leaves above, glossy with resin, and then leaping from tree to tree, formed a billow of fire awful to behold. The affrighted herd, bellowing with fear, dashed through the flames, the most of them escaping badly burned, but some perished. Two of the herders attempted to follow them; but a few steps only were taken, when their nerves became contracted with the intense heat, their limbs refused to perform their office, and they sank shrieking on a bed of fire, never more to rise. Their comrades dashed wildly from side to side, already suffering in anticipation the agonies of a death too fearful to think of, when a huge rock barred their way, and they saw with a thrill of joy that a small spring of water gushed out at its foot. Everything combustible was removed, until the increasing heat forced them to desist; then inserting some dry branches in the crevices of the rock above the spring, they saturated their blankets with water and spread them out upon them, and seating themselves under their shelter, continued to apply the water as fast as the scanty supply permitted. Ashes, coals and burning branches fell thickly around them, and their hopes fluctuated rapidly between hope and despair, as their chances of escape increased or diminished. Moments seemed lengthened into hours, and doubtless more than the agonies of death were passed by these poor herders, ere hope ripened into certainty, and they knew that they were indeed saved as brands from the burning.

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**LAST THOUGHTS.**—Be assured, whatever you may think now, when you come to a deathbed, you will think you have given yourself up too much to pleasures, and other worldly pursuits.

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**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—Life is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder, if one be broken.

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**INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.**—The man who has the most intellectual resources, is most free from low temptations.

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**THE STEREOSCOPE.**

One of the most interesting effects of the stereoscope is that which has been produced by Mr. De la Rue, who has contrived the means of giving apparent rotundity to the surface of the moon, as viewed through a powerful telescope. The disk of the full moon, however magnified, presents, as is well known, the appearance of a flat surface, with the lights and shadows marked seemingly on a plane; owing to the great distance of that luminary, whether it be looked at with one eye or with the other, therefore it seems moved beyond the operation of the ordinary course of stereoscopic effects. Nevertheless, photographs of the moon have been taken, which, when placed in the stereoscope, combine to form a solid-looking globe, on which all the lights and shadows are distinctly and beautifully delineated. This effect is produced by taking the photographs at different periods of the year, when there is a slight variation in the direction of the moon's face to the earth, and by combining these separate photographs into one image in the stereoscope, the form of the moon appears as convex as the surface of an artificial globe. There is also another arrangement by which the appearance of solidity is communicated to a single image formed on a screen of ground glass. The screen has a black back, and is placed in the focus of a lens in an ordinary camera obscura, wherein the image may be seen by looking down upon it. The particles of the roughened glass reflect to each eye different parts of the image focussed on the screen, and by this means a similar effect is produced as when two dissimilar pictures are looked at through a stereoscopic instrument.

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**A THOUGHT FOR THE YOUNG.**—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets, says Daniel Webster, have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind.

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**SLEEP AND LIFE.**—We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it rises to-morrow.

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**SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS.**—Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves.

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**CAUSE OF CRIME.**—The real cause for a great deal of crime may be traced to the habit of a foolish expenditure of money in early days.

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## THE GUILLOTINE.

This terrible instrument, which casts such a dark and bloody shadow over the period of the French Revolution; is generally supposed to have been invented by Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, a French physician, born at Saintes, in 1738, and it is also believed that the doctor suffered death by the contrivance which bears his name. But these are both popular errors. Guillotin died quietly in his bed at Paris, in 1814, up to which time he was in the enjoyment of a lucrative professional practice. He certainly, however, claimed the invention, the plan of which he submitted to the French National Assembly, of which he was a member, on the first of December, 1789, declaring, in words that have become historical: "With my machine, I sever your head in the twinkling of an eye, without subjecting you to pain."

But the *mannaja*, a precisely similar machine, was used in Italy certainly as early as the 16th century. In the year 1507, Demetri Justiniani was put to death in this way, at Genoa, for fomenting a popular sedition. An engraving of 1550 and another of 1553 represent the instrument. Morton, regent of Scotland, imported it into Edinburgh towards the close of the 16th century, and Tennant, who saw it in the latter part of the last century, describes it as follows: "It is a machine about ten feet high, having the shape of a painter's easel. Four feet from the base is a cross piece on which the victim rests his head, which is kept in place by a transverse bar placed above it. The interior faces of the uprights are furnished with grooves, in which is adjusted a very sharp axe, the upper part loaded with a heavy mass of lead. This mass is held at the top of the frame by a bolt, kept in place by means of a cord; the executioner cutting the cord, the axe falls and severs the victim's head." Sir Walter Scott, in his History of Scotland, gives a similar description. We believe the regent, with grim facetiousness, gave the title of the Maiden to this instrument of death.

This instrument was probably introduced into France after the early Italian wars. We find it employed at Toulouse, in 1632, for the execution of the Duke of Montmorency. "In this country," says Puysegur, "they make use of an axe, which is between two beams of wood; and when the head is placed on the block, the cord is loosed, it descends and separates the head from the body."

Certainly this instrument is an improvement on the system of manual decapitation, for, in using the sword and axe, the executioner, either from nervousness or want of skill, often terribly

wounded and tortured the victim of the law before dealing the *coup de grace*. "If it is done, when it is done, then it were well it were done quickly," and surely. The guillotine is still used by the French government, while in some parts of Germany, the sword is still retained as the instrument of official death.

THE AGE OF GOLD.—A statement was lately presented to the Statistical Congress in England, by the delegates from Australia, in reference to the gold production of Australia proper, and of Tasmania and New Zealand. The details were somewhat voluminous, but the summing up made the yield of gold, from 1851 to the close of 1859, £101,371,828, or over five hundred millions of dollars. The American gold regions have yielded even more than this, since the California gold discoveries of 1848, and in round numbers it may be stated that in twelve years the addition to the world's stock of gold exceeds one thousand millions of dollars.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ENTHUSIASM.—When Dr. Hutton, the founder of the Huttonian theory, first observed in Glentilt veins of red granite traversing the black micaceous schist, he uttered a shout of exultation, which his guides ascribed to nothing less important than the discovery of a vein of gold or silver.

CHANCELLOR COKE.—Ex-Chancellor Coke, of Louisiana, is dead. He commenced the practice of the law nearly forty years ago, in Mississippi, and arrived at a high eminence in his profession early, and was rewarded by his fellow-citizens with public stations of honor and trust.

A TRUISM.—No girl is fit to be married till she is thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the culinary art, even if she is not called upon to practise them. The torch of wedded love is kindled by the kitchen fire.

A RELIC.—We saw, the other day, a mahogany bootjack which had belonged to Napoleon I. It showed that the emperor sometimes "put his foot in it."

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—Certainly; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a bad picture like weak tea? Because it is not well drawn.

## DREADFUL ACCIDENTS.

Barthelemy, the French poet, in his famous ode to America, says :

"Dauntless in danger, strangers all to fear,  
The sons of freedom push their high career,  
A thousand steamboats, plough their furrows free  
O'er giant rivers rushing to the sea;  
A crash—a shock—one gallant boat is gone—  
But the next thunders, all unheeding, on."

This is poetry and truth, but the fact is far from creditable. The firmness which confronts inevitable danger, is bravery—the impulse which courts destruction is suicidal rashness. No thinking man can close his eyes to the alarming fact that, as a people, the Americans entertain a culpable disregard of life. An awful steamboat catastrophe, by which perhaps sixty lives are lost, creates an impression that, beyond the circle of the friends of the sufferers, lasts hardly longer than a week. A steamboat, overloaded, with a cargo badly stowed, and a high-pressure engine, passes heedless over a spot where another equally precious-freighted boat has found a billowy tomb, without a thought of the horrid catastrophe. A dozen human beings are hurled into eternity by the crumbling of an ill-constructed warehouse, and in the very next street, perhaps, another construction is continued with the same murderous thrift of material. The laws, those reflexes of public sentiment, are culpably lax as regards the preservation of life. Were they more severe, the press would teem with fewer so-called accidents. Carelessness is contagious, and were the criminal neglect which is now termed carelessness, visited with severe punishment, we should have more careful railroad conductors, more careful steamboat captains and engineers, and more careful apothecaries than we have at present. How seldom do we hear of a railroad or steamboat accident in Great Britain! Yet England is covered with a net-work of iron rail, and the Thames with thousands of steamers. The reason is that the employees of corporations there answer with their lives, for the lives of those committed to their charge. The gallows and the transport-ship are severe but sure correctors of carelessness. The fault, however, of inadequate legislation, lies, in a country like ours, with the people and not the judicature. Here the people are the law-givers, and were public opinion more emphatic and unanimous, the lax legislation we have referred to could not exist. It may be, also, that blame rests upon the press, for not fulfilling its duty—for not faithfully echoing and recording public sentiment. Were the press true to itself and its great constituency, every sin of omission and commission would be duly signalized and gibbeted. There are a few papers in

our midst, which do their duty as sentinels, faithfully and well, and these are generally well-sustained. If their example were universally followed, the interests of the community, their lives and property, would be adequately protected, although the "dreadful accident department" of that same press might suffer in consequence.

## SILVER AND GOLD THREAD.

Among the European artisans, silver is generally the basis of what is called gold thread, and the silver in greatest favor with wire-drawers is extracted from lead. So great is the tenacity of even the finest size, that a piece of wire twelve inches long will bear twelve ounces in weight. Preparatory to spinning round the silk, the wire is flattened. The flattening machine consists of only two rollers for it to pass between, the one being about ten, and the other about four inches in diameter, and about two inches wide, slightly convex on the face. The wire so flattened is wound on small bobbins, which are placed on the edge of circular rings, attached to a bar over a spinning frame. On the front of the frame, twelve inches from the floor, are bobbins of silk, the threads of which ascend and pass through the centre of the ring to which the reel with wire is fixed. The whole is set in motion, and while the thread is being twisted, the ring with the wire revolves round the thread in the opposite direction, and thirty or forty threads are plaited at once. In its new form, though only gold is seen, probably nine-tenths of its bulk is silk, while of the remaining one-tenth only one-fiftieth part is gold; thus by labor and ingenuity, a gold thread is formed, of which only one part in five hundred is gold.

**A GRAND INSTRUMENT.**—An organ has been constructed at Vienna for the Sultan, which is the great wonder of the day. It cost 14,000 florins, and is a complete orchestra of fifty musicians, being equal to them in power and expression. There is a great rush to see it.

**CONGENIALITY.**—The sweetest and most satisfactory connections in life are those formed between persons of congenial minds, equally linked together by the conformity of their virtues, and by the ties of esteem.

**REASON.**—A vigorous writer has said: "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dare not reason is a slave."

**KINDNESS.**—Kindness is the ornament of man, as it is the chief glory of woman.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF GREAT MEN.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant.—Dante was either taciturn or satirical.—Butler was sullen or biting.—Gray seldom talked or smiled.—Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company.—Milton was unsociable and even irritable when pressed into conversation.—Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public address, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse.—Virgil was heavy in conversation.—La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.—Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.—Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humors saturnine and reserved.—Descartes was silent in mixed company.—Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed of wearying. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.—Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and imbibe *his* wine and *their* humors.—Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.—Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company was reserved and silent.—Junius was so modest that he could scarcely speak upon the most common subjects without a suffusion of blushes.—Fox, in conversation, never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible.—Dr. Bently was loquacious.—Grotius was very talkative.—Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and "talked like poor Poll."—Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation.—Curran was a convivial deity, he soared into every region and was at home in all.—Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.—Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt end of it.—Coleridge, in conversation, was full of acuteness and originality.—Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of hopefulness, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation.—Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.—Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.—Stuart, the American painter, was remarkable for his conversational powers.—Edgar A. Poe, in conversation, was full of imagery and eloquence.

**MEN AND BOOKS.**—Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

## BACON ON DUELLING.

Bacon, while the attorney general of England, was called to deliver his judgment upon the theory and practice of duelling. The case arose upon information in the Star Chamber against Priest and Wright, who were convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment for sending and bearing a challenge to fight a duel. The whole charge of Bacon and the decree of his court are worthy of careful study. We cite only the following extracts: "Touching the causes of the duel, the first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit; therefore the king, in his last proclamation, doth most aptly and excellently call them bewitching duels. For, if one judge truly, it is no better than a sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men that bear great minds with a false show; and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honor against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and the valiantest nations. But then the seed of this mischief being such, it is nourished by vain discourses and green and unripe conceits, which, nevertheless, have so prevailed as though a man were sober-minded and a right believer touching the vanity and unlawfulness of these duels; yet the stream of vulgar opinion is such as imposeth a necessity upon men of value to conform themselves, or else there is no living or looking upon men's faces; so that we have not to do in this case so much with particular persons as with unsound and depraved opinions, like the dominations and spirits of the air which the Scripture speaketh of. Hereunto may be added that men have almost lost the true notion and understanding of fortitude and valor. For fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just; and not only so, but whether they be worthy; and setteth a better price upon men's lives than to bestow them idly; nay, it is weakness and disesteem of a man's self to put a man's life upon such lieder performance. A man's life is not to be trifled away; it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honorable services, public merits, good causes and noble adventures. It is in expense of blood as it is in expense of money; it is no liberality to make a profusion of money upon every vain occasion; nor no more is it fortitude to make effusion of blood, except the case be of worth."

**A TAX ON DANCING.**—The government of French Guiana has imposed a tax on a license to dance. This puts taxation on a new footing.

**THE HAPPIEST.**—Those who live to benefit others, are the happiest of mortals.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the celebrated London surgeon, has become totally blind.

The present population of the city of Paris amounts to 1,800,000.

A horse-thief in London escaped detection lately by swallowing his false mustache.

The members of the Roman Catholic clergy in Austria number 28,000 individuals.

The Princess Frederick William of Prussia, it is said, now devotes much time to sculpture under the tuition of a distinguished artist of Berlin.

When the French empress at table speaks to any one not close to her, she has her words repeated by an *aid-de-camp* or chamberlain, who stands constantly by her side.

Heirs to the estate of Lord Townly are now called for through the English papers. This is one of the largest estates ever left in England, and is now in possession of the government.

There is to be erected in Copenhagen a superb monument in honor of the poet Oehlenschläger, surnamed the "Danish Shakspeare." He died about ten years ago.

A curious literary novelty in England is the production of a Bible which is indexed after the fashion of the Post Office Directory—that is, on the fore edge—so that the desired spot can be opened at once.

A lieutenant of an Austrian regiment in Bohemia has invented a new cannon, which, in the opinion of judges, far surpasses the Armstrong and Whitworth guns for precision, range and strength, and rapidity in loading.

Garibaldi, writing to the secretary of the Garibaldi Fund, London, says: "Should you wish to employ any money generously subscribed by your fellow-countrymen for us, send us, before all, muskets with bayonets."

A most affecting instance of the "devotion of woman" is noticed in the English papers. The ladies of a fashionable congregation in London are raising a fund by subscription to enable their minister—still young and good-looking, we infer—to get a divorce from his wife.

Success has not attended the attempt to introduce salmon ova into Australia. Owing to rough weather in the Channel and a deficiency of ice, the ova perished; but, from the length of time they lived, there is every reason to be sanguine that another experiment will succeed.

Mr. Small of Dundalk, Ireland, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' bedding, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat, and saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for horses' beds in his stables.

According to an extract from the Turin Military Gazette in the Paris paper, France has sold to Piedmont, at a reduced rate, 50,000 rifles, and it is to let her have a further quantity; also a certain number of heavy guns and a quantity of powder and ammunition. The weather in France continues extremely variable, with much rain.

It costs the Emperor of China only \$500 a year to live—his house-rent is free.

Mrs. Gurney, the English lady who ran away with her footman, is worth \$25,000,000.

At Chatham, England, at noon each day, a gun is fired by electricity, from the Greenwich Observatory.

It is reported that perfect equality in civil and political matters for all creeds, is to be proclaimed in Austria.

Since the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on the 10th of June, 1854, upwards of nine millions of people have visited the building.

Steps are in progress for the organization of a company in London, with a capital of £500,000 sterling (over \$2,500,000), to be devoted to the purchase and settlement of lands in Illinois.

The vintage in Italy is again bad. For nine years running, the disease has attacked the Neapolitan vines, and the wine grows yearly dearer and worse.

The British Ministry has obtained from Parliament an additional vote of two millions sterling by means of exchequer bills, on account of the bad harvest prospects.

The sultan proposes to hypothecate custom duties at various ports, and make the British consuls receivers, as security for the new loan under European guarantees.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post says: "According to despatches from Naples, which reached Paris on Sunday, the king is likely to abandon his dominions. Neither the army, nor the navy, it is said, will fight for Francis II."

The London Saturday Review has reviewed the oration in which Mr. Everett replied to Earl Grey's charges against American institutions. It is said not to be very successful in its attack upon Mr. Everett's position.

The album which the city of Milan is about to present to Marshal Vaillant, will contain twenty-eight water color drawings by the best artists of the city, including Bisi, Massola, Fromagalla, Pennutti, and Rossi. The cost will be about 15,000 francs.

At Pere La Chaise and other great cemeteries round Paris, when the ground for a grave is purchased in fee simple from the municipality, the marble or stone monument always indicates the fact by these technical words: "*Concession a perpetuite.*"

The consumption of coal in France is 11,000,000 tons yearly—three-fifths of it in manufactures. A large portion of the whole is brought from abroad—1,000,000 tons from England, 2,700,000 from Germany, and 700,000 from Prussia. In 1858, the quantity supplied by England was only 500,000 tons, by Belgium 1,700,000, and by Prussia 20,000.

The population of Great Britain (England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland), by the census of 1858, was 28,664,362, and that of France by the census of 1858, was 36,205,792. The United States numbered 22,191,876 by the census of 1850, and the estimates of the present census, now in progress, range from thirty to thirty-three millions.



## Record of the Times.

Large veins of copper and silver have just been discovered near Athens, Tennessee.

An exchange says there is nothing in Gloucester but "girls, granite and salt water."

Some California miners, like some boatmen, sleep on their ores.

The national debt of the Sandwich Islands on the 1st of April, 1860, was \$108,778.

During the past year over one hundred thousand pounds of dried apples have been shipped from Lynchburg, Pa., to Australia.

A New York capitalist of distinction has purchased the salt meadows of Bergen county, N. J., and will fatten frogs for the market on an extensive scale. It is said to be a great speculation.

The geological examination of Texas, which is now going on, has revealed the existence in great abundance in that State, of the finest clay, suitable for the manufacture of queen's ware.

There is an old lady at Saratoga from Georgia this season, who, sixty years ago, made the journey to Ballston, eight miles from Saratoga, from her home at the South, a thousand miles distant, in the family coach-and-four.

In the Eastern States, codfish are plenty and salmon scarce and dear. In California, however, codfish are scarce while salmon are plenty, the former being quoted in San Francisco at 12 and the latter at 10 cents per pound.

A thousand tons of freight per day are dumped at the Louisville depot of the Nashville railroad, owing to the increased shipments of breadstuffs South, and the road can only carry away half of it daily.

A lady in Portland stood upon a barrel to get a better view of the Wide Awakes. The head fell in, encasing her in a double set of hoops. She was fished out by an accommodating gentleman.

That was a lucky Californian, told of in a Marysville paper, who, in chopping an old stump, found \$7000 in dust, which some dead and gone miner had stowed there for safe keeping. It is the best "find" of the season.

A late census makes the population of Chili to be 1,439,120, an increase in ten years of 355,310. Over 500 persons born in the United States live in the country. A recent estimate of the population of Mexico places it at 8,287,413, the increase since 1855 being 800,000.

The United States Consul at Kanagawa writes to the collector of San Francisco, that it is becoming very evident that the trade between Japan and California, in the great staples of that country, viz., tea, silk, raw and manufactured, oil, wax, copper, etc., will in no very lengthened period, become of vast importance.

A correspondent of the Scientific American asserts that the common glass manufactured in this country (similar to window glass) is not a non-conductor of electricity, and says that a charge will pass through it readily, though many published works seem to have overlooked the fact. For Leyden jars, and electrical experiments, he thinks nothing but clear, white English glass should be used.

The first telegraphic message ever sent from St. Paul, Minn., was to Senator Seward.

There are ten thousand hoop shirts made weekly in Meriden, Ct.

The official returns show the population of Chicago to be 109,420, and Milwaukee, 45,323.

The total number of wild pigeons shipped East from Michigan, the past summer, exceeded two millions, which yielded \$25,000.

The lady managers of the Aged Woman's Home, in Baltimore, have determined to erect on their premises an Asylum for "Aged Men."

The campaign medal manufacturers in Waterbury, Ct., are making 75,000 a day of the various candidates.

The census returns are so nearly complete as to render it certain that St. Louis is the most populous city of the West. The total will be about 161,000, a gain since 1850 of 106 per cent.

For several years past Florida has suffered in her crops beyond any State at the South, but this year promises an abundance, and to spare, of everything the earth brings forth.

A Mr. Hamilton of Vergennes, Vt., whom the doctors supposed dying from consumption, vomited an enormous green lizard (alive), and is now rapidly recovering.

The amount of lumber surveyed at Bangor from January 1, 1860, to September 1, was 112,568,523 feet, as follows: green pine, 32,421,759; dry pine, 6,910,215; spruce, 60,971,908; hemlock, etc., 12,264, 641.

The race of giants is not extinct. One of the modern sons of Anak is Mr. Frederick Decker, of Ossian, Livingston county, N. Y., who is nineteen years of age, seven feet high, and weighs three hundred pounds.

The Manchester Mirror says a young man who resides near Squam Mountain, in Holderness, while walking along the highway a few evenings since, was attacked by a large wildcat, which he shook off with much difficulty, and then made a successful retreat, closely pursued by the varmint.

The demand for canal boats to do the business of the Erie Canal has become so great that boats are brought in from the Pennsylvania canals, and lately twenty barges were towed to Albany from the Delaware and Hudson canal to go into the trade from Buffalo to New York.

The Hartford Times states that the American Hard Rubber Co., who have extensive works at Beacon Falls, where they employ two hundred hands, have sold out and will remove with all their works, on the first of October next, to Flushing, L. I.

Thaddeus M. Rogers was tried at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the murder of a Mexican on Christmas last, and found guilty of murder in the first degree. He was to be hung on the 14th inst. This is the first conviction of an American for murder in that country for twelve years.

Gov. Moore of Alabama has given a new direction to gallantry, and manifested his deference to the female sex in a novel way. It is reported that finding the penitentiary at Wetumpka too full he has discharged the female convicts to make room for the males!

## Merry-Making.

What part of a ship is like a farmer? The tiller.

Which is the smallest bridge in the world? The bridge of the nose?

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

Starers have the habit of taking an uncivil-eyes-ed view of things.

Somebody gravely asks if assorting dead letters aids in acquiring dead languages.

When business is overdone in a city, she may well look out for *breakers*.

The lady who made a dash, has since brought her husband to a full stop.

An inspiring sight for a glazier—the early dawn when it breaks in the windows.

There is a kind of fortune called ill luck; so ill, that you hope it will die—but it doesn't.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street door.

When is a man shaved by proxy? When his wife goes shopping in his absence.

What perfume is most injurious to female beauty? The essence of thyme (time).

Why do white sheep eat more than black ones? Because there are more of them.

What relation is your uncle's brother to you if he is not your uncle? Your father.

"A penny saved is twice earned." Then it isn't worth saving.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

The lady who tried to read by the light of other days, subsequently took a camphene lamp.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped and fallen down. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

A country editor, speaking of the crops, remarks that in many places nature has put on a rye face.

The woodman who spared that tree came near freezing to death the last winter, on account of the scarcity of wood.

If a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not fighting vessels called *women of war*, instead of men of war? Answer that, will you?

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

"O, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice-boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat!" "Yes, master," replied the boy, "I have been practising since I was a child."

"Why," says the Dominie, "are the crows the most sensible of birds, landlord?" "Don't know!" says he. "Why, because they never complain without *caws*! nor do I. This measure is not full."

What most resembles half a cheese? Ans.—The other half.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a lady.

What carpenter's tool represents a soothsayer? An auger (augur.)

What word signifying wrong denotes also a young lady? A-miss.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Ans.—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

In what manner did Captain May cheat the Mexicans? Ans.—He charged them with a troop of horses which they never got.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing, like an imprisoned criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured (secured.)

Why is the husband of a scolding wife, and father of a household of crying children, like a railroad? Because he has a great many cross ties.

You can't be sure but a dog is cross till you see him wag his tail. So, before you undertake to pet him, "wait for the waggin'."

Our French correspondent attributes the effervescent temperament of the Irish to the fact of their being principally Selts.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it's so very singular that they don't get married."

Dr. Johnson left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel, he heard him curse it because it would not be still!

A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire to "some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sigh." To which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister—"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone." To which she replied—"No, not the brimstone—only the *spark*."

A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, was told by a neighbor that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the wretch, "I intend to marry again myself."

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M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,  
BOSTON.

## ANIMALS SETTING UP IN LIFE FOR THEMSELVES.



Mr. Wolf (who could a tall unfold) meditates whether to commence business as a curb-stone broker, or to set up for a political patriot.



Mr. Gobbler appears before Parson Crow with his lovely bride, Miss Baboon, preparatory to setting up as a fashionable married couple.

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Professor Ferret listens to the recitation of his pupil, who hopes, by the aid of a meerschaum, to set up for a German scholar.



Monsieur Grenouille, who sets up for an accomplished barber, operates on a client, who sets up for a Beau Brummel.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

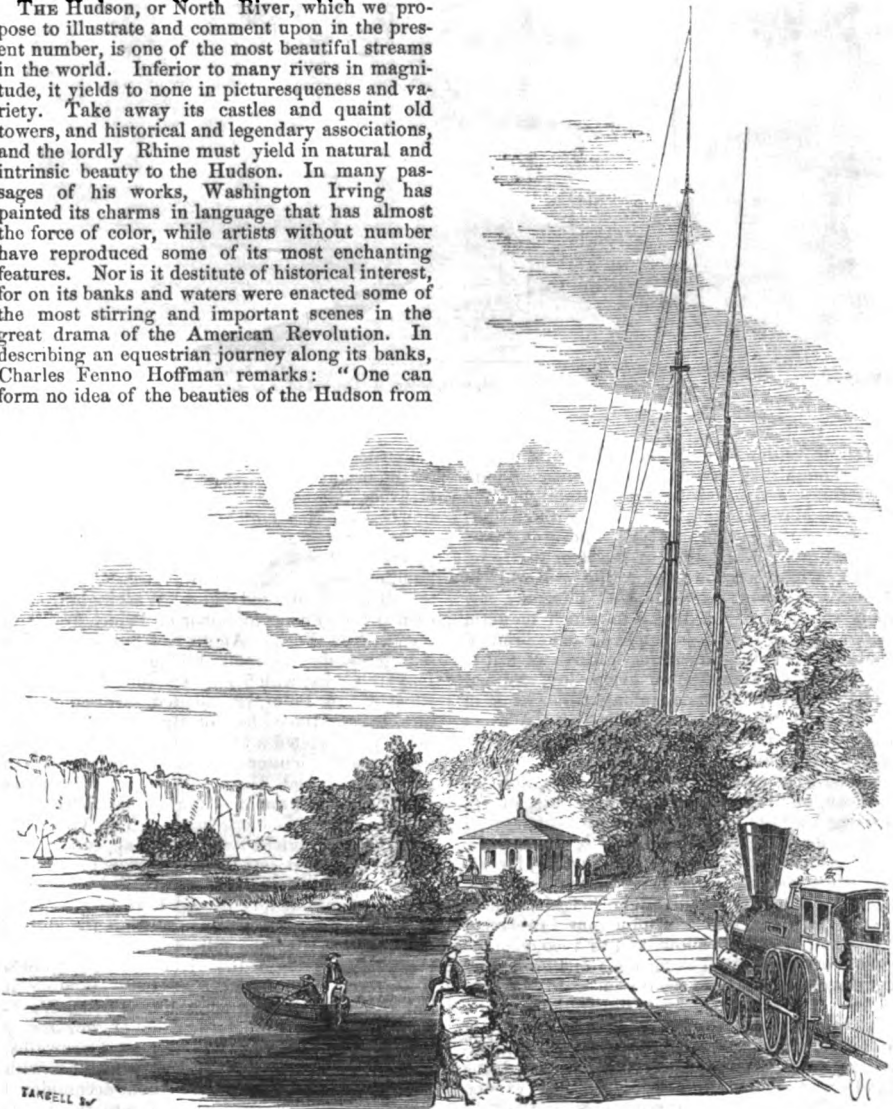
VOL. XII.—No. 6.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1860.

WHOLE No. 72.

## VIEWS ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK.

THE Hudson, or North River, which we propose to illustrate and comment upon in the present number, is one of the most beautiful streams in the world. Inferior to many rivers in magnitude, it yields to none in picturesqueness and variety. Take away its castles and quaint old towers, and historical and legendary associations, and the lordly Rhine must yield in natural and intrinsic beauty to the Hudson. In many passages of his works, Washington Irving has painted its charms in language that has almost the force of color, while artists without number have reproduced some of its most enchanting features. Nor is it destitute of historical interest, for on its banks and waters were enacted some of the most stirring and important scenes in the great drama of the American Revolution. In describing an equestrian journey along its banks, Charles Fenno Hoffman remarks: "One can form no idea of the beauties of the Hudson from



FORT WASHINGTON DEPOT.





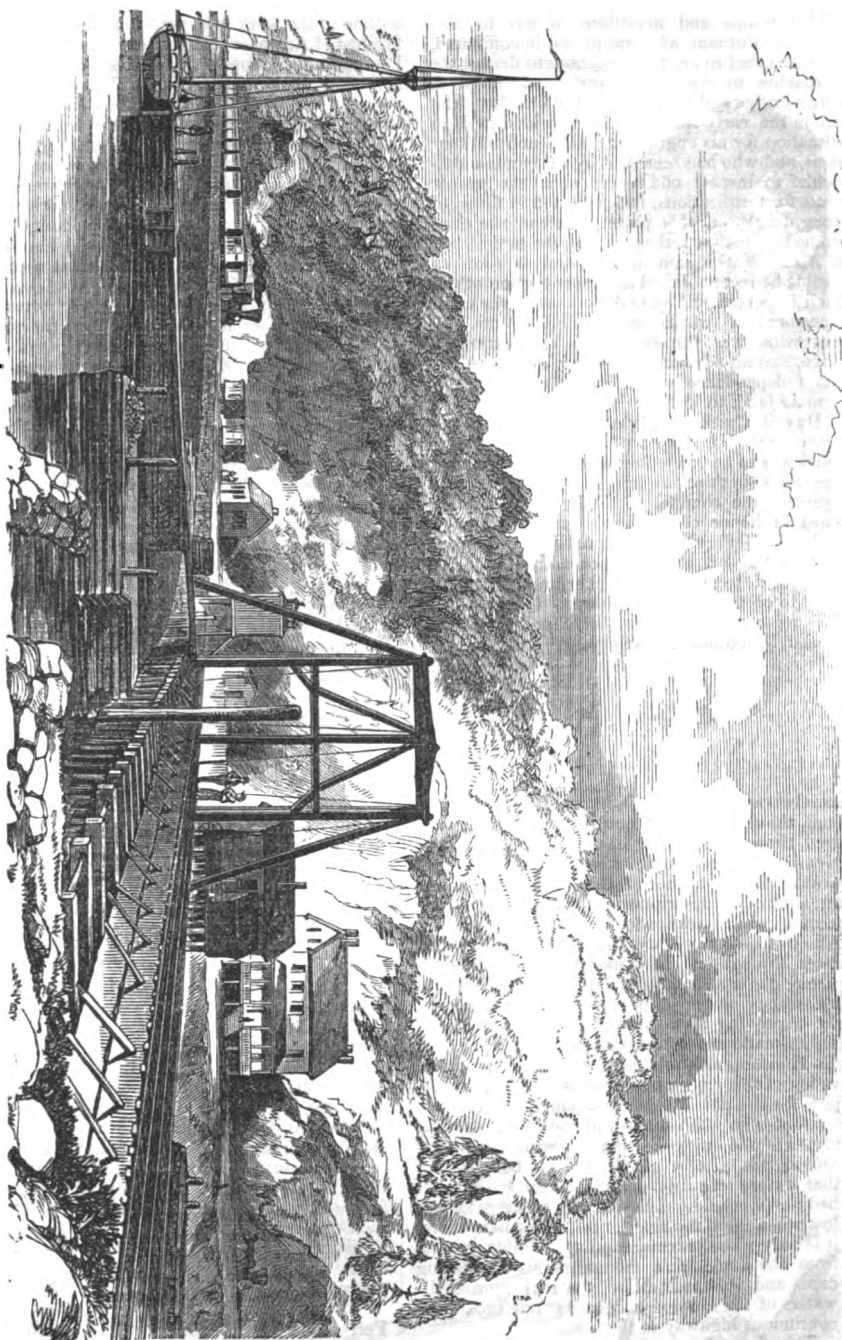
KING'S BRIDGE.

merely travelling through its valley in a steamboat, though they have made the passage a hundred times, and at all seasons. Hamilton, the Men-and-Manners-man, who has with a pen worthy of the author of Cyril Thornton given an admirable description of the river itself, remarks, while acknowledging the *grandeur* of American scenery generally, that there are few spots throughout the Union to which the term *picturesque* can strictly be applied. The original landscapes of our flourishing growth of artists are disproving his assertion every day, and had he but made an excursion along either bank of the Hudson, he would have seen that the broad valley of this river alone affords exhaustless subjects for the pencil. My companion in the ride was one who, with a relish of nature as keen as my own, had enjoyed wide opportunities of improving his taste by travel, and we both agreed that a more exquisite chain of *lake* scenery we had never beheld. I say of *lake* scenery, for unless when upon the river or its immediate shore, it is only when on commanding heights, remote from the banks, that the numerous interlacing capes and headlands allow you to recognize the waters of the Hudson as forming one broad and continuous highway to the ocean."

The first of our pictorial illustrations represents Fort Washington Depot, near the site of which a redoubt was erected during the Revolutionary War, when, as we before remarked, the Hudson was the theatre of thrilling events. King's Bridge is a picturesque spot, and is well

delineated in our second engraving. This was an important point in the Revolution, from the fact that it was the only means of communication between New York island and the Westchester shore. It was strongly fortified, being covered by the redoubt situated on the height above the building on the left, which was strengthened after the British captured Fort Washington, and named Fort Prince in honor of Prince William, then in New York. Another of our engravings represents the railroad bridge over Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which empties into the Hudson. Block House Point, represented in another picture, is near the village of Bull's Ferry. Here the British erected a block house in 1780 to protect some woodcutters and encourage the Tories in the neighborhood. General Wayne, by the orders of Washington, made a spirited but unsuccessful attack on this block house. The village of Fort Lee is sketched as it now appears. The fort, which stood just upon the brow of the palisades above the village, was called originally Constitution, but was named Fort Lee in honor of the general, who was at that time the idol of the army. After the fall of Fort Washington the British crossed the river opposite Dobb's Ferry, and approached Fort Lee. Finding it impossible to defend it against such odds, Washington retreated through the State of New Jersey towards the Delaware, followed by Cornwallis. Almost all the material in the fort, together with numerous stores which had been accumulated here for the use of the army, fell into the hands

SPUYTEN DUYVIL BRIDGE.



of the victors, and the Americans suffered severe privations during the ensuing winter in consequence of this loss.

Let us now rapidly sketch some of the historical incidents connected with the Hudson River

in the vicinity of New York. The possession of the city of New York, and the command of the Hudson River, was the primary object of the British after the evacuation of Boston in March, 1776. Anticipating this, Washington had for-

warded troops and munitions of war to this point, and Putnam, who was placed in command, was instructed to erect fortifications to defend the approaches to the city, more particularly at King's-bridge and its vicinity. General Lee, who was in the early stages of the war held in high estimation for his engineering skill and military talent, and who had been sent by the commander-in-chief to inspect and report upon the proper points for fortifications, had reported in favor of strong defences at this place to defend the communication between the city and the main land. In April Washington arrived, and as soon as possible he reconnoitered the upper portion of the island in person, and gave directions for the commencement of works at different points. A breastwork was thrown up to command the bridge, and an advanced work, which was called Fort Independence, was built upon a knoll on the main land, to defend the entrance of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, or Harlem River, at its confluence with the Hudson. A strong work or citadel was to be erected on a rocky height about three miles south of the bridge, on the Hudson, to protect the channel of the river. This was named in honor of the chief, "Fort Washington." On Jeffrey's Point, projecting into the water to the left of the depot, a small redoubt was erected to protect the chevaux-de-frise intended to obstruct the navigation. The remains of this redoubt are very prominent, and although crowned by cedars of many years' growth, the

outline of the work is as perfect as the day it was finished. All these fortifications were erected by Pennsylvania troops and militia, under the supervision of Colonel Rufus Putnam. Soon after the arrival of the British fleet in the lower bay, two ships, the *Phoenix* and the *Rose*, sailed up the river, exchanging broadsides with the forts, without material damage on either side and anchored in Tappan Sea. To prevent their return, and the approach of others, General Putnam placed obstructions across the channel between the works on Jeffrey's Point and Fort Lee on the opposite side of the river. These consisted of vessels anchored and sunk about eighty feet apart, with heavy logs secured between them, while other logs, sharpened at the ends, were fastened to their decks, which, when the vessels were careened, presented an apparently formidable barrier to the passage of ships under the fire of the forts. The British were alarmed, however, of the progress and strength of these obstructions by torres and others, and the two ships, taking advantage of the darkness, and being guided by a deserter, passed through a gap which was to have been closed that day, and escaped to the fleet below. No further attempts were made by the enemy's ships to pass the obstructions until the 9th of October, when the *Roebuck*, *Phoenix*, and *Tartar*, which had been lying for some time opposite Block House Point, got under way with their three masted ships, and came up the river before a southerly breeze.



BLOCK HOUSE POINT.



PORT JEFF, FROM WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

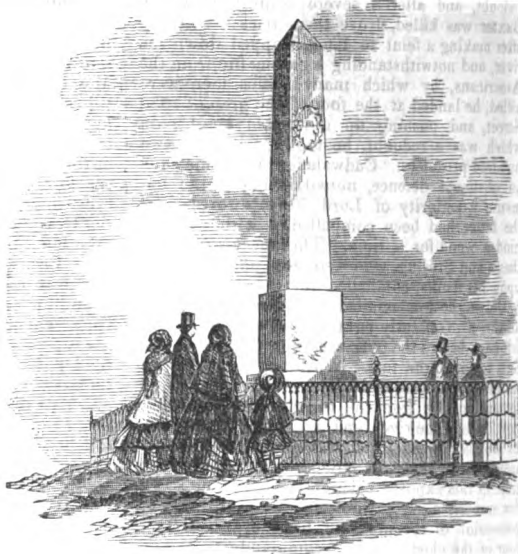


Disregarding the fire of the batteries, which did them no apparent harm, they broke through the obstructions with ease, and passed on, driving before them several vessels and galleys which lay in the immediate vicinity. One of these, a sloop, on board of which was an infernal ma-

chine intended to sink the British ships, was struck by a shot and sunk. Another vessels loaded with rum, sugar and other supplies for the American army, was captured, as were the galleys. On the 11th, a vessel was descried coming down the river, and being mistaken for

one of the enemy's tenders, was fired upon and three of the crew killed. It proved to be Washington's yacht, which had been up the river when the ships went up, and having slipped by them, was on its return.—The battle of Long Island had been fought, and the city being no longer tenable, the army had retreated to Harlem Plains, where it was assembled on the morning of the 12th of October, 1796, when word was brought to Washington that the enemy had passed through Hell-gate and landed a large body of troops on Throg's Neck, considerably in his rear, and threatened to cut off his communications with the country. It was plainly to be seen that the position of the army was a dangerous one; a council of officers so decided, and a retreat into Westchester county was agreed upon. Still, as Congress had passed a resolve directing that Forts Washington and Lee should be held for the purpose of guarding the river, a body of Pennsylvania troops under Colonel Magaw and Lieut. Colonel Cadwalader of Philadelphia, was left in the former with strict injunctions from Washington to defend it to the last extremity. The main army then crossed into Westchester county by way of King's-bridge, and formed a chain of fortified posts from the bridge to White Plains, where its left rested. On the 28th the battle of White Plains was fought, and Washington fell back to North-castle, where he was so strongly intrenched that Howe deemed it inexpedient to attack him, and withdrew his troops to invest Fort Washington. As soon as Washington was satisfied that this was his object, he threw a body of troops into the Jerseys to oppose any move in that direction, and held a council regarding the disposition of the fort and its garrison. His own earnest desire was that the fort should be abandoned and its defenders, who were the flower of his army, saved, and indeed he had ordered such a disposition, but his orders being discretionary, General Greene, who was warmly in favor of defending it to the last, had, instead of withdrawing the troops, sent over reinforcements. On the 15th, General Howe sent in a summons to surrender, threatening extremities in case he should have to carry it by assault. Colonel Magaw returned a spirited reply, informing him that, "actuated by the most glorious cause that mankind ever fought in, I am determined to defend this post to the last extremity." Notice of the summons was forwarded to the chief at Hackensack, and he immediately repaired to Fort Lee, where he arrived at nightfall. Finding that Greene and Putnam were over at the other fort, he took a boat to cross over and meet them there. He met them returning, and being assured that Magaw was confident of a successful defence, he reluctantly retraced his route, to await the issue of the morrow's battle.

The morning of the 16th opened upon the following disposition of the contending forces. In



CLARK'S MONUMENT AT RAHWAY, N. J.

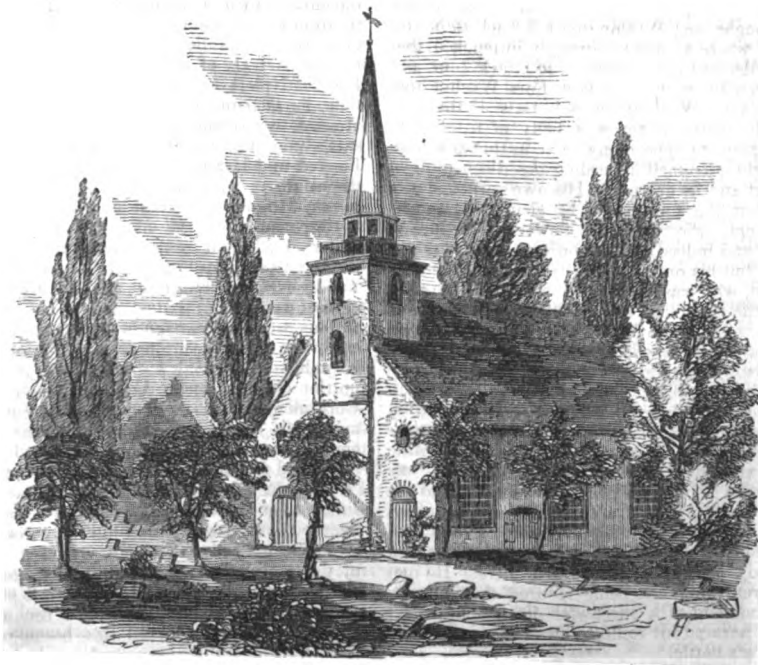
a small redoubt near King's-bridge, called Cockhill Fort, were a few men with two guns; between it and the Fort, on the same rocky range on which the fort stood, was another redoubt, called Fort Tryon, in which was Colonel Rawlings and a regiment of Maryland rifles. On the east, towards Harlem River, were some militia from the New Jersey flying camp under Colonel Baxter, while Colonel Cadwalader commanded a body of the same troops in the line towards New York. The plan of attack was as follows: General Knyphausen, with about 500 Hessian troops was to attack on the north, at the same time that Lord Percy, with a division of English and Hessian troops, assailed the lines on the south. Simultaneously with these movements, Brigadier General Matthews, supported by Cornwallis, was to cross the Harlem River under cover of the guns on the Westchester hills, while Colonel Stirling, with the 42d regiment, was to cross the same river near the present High bridge.

The guns of the redoubt on the Westchester side of Harlem River gave the signal of attack. Knyphausen divided his forces, and while one portion of them, under Colonel Rahl, attacked Cockhill Fort and drove out the few men who manned it, he, with the remainder, ascended the heights near Tubbyshook, and, clambering over rocks and felled trees, attacked Rawlings in Fort Tryon. A spirited defence was made by the riflemen, and many of the Hessians were slain by their unerring aim. Rahl coming up, the Americans were so greatly outnumbered that they were obliged to retire. Meantime, Lord Percy had landed near Harlem, and marching across the island, had confronted and attacked Cadwalader in the line of intrenchments towards New York. While these movements were taking place, Matthews and Stirling landed. The former made a desperate attack upon Colonel

Baxter and his militia, who were stationed in a redoubt, and after a severe contest, in which Baxter was killed, drove them back. Stirling, after making a feint to land, dropped down the river, and notwithstanding a galling fire from the Americans, by which many of his men were killed, he landed at the foot of the present 153d Street, and pushing up a wooden height, on which was a redoubt, he took it, making two hundred prisoners. Cadwalader had made such an obstinate defence, notwithstanding the immense superiority of Lord Percy's force, that the latter had been compelled to withdraw behind a wood for a time. The success of Matthews and Stirling, who were now pouring down upon his flanks, compelled him to retire, and as he did so, he was assailed by the united forces of all three. Gallantly fighting his way, he slowly fell back before the overwhelming number of his foes towards the fort. Washington, who, with his general officers had witnessed the attack and gallant defence from the brow of the palisades, now crossed the river and ascended the heights to Morris's house, from whence he had a better view of the contest. After remaining a short time in this exposed position he retired, and in a few minutes a party from Stirling's forces took possession of the mansion, little dreaming that four of the chief "rebel" commanders—Washington, Greene, Putnam and Mercer—had been so nearly within their grasp. By noon, all the gallant defenders of the fort were gathered within its walls, having been driven from their advanced posts by the immensely superior numbers of their enemies. Knyphausen, who had, after driving Rawlings and his riflemen into the fort,

taken up a position behind a stone house, within a hundred yards, now sent in a flag with a second summons to surrender. Washington, from his position on the palisades, saw the flag go in, and knowing its object, he wrote a hurried note to Magaw, informing him that if he could hold out till night he would bring off the troops, and handed it to a Captain Gooch, who volunteered to deliver it to the colonel. Jumping into a boat at the water's edge, he hurried across, ran up to the fort, delivered the note, came out, and running and jumping from rock to rock, dodging the Hessians, some of whom had endeavored to take him, he reached his boat and recrossed to Fort Lee. The message came too late. The fort was crowded to repletion, and the enemy were in possession of the surrounding defences, from whence they could pour in a destructive fire, and Magaw found himself compelled to surrender himself and his garrison of over two thousand brave troops prisoners of war. At half-past one o'clock Washington had the inexpressible mortification of beholding the American flag lowered and the British flag raised on the staff of the fort.

**THE BEST JEWEL TO WEAR.**—Jewels are an ornament to women, but a blemish to men. They bespeak either effeminacy or a love of display. The hand of man is honored in working, for labor is his mission; and the hand that wears its riches on its finger has rarely worked honestly to win them. The best jewel a man can wear is his honor. Let that be bright and shining, well set in prudence, and all others must darken before it.—*Thackeray.*



OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

## SKETCHES OF PERTH AMBOY.



BOYS' SEMINARY AT PERTH AMBOY.

We are indebted to R. L. Midgley for the series of original drawings made for us upon the spot, from which the engravings on pages 510—514 have been prepared. They make us acquainted with some very interesting features and memorials of the flourishing town of Perth Amboy, N. J., around which cluster many interesting historical associations. Perth Amboy stands at the head of Raritan Bay, and at the mouth of Raritan River, about 25 miles from New York. It is situated in Perth Amboy township, on the left or north bank of the Raritan River, and at the south end of Staten Island Sound, about two miles northeast of South Amboy, where the Camden and Amboy Railroad connects with steamboats running to and from New York. The harbor is good and accessible. The village contains four churches, one academy, a lock factory, and a stoneware pottery. The shipping of the port June 30, 1852, amounted to an aggregate of 26,410 tons, enrolled and licensed, of which 20,583 tons were employed in the coast trade, and 4759 tons in steam navigation. During the year eight vessels, with an aggregate burthen of 1273 tons, were measured. It was incorporated in 1784. The population is about 2000. The first picture in the set is a representation of the monument of Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is not in Perth Amboy, but in Rahway, seven miles distant, but as it is visible from the former place, we have introduced it into these series. It is a handsome obelisk of American marble, surrounded by an iron railing. The name of Clark,

surrounded by a curve wreath of oak and laurel, occupies a cast iron-plate. The inscription reads as follows: "Abraham Clark, born at Rahway, N. J., February 15, 1728, died September 16, 17—." The third picture is a view of the Boys' Seminary, Perth Amboy, a neat structure, pleasantly situated, and surrounded by shrubbery and trees. It is a very well conducted institution, originally founded by Mr. Samuel Woodbridge, and in this school many graduates have gone forth, well qualified to adorn every walk of life. The second picture represents the old Episcopal church, erected 1721, and pulled down 1852, much to the regret of antiquarians. It was a solid, substantial edifice, without any pretensions to architectural beauty, but a thousand endearing associations were interwoven with its fabric. Our engraving is an accurate representation of the venerable edifice, long a time-honored landmark, replete with historical reminiscences, but now swept away by the strong hand of improvement, and yielding to a more becoming but far less interesting structure. The old Episcopal church stood on the summit of a hill, overlooking Prince's Bay, the end of Staten Island, and Biddle's Grove, while afar off it commanded a view of the Highlands marking the "Narrows," beyond which rolls the deep-heaving sea. Within, the high-backed seats and gilded sounding-board attested its age, while the marble slabs on each side of the pulpit perpetuated the memory of those who had adorned this house of God. Many a scene both of peace and war had this old building witnessed. Within its shade a trench

was dug among the graves during the Revolutionary War, and from thence the sharp practice of an eighteen pounder, brought from New Brunswick in a baggage wagon under cover of night, caused a British brig of war to cut her cable and put to sea, but not until her heavy shot had repeatedly bored the church, and splintered the old gray tombstones which surrounded this sacred edifice of other days. We present herewith a sketch of one of those mutilated gravestones. What is left of the inscription reads as follows:—"M. Brymni o LV voyages—the merchant service between the ports of New York and London, approved himself a faithful and fortunate commander—of integrity and benevolence. He lived a singular example of piety and resignation to God; he died an amiable pattern XIV. July A. C., MDCCIXXII. ætatis LXXVIII—" When the British had possession of this city they stabled their horses in this church, just as they made a riding-school of our Old South. A huge mound in the rear marks the spot where the bodies of the Hessians were buried. Not far off stands the residence of the British governor, a large and beautiful structure even now, the court house, with its floors deeply dented by the burts of muskets, and discolored by dark stains, the old English custom house, still solid and strong, and the long, many-windowed barracks erected by the British for their troops. Indeed, the whole of this part of the country abounds with interesting mementoes of the times that tried men's souls. We wish that we had more of these mnemonic records of the past, these tangible records of our heroic days. When we reflect upon the power they possess upon the mind of carrying it back to the century that has elapsed, of awaking glowing patriotic feelings, we feel that it is desecration to level a single old monument so long as it resists the hand of time. Why could not the old church of Perth Amboy have been permitted to stand? Was its condition dangerous, or was it sacrificed merely to the love of novelty? If merely to secure a more beautiful edifice, we must say that the sacred love of beauty was in this case misplaced. The associations connected with the old building were worth all the pleasures imparted by the new—it would have been better even to have put up with inconveniences than to have obliterated a time-honored relic. But what is past is past. Let us hope, however, that the considerations we have urged may save other old buildings on which innovation looks with evil eye. There is the old Episcopal church in Cambridge, where Washington worshipped, hard by the elm where he first drew his sword in the service of his country. Should that venerable edifice be swept away or remodelled, we should feel as if we had lost an old friend, or suffered the mutilation of a limb. The last view is a picture of the Pagoda, Clifton Park, Staten Island, drawn expressly for us,

and a gay and sparkling picture it is. The Pagoda is a very attractive resort, and visited by thousands of dusty and heated citizens of New York during the summer season. Each steamboat then goes freighted with a crowd of eager beings, thirsty for the fresh air and green woods of this little paradise, and it possesses the charm for the New Yorkers of combining excitement with the pleasure of change, as scarce a day passes without a visit from some military company, whose music swells and echoes among the trees, and whose brilliant uniforms and glittering arms are contrasted by the cool green foliage. The effect of military music and evolutions under such circumstances is greatly enhanced. There are fast folks and faster teams in abundance, while the park contains a hundred acres of hill and dale for those who prefer quiet walks and sylvan shades. Here ever and anon the loiterer surprises a party of young people engaged in the pleasures of the dance, or a picnic group ministering to the tastes of the palate. There is also an ice-cream and refreshment saloon, which is patronized in noiggardly manner.

#### A DELICATE REBUKE.

General Wilkinson was in 1777 an aid to General Gates, and by him sent to Congress, at Yorktown, with the despatches giving an account of the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne and the British army at Saratoga. On the way he spent a day at Reading, about fifty miles from Yorktown, with a young lady from Philadelphia, whom he afterwards married. When the despatches were read in Congress, propositions were made for paying a proper compliment to the favorite of General Gates, who brought us such pleasing news. Samuel Adams, with a grave and solemn face, moved Congress that the young gentleman be presented with a "pair of spurs."—*Anecdotes of the Revolution.*



MUTILATED GRAVESTONE.



**GROWING OLD.**

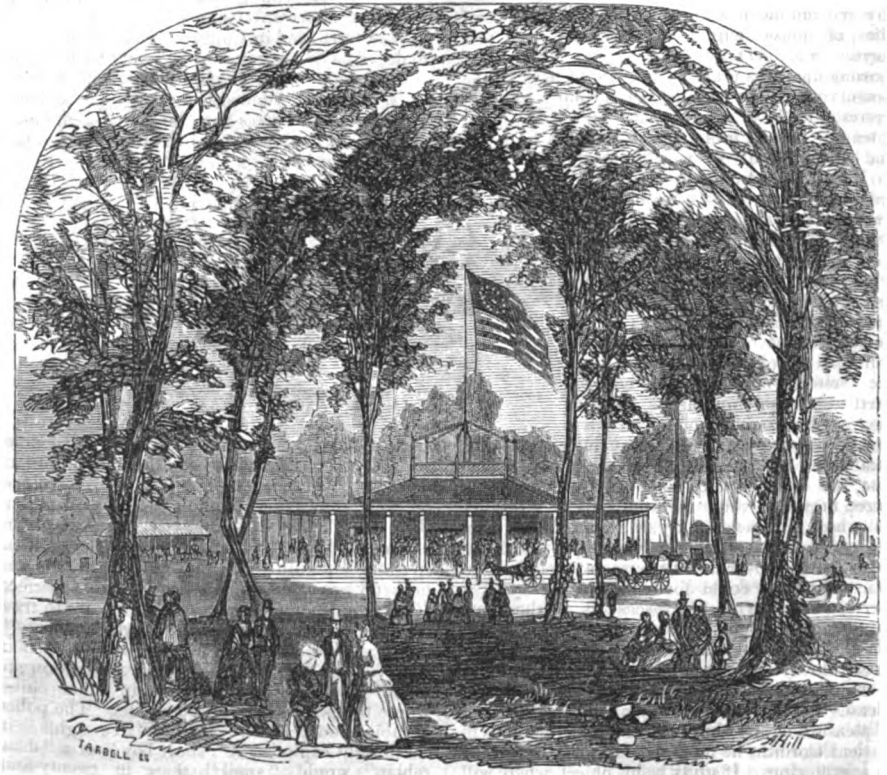
The dead are the only people that never grow old. Your little brother or sister that died long ago remains in death and remembrance, the same young thing, forever. It is fourteen years this evening, since the writer's sister left this world. She was fifteen years old then—she is fifteen years old yet. I have grown old, since then, by fourteen years, but she has never changed as they advanced; and if God spares me to fourscore, I never shall think of her as other than the youthful creature she faded. The other day I listened as a poor woman told the death of her first-born child. He was two years old. She had a small washing green, across which was stretched a rope that came in the middle close to the ground. The boy was leaning on the rope, swinging backwards and forwards, and shouting with delight. The mother went into the cottage and lost sight of him for a minute; and when she returned, the little man was lying across the rope dead! It had got under his chin; he had not sense to push it away, and he was suffocated. The mother told me, and I believe truly, that she had never been the same person since then; she thought of her child as an infant of two years yet; it is a little child she looks to meet at the gates of the Golden City. Had her child lived he would have been twenty years old now; he died, and he is only two; he is two yet; he will never be more than two. The little rosy face of

that morning, and the little half articulate voice, would have been faintly remembered by the mother, had they gradually died away into boyhood and manhood; but that stereotyped them, and they remain unchanged.—*Home Journal*.

**MALLEABLE GLASS.**

Malleable glass (glass which can be beaten, drawn out, or extended), is a curiosity of science, although, doubtless, the glaziers would demur to its introduction into practical existence and utility, at least for window panes. Malleable glass was made in old Rome; and in the reign of Tiberius, a Roman artist had, according to Pliny, his house demolished—according to other writers, he was beheaded—for making glass malleable. The idea of discovering the secret was only ranked second to that of the philosopher's stone among alchemists; but in 1845, there is stated to have been discovered at St. Etienne, in France, the means of rendering glass as malleable when cold as when first drawn from the pot. The substance, silicon, is combined with various other substances, and can be obtained opaque, or transparent as crystal; it is described as very ductile and malleable, neither air nor acids acting on it.—*Brother Jonathan*.

The best way to humble a proud man is not to take any notice of him.



PAGODA, CLIFTON PARK, STATEN ISLAND.

## PARISIAN STREET SCENES.

There is a magic in the very name of Paris. Of all the cities of the old world, it is that to which travellers from all parts hasten with the greatest eagerness and quit with the greatest reluctance. It is the city of all others where the stranger can most readily make himself at home, particularly if he speaks the beautiful language of its people. No city of Europe is more beautiful or more progressive. For centuries it has been advancing in splendor, and is not yet finished. Constant changes are taking place in it. You leave it regretfully for a tour of a few months, and when you come back, you find, perhaps in some quarter where you left rickety and tumble-down piles of houses with narrow and filthy thoroughfares, spacious gas-lighted streets lined with splendid magazines and dwelling-places. No part of Louis Napoleon's administration is more creditable to him than the persistent policy which has led him to accomplish marvels in the improvement and embellishment of his capital. Whether or not selfish motives partly governed him, the results are the same. It is true that the broad avenues he has established now permit masses of troops to operate, and open a path for the passage and the sweep of cannon; but then the bills of mortality will show that the sanitary condition of the people has been essentially improved by these openings. If the government troops can penetrate to places that they could formerly reach only by a terrible sacrifice of life, disease is at the same time banished from those quarters. The pestilence which walks at noonday can no longer sweep them. So much for modern Paris. Nor is the universal liking felt for Paris a mystery. It pleases all because it caters for the tastes of all. If pleasure be the object of the visitor, here, as in ancient Corinth, he finds the cup of Circe filled to overflowing. If study be his object, where will he find greater facilities? If he be a painter, are



THE WAFFLE-SELLER.

there not the Louvre and Versailles? If fond of society, where are there coteries more brilliant and elegant manners more refined? If a recluse, he well knows that nothing is more complete than the solitude of a great city. In Paris there is perfect social freedom, however little political freedom is permitted. Above all things, life and property are safe. The police system is perfect. If its stringency be sometimes annoying to travellers, it is compensated by the perfect security it enjoys. Nothing like rowdyism can flourish in Paris. The dark days of street assassination are over. There is no haunt, as in other cities, where the police dare not penetrate. The police is ubiquitous. There are no "free fights" in that bright capital. A "short boy" or a "dead rabbit" would "spoil" there in twenty-four hours. And again, though living is dearer there

than it used to be, you can dine well for a franc, though you may spend fifty if you choose. The man of moderate means can make himself comfortable at Paris; the millionaire can lead there the life of a Lucullus. On the pages now open before our readers, we publish a number of spirited engravings representing some of the interesting out-door characters that are to be met with in the French capital. The first of these is the vender of waffles, whose wares literally go off like hot cakes. The itinerant sellers of cakes, bonbons, fruit, etc., do a good business, as the French are very fond of delicacies, and are always munching something when they can hunt up a sou in their pockets. The food of the French is far less substantial than ours. Jarvis says: "The American laborer, who consumes in one

day more meat than the family of a French *ouvrier* in a week, would famish upon their bill of fare. The necessity which begets many of their employments pays, also, but poor wages. Yet what would be considered in the United States as a tribute fit only for the swill-tub, would, by skill and economy, be made to furnish a wholesome meal. The dietetic misery of the former country would prove a savory competency of the latter. But, whatever may be the composition of their frugal repasts, they are eaten with a zest and good humor that are not always guests at more sumptuous repasts. The American laborer eats the same quality of meat and bread as his employer. Either of these, to a French workman, would be equivalent to a feast. His bread is coarser, meat inferior, and through-

out his whole diet there is the same difference in quality as in his clothes. The science of living well at a cheap rate is not understood in the United States. General necessity has not as yet begotten that special knowledge. In Paris, thirteen sous will provide a tolerable dinner of a dish of soup, loaf of bread, and a plate of meat and vegetables mixed. This species of healthy and economical alimentation is the heritage of a large class of workmen, and even of impoverished students and artists, who seek these cheap restaurants under the convenient cloud of an incognito. There are other resorts where they can eat at the rate of fifteen sous by the first hour, eight sous by the second, and so on, the chief diet being roast veal, as good as any other, provided the alimentary faith is unshaken. We even find dinners at four sous, composed of four courses, as follows: vegetable soup, one sou; bread, one sou; *montagnards* (large red beans), one sou; coffee with sugar, one sou; or, four sous a head. It is needless to observe that to swallow the 'coffee' (which in Paris costs forty cents a pound) requires even more faith than the



THE HOUSE-PAINTER.



roast veal. Not a few sewing-girls, or domestics out of place, dine daily on a sou's worth of bread. The table-service of the dinner at four sous is very simple. The table is an enormous block of wood, the surface of which is dug out into the form of bowls and plates. To each hole are attached, with iron chains, knives, forks and spoons of the same metal. A bucket of water dashed over the whole serves to 'lay the table' for the dinners next in course." Our second sketch exhibits a house-painter, or out-door artist and decorator. He is descending his ladder after having given the finishing touches to a flourishing arabesque of grapes and vine-leaves, probably intended to indicate the establishment of a wine-dealer. There is a certain "proud humility" in

his demeanor which leads us to imagine that he may once have entertained the hope of rivalling Horace Vernet or Ary Scheffer. But it is evident that his illusions have long since vanished. He has never "exposed" in the annual exhibition, has never been patronized by French bankers or Russian nobles, has failed, in short, to win the golden crown of high art. Yet in one sense his art is high enough—sometimes seven stories high, and no one can dispute that he has reached the "topmost round of the ladder." The next sketch introduces us to the student in the attic. The weather is bitterly cold, for our student, like the hero of one of Beranger's ballads,

"Blows his nails for dire  
Want of fire."



THE STUDENT IN HIS GARRET.



THE STREET SINGER.

And, moreover, he is accoutred in his great coat. Beneath his shelf of books, hang his pipe and tobacco pouch—those inseparable companions of the Parisian student. We are inclined to think that our friend is not a *noceur*—not one of those who spends his time in gay delights, dances at the Mabilles in summer, and at the masked balls in winter, not one who runs up a bill at the wine-merchant's, and then writes home to his provincial parents for a remittance because "books cost so much at Paris;" but, on the contrary, a pains-taking, hard-working fellow, living on bread and water, reading hard, and determined to make a name or die in the attempt. Very many of the students in Paris succumb to the temptations by which they are surrounded; but there are also many honorable exceptions. Our next sketch delineates a female street singer, clad in sordid

garments, burthened with a child hanging to her back, and twanging the strings of a cracked guitar. She is screaming forth in a cracked voice some popular ditty, very likely the song composed by Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, for that is just now an especial favorite, telling how Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine, and how that courageous and gallant young gentleman requested St. Mary to grant his modest desire to be hailed the bravest of the brave and wed the fairest of the fair, and how after proving his title to peerless valor by hacking off the heads of numberless Paynim (what business had they to be Paynim?) he was rewarded by the hand of a certain Lady Isabelle, supposed to be the most beautiful of her sex. This same "Partant pour la Syrie" which we have placed in the lips of our



itinerant singer, this dish of milk and water, is now the national air, and usurps the place of that noble Marseillaise, the battle-cry of a nation staking all for independence, which, if heard in the streets of Paris to-day, "would rouse the very stones to mutiny." The lowest of all occupations in Paris is that illustrated in our picture of the chiffonier or rag-picker. Yet these people who glean the garbage of the street sometimes, from such beginnings, amass fortunes. Jarvis says: "I hired for the winter a fine apartment of a chiffonier, who had become a merchant of *meubles* (furniture), with an annual income of \$8000, and was the owner of a country-seat."

Another of our engravings represents a London rat-catcher who has found his way over to Paris to officiate at one of the rat-pits which his exiled countrymen have established in the French capital, much to the disgust of those Gauls, who have not yet been infected with the prevalent Anglo-mania. Ratting is a sport much relished by many of our cousins on the other side of the water, and ministers to those tastes which have furnished a theme for the invective and sarcasm of their Gallic neighbors. It cannot be denied that John Bull, in some of his favorite

sports, lays himself open to censure. The prize-ring still-exists, a repulsive fact, cock-fighting is still patronized liberally. Still an improvement in manners is perceptible. A hundred years ago there were actually gladiatorial combats in England—noted swordsmen being matched against each other, and giving and receiving ghastly wounds. Among English sports, ratting holds no inconsiderable place, and we have devoted a page to its illustration. The scene of the sport, the rat-pit, is usually a hall in some tavern frequented by the farley. The rat-pits are constructed of wood and quadrangular, while the top of



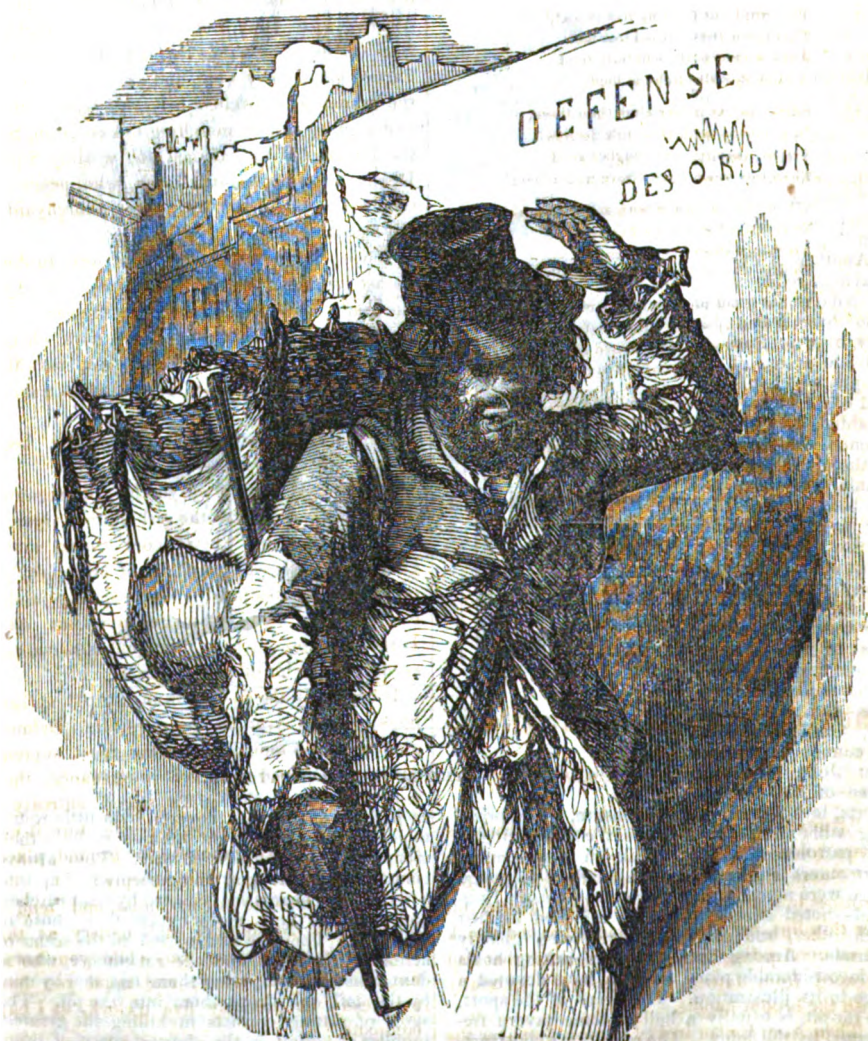
THE LONDON RAT-CATCHER.

each angle of the pit is covered by a little round table of wood; to prevent the rats making their escape by rushing up the corners. They always congregate in this spot, piling themselves up into a pyramid. The rats are collected by a rat-catcher, and there are none more expert than those of England. They are transported to the scene of action in wire traps, and the rat-catcher, who is dexterous and bold, takes them out, one by one, by the tail, and drops them into the pit. The sport of ratting consists in killing the greatest number of vermin in the shortest space of time, and though ferrets and cats are sometimes pitted



against them, yet the only legitimate combat is that between terriers, of different breeds, and rats. The terrier has a body of iron and a remarkable sagacity and aptitude for this service. A terrier beats a cat out and out in her own line of business. The rat dogs vary in weight, according to the breed, from 6 to 14 pounds. Large dogs are hampered by their weight. The combat requires great sagacity and great cunning in manœuvring. The rat often defends himself with vigor before being seized by the reins, and, once taken, may still turn and cruelly wound his adversary in the muzzle. But the latter, with a prodigious instinct of dynamics, shakes his head and jerks the rat with a very rapid alternate movement. Continual force accordingly overpowers all possibility of muscular contraction, and only a sharp squeak indicates his fury and distress. Large bets are

made on the number of rats a dog can kill in a certain time. A little dog named Tiny, weighing 5 1-2 pounds, was very famous in the annals of the rat-pit. She once killed 200 rats in 59 minutes, 58 seconds, and crowned her glory on the 27th of March, 1848, by killing 100 rats in 29 minutes, 10 seconds. The exploits of the famous "Billy," almost stagger credulity. He once killed 50 rats in 6 minutes, 6 seconds, winning thirty guineas for his master, and beating a Berkshire dog which fell exhausted after killing the thirtieth rat. Billy has been immortalized by the pencil of Landseer, and his skin stuffed with great skill, is one of the attractions of the tavern where he passed his illustrious life and killed so many vermin. Rat-catching is a famous amusement in the old world, and many follow it as an avocation whereby to obtain at least a partial living.



THE CRIFFONIER, OR RAG-PICKER.

[ORIGINAL.]

**HAPPINESS.**

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

The eager throng we pass or meet,  
In busy mart or quiet street,  
Toward this one mark forever press—  
This empty search for happiness.

The chief desire, the earnest thought—  
Not, am I doing as I ought?  
But shall I, if I onward press,  
Secure this longed-for happiness?

From point to point we vainly seek,  
But find each effort false and weak:  
Till weary with the fruitless task,  
Its semblance serves us for a mask.

This word our fainting lips repeat,  
This siren that allured our feet  
From duty's path, will only lead  
A false, delusive light to lead.

Sure, life has nobler aims than these,  
In harmony with Heaven's decrees:  
Vague yearnings after higher good  
Than our weak hearts have understood!

When shall we learn with reverent faith,  
To credit what our Father saith—  
"All things shall freely added be  
To him who seeketh first for me?"

Would it not purer joys create,  
More worthy of our high estate,  
To kind the same determined seal  
The wrongs and ills of life to heal?

I think, in God's stupendous plan,  
'Twere ne'er designed that any man  
Should, heedless of life's myriad claims,  
Make happiness his end and aim.

'Twere braver, and of praise more meet:  
Though cruel thorns might press our feet—  
To walk the path that Jesus trod,  
Do right, and leave the event with God.

[ORIGINAL.]

**IN THE MIRE:**

—OR,—

**SUSIE DELMONT'S REVENGE.**

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"SUSAN, Susan!" rang out Aunt Esther's sharp voice.

"Susan, Susan!" came from the hills and the grottoes in a prolonged echo. Aunt Esther bit her thin lips, her gray eyes snapped as she struck at an unoffending sprig of honey-suckle that had escaped from lattice thralldom very spitefully with the broom handle.

Then Aunt Esther looked around, first over the hills, then towards the forest, then in the direc-

tion of the garden, and away in the vicinity of the arbor; but apparently her observations did not meet with the success she desired, for she bit her thin lips more fiercely, and struck at the honey-suckle more spitefully as she called out again:

"Susan, Susan!"

"Ma'am?" came in a timid, frightened tone, from a little piece of humanity that emerged just at that moment from the tall corn at the west of the little cottage—a little creature who looked too old for her years, dark, unprepossessing, and unattractive.

The child, if so we may term her—though fifteen summers had passed over her head—was dressed in a coarse frock of faded chintz, in sad contrast with Aunt Esther's French gingham. She carried her hands behind her, little sun-burned hands they were, and as she approached the woman who awaited her, she seemed more like a guilty culprit marching to execution, than the daughter of the talented and wealthy Squire Delmont and his beautiful wife, who, peace rest their ashes, lay in the little quiet churchyard at Rivernook.

When Susan had come quite near to Aunt Esther Delmont, that lady gave the girl a vigorous shake, and a quick blow upon the ear. The blood rushed to the orphan's pale, dark cheeks, and a light flashed in her large eyes, but Mrs. Delmont did not note this, only asked in a sharp, ringing tone:

"Should like to know where you've been, miss?"

No response being given to the interrogatory, the aunt saw fit to give the girl another vigorous shake which nearly threw poor Susan to the ground, and caused a small bit of crumpled paper to fall from her hand. Susan sprang quickly to regain the scrap of manuscript, but Aunt Esther was too quick for her, and obtained possession of the bit of paper herself.

It was only the fly-leaf from an old spelling book, written over in pencil. Mrs. Delmont glanced at it a moment with the most supreme contempt depicted upon her countenance, then, notwithstanding the girl's eager entreaty—"Please, aunt, let me have it"—she tore it into strips, and throwing them to the ground, placed her foot upon them, saying, sharply:

"Just go into the kitchen, miss, and 'tend to the baking! No more of such foolery as this. You can do that ironing, too, while you have a fire, it will save wood; and mind you have tea ready at precisely five o'clock, as I have company."

Glad to escape from her aunt's presence, Su-

san—or Susie, as her dead mother always used to call her—went around to the back door, into the small, sultry kitchen, where a roaring fire was raising the temperature still higher; there were tears on her cheeks, there was a wild, fierce throbbing of her heart, and her poor head, too. Susie went in from the cool breeze, from the beautiful breath of heaven, and continued the work from which she had escaped an hour before.

"O, dear, I wish I was dead—I do—I do!" sobbed Susie, as the tears mingled with the perspiration that trickled over her cheeks. "I do wish I was dead, I do!"

But Susie's wish did not do any good. She was alive, and likely to be so, despite the sultry August afternoon, the stifling kitchen with its hot stove, and the work she was obliged to do, although she nearly sank down with fatigue.

"O, dear, dear," sobbed Susie. She was not thinking then of her fatigue, of the sultry atmosphere, of her aching head, but of the little scrap of yellow manuscript Aunt Esther had destroyed. Poor Susie!

In the cool vine-shaded parlor, with its dimity and lace hangings, and its tasteful furniture and carpets—they once belonged to Susie's mother, and Aunt Esther said she just used them to keep them from getting moth eaten or spoiled—in that pleasant, cheery-looking room—it used to be Susie's mother's parlor once—sat Aunt Esther, holding an animated conversation with her "company."

Said "company" was a fine-looking young man, of perhaps some twenty-five years, with pleasing blue eyes, and a profusion of bright, sunny brown curls that shaded a high, broad forehead. There was a rather haughty curl of the bearded lips, half concealed as they were by whiskers and mustache, and the head was poised rather proudly, and yet no one ever thought of calling Charles Maynard either haughty or proud.

To give our hero a fair introduction to the reader, we will say he was a distant relative of Aunt Esther's husband, said husband being a very wife-obedient Benedict, by the way, Susie's father's own brother, too, though Susie's father was vastly different from her poor, henpecked Uncle Eben, who scarce dared say his soul was his own.

Charles Maynard, or rather Doctor Charles Maynard, was a graduate from one of the first medical institutions of the day, of course well educated, and although far from wealthy, he was not dependent entirely upon his profession for support. The young physician was just looking

out a suitable location, and on his way to a neighboring village had stopped at Aunt Esther's cottage—in reality Susie's, for her father owned it—determining to rusticate a little before burying himself (we speak figuratively) in the arduous labors of his profession.

How smiling and condescending Aunt Esther was! Why oil couldn't have been smoother than her words, "my dear Charlie," or "my dear Doctor Maynard," or "my beloved Eben's relative," whenever she addressed him.

"A pleasant place you have here, Aunt Esther," the young man was saying, as he looped back the curtains, and put aside the honeysuckle to look out.

"O, la, yes, very pleasant for country, doctor."

"How long since you purchased it?"

Mrs. Delmont regarded the young man steadily an instant ere she answered. There was nothing quizzical in his glance, so laying the blessed unction to her soul that Doctor Charles Maynard was totally ignorant of her family affairs she replied unhesitatingly:

"Quite a number of years."

"Ah, yes, Uncle Eben built the house, I suppose." He said "uncle" for compliment's sake. "A perfect little gem of a cottage, looks quite enchanting from the road, and does credit to its designer."

"I always took quite an interest in such things," said Aunt Esther, modestly looking down, and toying with her silk-apron ribbon.

"Ah, you designed the house, then? It does you credit, Aunt Esther (aunt for compliment)."

Mrs. Delmont looked down and tapped her foot softly upon the carpet.

"I hear you have a niece of Uncle Eben's residing with you?" said young Maynard, at length, inquiringly, as he twirled a gold chain at his waist, and regarded the toe of his patent leather contemplatively.

Aunt Esther paused a moment as if thinking what answer to make, then she said, softly:

"Certainly, my dear Charlie, Eben's brother Henry left a daughter to our care."

"I heard something of it, it was five or six years ago that Uncle Henry and his wife died, was it not? I was in college at the time, and heard that they left but one child. Did he leave much property?"

Aunt Esther apparently did not hear the latter question, for she said, contemplatively:

"Yes, it was five or six years ago. Poor Henry, poor Edith! they left their dear little Susie for Eben and me to care for, and we have done the best we could for the dear child. She

has been like our child to us, rather wayward, to be sure, yet all children have their faults, and I never lay up anything against her; our own daughter could not have been more tenderly reared than Susie has been."

At that moment the door opened and a girl, gay and dashing, with books under her arm, apparently just from school, entered the room. She gave quite a stare as her eyes fell upon the young doctor, but Mrs. Delmont hastened to give them an introduction.

"My only daughter Angeline—Doctor Charles Maynard, from — University—your dear father's relative, my love."

Miss Angeline made a suitable obeisance, and young Maynard took up the conversation where it had been dropped. Mrs. Delmont with apparent carelessness arose, went to the table, turning her face from her guest, and attracting the attention of her daughter, gave her a significant look, and placed her fingers upon her lips. The girl understood the sign, and Mrs. Delmont continued the conversation.

"Yes, Susie, as I said, has been like our own child to me. Angeline don't seem but a little nearer to me than Susie. I'm sorry she's gone, she would be so pleased to see you, I know. She's gone to the city on a visit, and will not return for several weeks."

"Ah, excuse me, Aunt Esther, but I heard you call the name 'Susan' an hour or so ago; you then have more than one of that name in the family?"

It was well for Mrs. Delmont that her face at that moment was turned from her guest, for the hot blood suffused it as she suddenly recollected the manner in which she had treated her husband's niece, and now she had ample reason to suppose the young man had been a witness to the whole transaction. But she was not to be foiled thus; she had begun to deceive, she would keep up the deception. She felt that she would be ruined if her perfidy was thus and there discovered. She laughed carelessly.

"Yes," she said, "two of the same name, a poor trollop of a thing—a poor-house creature that we took pity on, and have given a home for her services—she wont answer to any other name but Susan, so Susan it has to be. I hope you didn't think I would speak as I did to my beloved Eben's niece?"

Doctor Maynard declared he hadn't such a thought, so Mrs. Delmont excused herself for a moment, leaving her guest to the tender mercies of her dashing daughter Angeline.

Mrs. Delmont paced back and forth the length of the hall several times; evidently her mind was

very ill at ease, she felt that she had settled herself very nicely into the mire, and how to get out troubled her; all at once she spoke up in a quick tone of alarm:

"Angeline!"

"What, mother?" came from the parlor.

"Come here quick, just a moment, see what Cato has done."

Mrs. Delmont stood out at the further end of the porch and in a moment her daughter joined her. Bending over, apparently examining a shrub in a small ornamental flower-pot, Mrs. Delmont said, in a low, hurried tone:

"Angeline, have nothing whatever to say to him about Susan; what you might say would probably contradict what I have said. Remember and be careful."

"But what do you want to deceive him for?" asked Angeline.

"I haven't time to tell you now—it is for your sake, Angeline—look your best—he is a fish worth eatching—fine fellow, good-looking, and all that—good profession, and well enough off. I'd like to see you married well before Susan is eighteen."

"But perhaps she wont marry when she's eighteen, and if she don't—"

Mrs. Delmont placed her finger upon her lips, and then said, in a still lower voice:

"If she don't it will be all right, but that is the thing, if she should find out the conditions of her father's will, she—"

"Yes, yes, I understand, where is she?"

"In the kitchen."

"Quite a clever idea your saying she had gone to the city, if we can only keep the minx out of the way while he is here; if he should discover our deception all would be ruined."

Miss Angeline spoke low, but not so low but what a part of the sentence reached the ear of the young man, who had followed them unobserved.

"Ruined, did you say?" he questioned. "It is a pity—a beautiful flower, Miss Angeline—did you say it was ruined?" And he pointed to the shrub apparently under observation.

There was a strange sparkle in his eyes. Mrs. Delmont noticed it, and the blood rushed to her neck and brow, to the very roots of her hair, while Miss Angeline turned in a dauntless manner to the young physician, and surmising he might have overheard more than he pretended, she said unhesitatingly:

"We were not speaking of the flower, Doctor Maynard, but of a little innocent trick we have been playing on the schoolmaster of the district, who occasionally boards here, and has taken quite a fancy to the kitchen girl Sukie, or Susan

as she will persist in being called. Ha, ha, you see Cousin Susan has gone to the city, and so I told him to-day at school that Susan had gone, and he thought I meant his Susan. Ha, ha, I was just telling ma that if he should call this evening we must keep the girl Sukie out of his way, or he would discover our deception, and our plans to break up this ridiculous match would be ruined." What an adept Miss Angeline was at lying!

"And what makes you wish to break up the match?" questioned Charlie, who had heard the whole of Angeline's remark previous to his being discovered by her, and but for her artful explanation so skillfully worded, all would have been lost indeed in the way of their plotting. All, however, seemed plain to his mind now, and if he had had any suspicions they were allayed entirely.

Miss Angeline was in for it now, she had put her feet in the mire now, and she felt herself going down deeper and deeper, figuratively speaking. She threw up her hands with a mighty desire to save herself, and with this aim in view, she said, in order to gain time:

"Why do we wish to break up the match?"

"Yes, that was what I asked, if the question is not impertinent."

Mrs. Delmont came to the rescue. She laughed a sort of contemptuous laugh, and said, carelessly:

"A good reason enough, my dear nephew; the girl is scarcely fourteen, a poor witless creature, who is exceedingly unfit for a wife, and he is not much better, and worse than all hasn't a cent to call his own. It would be hard to tell which would be the worse cheated should they marry, he or she, and I feel it my duty as a Christian woman to break up any such alliance, and my daughter, I am happy to say, sympathizes with me."

A peculiar light flashed in the young man's eyes, but he only smiled, and said pleasantly:

"A man with an education is never poor, I think, Aunt Esther."

"Education!" And Mrs. Delmont laughed scornfully.

"Yes, I said 'education,' Aunt Esther."

"Education—yes, if he had an education, but he hasn't enough to do him much good, yet sufficient to be of incalculable harm."

"How so?"

"A little learning's a dangerous thing," is an old saying, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I had two reasons for supposing the young pedagogue well educated, the first because Miss Angeline was his pupil."

Mrs. Delmont interrupted him. "O, Angeline does not attend his school."

"Ah, pardon me, Aunt Esther, I inferred she did from her saying she told him so and so in school to-day."

Miss Angeline felt that they were sinking still deeper into the mire, and she made another mighty effort to extricate herself. So she laughed lightly and said:

"So I did, to be sure, doctor, yet I was just going past the school-house, and stepped in. I never attend school there, the books I brought home belonged to Sukie, who has been going until we discovered the unfortunate attachment growing up between her and the pedagogue."

"Quite advanced in her studies, is she not, for a poor-house child?" queried the young man, toying with a sprig of honey-suckle. "She must be very quick and bright, too, for a girl of fourteen?"

"Dull enough, you may depend," said Mrs. Delmont, who, less quick-sighted than her daughter, could not understand the drift of her guest's remarks; but Angeline, anticipating the answer upon the young man's lips, was about to differ with her mother in that respect, and say Sukie was uncommonly bright, but at that instant she happened to remember her own words, a few moments previous, so she paused in confusion, while Doctor Maynard said:

"I supposed, judging from the books Miss Angeline said belonged to the girl, and that she studied at school, which I saw a few moments since upon the table, that she must be quite intelligent for her years, for astronomy, philosophy and botany require a small allowance of brains in the pupil's head, as well as a slight knowledge of those studies by the teacher, to enable him to explain them correctly."

Miss Angeline remembered with agony that she had left her school books upon the parlor table, and she felt that she was sinking deeper, still deeper in the mire, every attempt to extricate herself only plunging her deeper. While she paused to think of a suitable reply to make, a curious smile curled the bearded lips of Doctor Maynard, and he said, still carelessly and pleasantly:

"I am sorry, Aunt Esther, you have so poor an opinion of my friend, Harry Whitman."

"Your friend?" gasped Mrs. Delmont.

"Your friend?" ejaculated Miss Angeline.

"Yes, my friend, Aunt Esther, he and I graduated from the same university four years ago, and I had always thought him as well educated as he was clever, and intelligent; to tell you the truth, my accepting your kind invitation to spend



a day or two here was partially owing to the fact that I wished to see my old chum, who I knew was teaching in your neighborhood. However, as your opinion of him is so low I could not expect you to entertain so vulgar and unlearned a personage, and will therefore call upon him at his boarding-house, if you will tell me where it is."

Mrs. Delmont seeing how matters were turning, made one frantic effort to save herself and daughter.

"I hope you did not think I meant the handsome and intelligent Mr. Whitman of a neighboring district; every one must acknowledge he is far from being what I have described the pedagogue of our district to be. Angeline attends his school, and as she must pass directly by the other school-house on her way, that is the way she happened to call for Sukie's books."

Mrs. Delmont felt that she had gained a little firmer standing, but her self-congratulations were few, for with the pleasantest of smiles the young man continued:

"I should think that a very good way would be to place this Sukie, as you call her, under the tuition of Mr. Whitman. Surely, he would be a more able teacher of philosophy, astronomy, history and botany than the numskull you have described as her tutor."

Again Mrs. Delmont felt herself sinking. O, how much as that moment would she have given if she had not taken her first step into the mire of deception! Angeline came to the rescue of her mother.

"It all comes of her infatuation, you will perceive," she said, in a slightly impatient tone. "Ma and I both wished her to attend Mr. Whitman's school, but she wouldn't."

Mrs. Delmont felt that they had gained good standing for a time, at least, that is if nothing more was said on the subject; so she excused herself on the plea of arranging supper, and making a sufficient sign to her daughter that implied silence on the subject they had been dwelling upon, Mrs. Delmont left her daughter and guest alone.

The bits of paper Aunt Esther had placed her foot upon, covered with the pencilled writing of the girl he had learned was named Sukie, still lay in the gravelled walk. The young man stepped down from the porch, picked them up and placed them carefully in his vest pocket, of course Miss Angeline did not know wherefore.

Miss Angeline found her guest rather unsocial, her graces and blandishments proving in vain; he remained moody and silent, except when addressed by his fair companion, then answering

principally in monosyllables. Miss Angeline saw that she had lost ground considerably in the past hour, and after wearying herself in her unsuccessful efforts to wear away the unpleasant impression evidently left upon the young man's mind, she became rather vexed, and begging to be excused, sought her mother in the dining-room, leaving her guest alone. He, in the meantime took the opportunity to draw the yellow bits of torn paper from his pocket, spread them upon the table, and arranged them in such a manner that he could with ease decipher the words.

The penmanship was quite poor, many of the letters being made in a printed form as if the writer was unable to write them; but Charles Maynard did not note this particular, it was the touching yet simple outpouring of an orphan's bleeding heart, that caused the tears to come into his eyes, tears in the laughing blue eyes of Doctor Charles Maynard.

"Poor child," he murmured, as he folded the bits of paper and replaced them in his vest pocket. "Poor child, she has a soul if she is a pauper!"

The young man paced the room several times, and then took the bits of paper from his pocket, and examined them again. Strange, he thought, that a girl studying philosophy and astronomy, etc., should write so miserably as that! Then there was so much talent evinced in the composition of the simple and touching rhyme, it might be this was but a copy of some verses that the girl had found somewhere, or that had been given to her. We do not know how long Charles Maynard might have pondered upon the subject, but at that very moment, almost before he had time to conceal the bits of paper, Mrs. Delmont entered the parlor and announced that tea was ready.

Uncle Eben was already at the table. He was a meek-looking individual, with hair between a flaxen and a gray, a ruddy complexion and rather full habit. Said Uncle Eben looked at his wife deprecatingly, then exclaimed, "How do do, dock?" then looked at his plate industriously, until the tea was poured, and Aunt Esther stepped on his toe zealously, and looked meaningfully at the bread tray, whereupon Uncle Eben passed the bread, and butter, cheese, etc., and then began to use his own knife and fork with laudable industry. There was no such thing as entering into conversation with Mr. Eben Delmont; after several ineffectual attempts Charles Maynard gave up in despair, and except an occasional remark from Mrs. Delmont, the supper hour passed away in silence.

And Susie, poor, little, weary, down-trodden

Susie, where was she? Charged by her aunt under no circumstances whatever to allow herself to be seen by the gentleman then at the house, as he was a sheriff who had come to arrest her for her father's crimes. Poor Susie—her father's crimes! She had always believed her father, who was now dead, to have been a good and honest man, and the poor child knew so little of law she believed Aunt Esther, and feared encountering the dreadful stranger. So he crept away, out into the garden, out into the waving, tasselled corn, and through that into the orchard beyond, where beneath a great wide-spreading apple tree she lay down on the grass and wept, wept until sleep locked her senses, and she forgot her troubles in the happier realms of dream-land.

She awoke with a start; night had come, and the moon and stars were shining brightly in the heavens, while the air came up cool from over the hills, and played coyly with the girl's dark, tangled hair. She looked around her in a half-bewildered way, and what was her surprise and terror when directly before her she espied our hero, Charles Maynard. She staggered to her feet, and attempted to run from the spot, but a treacherous stick upon which she trod giving way, she was precipitated to the ground, and the next moment she felt a hand laid lightly upon her arm.

"Please don't take me to prison, sir; please don't!" she cried in alarm.

"To prison?"

"Wasn't it there you was going to take me?" she questioned, still trembling like a frightened bird, and trying to escape from the grasp he still maintained upon her arm.

"Certainly not. What made you think that?"

"Aren't you the gentleman stopping at Aunt Esther's?"

"I am stopping at Mrs. Delmont's; but do you call her Aunt Esther?"

"Why, yes, she always told me to," replied the girl, wonderingly. Then she added, "So you are not going to arrest me?"

"Certainly not."

"Aren't you a sheriff?"

"Why, no, you silly girl—a sheriff? No. What made you think that?"

"She told me you was, and that I must keep out of your way, for that you wanted to arrest me for a crime of my dead father's."

"Who told you so?"

"Aunt Esther."

"And you thought I could arrest you for the crimes of your father, did you?"

The girl hung down her head.

"Come, come, you're not much of a lawyer; but I guess you have been dreaming all this nonsense. I don't think Mrs. Delmont ever told you such stuff as this."

The girl made no reply, only made another effort to free herself from the young man's grasp.

"Stop, Susan—that is your name, isn't it?—stop a minute, I want to ask you something. Who wrote this?"

The young man took the bits of paper from his pocket and held them up before the girl. She grasped after them eagerly.

"Please let me have them, sir?"

"Tell me, then, who wrote what is on them?"

The girl looked up honestly into his face, a little blush upon her dark cheeks, but she answered unhesitatingly:

"I did, sir."

"And that is your writing?"

"Ye, sir."

"Why don't you write better?"

The girl burst into tears. "Please, sir," she said, "I never have had a copy to write by since my father and mother died, and I was only ten years old then, and I have forgotten a great deal since that time."

"Why don't you write at school?"

"At school?"

"Yes, it would be better for you than to study philosophy and astronomy, and—"

"Philosophy and astronomy! Go to school?" interrupted poor Susie, with astonishment.

"Yes."

"I don't go to school."

"But you might."

"Who said I might? Aunt Esther always wants me to work, and I never went to school a day since I lived with her!"

Charles Maynard was astonished—there was a strange difference between the story of this girl and Mrs. Delmont's; which could it be that deceived? He looked the girl straight in the face, as he asked:

"Has Mrs. Delmont never sent you to school?"

"No, sir."

"And how long have you lived with her?"

"Five or six years."

"And you have never studied astronomy or—"

"I never have studied anything, sir; only sometimes after I get my work done, I read and learn verses—such sweet verses they are, sir!"

"What?"

The girl took a small edition of Watts's hymns from her dress pocket. The book had no cover, was torn and soiled, yet the child loved it.

"And where did you get this?"

"It was my mother's," replied the girl; "it was under her pillow when she died." Tears drenched the dark cheeks, as she spoke.

The young man gave back the book, and then he said:

"Did your mother die in the poor-house?"

"Poor-house!"

The girl started back in amazement too real to be feigned, so Charles Maynard rightly thought.

"Yes—did she?"

"My mother—my beautiful mother, died in a poor-house?" The hot blood dashed up into her cheeks, as she spoke. "No, sir—the room they will give you to-night is the room where my mother died—my sweet mother!" And the child put her hands over her face and wept.

"Don't cry, my little girl!" The young man spoke kindly, but there were strange feelings taking possession of him, as he gradually discovered Mrs. Delmont's deception—although he never once mistrusted it was *Susie Delmont* before him.

They were a strange couple there in the old orchard, beneath the moonlight—he so tall, dignified and handsome, *Susie* with her slight, shrinking form shaking with sobs she could not control—he so richly and becomingly dressed, she attired in faded, slimsy calico, tattered, and her only ornament the luxuriant, though tangled dark hair that fell over her shoulders.

"Tell me all about your mother—come, I'll listen to you! But first tell me your name."

"You called it, sir—it's Susan."

"Yes, but your other?"

"Why, the same as Aunt Esther's, sir. Uncle Eben and father were brothers; that is the way I come to live here. Uncle Eben is my guardian."

"And you are Susan Delmont?"

"Please, sir, yes."

"And is there any other Susan in the family?" asked the young man, with astonishment.

"No, sir."

The young man ground his teeth with rage. He grasped the girl's shoulder and turned her face to the moonlight, while his own brow was white as the light that lay on the hill-tops, and his whole countenance worked convulsively.

Then he turned from her and strode up and down the orchard paths—the girl, standing like a statue, gazing after him as if bewildered.

"Fool! fool!" He beat upon his forehead, and then upon his breast, and still muttered to himself, yet half aloud: "Curses on her! curses on her!"

His manner terrified the girl. She started,

and would have fled from him, but he arrested the movement by saying:

"Stop, Susan!"

"Why?" She looked up into his face strangely, doubtfully.

He looked down into the innocent, timid face, with that seal of sorrow and loneliness upon it.

"Susan," he said, "your aunt has deceived me. I need not tell you how. It was principally to see you that I came here, but Mrs. Delmont said you had gone to the city."

"I never was in the city in my life, sir."

"Listen, my child!" He spoke very tenderly. "I know more of the affairs of *Susie Delmont* than she does herself, I presume. You have been kept in the most total ignorance for purposes I can well understand. *Susie*, did you know that you are an heiress, on condition? Did you know that besides this cottage, and these broad, well-cultivated lands, you will come into possession of quite a large sum of money after your majority?"

"Why, Aunt Esther said that father owed it all to Uncle Eben?"

"The miserable woman!" The young man stamped his foot, and ground his white teeth.

"'Tis no such thing; and yet she is planning for all your property, my child. That is just as true as gospel, and she's keeping you in ignorance in order to do it. Did you never hear about your father's will?"

A crimson flush passed over the sweet face—sweet if it was traced over with prints of grief and care, it was so innocent.

"Tell me, *Susie*!"

"Yes, I heard something once; the school-master told it to me. He boarded here awhile. His name is Mr. Whitman. He told me—"

The girl blushed deeper.

"What did he tell you? Tell me all, *Susie*!"

The girl raised her innocent eyes to the young man's face, and said:

"I don't believe it is so, sir, but Mr. Whitman told me that I was an heiress, or would be, if I married the man my father had chosen for me, and that if I did not, the property would still be kept in charge of Uncle Eben—I don't know how long; but Aunt Esther heard what he said, and she was awful angry, and she said there was not a word of truth about it—that Uncle Eben owned everything that belonged to father, and she was to have everything that mother used to own. She said I was nothing but a beggar, and if it wasn't for her, I would have to go to the poor-house; but"—here the girl stopped to cry a little, very quietly—"I believe I would rather live in a poor-house than here."

"Poor child!" Charles Maynard laid his hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder. "But tell me, my dear—did you hear the name of the man your father wished you to marry?"

The girl shook her head.

The young man gave a sigh of relief.

"We will have a new leaf turned over, my child," he said, kindly. "You shall live in this way no longer. If you desire an education, you shall have it. Here, sit down under this tree, and let us plan a little. Why, zounds, you don't even know my name—do you, little one? Well, 'tis Charlie Maynard."

That evening, when the two parted, there was a gleam of triumph in the young man's eye, and a sparkle of happiness in little Susie's that even Aunt Esther's harsh reprimand could not drive away.

The next morning, Susie was called in vain to. "Susan! Susan!"

No reply. Aunt Esther forced herself out of bed, and up stairs into the poorly furnished bedroom that had been allowed to Susan for her own apartment. To her surprise, she found the bed undisturbed and Susie minus.

Of course all was excitement immediately—that is, in the minds of the trio, Mrs. and Mr. (that is the order in which they stood) Mrs. and Mr. Delmont, and Angeline. The former, assisted by her obedient spouse, was obliged to prepare breakfast—the said spouse turning the griddle-cakes and steak, and attending to the coffee, while Mrs. Delmont set the table, etc. Angeline spent the time in making her toilet, and a few moments before breakfast joined Mr. Maynard in the garden, looking very bewitching in a flounced lawn, with numerous bows of pink ribbon adorning the sleeves and bodice. Of course Mr. Maynard offered his arm to escort Miss Angeline to breakfast, said arm being accepted with the utmost alacrity by the aforesaid Angeline, who congratulated herself that her flounced lawn, with its gay bows, had already nearly achieved a conquest of the said Maynard's obdurate heart.

Mrs. Delmont anxiously inquired if Mr. Maynard intended to visit his friend, Mr. Whitman, and to her infinite relief a reply was given in the negative. Mr. Maynard said he had changed his mind, as he had important business to attend to in a neighboring village. So immediately after breakfast Uncle Eben brought his guest's pony around to the front gate, and the said guest, after thanking Aunt Esther for her hospitality, and pressing Miss Angeline's hand warmly, bidding her adieu, was about taking his departure, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he took a

note-book and pencil from his pocket and asked, hurriedly:

"You said Cousin Susie had gone to the city. I am quite anxious to see her, and if you will give me her address—"

"And why so anxious?" queried Mrs. Esther Delmont, with ill-concealed vexation.

"Is it possible you can be ignorant of the cause, Aunt Esther?" questioned the young man. "You surely are acquainted with the provisions of Uncle Henry's will, in which he de sires me to be Susie's life protector—in other words her husband, Aunt Esther—and that only on these conditions can she inherit the handsome estate thus singularly bequeathed, Otherwise—"

"Well, what otherwise?" asked Aunt Esther, excitedly.

"You certainly cannot be ignorant of the manner in which the will reads, Aunt Esther; and you surely do not forget that in case Susie does not comply with these conditions, the property will fall into the possession of a certain young gentleman known to you as Charles Maynard—that is, if Miss Susie refuses to fulfil her part of the solemn compact—while if the said young gentleman is the aggressor, the property will remain in the guardian's hands, and only upon the death of said guardian, shall fall into the possession of said Susie. Uncle Henry made a strange will, Aunt Esther; but you cannot wonder, under existing circumstances, that I should wish to see Miss Susie."

Charles Maynard bowed, and waited for the address. Miss Delmont stammered and blushed, and said she had really forgotten it.

The young man restored his note-book and pencil to their accustomed place, bowed smilingly to Aunt Esther and the fair Angeline, and bounding into the saddle, and putting spurs to his horse, he was soon lost to the view of those who watched his retreating figure from the cottage.

"A pretty kettle of fish we are in!" snapped Miss Angeline.

"Too bad! too bad!" sighed Mrs. Delmont.

"And it all comes of your trying to deceive him!" upbraided the daughter.

"Do you think I would acknowledge that I let my husband's brother's child and heiress, too, do my drudgery and receive such abuse as he witnessed, for I was so angry with the imp!"

But the next question was—where was she? Mrs. Delmont was troubled. Mr. Delmont was troubled, and Miss Angeline was ditto. *Where had the girl gone?*

"There's one way!" said Mrs. Delmont, at length, in a decided manner, as she laid a hand

upon her husband's and daughter's shoulder.

"If Susan was only dead—"

"What then?"

"The property would fall to Charles Maynard, and—"

"What, mother?"

"In that way you might become mistress of it all!"

"How, mother?"

"How dumb you are! With your beauty and advantages, don't you suppose you could win Charles Maynard?"

"Couldn't say."

"Well, I can say for you, then. I tell you, Angeline Delmont, you don't know what a planning and scheming woman can do; you haven't any idea. Now, here is the case—it lies just here; either you become the wife of Charles Maynard, or we will have to go from here in less than five years, and not a dollar of our own in the world."

"Then what is to be done?"

"Listen!"

"I am listening."

"Can you imitate Susan's hand-writing?"

"O, yes. You know I am a proficient in the art of imitating."

"Well, then, write what I dictate; and you, Eben (addressing her husband), you go and bring Selim around, with the side-saddle, in five minutes! Don't let the grass grow under your feet, now!"

About three miles from the cottage of the Delmonts ran the beautiful, deep, but narrow stream known for miles around as Limestone Run. At the time of which we write, owing to several heavy rains, it had become quite swollen; and to this stream, by a circuitous way, was it that Mrs. Delmont set out with creditable speed. Her errand to the said stream can only be surmised, when we state that the next day a large party of neighbors who had been out on a search for the missing girl, led on by the apparently nearly distracted Uncle Eben, discovered a bonnet recognized as Susie's; and a shoe near the edge of the water that belonged to her, together with a blotted note apparently in her hand-writing, were found on the bank. The stream was dragged, but the body of the unfortunate Susie was not found; yet there was not one in the neighborhood (the Delmonts excepted) who had the slightest doubt but that Susie Delmont was drowned.

In due time Charles Maynard came into possession of the property, and then it was Mrs. Delmont and Angeline began their plotting and planning in earnest.

"O, mother!"

Angeline quite startled that lady with her ejaculation; but unheeding this, the young lady threw herself into a chair quite breathless with excitement, fanning herself industriously with her gipsy hat.

"Mother!"

"Well?"

"Charlie Maynard has proposed, at last!"

Mrs. Delmont dropped the apple she was paring, and looked up with surprise and delight depicted upon her countenance.

"How in the world did it happen, Angeline?" she asked, at length.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the daughter; "it took considerable management on my part, but I succeeded. I'm glad now I bought that velvet and bugle lace. I always shall believe that they had something to do with catching Charlie Maynard, for they do set the basque out finely—don't they?" And Angeline gazed down upon her dress with an admiring eye.

"Yes, but about the proposition—tell me about that!" interrupted Mrs. Delmont, impatiently.

"Well I will, then. You see I asked him why he did not marry—"

"A bold question."

"Yes, I know; but he did not appear to notice it, but said he had long thought of marrying—that there was a certain fair lady who possessed all his affections—a lady beautiful and accomplished, and all that—and then he looked at me so lovingly and admiringly, that I felt that the battle was more than half won."

"And what did you say?" asked Mrs. Delmont, anxiously.

"O, I said: 'Indeed, Charlie! and pray why don't you marry her?'"

"'If I can gain her consent, I will most gladly,' he said, and then was silent. I saw he was kind of diffident, so I looked as innocent as you please."

"And what is her name, Charlie?"

"He looked at me straight in the eyes, and said 'Can you not guess?' And then he asked me how I should like to change my name to Maynard, and if I would have any objection to having a wedding here in a week or ten days."

"And you?"

"Why I—of course I consented; and the wedding day is to be a week from Thursday, and we'll have such a grand wedding party—wont we?"

Angeline clapped her hands, and sat down to make out a list of guests to be invited, and to comment upon the subject of laces, silks, white

gloves and satin slippers; while Charlie Maynard, in his own room, sat down to a table and wrote a long letter, which having folded, enveloped and superscribed, he sealed and placed in his coat pocket ready to mail the following morning. This letter was received, one pleasant summer evening, by a young lady known by the teachers and pupils of a certain excellent institute as Miss Susie Delmont—the said young lady smiling quietly, as she read the letter. Susie was meditating revenge.

Yes, that tall, elegant woman, with that crown of purple and black braided bands of glossy hair, that noble brow, those sparkling, soul-lit eyes, that firm, proud, womanly mouth, and that voice of surpassing sweetness, as she warbled a simple song—that was our little friend Susan of six years previous. Are you astonished, reader? The explanation is very simple, and easily made. Charlie Maynard had incurred the expense of her education, and when he said, "Susie, will you marry a poor man who loves you?" it was love, and not gratitude that prompted the reply: "My heart wholly belongs to you, Charles Maynard." And as the young man folded the beautiful girl to his bosom, he thanked Heaven for having given him so great a blessing.

The Delmont cottage was thrown open to the accommodation of a large number of guests, the *élite* of the country round. Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, filled the tasteful parlors, and all was expectation, for that evening (so report ran) Angeline Delmont was to become Mrs. Maynard; and it is due the handsome and talented Dr. Maynard to say that many were the fair maids who envied the intriguing Angeline her husband, as well as the fortune accompanying that article.

Angeline was in her room, arrayed for the bridal. To tell the truth, she looked very pretty in the midst of her satin and laces; yet there was a shadow upon her brow, and she looked ill pleased, for the bridegroom had not arrived, and the time had come for the ceremony to begin.

"There, he's come!" exclaimed Mrs. Delmont, who had watched every arrival eagerly. "And there is another couple with him—Mr. Whitman and a lady. I suppose they are bridesmaid and groomsman, though I think, my dear Angeline, it is a lady's place to choose her own bridesmaid."

"All ready!" Mr. Whitman offered his arm to Miss Angeline, who wondered vastly what it could mean, and why Charles should escort the strange lady; but supposing it was city fashion, and not caring to show her ignorance, she proceeded.

Of course, all happened as it was intended by Charles Maynard, and Miss Angeline was but a bridesmaid, after all.

"What does this mean?" gasped Aunt Esther, as the ceremony was about to commence.

"Villain!" hissed Miss Angeline.

"What are you about?" abruptly inquired Uncle Eben.

"Silence!" demanded Charles Maynard. "You shall all know soon; the time of explanation has come, or nearly so. Let the ceremony go on! Proceed!"

There was so much of sternness and command in his tone, no objection was raised, and a few moments sufficed to make Charles Maynard and Susie Delmont man and wife.

"Susie Delmont!" cried Aunt Esther.

"Susan Delmont!" stammered the almost fainting Angeline; while Uncle Eben exclaimed, his voice rising above all others:

"There, wife, that's just what I've always told you! You've played a game, a desperate bad one, and you're beat. Susan Delmont aint dead, and Maynard's gone and married her. We're all in the mire now, head over ears."

And so they were truly; and when Charles Maynard began and told the whole story of deception from beginning to end, they gave themselves up for lost—going down, down, down! Angeline fainted, Mrs. Delmont went into most violent hysterics, while Uncle Eben, the tears dashing over his ruddy, sun-browned cheeks, exclaimed:

"Served us all right! God bless you, Maynard—you and Susie! She's a good gal, and was poor Henry's darter. Forgive your old uncle! He never gave ye a hard word, Susie, did he? with all his faults."

Uncle Eben carries on the farm, and Aunt Esther is housekeeper at the cottage, glad of the home thus offered to them. As for Angeline, she is still unmarried, and probably will be for some time to come, despite black velvet and bugle lace. She teaches school for a support, and—need we add Charles and Susie are very happy?

Susie Delmont had her triumph, and her revenge was in returning good for evil, and smoothing the rough path of declining life for those who had rendered her childhood miserable! Heaven bless you, Susie!

#### —◆◆◆— EVENING.

An eve intensely beautiful—an eve  
Calm as the summer of a lovely girl  
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods,  
With their innumerable shades and colorings,  
Are like a silent instrument at rest—  
A silent instrument, whereon the wind  
Hath long forgot to play.—HOUMAN.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LOUIS HUNTER'S TRIALS.

BY M. A. AVERY.

THE evening was cold and dreary; the snow falling in fine, sleety flakes, and the wind howling around that old-fashioned dwelling, and singing through all its cracks and crevices; but little cared its inmates for that, as they sat cheerily around the bright-blazing fire of the pleasant sitting-room, laughing and chatting, or reading or working, as best suited their several fancies; and the eyes of the full moon that looked down from the old brass-wheeled clock in the corner, beheld a very pleasant family party.

The portly old squire, in his great armchair, had gone off into the land of dreams in one corner, while his worthy lady, for the honor of the family, redoubled her diligence, and snapped her knitting-needles vigorously, to make up for his laziness, and keep pace with the needles and tongue of Mrs. Glenn, a gossiping visitor, who was now favoring the neighborhood generally with one of her protracted calls, and at this hour, the Haydens in particular, with the retail business of her calling. Mrs. Hayden looked grave, and was generally silent, though her guest's tongue ran incessantly. Miss Jane, a haughty but handsome young lady of twenty, looked up from her embroidery occasionally, with a glance of mingled pleasure, doubt and irony, while Alda, a girl of sixteen, and her schoolmate and casual visitor, Ellen Lee, who were vainly trying to look out their lessons for the ensuing day, listened with eager interest and delight. Johnny, meantime, the pet and only son of the family, was busy cracking nuts upon the hearth beside his mother. Tray the large house-dog lay sleeping beside his master. The old Maltese cat purred cosily over her pet baby upon the rug, the fire flashed and glowed and sparkled, and the scene altogether presented a very pretty picture of domestic enjoyment.

"Well, how do you here like Louis Hunter the young schoolmaster?" asked Mrs. Glenn, as she glanced around the pleasant group, after many other subjects were exhausted.

"Very much, I believe," Mrs. Hayden replied. "He seems to be an uncommonly bright, intelligent, talented young man for one of his age—what they say is only twenty."

"Indeed!—well, I'm raly glad somebody has a good opinion of the feller."

"Why so? Don't he bear a good name with everybody?"

"Well, I dunno. I raly wish the boy well,

but it's a pity they are so poor and mean and drunken."

"His relations mean? Why, I knew his old grandfather well when I lived at my uncle's, and a nobler, better man never existed. His son, this Louis's father, was away in the city then; and I have heard that after his father's death he took to drinking, and spent nearly all that his father had given him, which is certainly very unfortunate for his family, though nothing against them personally."

"Of course not, Mrs. Hayden. But do these young ladies like this young chap as well, or better than their mother?" And she peered at them over the rims of her iron-bowed spectacles with a queer glance of suspicious inquiry.

"Ask Alda there, who likes him," said Ellen Lee, with a gay laugh.

The pretty face of Alda Hayden crimsoned under the gaze of so many eyes as were now fixed upon her, and feeling angry to know that it did, she said shortly:

"I think it looks very suspicious that you should be so ready to make a cloak of other people."

"Take care, Alda," said the gay Ellen, "or I shall tell these good people about the loved-lit glances I have detected at school this winter. You'd better believe, Mrs. Glenn, that Cupid's arrows have been flying around the school-house like a discharge of musketry."

"And that one Ellen Lee was among the wounded," retorted Alda.

"If I am, the arrow that struck me was not from the same quiver as the one that pierced your tender heart," laughed Ellen.

"What's all this nonsense about, foolish girls?" said Mrs. Hayden, contemptuously. "Nothing sounds more silly and disgusting than for little chicks like you, with the egg-shells still clinging to their backs, to be talking about hearts and darts, and lovers and husbands."

"Ay, but many a girl has had a husband before she was as old as these young ladies," suggested Mrs. Glenn.

"Yes, Mrs. Glenn, but the more fool she, or her friends, if she had any. There's time enough for all those things when girls have finished their education and learned housekeeping, and boys found some business to support them. And they'd all be better off, in my opinion, to wait till they are twenty-five, at least."

"Look out sharp for your young misses then, if that is your idea, or the first you'll know, they'll be running away with some tin pedler, or young schoolmaster."

Mrs. Hayden looked up with a quick, suspicious glance at Mrs. Glenn, and then at her



daughters, the eldest of whom met her glance with a calm but slightly contemptuous one, and then both turned their eyes upon the conscious Alda, who all at once seemed deeply absorbed in her studies, though her flitting color convinced them that her interest in them was feigned.

"I wonder you will be putting such ideas as those into foolish girls' heads," said Miss Jane, who, in truth was privately engaged already. "Why, after this I shall be looking for a husband upon the top of every tin pedler's cart I meet, Mrs. Glenn."

"And Alda will be after every young school-master, I s'pose," chuckled that worthy lady. "But take care, Alda, and see that your charmer has a decent character. You're too proud to have a feller who has a drunkard for a father, and an infinitely worse character for a mother, like this Louis Hunter, besides being no better than he ought to be himself."

"Indeed! But are you sure they are really such a disreputable set?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

"You must be badly posted in county biography, if you do not know it," said the woman, with a gratified smile. "But the worst of it in my opinion is, that this fellow should begin so young to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors."

"But does any one really know such to be the case?"

"Such reports are in circulation, any way—but pray don't mention them from me. I wouldn't harm the young man for the world; and as his school is so nearly out, perhaps it would be as well to say nothing about them around here."

"Certainly. Don't mention them, girls, any of you. But do you suppose it really true that his mother was a bad character?"

"It certainly is, if one can credit reports that have been in circulation ever since she came to Charleroy. It is even said that jealousy and domestic disappointment were the cause of the husband's ruin; and that but for the children, who were born before they came there, he would have left her long ago. Of one thing I am certain, for I have friends near them—no one of any respectability has anything to do with her, and they would have left the place long ago, if David Hunter had had spirit enough left for anything."

Bird of ill omen, thy mission is accomplished! In revenge for a fancied wrong, from the husband, thou hast slandered a loving and innocent wife—brought jealousy and wretchedness into a happy family—and now disgraced the son, and planted thorns in young and innocent hearts, that but for thee would be nursing with tender care

the beautiful flowers of love and hope, before so fondly cherished!

For it was indeed but the truth that Alda Hayden felt more than a common interest in the young teacher, though it had never before been suspected by her own family. And to him the long, dreary winter had flown by on swift wings, so absorbed was he in love's first fond dream—a dream that had made that old school-house seem like a fairy palace, because her smiles brightened and her beautiful eyes lightened its dinginess; that had made all onerous duties pleasant, and added a charm to their performance, withdrawn his thoughts from the real troubles of his existence, and cast such a warm and radiant glow over his dim and darkened prospects for the future, as to make him forget, for the time, the real and actual in the ideal.

But this beautiful dream was destined to a rude awakening; and he was now to learn that aristocratic pride and fear of the world's opinion, were some of the characteristics of the divinity he had worshipped, and that the copy he had so often set, that "Change and alteration form the very essence of the world," was something more than idle words.

As Mrs. Hayden had said, Louis Hunter was a talented and remarkably promising young man, whatever might be said of his relatives, and the hints to his disadvantage the old lady had thrown out, were no more true than her own deceitful heart and scheming brain. His father, it was true, was one who did not make his home a paradise; but whatever others might say or think, no one could make him believe that his mother was much lower than the angels. They had a home, a little brown cot, the wreck of his grandfather's property, and by dint of industry and perseverance, Louis had contrived to secure a good English education, and he was now striving earnestly to obtain the means that would procure a more classical one and a profession.

Such had been his plan; but getting in love was rather a poor beginning, in his circumstances, for the years of toil that were before him—though he thought they were both so young they could afford to wait till success had crowned his efforts, and he might have a better title to win the prize he coveted. But as yet he had only thought and dreamed, as a thousand others have done, without making those dreams known to their object in words. But from the day of Mrs. Glenn's visit to the family, he could not help seeing that a change had come over the fair Alda Hayden. The mute eloquence of lip and eye, of glance and smile, were gone, or at least no longer responded to his own. Her head was raised with

a look of haughty pride, her eyes downcast, or looking anywhere else than at him, and her mood among her mates much more gay and boisterous than he had ever seen it before, while he knew that she studiously avoided him, in every way.

He wondered at the cause and lamented the change, but he could not, like her, affect a gayety he did not feel. Each day he grew more pale, languid and gloomy, as the school drew near its close. The old ladies where he boarded grew alarmed and tried to dose him with catnip and thoroughwort, and the young ones sighed and looked pitiful, though he, poor fellow, would confess to no ailment but the bad effects of the close air of the hot school-room. Concluding at last that he had offended the young lady, he resolved to seek for an explanation, but while waiting for a convenient opportunity, he found reason for changing his mind.

It was at recess of a fine March day, when the scholars were all out at play, that he returned from a walk, and was just hanging up his hat, when he saw Alda and Ellen glance by the window and come into the entry-door.

"I wonder if Mr. Hunter has returned?" he heard Ellen say, as she looked into the school-room, but without seeing him, he stood so near the door and the wall. "No, he has not," she continued.

"That's lucky," said Alda, "for now we can sit down here and sun ourselves without interruption from any one."

"How long is it, pray, since you began to consider Louis Hunter's society such a bother," laughed Ellen. "It seems to me we both used to like it pretty well."

"Perhaps you did, Ellen."

"Certainly. But you needn't try to blind me, Alda, for I know the day, the hour, and the person who told us his character, and opened your eyes to your true feelings. We have never talked of this before, but I tell you now, Alda, that I don't believe Aunt Huldah's insinuations. His father may be a drunkard, and his mother a low character, but I don't believe it of him."

"Well, if *they* are so mean, to say nothing of *him*, is it not enough to draw an impassable line of separation between us? I think so, if you do not. Just think how we should look and feel associating with the Banhams, who are no meaner, from Aunt Huldah's description, than these *Huns*," said Alda, earnestly.

"Alda, Henry Banham is handsome and talented, in spite of his connexions, and if I loved him and he me, as well as I thought you and Hunter loved each other, I could overlook the meanness of his family."

"So, you thought I loved Hunter, did you?" said she, scornfully. "Assure yourself, then, that I shall never break my heart for him. I have too much pride for that, let me tell you."

"But you once liked his society, Alda, I know you did."

"I confess it; and I am now heartily ashamed of it, and if it wasn't for people's remarks, I wouldn't come to school now, I so dread to meet the pleading glance of his eyes."

"You fear your own weakness more, Alda. You are as proud as Lucifer, and so are your folks at home, but that pride is leading you to do what you will bitterly regret some day—see if you don't!—But let's go in and get our seats before Hunter comes."

They walked slowly in, accordingly, and facing round as they were about to sit down, the first object they beheld was Louis Hunter, with a face as pale as death, one hand clutching the desk, as if for support, and the other pressed to his heart, as if to stifle its shame, indignation and agony. He looked up—a flood of crimson swept over his face, that told as plainly as words that he had been a listener to every ill-starred word, and flashing a glance of mingled contempt and scorn upon Alda Hayden, he turned to the window, and gave the signal for school to commence. Not a word was spoken, and from that hour, not a look or tone of his revealed to Alda, or any one else, a trace of the wild struggle between pride and love that was going on in his heart. He was gayer, wittier, and more eloquent and fascinating than he had ever been before, and when he left at the end of the school, he took with him proud Alda's heart. Years passed away, but she never forgot that dream of early love, and though she wished it a thousand times, he never came back to her—though she did not wholly give up all hope of ever seeing him again, till she heard that he had gone South or West, a thousand miles or more away.

And other changes came to Alda Hayden. She removed to the city to live with a maiden aunt, for whom she was named, acquired many accomplishments, became a brilliant and popular belle, and at her aunt's death, was left sole mistress of a large fortune. A desire for change and a roving life now came upon her; and joining a party of friends, she went to Niagara and the lakes, and down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, visiting all the principal cities and places of interest on the way, and making a long-promised visit to a school-girl friend at the end of the journey.

And there, for the first time in ten years, she met Louis Hunter, the object of her early love,

the victim of her haughty pride. He was now a distinguished and popular man, and had recently filled the highest office in the gift of the people, in a more northern State. They knew each other instantly, though change had set the signet of a cultivated intellect and a maturer beauty upon the noble brows of both. But both were too proud to acknowledge an acquaintance fraught with such bitter remembrances, and they met as perfect strangers.

But fate, that sometimes so curiously and strangely tangles and commingles the threads of human destiny, willed that they should see much of each other during that eventful winter. Both were visiting in the same family, and of course a daily and hourly intercourse was unavoidable. At first, both were frigid and distant as politeness would allow, and her friend Anna Leigh wondered what could make her own and her father's guests so much afraid of each other. But there were times when looks and words and tones revived early and tender memories, and the hearts of both gathered fuel for a purer and more lasting flame. Each was surprised, as well as the high position, as the growth of intellect in the other, and the similarity of all their discovered tastes and sentiments—though a kind of antagonism, born of regret and pride, kept them from all familiar intercourse. But in spite of this, the old love revived with a tenfold power in the hearts of both, though both were for a long time too proud to confess it, even to themselves. Both were exceedingly popular in society, and always surrounded by admirers; but though they jealously watched each other, neither could discover the mystery of the other's preferences.

But the time of parting drew near. He had doubted and resolved, and put off a declaration till the last moment, in the hope of receiving some acknowledgment, or seeing some symptoms of a preference she had studiously concealed; and now her name was booked for the next northern steamer. The evening before her intended departure, Alda and Louis, with Anna and her lover, were out for a walk—the last they expected to take together in the beautiful grounds that surrounded Mr. Leigh's house. The sky was flecked with crimson and gold-tipped clouds, the breeze blew soft and cool from the river, the early flowers of spring were blooming around them; but it was not of these that they thought, as Louis and Alda walked silently on in advance of their companions. They stopped at last, in the mouth of a little arbor, covered by thick vines and shadowed by a dense tropical foliage, to wait for the coming up of their friends.

"You are very sad and thoughtful to-night,

Miss Hayden," he said. "Is it because you are so soon to leave us?"

"That may have its influences," she replied, with a deeply regretful look and tone.

"Perhaps there is a deeper cause. Report says you have a heart and the promise of a hand with one of these gay southerners." And he looked searchingly into her face for a reply.

"That is untrue," she replied, blushing. "I have never seen the southerner, gallant and chivalrous as they surely are, who could win those precious gifts from me."

"Some one at the North, then—perhaps they were promised before you came among us!" he said, questioningly.

"No, Mr. Hunter, I am under no obligation to North, South, East or West, and—never expect to be," said she, bitterly.

"Why do you say that, Miss Hayden?"

To his extreme surprise, she uttered a loud shriek at this instant, and threw herself upon his bosom. He looked up only in time to see a glittering poignard sheathed in the quivering shoulder that shielded his heart! It was too dark to distinguish the color of the grim hand that guided the weapon, but Anna and her friend, who were summoned by her piercing shriek, saw a dark, muffled figure, supposed to be one of Alda's disappointed admirers, glide swiftly away from the spot. Alda fainted with fright and terror; but she soon revived enough to say that she saw the hand, with the weapon pointed at his heart, protruding through the thick vines, only in time to do as she had done. And though her wound was severe, she was not sorry thus to be the means of saving a human life.

Louis was deeply affected by this act of apparent devotion, and as soon as they were alone together, he said, as he took her hand:

"Words are too poor to express the deep love I have long felt for you, Miss Hayden, or the gratitude that now swells my heart for the noble and generous act that saved my life. O what can I ever do," he continued, with deep emotion, "to repay such an act of rare philanthropy and self-sacrifice?"

"Forgive the deep wrong of the thoughtless words I once uttered in our early days, Louis Hunter—when pride and evil counsels made me untrue to every feeling of my heart," sobbed Alda, who till now, had maintained the appearance of cold, proud indifference, but who drew her to his heart, sobbed out tears of penitence and joy for his recovered affection, upon his manly bosom.

"Do you indeed regret the past, and return the love I then felt, and still feel for you?" he asked.

"I did, and do, Louis—but am I forgiven?"

"Forgiven! O, Alda, one word of regret, or remembrance even, would have brought me back to you, through all this long winter that I have waited so vainly for one word, or smile of recognition or favor. It is true, that listening to the counsels of pride, I at first resolved to shun, and to have nothing more to do with you, but in the heaven of your presence, those resolutions melted like snow in the midday sun, and long before your preparations for departure, I had planned, if you favored no one else, to ask you to become my wife. And I was about to do so, in doubt and fear for the result, when your noble act of self-devotion, which so nearly cost you your life, proved to me beyond a doubt that you really cared for me. Did it prove more than the truth, dear Alda?"

"No, no," said Alda, blushing, "and though I did it from the impulse of the moment, I believe I could not thus have risked my life for one I did not love."

When Alda's wound was healed, she went home in the *Northerner*—not as plain Alda Hayden though, but Ex-Governor Hunter's bride. And now, her friends were not at all mortified by the connexion, nor was she ashamed of the slandered but still noble mother, or the respectable father, redeemed through the influence of his noble son, to whom that son presented her.

After a pleasant visit to all their friends, as well as to the old school-house, and every dear and well-remembered spot, they returned to Louis Hunter's adopted home, where they still live, happy in their mutual love, and the respect and affection of all around them.

#### BABY OUTDONE.

Sir George Davis, who was English consul at Naples when a great plague raged there, retired in consequence to Florence. Visiting one day the menagerie of the grand duke, he noticed a lion at the further end of one of the dens, which the keepers stated they had been unable to tame, though every effort had been made for upwards of three years. Yet no sooner had Sir George reached the gate of the den, than the lion ran to it, reared himself up, purred like a cat when pleased, and licked the hand that was put through the bars. The keeper was astonished, and, frightened for the safety of his visitor, entreated him not to trust an apparent fit of frenzy, as the lion was the most fierce and sullen of his tribe he had ever seen. This, however, had no effect on Sir George, who insisted on entering the lion's den. The moment he got in, the lion manifested the greatest delight, threw his paws on his shoulders, licked his face, ran about him, and purred like an affectionate cat. This occurrence became the talk of Florence, and reached the ears of the grand duke, who sent for Sir George, and requested an interview at the menagerie, that he might personally witness the conduct of the lion.

#### "HERE COMES BOBTAIL."

The following is related of Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania: When General Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, Independence Hall, in the State House at Philadelphia was opened, in order that the public might have a chance to shake hands with the friend of Washington. Judge Peters being one of the committee to introduce the "great unwashed," there was a circle formed, on one side of which stood the general and the judge; those wishing to be introduced being obliged to walk across from the opposite side, and after paying their respects, retire to make way for others. One individual, who, from his manner, evidently thought it the most important event of his life, being dressed within an inch thereof—was seen elbowing his way through the dense mass congregated near the door, and the pressure took off his coat-tails, leaving nothing but the body of his otherwise faultless dress-coat. In his excitement, he knew nothing of his loss; but having gained the front of the circle, he strode across the vacant space with the air of a man who thinks he is creating a sensation. And you'd better believe he thought right; for the moment the judge saw him coming, he turned to the general, saying: "I have introduced you to Rag and Tag, now here comes Bobtail!"—*Pennsylvania Herald*.

#### LYING IN BED.

It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or level with the body was the most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet, we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, and avoid danger.—*Medical Journal*.

#### WHY ARE THE PRAIRIES TREELESS?

The Westerners, when they speculate on geology, answer this question by affirming that the prairie fires have burnt them all off—that they have been frightened out of existence by the fires of the Indians. At other times they vary their theory by affirming that the absence of trees is due to the deficiency of rain; but neither does this stand examination, for the maps of the distribution of rain show that the fall on the prairies about equals that in other regions. Mr. Whitney, in his paper on the Origin of the Prairies, read before the Scientific Congress, shows that the real cause of the absence of arborescent vegetation lies in certain mechanical conditions of the soil, and in its extreme fineness.—*Western Paper*.

#### POPULAR OPINION.

The people,  
Against their nature, are all bent for him;  
And, like a field of standing corn that's mowed  
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## YOU AND I.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

The fields are yellow with the grain,  
The autumn skies shed gentle rain;  
My heart returns in hope again,  
To where beneath such skies we trod,  
When first you pointed me to God.

Your music lingers sweetly still;  
Its echoes reach beyond the hill,  
Where then you bent my stubborn will,  
And whispered of the nobler life  
Undimmed by scenes of earthly strife.

I wonder if the years far on  
Will prove my soul indeed new born;  
If through life's lowering clouds forlorn  
I shall have passed unchanged, and be  
A witness for my God and thee.

If so, 'neath skies of brighter hue  
I once shall stand, and there with you  
Read clearly all this mystery through;  
Why hearts akin like ours should prove  
Unblessed on earth by nearer love.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN AT THE DEATH!

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

WITH horses, horns and hounds, with hearts eager for the chase, and upon a most delightful morning, we all assembled on the lawn of my uncle's country house, a merry and jovial hunting party as ever was seen in all the length and breadth of Merrie England.

I need not specify particularly whom the we is meant to include, although perhaps one or two should receive a brief notice. There was, then, first, my uncle, a bold, bluff fox-hunter, who really, I think, thought the sport the only occupation fit to engross the serious attention of Christians; there was Harry Merlin, good-looking as ever, but between whom and myself—very unaccountably, considering that we were fellow-collegians, and had hitherto borne the closest relations of intimacy with each other—there was upon this particular morning, a marked coolness; and then there was Belle Catherwood.

Ah! but she deserves a more extended mention. Charming, brilliant Belle Catherwood—as beautiful a girl of twenty as ever scattered an impudent young man's self-assurance to the four winds—how shall I hope to describe her? I might speak of black hair and eyes, of bewitching smiles, of saucy laughs, and all that sort of thing, and Belle would not even thus be

perfectly delineated. To be brief, she was a frank, great-hearted young lady, who loved to fish and hunt, and who *did* break all the masculine hearts within a circuit of ten good English leagues, whether she loved to do it or not.

She was an Amazon, was Belle—and not a straw did she care who knew it. No conventionalist, I fancy, would have chosen her as a pattern of maidenly propriety and behaviour, and little did the young lady desire to assume that position. She, forsooth! Have I not seen her more than once, flying over the fences upon her black imp of a horse, while the worthy curate beheld her from afar off, and lifted up his eyes—ay, and his hands too, in blank horror at the sight? And has not the crack of her rifle from the woods, aroused me from my slumbers times innumerable!

I was present, too, this morning, extremely anxious to hunt the hare—or perhaps some larger game, as will appear by-and-by. We were all assembled there ready for the start, and my uncle proceeded to give us some preparatory advice.

"Attend to me for a moment, my young masters," he said, addressing himself directly to Harry and me. "We are going to hunt this morning, and to hunt hares. You may have seen a hare in the course of the few years' experience you've had on earth?"

Harry looked cross and indignant, and I grumbled out something to the effect that "I wasn't quite a fool yet."

"Ah, glad to hear it," the malicious old scamp continued. "Well, now I wish merely to advise you to give all your attention to the chase, and to remember that we are to hunt hares, and not young ladies."

A musical "ha, ha," rilled out from between Belle's red lips, as she heard this sly shot.

"Me, you mean, I suppose," she said. "Why, how silly to think that either of them could chase me with any hope of catching me! Haven't I hunted with them both many and many a time, and which of them ever overtook me? I'd be willing to give the one who overtook me in the hunt, what both have asked me for a dozen times."

At the words, she drew off her riding-glove, and shook her plump, white hand, sparkling with rings, saucily towards us. Harry and I both sprang to her horse's side, and laid eager hold on the bridle.

"Do you speak earnestly, Belle?" we asked, in the same breath. There was a slight blush upon her face, and she became somewhat embarrassed, as she saw our eager promptness, but recovering her self-possession, she said, carelessly:

"Earnestly? Of course I do, and safe enough am I in making the offer. And now, help me to the saddle, and I'll lead you a long, hard gallop."

I was nearest to her, and offered my assistance first; but she coquettishly refused it, and accepted Harry's. I felt sick, angry, jealous—I couldn't help it—and I sprang upon my horse with a desperate vigor which almost carried me to the other side. As we all rode forward, I dropped behind and signed Harry to join me.

"You'll be willing to abide by the event?" I asked.

"Yes—whoever is blessed or cursed by this venture, I'll abide by it! And you—"

"I will, so help me—Belle Catherwood!"

And we rode forward and took our positions upon either side of her—two as determined, obstinate fellows, as ever entered their energies for a trial where the stake was a heart. *My* heart thumped fearfully as I looked at Belle, and reflected that I might lose. Lose! Perdition—how could I? "No, and by the powers, *I won't!*" was my mental conclusion. And secretly invoking Diana to my aid, I braced my feet tighter in the stirrups. Belle must have known with what eagerness we were looking at her, and with what fury at each other, for her eyes were downcast, and she was switching nervously at her riding-dress. The hounds had been loosened some moments before, and we were waiting for the signal.

"Hark!" said my uncle, checking his horse. We listened, and the deep baying of the dogs came distinctly to our ears. We were, at this instant, within a rod of a high stone wall—and as Belle heard the sound, she breasted her horse to it, and carried him gallantly over with a slight stroke of the whip, her eyes gleaming with the excitement of the chase, and her mocking laugh floating back to us. That was a feat which Miss Belle, with her fiery black charger might accomplish, but which the rest of us must needs have a start to perform, and so, retiring several rods, we made a rush, and carried the wall together, in a line, starting completely abreast. But this position was not long maintained.

"Now for it," I muttered. And loosening my rein, I bent my knees to the saddle and set my teeth together. But first, a glance at the field. I had comprehended the position of things before I touched the ground after the leap. A long, level country lay before us, unbroken, so far as I could discover, save by occasional fences and ditches, of no importance to the trained hunters which we rode. The hounds were in full cry just half a mile in advance, running in a long, straggling line, and Belle, leading the whole

company by at least half that distance, was apparently increasing the gap at every stride. Heavens! how gloriously she looked! In fact, I almost stopped to admire her. Her riding-cap had fallen from her head in the heat of the chase, and her dark ringlets blew back over her shoulders in a thick mass, while her closely-fitting riding-habit displayed, even at the distance she had gained, every curve of her perfect form. And how like a born huntress she held her gallant steed to his stride, altering his course at times to follow the doublings of the game, and now and then touching him lightly with the whip! Occasionally, too, she turned gracefully in the saddle, and looked back to note our progress, accompanying the movement usually with a shout of exultation, and a wave of her little hand—that hand which, rather than the game, Harry and I were pursuing!

And how we did ride—my head fairly reels to think of that mad gallop! The first half-dozen bounds carried us ahead of all save my uncle, and at the end of the field we passed him also—first, Harry, who yelled in his ear as he went by, some advice, to the effect that he might profitably go home and learn how to hunt hares, and then myself, respectfully snapping my fingers in his face, till, as I threw a glance back, I saw that the old fellow was alternately shaking his riding-whip at us, and then laying it on his horse.

But no more looking back after that—forward was the word—victory and Belle Catherwood, or a broken neck! What a struggle, what a race was that! My blood tingles again at the thought! With breaths drawn hard, eyes fixed upon the figure of Belle, and reins slackened—half the time lying loose upon the horses' necks—we conformed all our movements to those of the game—beg pardon, Belle—and swept onward like a whirlwind. For the first fifteen minutes it was doubtful who was likely to gain the permanent lead. At the first brush, after passing my uncle, Harry led me by a length. Then I passed him, and led him two; but his whip cracked over the flanks of his horse half a dozen times like a pistol, and the gap was overcome. And now came the fury of the struggle. Head and head, neck and neck, we careered onward, neither gaining more than half a length, nor keeping it when gained longer than three seconds. Never did Epsom or Derby jockeys ride better for the sweepstakes, than did we for Belle Catherwood; the trees and fences reeled by till I found the impression fast gaining upon my mind, that the whole country was indulging in a spree, in honor of the occasion, and fence after fence, ditch after ditch, was leaped in our mad course, side by side.

The whole field was now distanced, my uncle and the balance of his guests being "nowhere," and still Harry and I held on. Of course, with such headlong speed as this, the distance which Belle had gained had been materially diminished. She was now perhaps forty yards in the lead, but her speed had not diminished in the slightest. At the start I flattered myself that I was better mounted than Harry, for the stride of my horse was certainly more even than that of his, but I now began to discover with alarm my mistake. The hunter which my uncle had assigned to me was perhaps the better trained of the two, but he now began to show symptoms of distress, while Harry's was apparently as fresh as ever. The speed of my animal flagged, and Harry worked sensibly ahead, until he was half-way between Belle and myself, and I dropping behind every moment! I could not encourage my hunter to greater speed—he had reached his greatest, and was now relaxing to his medium gait. With a sinking heart, I urged him on to what seemed certain defeat—when an event occurred which materially altered the aspect of affairs.

Hitherto, with the exception of the wall encountered at the very outset, we had met with no serious obstacles—all the ditches and fences in our way had been cleared with hardly an effort. But now an impediment rose before us, which was to test our nerve, and the powers of our horses to the utmost. It was one of those gigantic hedges which proprietors in England sometimes cultivate between their estates—full nine feet high, perhaps three feet thick, and bristling with the bayonet-points of thorny vines. At first sight of it, Belle drew up, and Harry dashed forward exultingly, evidently thinking his prize secure. Not at all. The lady has merely paused to give her horse a single breath, and measuring the extent of the hedge with her eagle eye, and satisfying herself that there is no gap large enough for her to break through, she makes a desperate rush towards it! I was in no situation to pause, every second of time was golden to me now, and with whip and spur I urged my horse to the hedge. I saw that the prospect made him uneasy, and that he evinced a decided propensity to bolt, but holding him with a steady hand, I drove him madly on. The prospect of that leap was truly frightful, and a stouter heart than mine might well have quailed at it, but I was almost crazed with excitement, and I was determined that if Belle Catherwood took that hedge, I would follow her, though the certainty of a broken neck lay beyond!

And take it she did, as bravely as hedge was ever cleared. Harry was hardly two lengths be-

hind her, and I not more than six—and now came my triumph! I saw his cheek pale as he drew near to it, his lip trembled, and drawing his rein with a jerk which threw his horse back upon his haunches, he turned abruptly, and looked anxiously around. I came on at full gallop—the hedge was reached—and vigorously plying whip and spur, with a shout of derision for Harry, I lifted my hunter to the dizzy leap. He cleared it, barely touching the inner top; and with a shock which knocked the breath out of my body, and me from the saddle, we struck the ground upon the other side. A sense of dizziness, changing to nausea, at first oppressed me, as I found myself lying helplessly upon my back. Pains—sharp, acute, thrilling pains, seemed to traverse every nerve of my body, and I feebly opened my eyes. The hunt was ended—the hounds were gathered into a knot close by, mangle the dead hare—and Belle was just recovering from the shock of that fearful leap, which had injured neither herself nor her horse, sufficiently to look about her. She saw me, as I lay motionless by the side of my poor hunter, who for some reason was unable to rise, and with an exclamation of alarm, she sprang from her saddle and hastened towards me. My eyes were closed in an instant. Soon she was kneeling by my side, pressing her handkerchief, which she had wet in a brook close by, to my forehead. I betrayed no sign of consciousness—at least, I endeavored not to—and the next instant my head was resting in Belle's lap, and she was wringing her hands over me and sobbing like a child.

"Will, dear Will," she cried, "do open your eyes and speak to me! O, Will, you won't die—but your face is so white! Look up, Will, and speak—it is I, Belle Catherwood!"

I thought best to comply, and so my eyes slowly opened. Belle gave an exclamation of joy:

"Are you much hurt, Will, darling?" she asked, tenderly, bending down until her breath swept across my face.

"I can hardly tell," was my feeble reply, "but I am moderately sure that my arm is broken, and two or three of my ribs, besides which, I am bruised almost to a jelly."

"But you'll live, thank God! You'll not die, Will?"

"I can't tell," I answered, very seriously. "It will depend very much upon what answer you make to two or three questions which I am about to ask you." Belle opened her great eyes wide with wonder.

"In the first place, I suppose you would do almost anything for me, just now. Would you, Belle?"



"Only ask it, Will. What shall I do?"

"Put your arms around my neck, and kiss me!" I resolutely replied. "Do it," I threatened, seeing that she hesitated in confusion, "do it, or I'll die in less than three minutes!"

And she did it—sweetly, tenderly, blushing. The first kiss from her we love—reader, do you recall it? Its thrill, its ecstasy might last for years, and remain undiminished. At all events, I fancied that I improved wonderfully under its operation in this instance.\*

"Now, Belle Catherwood, tell me that you love me! Don't hesitate—say yes, or good-bye to me. I can live or die, just as I please, and if you don't answer to suit me, I'll die! I say it, and I mean it—now say yes!"

"Yes."

"Now say, 'Will, I'll marry you!'"

"Will, I'll marry you." And now, she bent down of her own sweet will, and kissed me. Grasping her hands, I held them very tightly and said:

"It was to be he who caught you, Belle! And I've caught you, and shall hold you fast for a whole lifetime."

At this moment a tremendous thrashing in the hedge attracted our attention. Straightway my respected uncle emerged therefrom, with his garments rent into rags, and his scratched face and hands bleeding copiously. His first care was for the horse which I had ridden; and it was not until after he had set him upon his feet and discovered the extent of his injuries, that he condescended to notice me.

"Well, Master Will, a pretty mess, indeed, have you made of it! Is the scamp dead, Belle?" (The reader, of course, will not need to be informed that my compassionate uncle very well knew to the contrary.)

"Not quite, sir," the young lady innocently responded.

"Pity he wasn't—he deserves to be, for laming my best hunter! Here you, Will, wake up and give an account of yourself! What do you mean by lying there with your head in Belle's lap, while poor Harry is skulking on the other side of the hedge, looking as doleful as you please?"

"Ah, it's you, uncle, is it?" I muttered, drowsily, and lazily opening my eyes. "Where have you been the last hour or more? I thought you came to hunt hares! But I'll tell you what, my jolly uncle, as regards my position just now, I've discovered that it is quite possible to hunt young

ladies and hares at the same time, and that the former is by all odds the most delightful!"

I have no very distinct recollection of how I returned from the hunt, further than a remembrance of a consciousness of the most excruciating pain, which could not have been endured at all, had it not been for the presence of Belle. The sight of her bright face cheered me beyond measure, and I became hopeful, notwithstanding the knowledge that dreary months of sickness and confinement were in store for me. Nor do I think that my return was quite as rapid as my going forth.

Broken arms, fractured ribs and contused heads are things which time only can heal; and I believe it was time only that healed mine, spite of the seas of liniment and mountains of salve which were expended upon me. I grew better slowly, and after a fashion, but still I improved, so that the long-talked-of wedding was arranged for the Christmas following the accident.

And here a word more of Harry. Poor fellow! he congratulated me upon my future happiness as I lay upon my sick bed, telling me with tears in his eyes, how glad he should have been to suffer twice as much as I was suffering, great as it was, to gain what I had gained, I tried to console him, by telling him there were women as good and beautiful as Belle Catherwood. (I certainly believed nothing of the kind.) But he shook his head, saying that they were not in England, and he didn't believe they were in the world. Belle, however, took him kindly by the hand, assuring him that he should always remain her friend, although he could not be her husband. And Harry—great, foolish, excellent fellow—bubbled over like a child, swearing eternal friendship to both of us.

Upon the Christmas day, therefore, following this memorable hunt, Belle Catherwood and I were joined in matrimony. By a pleasant arrangement of my uncle, the wedding party was composed of only those who had participated in the hunt—and a right royal wedding it was. And in the evening, when presiding over the festive table, my uncle gave the following sentiment, amid the applause of the company:

"Here's to the health of the bride and bridegroom! They were first at the death of the hare—and to-day, for a second time, they have both been IN AT THE DEATH!"

#### SLEEP.

I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find  
They are inclined to do so.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it;

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

SHAKESPEARE.

\* The reader will perhaps remember, without assistance, the Autocrat's delicate sentiment upon this subject: "The report of a kiss," he says, "is not half as loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great while longer!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MISER.

BY ARTHUR L. MESSER.

They tell me that I am growing old,  
But my heart still calls for gold, gold, gold!

Though in my stout old oaken chest  
A prince's ransom is at rest.

They say that I care not for youth,  
Or those that strive for heartfelt truth.

Methinks of a time in early years,  
When I was a youth with hopes and fears.

Poverty drear was then my lot—  
My home was shunned as a plague-spot.

None stretched a helping hand to me,  
I was shunned as they would leprosy.

With every alight the hot blood burned—  
'Twas a weary lesson that I learned.

Time passed—and a man gray and old  
Is cursed for hoarding his shining gold.

He must help the needy and distressed,  
Give to the church, if he would be blessed.

So says the world—I give it all its due;  
As ye did to me do I unto you.

Rail on!—my heart is callous and cold,  
And still cries out for gold, gold, gold!

[ORIGINAL.]

## AN ENGLISH SMUGGLER.

BY CAPTAIN DUNCAN MOLANE.

BOB CARTER was known at Margate and Deal, on the east coast of England, as one of the most skilful and daring boatmen in the vicinity. Many a vessel he had guided clear of the perils of the Goodwin Sands, and many shipwrecked crews he had rescued from impending death. In the wildest storms, when other boatmen deemed it madness to put to sea, he would make the attempt, even if he failed, for he contended that no man could tell what he could do until he tried. At the time of our story he was between fifty and sixty years of age, a little above the middle height, and strongly built. His boat, a lugger, was manned generally by twelve men, four of whom were his own sons. Having been very successful in wrecking, he was esteemed rich by the boatmen, and could easily have lived the rest of his days without labor; but boating seemed a necessity of his nature. He was never so happy as when afloat.

Like most of the boatmen, he was suspected of smuggling, and whenever he put to sea in

moderate weather, one of the revenue cutters was in the habit of keeping the run of him. Lieutenant Bragg, who commanded the cutter *Dart*, seemed more officious in this business than any of the others; he fancied that he had once seen him sink some tube of brandy when hard pressed by the cutter, but though the place was swept by creepers nothing was found.

A Dutch galliot, by the unskilfulness of her pilot, was anchored off Margate Sands, during a westerly gale; one of her cables parted, and apprehensive that the other might also give way, she signalled for aid. Carter put off with an anchor and chain; but when he reached her, took advantage of the tide, got her underway, and piloted her clear of the South Foreland. She was bound from Rotterdam for Surinam with a cargo of gin, and the wind being fair, proceeded down the channel. As part payment, Carter received a couple of casks of gin. In working to the eastward, after leaving the galliot, he saw a vessel's light, near the southeast edge of the Goodwin Sands. He knew that she was in a dangerous position, and had reason to believe that, with the turn of the tide, she would be liable to drift on the sands. With close-reefed sails and oars, all hands labored nearly four hours before the boat was brought under the lee of the vessel. It was the cutter *Dart*; her topmast was down, bowsprit rigged in, and she was riding by a single anchor, liable to be driven ashore by every squall. The anchor and chain which had been intended for the galliot, was now of vital importance to the cutter. Lieutenant Bragg regarded the timely arrival as a special interposition of Providence in his behalf. Carter passed the chain on board, and dropped the anchor in the best position he could, under the circumstances, to ease the other. When he went on board, Bragg embraced him, declaring he had saved his vessel. Carter, however, did not respond to the enthusiastic thanks; but suggested that the end of the chain which had parted might be fished up at low water, and give further security to the vessel. She would then have three anchors ahead. This arduous job he accomplished in a gale of wind; the end was brought up and shackled to the part on board, and now the cutter was comparatively safe.

At daylight, the boat hauled up under the stern of the cutter, and Carter sprang on board of her to arrange with Bragg the claim he should make for his services. They disagreed, each was positive, and parted in rather an angry mood.

"What casks are those in your boat?" demanded Bragg, who happened to see them as Carter was about to return.

"Gin, to be sure," responded Carter, gruffly.

"How came you by them?"

"It is none of your business!"

"I'll let you see whether it is or not. Ho, there, jump on board the lugger, half-a-dozen of you, and take possession of her. Mr. Smith, head the party."

Mr. Smith was a master's mate in the service, a man about thirty, who had been thrust aside in the line of promotion, to make room for those who had influence ashore. He was a good sailor, well qualified to command a frigate; but was not very zealous in his present position. On board he went, however, followed by the men; Carter also stepped on board, ordered his men to out oars, and he soon cleared the cutter.

"Well, Carter," said Mr. Smith, composedly, "what do you intend to do with the lugger; for I suppose you still consider her yours, seeing you are two to one against us?"

"Mr. Smith, you have charge of the boat; I yield everything to you," replied Carter. "I have only cleared the cutter because it was necessary for the safety of our lives. When the tide turns, it will create such a swell upon the sand, that our boat would be swamped."

"But Bragg is signaling us to put back?"

"We are too far to leeward; besides your men don't know how to manage a boat of this kind. I suggest, therefore, we put into Dover."

"So do I," replied Smith; "keep her as she goes."

Carter was the first man ashore; he proceeded to the custom house, entered his gin, and explained the circumstances of having it in his possession, while Mr. Smith went to report to the coast-guard station. Notwithstanding the action of the custom house, the coast-guard retained possession of the lugger, until the arrival of the cutter. An investigation of the circumstances by the officers of the customs and of the coast-guard revealed Bragg's conduct in a very unfavorable light, and the only plea which could be urged in his behalf, by way of apology, was "zeal for the service." Still he was made to feel that he would have ruined the men, who had risked their lives to save his vessel, if they had been guilty of smuggling. Carter's conduct in relieving the Dutch galliot, and then proceeding to the cutter, was brought prominently before the public, presenting a strong contrast to the proceedings of Bragg; but the authorities sustained Bragg—they saw in him a man, who would not shrink from the discharge of any duty, and while they rewarded Carter liberally for the aid he had rendered the cutter, expressed their approbation of the conduct of her commander.

Bragg, however, was not satisfied. He felt that Carter had triumphed over him, that he had carried his point, and longed for an opportunity to square accounts with him in the discharge of his duty. There was no doubt in his mind that Carter was a smuggler. Indeed, such an assumption at that time might have been made in relation to nearly all the boatmen.

One stormy night, he selected a large boat belonging to the coast guard, and with a picked crew put to sea. He had received some information, which he hoped to turn to account in person. Mr. Smith was left in charge of the cutter, which lay at anchor off Hastings, many miles from the place where Bragg anticipated to fall in with a prize. If he watched the smugglers, they and their friends also watched him and the cutter. As the wind was then blowing fresh, it was impossible for the cutter to put to sea, and this he was aware, would be the time chosen by the "free traders," to make a run in his vicinity.

The wind was from the southward, blowing directly on the shore, and the coast guard boat was under close-reefed lugs by the wind headed down channel. About ten o'clock, a lugger carrying a press of sail, was seen steering for her; Mr. Bragg kept off to forelay the stranger, and when near, he hailed through a speaking trumpet, to heave-to or he would fire into her. In an instant down went the stranger's sails, and she was brought to the wind, on the weather beam of the coast guard boat. Mr. Bragg and six of his men, cutlass in hand, sprang on board.

"What boat is this?" he demanded.

"The Rescue. Ah, is that you, Mr. Bragg? Who would have thought of seeing you out here such a night? Of course, you remember your old friend, Carter, eh?"

"What have you on board, sir?" was Bragg's surly response.

"Ballast, a cask of water and about a gallon more or less of old Jamaica. I proffer it to brandy. Will you have a glass?"

He made no reply, but inspected the boat. He found Carter's statement correct, and then asked:

"Where are you bound, sir?"

"That is none of your business, sir. The sea is as free to me as it is to you. Now that you have searched and found nothing, the sooner you go on board of your own boat, the better. If you detain me another minute, I will enter a complaint against you."

Mr. Bragg and his men returned to their boat, and Carter again made sail, stood before the wind, and was soon out of sight. Bragg had

half made his mind up to return to port; but concluded to keep dodging about until midnight, though he had little hopes of picking anything up. He had been informed that Carter intended to run a cargo of brandy that night, and land it in a certain creek, and had made his arrangement at sea and shore to intercept him. His hopes of a prize, therefore, after boarding Carter and finding nothing, were very uncertain. He put his boat about, however, and headed her eastward. Near midnight another lugger was seen coming before the wind; Bragg laid his boat to intercept her, and when she was near enough, hailed her to heave-to, but she took no notice; he fired a musket, still no change of course took place; down she came so rapidly, that Bragg, when too late to get out of her way, perceived that she would run him down. He ordered all his men to fire; a volley followed, and next minute his boat was capized.

The lugger immediately lowered her sails, rounded to, and picked the men up. She was a French vessel, and not one on board of her spoke English. Mr. Bragg, who understood French, learned that she was a fisherman which had been driven off her own coast by stress of weather, and was now trying to make an English port. She was filled almost to the thwarts with fish and nets. He was anxious to recover his own boat, which did not sink, because she had airtight compartments, and was ballasted with breakers instead of pig iron. The Frenchman after a good deal of labor righted the boat, baled her out, and gave Mr. Bragg a couple of oars, as all his own, the masts and sails, had been lost when she was capized. The crew returned to their boat, but Mr. Bragg lingered behind a minute, and expressed a wish to see if there was anything besides fish under the nets.

"What," demanded the Frenchman, indignantly, "would you suspect me of being a pirate, after rounding to save your life? You have fired at me, without hailing, and now you doubt my word. I am half inclined to throw you overboard."

He felt ashamed, stammered out a kind of an apology and left; but he was not satisfied.

"I believe," said Bragg, speaking to his coxswain, "that Frenchman is a smuggler, and that he has a cargo of brandy under his nets. But what could we do without arms?"

"I don't think so, sir," replied the coxswain; "if he was a smuggler, he would not have picked us up."

"I wish we had our sails, I would follow him; he seems too well acquainted with this coast to be an honest trader; and as I live, the fellow has

hauled his wind and is standing down channel."

That night, in consequence of the presence of the cutter in Hastings, the coast guard in that vicinity had been drawn off to the place where Carter was expected to land; to Hastings, therefore, the Frenchman shaped his course.

The next day Mr. Bragg joined the cutter, and as the gale had subsided, got underway, and stood along the coast, looking into every creek for the French lugger, but he saw nothing of her. He then proceeded to Deal, where he saw Carter, who asked him ironically, if he had made any prizes lately.

"By the way, Mr. Bragg, there is a rumor among the boatmen, that over ten tons of brandy were landed at Hastings, within sight of your cutter, the night you overhauled me at sea. What a pity you had not been there!"

"Who told you so, sir?"

A gang of boatmen surrounded him, and responded—"We did—we did, etc. What can you make of it?" They disliked him, because he was always on the lookout for them. Their rumors were confirmed by a notification from the government, who by some means, had ascertained the fact that a large cargo of brandy and silks had been successfully landed at Hastings.

Years passed away, Mr. Bragg had become a post captain and was ashore on half pay, and Carter had also retired from the sea a wealthy man. They were neighbors and friends, and frequently spoke of the incidents of the past, over a social glass.

One evening when they were both pretty happy and talkative, Carter, as he tossed off his neighbor's health in a bumper, said that there was one story which he had never told him.

"I suppose, captain, you remember that night the Frenchman ran you down?"

"Of course, I do, Carter, I shall never forget it, for I nearly lost my life, and what was then almost as bad, my reputation for shrewdness. The scoundrel landed a cargo under the stern of my cutter, while I, who ought to have been on board, was ten miles at sea, knocking about with a couple of oars."

"Well, captain, I commanded that lugger; it was I who ran you down."

"What do you say, Carter, you ran me down?"

"Yes, captain. I knew you were on the lookout. I sailed along the coast, got wind of your arrangements, and then went out in search of you. After we parted, I worked to windward, where I found the French lugger, all ready; I hopped aboard of her, and seeing you were headed to the westward, intended to pass astern of you out of sight, and then haul in along the

land for Hastings. But in the meantime, you had tacked, and to my consternation, I found you right in my course. I hesitated a moment but only a moment, and then decided to run you down. I hoped in your eagerness to heave us to, that you would neglect to look after your own boat, and my hope was realized. You had lost steerage way, and I determined to give you the stern, and leave you to sink or swim; but when I heard the cries of your men for help, my humanity overcame me. I could not leave them to perish, though by saving their lives I ran the risk of losing my liberty. We picked you up like good Christians, taking care, however, at the same time, to cast your masts and sails adrift, and scatter your oars. We left you all right, made for Hastings, where our friends were ready to receive us; the cargo was landed, the boat launched, and by daylight, I jumped on board my own boat again, which was in the offing waiting for me. That night's work completed my fortune; it was the last scrape of the kind I ever engaged in."

"Carter," replied the captain, "I always suspected you of smuggling; but I never thought you had a hand in that scrape. I will forgive you, however, upon one condition; I'm going to run for Parliament next election, give me your vote, and I'll call the account square."

"You shall have it, captain, and those of a dozen others, all good men and true, who have run more cargoes of brandy under your nose than would float a ten gun pelter."

Through Carter's influence, he obtained sufficient votes to balance the election in his favor; he was returned to Parliament, and in the course of time became one of the lords of the admiralty. The boatmen rather liked him because they had always outwitted him. He was too zealous, too impetuous, to cope with men, who by constant exposure to danger, had become perfectly self-possessed, under the most trying circumstances. While on the coast guard, they kept him continually on the move by doubtful information, and when he was looking out in one place, they were at work in another. He never took a prize until he was returned to Parliament. Carter and his friends boasted that they made him a lord, because he did not know enough to outwit a smuggler.

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#### MORNING.

Haggard and chill as a lost ghost, the morn,  
With hair unbraided and unsandalled feet,  
Her colorless robe like a poor wandering smoke,  
Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms  
A shadowy burden heavily bore; soon fading  
In a dark rain, through which the sun arose  
Scarce visible, and in his orb confused.—HOAR.

#### THE JEW'S BET.

A Jew in a tavern, in the town of Endingen, saw a merchant whom he seemed to recognize. "Are you one of the good men with whom I had the pleasure to travel from Basle to Strasburg, on the Rhine?"

The merchant assented, and asked:

"Have you, my fellow-traveller, since we met, picked up much traffic?"

The Jew, like a Yankee, instead of answering, asked:

"Did you make a good speculation at the Fair?—if so, I would like to propose a bet to you; that is, I bet that you cannot repeat three words after me, as I say them."

The merchant, thinking that a few pence, more or less, would make no difference to him, replied: "Say on."

The Jew said, "Cutler."

The merchant repeated "Cutler."

Next bagpipe, and bagpipe was responded to.

The Jew smiled and said "wrong."

The merchant, puzzled, bethought himself where the mistake could be; but the Jew, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, made a stroke, and said:

"One sixpence for me."

Again the Jew commenced, and said:

"Olive oil."

The merchant said, "Olive oil."

"Tanner."

"Tanner."

The Jew smiled again, and said "wrong."

And so on the sixth time, when the merchant said:

"Now I will pay you, if you can show me how I was wrong."

The Jew said, "You never said the third word, 'wrong,' and accordingly I won the bet."

The merchant paid, and the Jew had made money as he went along.—*Vox Populi.*

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#### IMPUDENCE.

Captain D—, a young military officer, celebrated for that rare quality, modesty, was lately walking with a friend in the Home-park, Windsor, when they met two remarkably fine young ladies, dressed very plainly, and, at least to all appearance, unattended. D.'s Mercutio-minded friend offered the gallant officer a wager, he did not dare to go up to one of the rustic beauties, and enter into conversation with her. Dreading his friend's railery on the score of bashfulness, he screwed his "courage to the sticking-place," accepted the wager, and in a very civil manner addressed himself to the strangers, and begged respectfully to know their opinion of the weather; but when, to his astonishment, he became aware that one was the Princess A—, and the other the Princess H—, who were quietly enjoying a walk in a plain and simple manner, in the utmost confusion he bowed and stammered out an apology and retreated, while their royal highnesses, with great condescension and good-humor, smiled at his mistake, and enjoyed his confusion.—*London Sun.*

The rose prayed to Jupiter for a gift, so he gave it thorns. At this the rose wept, until it saw an antelope eating lilies.

[ORIGINAL.]

## FOILED.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

WE were sitting in the old doorway together, cousin Amy and I. The sun was almost down, and its soft, fluttering rays fell slanting at our feet. On the mountains a golden mist was lying, a bit of purple was gathering in the valleys. The poplars upon either side of us were turning the silver of their leaves towards the sky. On the grass below, their shadows seemed alive with tremulous motion. For nearly an hour we had sat without speaking, the quiet beauty of the scene falling upon our hearts like a silent blessing. Of a sudden Amy leaned towards me, and clasped my arm with her pretty soft hand.

"Don't you hear the sound of horses' hoofs in the distance?" she asked, her blue eyes growing large and luminous.

"Yes, dear," I answered, after listening intently for a moment, "but what if I do?"

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, nestling down at my side, "only somehow it startles me terribly. How very funny it is—see my arm shake."

"You foolish little goosie!" I said, smoothing her pale, golden hair back from her forehead. "I don't see what in the world you are frightened at. Hadn't you better run into the house and get father's old gun? Perhaps you'll have a chance to shoot something."

As I spoke, the heavy tramp of a horse's feet came slowly and steadily up the road. Bending forward, her beautiful lips apart, her eyes distended, and the red of her cheeks trembling and wavering, she watched and listened. Her hold upon my arm increased in tightness, until it was fairly painful to bear.

"What is the matter with you, child?" I exclaimed, trying to unclasp her rigidly set fingers. "Why, you look as though you were going stark mad. What is the trouble?—See! one lone, solitary man is coming up the road on horseback. What of it?"

"Yes, Susan, I can just catch a glimpse of his face through the low trees there. See! he is coming nearer—nearer. Now he is plainly in sight—and now—O dear, dear!—he is almost stopping before our door. I believe I shall faint clear away."

I believed so too, although I did not know what to make of her strange appearance. Her face had grown as white as ashes.

"Don't, don't!" I whispered, hurriedly. "I believe the stranger is noticing you," I said, as

he checked his horse to a snail's pace, and moved slowly forward.

She did not answer, but sat up straight beside me, fixing her blue eyes upon the gentleman's dark, handsome face. I could see that he was watching her as intently as she was him. For a second I was startled out of my usual composure, but only for that time.

"Nonsense!" I thought—"Amy makes a pretty picture; her clear, perfect features show well against my homely, ungainly face. He is not the first one who has stumbled upon the same discovery."

As these thoughts passed through my mind, he raised his light-colored hat from his jetty curls and inclined his head gracefully towards us; then giving his horse a swift cut with his whip, dashed out of sight.

"See! he has gone, Amy!" I said, drawing a relieved breath.

She did not speak for a moment. When she did her voice was almost fearful in its earnest solemnity.

"That man is my destiny, Susan!" she said. "I feel it to be so way through my heart."

I looked at her in surprise. Indeed, I began to doubt her perfect sanity. But her face had lost its wild eagerness of a moment before, and was as calm and collected as that of a seeress.

"Fie—for shame on you, Amy Grainsby!" I exclaimed, starting up. "Shame! shame to say such a thing, as it were in the face of Alick Hewston—kind, noble, good Alick—and say it so earnestly, too!"

"I can't help it, Susan, you must not scold me. If you only knew how strongly it came to me, even before my eyes rested upon his face!—I shall worship him madly, I know it! And he!—why, I shall be the idol of his heart."

I was unable to stand it any longer. I began to grow thoroughly angry. If I was too plain, practical and matter-of-fact to understand the impressible, sensitive nature of my beautiful cousin, it was not my fault, I only saw the right and wrong of the matter, or at least what seemed so to me.

"When you can speak like your own sense self, Amy," I said, "I shall be glad to listen to you. But you put me out of all patience now."

She smiled and shook her head. Just then I saw Alick Hewston coming across the fields, swinging his straw hat in his hand. He was whistling one of Amy's favorite airs. I turned around to see what effect it would have upon her. She did not notice it at all, but sat as stolid as a rock.

"Alick is coming," I said to her.

"Is he?" was the indifferent reply, as she arose and went into the house.

This was but the beginning of trouble. I do not think Alick had been in the house five minutes before the strange atmosphere began to oppress him. I saw that his eyes grew cloudy, that a troubled, undefined expression settled about his mouth, and crept across his whole face. Still Amy did not appear differently from what she had during other evenings that he had spent with us. She chatted and laughed pleasantly enough; there was nothing odd in her manner, and yet somehow we were all unhappy. When Alick went home she did not accompany him to the door as usual.

"Alick is going," I whispered to her.

"I see," was the indifferent rejoinder.

Beyond that she did not heed me, and poor Alick went home without his good-night kiss—something which had not occurred before for months.

The next morning when Amy and I took our early walk, we met the strange gentleman of the night before.

"I knew I should see him," said Amy, in a low tone, when he first came in sight. "I knew it all the time."

I need not say that I was exceedingly annoyed. The thought flashed through my mind, at the moment, to turn suddenly about with Amy, and go directly home. But I soon saw that this was not best, so I walked slowly forward with her, watching with dismay her rapidly-changing color, and the strange look in her beautiful eyes.

"He is coming quite up to us," she whispered, holding fast to my hand.

That was true enough. He was coming, I thought, like a serpent, his great black eyes glittering and dilating as they rested on the pure face of Amy. Not once did his glance turn towards me. It was she that he was charming and fascinating. Entirely free from his accursed power, how from my heart I hated his dark, handsome face!

"Your pardon, ladies," he said, coming up to us, and speaking, without raising his eyes from Amy's face. "But I have a message for one of you—for this lady, if my impressions are correct," he added, bowing towards her.

"Yes, sir," she said, softly.

"I am recently from California, where I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with your brother, Mr. Frederick Grainsby. I am correct, he is your brother?" he asked of Amy.

"O yes, sir, he is my brother—my dear, good brother!" she exclaimed, looking joyfully up into his face.

"I knew as much when I saw you last evening," he answered, smiling, and displaying a set of white, even teeth.

He was very handsome when he smiled, but for some reason I felt like turning away from him with a shudder.

"Your brother, knowing I was to spend several weeks in these parts, wished me to make your acquaintance," he continued. "I think he told me—indeed, I am quite sure of it—that you were his only sister, and his only near relative."

"Dear brother Fred—how good and kind of him to remember me so! I am very glad he sent you here, sir," she added, with timid grace.

"Thank you—but in the absence of cards I shall be forced to tell you my name," he said, putting his hand in his breast pocket for a card-case. My name is Williard Morton."

"Williard Morton," repeated Amy, prettily. "What a pleasant name! I am Amy Grainsby, of course you know, and this is my cousin—the best cousin in the world—Miss Susan Grainsby," she said, turning to me.

I bowed and smiled. I could not help it, for the ingenuous compliment she paid me.

"You will come and see us often, will you not, Mr. Morton?" she asked, as I took a step or two forward.

"Very often, if you please," he answered, giving a peculiar emphasis to his speech.

I could have struck him for it, for I saw just what an effect it had upon little Amy. I knew I was not courteous in remaining silent, but I could not join her in the invitation. The words would have choked me if I had attempted to speak them. I saw by the single glance that he gave me—for he deigned me but one—that Mr. Morton understood my feelings. From that moment we were enemies. Silent, to be sure, carrying our warfare along by looks, not words or actions, that every one could read and understand; but the feeling of antagonism was not the weaker for this.

That night Mr. Morton called. At seeing him Amy's pleasure was undisguised. The child did not know a single art. Her face, her character was as easily read as a page printed in capitals. He asked her to show him our garden. From the open window I watched them as they went out together, and could only think of a vulture and a dove. While they were out together Alick came. When he asked for Amy, I pointed from the window to the garden. Mr. Morton was eating cherries from her little white hands, which she held together for a fruit-dish.

"Who is it?" Alick asked.

"A friend of Fred's from California," I an-



swered. "He talks of buying the water privilege of our little town for the purpose of building mills. I suppose he is wealthy by that."

He did not answer me, but looked uneasily out of the window. Mr. Morton was still eating cherries from Amy's hands.

"Sit down, Alick," I said.

"No, I can't stay—not to-night," he answered, turning suddenly about. "I have something to see to at home."

He was at the door before the words were half from his lips.

"Take good care of Amy," he said, looking back to me. "Good-night."

I could have cried as he walked down the road. I saw just how his dear, kind heart was troubled, but I could not say a comforting word, because that would be but an admission of what I saw and felt myself.

I do not think Mr. Morton had seen Amy five successive times before he told her that he loved her, although she did not make the fact known to me for nearly two weeks, and he in the meantime had called every day.

"I told you, Susie dear, that he was my destiny," she said, as I stood horror-stricken before her. "I could no more change it, than I could change the color of the sky, or the blossoming of the flowers."

"O, poor Alick!—poor Alick!" I exclaimed. "How could you do so, Amy? It will break his heart, I know it will."

"No, no; it wont, Susan. He wont mind it after a week or two, Mr. Morton says—"

"Don't tell me what Mr. Morton says," I interrupted, indignantly. "He has no right to judge Alick Hewston's heart by his own. Alick is as far above him as heaven is above the lowest depths of perdition!"

Amy's face turned suddenly white. Had she been dead and cold, it could not have been whiter.

"Don't speak so to me," she said, coming up closely to my side. "I love Williard Morton, and there is no changing it. Hearts cannot be bridled and led about at the owner's will. Alick must learn to forget me."

"God grant that he may, and speedily, too!" I answered, bitterly. "I wish he had never known you."

"And so do I," she said, quickly. "I shall tell him so to-night when he comes."

She kept her word. When she saw Alick coming, in the evening, she went out to meet him, and together they walked down the road. I never knew exactly what passed between them, but in a half hour's time she came into the house alone, and said, in a startled way:

"Go down the road a few steps, Susan. Alick wishes to see you."

I went out to him. He was pacing back and forth, with his hands folded before him.

"You know all about it, don't you, Susan?" he asked, in such a pitiful tone, that the tears began to fall from my eyes.

"Yes, dear Alick," I answered, going up to him, and resting my hand upon his arm.

"I don't know what to do," he went on, in the same touching way, as if it cost him a great effort to speak. "What *shall* I do, Susan?"

"I can't tell you, I'm sure," I said, weeping silently.

"It seems as though I could never take another step forward in life. She has broken my heart for everything in the world," he said, dropping his face for a single moment upon his hands.

"Poor Alick!" I murmured, softly.

"Poor—poor indeed! Why, it was only a few days ago that I thought I was the richest and happiest man in the world! I never loved anybody half so well as I have Amy, Susan. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say it, but I loved her better than I ever did my mother."

"Poor Alick!" I said again.

"O yes, yes! And we were so near our marriage, too! Our little cottage is all ready for us. It seems just as though she had wrenched my heart away from me."

"I know it is cruel as death," I said.

"O, death is nothing to it," he answered. "I could have died a thousand times, and it would have been easier than the suffering that is upon me now."

"You must be brave, Alick," I said. "I know it is deathly hard—I know how well you loved her—but to-night I am afraid she is unworthy of you."

"No, no, not that—I do not think that for a moment. But that dark-faced man has won her, I hardly know how. It makes me think of a snake's charming a beautiful bird."

I shuddered. I had thought of the same myself, a hundred times.

"But you will come and see us sometimes, will you not?" I said, as he turned about and walked a step or two forward.

"Sometime—yes—perhaps years from now," he answered. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

And that was all.

They had planned to be married in two weeks' time, Mr. Morton and Amy. All that I could say or do had no power to change the arrangement, and so I set about, with a heavy heart, making ready for the terrible day. Through it

all, the house was as still and gloomy as death. Every day, regularly, Mr. Morton came, and as regularly I left the little sitting-room when he entered it.

Time slipped along, and it was the night before Amy's wedding. In the meantime she had heard nothing from cousin Fred, and so with me, she began to look for his coming. This night, the one that preceded the morning on which Amy was to be married, she sat with Mr. Morton in the parlor until a late hour, while I, restless and sad-hearted, wandered about, here, there, and everywhere—first down the road, then into the garden, and then through the house. At last, sitting in the doorway, I fell into a troubled sleep. A few moments passed away, and I was awakened by the clasp of a hand about my wrist. I sprang up. Some one was standing beside me in the clear moonlight. A slight scream arose to my lips.

"Hush, cousin Sue—don't be frightened. Don't you know me—Fred Grainsby?"

"Dear cousin Fred," I cried, joyfully, "how glad I am that you have come! Let me go for Amy—she'll be so glad! O dear, dear, I didn't know you were so near us!"

After Amy came, and Fred had kissed her face over and over again, and held her in his arms, and tossed her about as he used to when she was a mere child, he asked, with quite a roguish look in his brown eyes, "What in the world she was doing in the parlor at so late an hour?"

"O, then, I have something to show you," she answered, blushing redly. "Come in, please."

"But wait a moment. Isn't it Alick Hewston that you are keeping prisoner, say, pet?"

"No, no—come and see. You'll be just as glad as glad can be!"

"Well, then, lead the way."

She skipped before him, and for some reason, I hardly knew then what it was, I followed after them.

"This is my brother Mr. Frederick Grainsby, Mr. Morton," Amy said, as they entered the room, her beautiful face bright and glowing.

"Mr. Morton!" exclaimed Fred, after gasping as though he were losing his breath. "My God! Gilbert Flagg—you've kept your accursed oath faithfully!"

As they stood facing each other, the two strong men, their faces changed to a livid hue. I went around to Amy's side and put my arm about her waist. I was afraid she would fall.

"Your wife and children would like to see you in San Francisco," Fred continued, with a sneer.

"We can dispense with your presence as well as not, I think."

I glanced into Morton's face. His lips were working convulsively. It seemed to me that there was murder in his bad, black eyes.

"Foiled!" he hissed, between his teeth. "One day more, and—"

"Silence, you accursed villain!" thundered Fred. "You shall not finish the miserable, polluted sentence! You swore to touch my heart, but not with steel or bullets. Thank God, she is saved from you!"

"O, and I was going to be his wife to-morrow," cried out Amy, springing to Fred's arms. "Send him away, wont you?"

Without speaking, the villain skulked, like a guilty dog from the room.

"What is it, cousin Fred?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing—nothing—only I saved a poor girl from his devilish clutches two years ago. We had been friends until then, when I first learned his true character. He swore a fearful oath that he would touch my heart, and this was his game. But where is Alick, Amy?"

"Don't ask me, Fred, please, and don't hate me either. I am a weak, miserable little girl."

"Never mind then," said Fred, kindly, "we'll let this matter drop, if you wish it. You may run along with Susie and get my supper. I am desperately hungry."

It was months before Amy recovered fully from this sad experience. She went about the house, pale and spiritless. For a long time she did not speak Alick Hewston's name. But one evening when he came home with Fred, she went to him and said:

"Will you forgive me, Alick—just forgive, not love me?"

His heart was not one of stone, and so it was touched; but he did not speak to her of love, and it was well that he did not. She could not have listened to him.

A year passed away, and they were lovers again. O, how happy we were, and how like the old times it grew to be again. While I write, I can see through the heavy trees that shade my window, two brown gothic cottages side by side. Alick and Amy live in one, and Frederick and his beautiful wife in the other, and I—but never mind, I have only told the story. Here it ends.

#### MEMORY.

There lies a den,  
Beyond the seeming confines of the space  
Made for the soul to wander in, and trace  
Its own existence of remotest glooms;  
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs  
Of buried griefs the spirit sees.—KEATS.

(CONTINUED.)

## THE SPANIARD'S REVENGE.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

It was night in Madrid. Within the walls of the city the spirit of quiet held unbroken sway. From the gloomy walls of the Carcel de Carte to the more gloomy ones of the Carcel de Villa, all was silent. Upon the broad, airy streets of the city silvery moonbeams rested, casting ghostly hues upon the grim statues of the Gothic kings, standing as sentinels in the Plaza de Oriente. It was my last night in Madrid; looking from the casement, Marcia Raymonde said:

"How quiet the city is to-night. Beautiful Madrid! do you not feel a strange attachment for this grand old city, Louella?"

"I think Madrid very beautiful, Marcia; and when far away in my English home, I shall doubtless long for one of our promenades on the Prado, but I am a true Englishwoman at heart, and to me there is no place quite so dear as our own 'Merrie England.' But, sometime in the future, I hope to visit Madrid again."

"Sometime, Louella! ah, sometime seems to me almost an eternity. It seems to me to-night, as we sit here alone, with nothing to break this oppressive stillness but our own voices, that I can hardly wait till the time when I shall enter upon life in earnest. To you, the time has already come. To-morrow, and you are a school-girl no longer, you enter upon your woman's life; yet you sit by my side as calmly as though you were not the happiest girl in Madrid this night. When you do come to Madrid again, I shall entertain you in princely style at the ducal palace."

"Marcia! you wild girl! If ever you see the interior of the ducal palace give me an account of it when you come to England."

"If ever I see the interior of the palace! Then you don't believe that you will visit me there, when I am Duchess of Alva?"

"Believe it, Marcia—why should I? I don't know, indeed, what put the wild idea into your silly little head. Do you anticipate a revolution, that Don Ferdinand may be created Duke of Alva?"

"Don Ferdinand! O, Louella, my heart is full of gloomy forebodings. Since Don Ferdinand left the university and departed for his home in Santa Maria de la Almeda, I have heard nothing of him."

"Ah, Marcia, my poor Marcia! Dost remember the warnings I gave when first we met Don Ferdinand on the Prado? Dost remember

I told you of the pride of the Velasquez, that Don Ferdinand Velasquez would never wed a lowly English girl, however beautiful she may be; and you are very beautiful, Marcia."

"Yes, Louella; my beauty is my only dower—if it be not sufficient for the man to whom I have given my heart, there are those of nobler birth in Madrid than Don Ferdinand Velasquez. If his pride prove stronger than his love, my beauty shall one day trample his love into very dust. When I am Duchess of Alva, perhaps. And her proud lip curled, as she laughed a bitter, scornful laugh, very unlike her merry laughter of earlier, happier days.

"When you are Duchess of Alva! You really talk as if the thing were possible."

For a few moments Marcia was silent, looking dreamily upon the still waters of the Manzanares, and the silvery moonbeams falling upon the noble bridges which cross it, then she said:

"Louella, the gitanos are just without the city walls, not far from the gate Puerto de Alcala."

"And you have crossed the palm of some wild Rommany woman with silver, that she might conjure up something still more improbable than your wildest fancy could for a moment imagine. It was enough that you thought to wed Don Ferdinand, but your wildest ambition would not have awakened the thought of your one day being Duchess of Alva?"

"Forgive me, Marcia, but to-morrow we part. How often have I told you of the unhappiness that must follow dreams visionary as yours. Remember, your station in life is lowly."

"Yes, Louella. And if Don Ferdinand were but the humblest peasant, dressing his vines upon yonder green hillsides, and I his bride, my cottage-home would be my palace, and Love the priestess before whose altar Ambition's unquiet steps would all be stayed. But he is not; I cannot make him so. It is for him to say if love, or ambition, be the ruling power of my future. If he gives me love, then love. If scorn, then my ambition shall know no bounds. The fire once kindled, Death alone shall quench. Ambition once the mistress, and my station in life shall be above Don Ferdinand's, not below."

As I looked upon her strange, wild beauty, it was easy to imagine a coronet encircling that haughty brow, the jewels shining like the stars above us among the glassy waves of her purple black hair; costly robes of purple and velvet, where now was only the simple uniform of a school-girl; while methought the bare white walls around us were hang with tapestry, and our narrow beds replaced by couches with pil-

lows of down, encurtained with softest crimson. So much power had Marcia's beauty over my usually calm nature; but the dream was only for a moment, and recalled to myself once more, I said, by way of remonstrance:

"O, Marcia, Marcia!"

But though I said to this, as to all her wild romantic visions, "O, Marcia, Marcia!" deep within my heart was a strong, fervent love for the beautiful visionary, and I knew that on the morrow tears would start unbidden when the hour should come to part me from her. Two years we had been school-mates and room-mates, and on the morrow my father was to journey with me toward my English home. Marcia was to remain in Madrid at the Conservatoire de Musica; her voice was rich and powerful; sometime I expected to hear of her *debut* as a public singer.

She was an orphan, and alone. How I trembled for her when first she met Don Ferdinand Velezquez. Too well I knew the pride of the high-born Spaniard, to dream for a moment as Marcia did, that he would one day make her his bride. Instead of the brilliant future she could see in the distance, I knew that her high-born lover would cast her from his heart as one beneath him; and I also knew that as yet they were both unconscious of all this. I, the friend and confidant, was the only one of the trio capable of reasoning. Ferdinand and Marcia were blind, wilfully blind. Sometime—I knew that Ferdinand would wake from his dream, then—where would my poor Marcia find herself? Question oft asked; never answered.

But she was proud, ay, proud as the proudest Spaniard of them all. Her pride might be her safeguard. It was the only beacon light I could see for my poor Marcia in the dim, uncertain future. On the morrow we parted. I left the beautiful city of Madrid, scarce knowing if ever I should enter its gates again.

\* \* \* \*

Years came and went. In my English home new scenes and interests had in part banished the remembrance of my Madrid life. In part, but not entirely. When all things else seemed like the visions we see in the beautiful dreamland, Marcia, the strange, wild companion of my earlier years, haunted my memory, and ever as I thought of her, there came over me an intense longing to see if the promise of her girlhood was fulfilled in the beauty of her womanhood.

Sometimes I thought Don Ferdinand's love had rescued her from this life, that perhaps her youthful dreams had become actualities. Five summers had the hedges of England grown green,

and five winters had the snow rested upon the moorlands, when my father was again called to Madrid. Joyfully I made arrangements to accompany him, and my thoughts were full of Marcia. Poor girl, I said, I will find her, and if her proud spirit is crushed by disappointment and sorrow, she shall return with me to England; and my home shall be her home.

We entered the city by the gate Puerto de Alcala, and as we neared it the long-forgotten prediction of the gitano recurred to me:

"Duchess of Alva thou shalt be,  
Seek to know no more from me."

Did Marcia really place faith in the wild words of the Rommany woman, or did she play on the words to hide her grief from me that Don Ferdinand returned not from his father's house in Santa Marie de la Almeda? I knew not. Strange girl! her character was incomprehensible to me. The evening after our arrival in Madrid, my father proposed our going to hear a *prima donna* who was then upon the high tide of popular favor. We had not been seated long ere the words "the Duchess of Alva" recalled poor Marcia to my mind. With queenly step the duchess passed by, so near that the satin of her robe brushed against my own; over the amber-colored satin was thrown with careless grace a Spanish mantilla, and through the costly lace of her veil diamonds flashed with every motion. Again I said "poor Marcia!"—to imagine for a moment that she should be Duchess of Alva. The duchess was attended by many of the Spanish nobility, and for a moment the beatings of my heart were stilled, as I recognised nearest the duchess the familiar features of Don Ferdinand Velezquez. For the time I forgot to look at the duchess, as I eagerly scanned the features of the dark-eyed daughters of Spain, as one after another lifted her heavy veil.

Vain hope! that Don Ferdinand had made my Marcia his bride. She was not among the attendants of the Duchess of Alva. With a sigh I again looked towards her. She had removed her veil, and there, literally flashing with jewels, serene and self-possessed, sat Marcia—Duchess of Alva. Yes, Marcia! and I, who had laughed the visions of her girlhood to scorn, was but a looker-on, where she had taken her rank among the high-born of the land. On the morrow I sought Marcia—Marcia still to me, Duchess of Alva to the world. Relating her history, she said:

"Dost remember, Louella, I told you beauty was my only dower? It was my beauty that made me Duchess of Alva."

"And Ferdinand?"

"O, Ferdinand was proud. He could not

stoop from his exalted station to wed Marcia of plebeian birth; and he dared to tell me this, Louella. I never met him afterwards till a coronet had cooled the fever of my brow. Since the duke died—"

"Marcia! the Duke of Alva dead!"

"Yes, he died soon after our marriage. Since his death I know that Don Ferdinand loves me as of old, ay, better than of old; and, as I said when you and I parted, my beauty, or I may say my pride *now*, shall trample his love into very dust."

Again I said: "O, Marcia, Marcia!" But she lifted her stately head, saying:

"I would not wed Don Ferdinand Velezquez, not if I knew he would crown me queen of Spain. I scorn a love like his. I hate him now with a hatred as intense as the love I once bore him. Long ago he crushed every feeling of humanity from my heart, and it will be the happiest day of my life when I refuse the offered hand of Ferdinand Valesquez."

As she spoke the drapery beside her gently moved, and pale and stern, Don Ferdinand stood before her.

"Is this a jest, Marcia?"

"No jest, but solemn truth."

"Then while you live you will never be my bride?"

"Never, Don Ferdinand."

"If not mine, then DEATH'S. *If not mine in life, then in death!*" he exclaimed, in hollow, sepulchral tones, and with gleaming eyes.

Before I could realize the fearful import of his words, the gleaming of steel was followed by the fall of the duchess; then the knife was plunged deep within the heart of Don Ferdinand, and his life's blood mingled with Marcia's, in a crimson stream upon the colmenar stone of the ducal palace. Thus died Marcia, Duchess of Alva. Her weary life's dream over, the beatings of her proud heart stilled, her queenly head laid low. The visions of her girlhood had been realized, the jewels of a duchess had rested upon her brow, and her last resting-place is among the noble dead of the house of Alva.

#### NOT FRENCH.

A Scotchman, some time ago, took a trip over to France, and astonished the natives there in no small degree. In the hotel where he put up at Bologne, the servants were all newly-imported cockneys, and "Saunders" mystified them not a little by his broad Scotch. Getting up one morning rather earlier than usual, he called a waiting-maid, and accosted her with—"Fetch me ma shunc, lassie." "If you please, sir," said she, "I don't understand French.—*English paper.*"

#### A WOUND.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spurts or jets, *per saltem*, as the doctors say, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician, say nothing, out with a handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around tighter, till the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good. Why? Because, only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slowly, and, on the other hand, the tie would be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of such a hurry.—*London Lancet.*

#### SINGULAR COAL.

Near Cairo, in the vicinity of the N. W. Virginian Railway, live coal has recently been discovered of a peculiar character. On examination, it is found to be a mass of crystallized mineral oil, or petroleum, without any stratification, or intermixture of other substances. When laid on a hot metal plate, this singular substance melts like wax. It yields 165 gallons of crude oil to the ton. After a single process of distillation, 82 per cent. of impure oil remains, and after a second process, 61 per cent. of a clearer oil, and 30 per cent. of lubricating oil and paraffin result. It is thought if shafts were sunk to a sufficient depth a natural reservoir would be discovered, from which this vein has originated, similar to that in an adjacent county.—*Virginia Herald.*

#### COBWEB PILLS.

Dr. Donaldson, recommending the web of the common spider as an unfailing remedy for certain fevers, says it is invaluable at times when quinine and other anti-periodics fail in effect or in quantity, not only from its efficacy, but because it can be obtained anywhere, without trouble and without price. This remedy, it was observed, was used a century back, by the poor in the fens of Lincolnshire, and by Sir James M'Gregor in the West Indies. The doctor now uses cobweb pills in all his worst cases, and is stated to have said that he has never, since he tried them, lost a patient from fever.—*London Journal.*

#### Hydrophobia and Smothering.

In the Dublin Chronicle, of the 28th of October, 1881, the following circumstance is recorded:—"Thursday morning an accident happened at the Blackrock (Dublin), which has been attended with most melancholy consequences. A fine boy, about fourteen years old, passing by a gentleman's house, the lady's lapdog ran out and bit him. In about two hours the youth was seized with convulsive fits, and shortly after with the hydrophobia; and notwithstanding every assistance that night his friends were obliged to smother him between two beds."

## SMILES.

BY HENRY TAYLOR.

There is a smile which wit extorts  
From grave and learned men,  
In whose austere and sallow sports  
The plaything is a pen;  
And there are smiles by shallow worldlings worn,  
To grace a lie, or laugh a truth to scorn.

And there are smiles with less alloy  
Of those who, for the sake  
Of some they love, would kindle joy  
Which they cannot partake;  
But her's was of the kind which simply say  
They come from hearts ungovernably gay.

And O, that gaiety of heart!  
There lives not he to whom  
Its laugh more pleasure will impart  
Than to the man of gloom;  
Who, if he laughs, laughs less from mirth of mind,  
Than deference to the customs of mankind.

[ORIGINAL.]

## PAUL AND I.

A Leaf from the unwritten History of two Lives.

BY WILLIAM B. ARNOLD.

I HAVE heard it said that our thoughts are always tintured by the moods in which they find us, and I believe it. And if this story of mine shall be thought rather sober than otherwise, the reader will know to what cause to ascribe its relation. It may be unfortunate, that this, the only tale which I can tell, should be one of the heart—of that class called love stories, which are sneered at and multiplied daily. But I make no apology for its appearance, and I shall be satisfied if it shall carry conviction to the hearts of my readers, of the truthfulness of which its simplicity admits.

Paul Edwards and I were playmates and schoolmates, and grew to be men, as we had been boys together. And firmly, indeed did our friendship strengthen, as we grew older. Never were brothers more strongly knit together in spirit; and never from the first moment of childish acquaintance, was this intimacy once interrupted by the slightest misunderstanding. True, we were often pitted against each other in those strifes for academic prizes and honors, in which all students so eagerly engage; and, I am free to say it, such was our rank and estimation among our schoolmates, that whenever we entered the field, the reward was from the first virtually conceded to one of us; and between ourselves there

was the most perfect understanding upon every such occasion. If Paul won, I was proud to be the first to take him by the hand and congratulate him upon his success. If I, on the contrary, was the fortunate one, no jealousy, no feeling of envy, ever compelled his noble nature to withhold from me a like tribute. Nor did it matter that he was far the most frequently the victor in these hotly contested conflicts of mind. Perhaps I secretly envied him the possession of that brilliant intellect which carried him to the goal of his wishes, seemingly without an effort, while I was forced to earn my hardly-won honors by close and wearisome application; but the feeling extended no further. The friendship, the love of a heart like that of Paul Edwards, were too precious to be lightly sacrificed.

School days were at length over, and before entering upon the study of the professions we had respectively chosen, we mutually resolved to take an interval of recreation. I am speaking now of a time and locality, in which the possession of an educated and cultivated mind was a sure passport to the best society. And when we had gained admittance into the charmed circle of social life, we were like beings upon the threshold of a new world. We had entered into another school, where the study was one of humanity, and not from books, and we seized upon the delights presented to us, with an avidity for which our recluse-life had prepared us.

It was at a large and fashionable ball, during this time, at which we assisted, that we both first saw Kate Irving. She was the acknowledged belle and beauty of the city, and she never appeared at a public gathering like this, without a numerous train of admirers. To these, Paul and I were instantly added, from the first moment of our presentation. The same fascination which had entrapped a hundred others, was now exerted upon us, and to it we yielded passively and willingly. Eager to create a favorable impression, we contrived to monopolize her to ourselves during the whole evening, to the exclusion of all others; and our attentions were so smilingly and so graciously received, that the feverish bewilderment which is the forerunner of love, enthralled us both. Alternately we danced, conversed and promenaded with her, and at the conclusion of the ball, both of us assisted her to her carriage, and received her farewell smile of gracious approval.

The carriage rolled away, and passing his arm within mine, Paul walked with me slowly from the spot. The night air was cool and pleasant, but the fever in my blood burned none the less hotly—the excitement of the last three hours still clung to me. For some distance we walked

thus, silently and without speaking, and then I looked at my companion. His large gray eyes were thoughtfully turned towards the pavement, and a painful look of intense care overspread his handsome face. Never had I seen him so serious; and as he became conscious that I was looking fixedly at him, he looked up and suddenly paused. I paused with him, and almost involuntarily each pronounced the other's name.

"Paul!"

"Louis!"

There was nothing but unshaken friendship in our tones, as well as our glances, and simultaneously we clasped hands with a cordial pressure.

"Let us understand each other, Louis," were his first words. "There must be no coldness between us because of what has happened to-night, or what is likely to flow from it."

"No, Paul, no! God forbid that our friendship should thus cease! There should not be women enough in the world to cast a blight over it!"

Smiling at my outspoken earnestness, he replied:

"I trust it is so. And now let us speak freely and candidly. One of us can win Kate Irving; both cannot."

"But are you sure," I asked, "that one of us two is to be thus happy?"

"I am positive of it. In all our steps hitherto, none have dared to compete with us, and for the reason that we brought to the struggle, in every instance, a vigor and determination to succeed, which distanced all rivalry at the outset. Into this new contest for that which must make the happiness of one of us—"

"And mar that of the other," I interrupted.

"Nay, Louis, not so. It will be to the unsuccessful wooer a dream, whose effects will be but temporary. In short, however, I have convinced myself that either you or I can and will wed Kate Irving. But which?"

"Ay, which? Tell me that, Paul."

"I know not, and for the present care not. Let us enter the field fairly and honorably—let each strain every nerve if he will, and gain the goal if he can; and, above all, let him who shall be disappointed submit uncomplainingly, and joyfully acquiesce in the happiness of his friend. Is it a compact?"

"With all my heart." And we clasped our hands upon it with an earnestness which bespoke the unflinching assent of both.

"Happiness to the happy man!" Paul enthusiastically cried. "If we were at my rooms, we would pledge him in a glass of champagne. But remember this also, Louis—we must at first keep

a watchful eye upon those who are vain enough to enter the lists with us. Here is our motto. 'All join to guard, what each desires to gain.' And don't forget, my boy, to notice my movements with some little suspicion!"

With a merry laugh, and a cordial "good-night," we parted. When we next met, it was at the home of Kate Irving, as rivals, though still friends. It would be useless for me to note all the details of the efforts put forth upon either side to gain the common object. Never, I verily believe, were such strategy and generalship put forth in a love tournament—never were mines and counter-mines more skillfully constructed, or advances more energetically pressed. Our visits to the house were made with almost exact regularity, and so warm was our rivalry, that I believe neither of us was able to see Miss Irving for several weeks without the presence of the other. I was unable to perceive that either was favored above his rival, although both received such encouragement as quickly convinced me of the truth of Paul's prophecy, that one of us was to be preferred above all others.

Without any foundation, in fact, for the belief, I nevertheless reasoned myself into the conviction that in this strife I was to be the victor. Paul had hitherto borne away honors for which I had zealously contended, and now, I fancied that the turning-point of his good fortune was passed, and that my star was in the ascendant. The conviction arose, perhaps, from a belief in the justice of such an event, since the most careful observer could not have detected the slightest preference in the intercourse of Kate Irving with us. But from whatever cause the feeling arose, it had attained such a firmness, that I more than once pitied poor Paul in his prospective disappointment, and hoped that he would bear his defeat with the same magnanimity as I should under like circumstances!

One evening when I called at the home of Kate Irving, I was fortunate enough to find her alone. Obeying the impulse suggested by the circumstance, as well as by the encouragement which her smiling welcome afforded, I ventured to express my love and ask for its reward. She listened with downcast eyes, and with evident confusion, and faltered in reply, that she respected and admired me—that she almost loved me; and were it not for one other, to whom her heart was pledged, though he was unconscious of it, she could gladly bestow her hand and affections on me. I heard her with ashen cheeks and sinking heart—and when she had finished, I asked, as I had no need to do, the name of that other. And she told me—Paul Edwards!



When I left the side of her who had by these few simple words unconsciously wrecked and blasted my life and hopes, my plans were fully matured. Hastily seeking Paul, I told him in a quivering voice which betrayed my emotion, what had happened, and informed him of what he had not yet ventured to learn—that Kate Irving loved him better than myself, better than all others! Then, in a feeble whisper, I congratulated him upon the happiness within his grasp, and asking him to forgive the foolishness of a broken heart which would not permit me to stay and witness the consummation of that happiness, I wrung his hand and left him. And a week after, standing upon the deck of an outward-bound merchantman, I waved an unregretful farewell to the land of my birth, and my sorrows.

I had seen Paul Edwards for the last time; and I heard from him only once, in a letter which he wrote me, filled with the particulars of his wedding, and with anxious inquiries as to my future plans and movements. It remained unanswered; I had not the heart to frame a reply. But though I was fated never again to take him by the hand, he yet influenced my after life in a manner so strange that I can hardly now think it real. The conclusion of my brief narrative will explain my meaning.

I remained abroad for six years—time enough, I thought, to enable me to obtain control over my rebellious passion for Kate Irving, and to subdue myself to meet her and her husband without emotion. The task was a hard one. Often, when thinking of her who was given to bless and render happy the life of another than me, the tear would start unbidden, and the lip involuntarily tremble. But at last I believed myself conquered by my own will, and I embarked for America, a sad, although not altogether a hopeless man. Upon my arrival, I made no special exertions to find Paul and his wife. Early inquiry made me aware that they had, a year after their marriage, removed from the city where I had left them, to the South, and totally indifferent whether I ever saw them again—such was my reckless, almost wicked state of mind—I resumed my residence, which had been left upon my transatlantic journey, and endeavored to let the remembrance of what I have narrated lapse into oblivion. Accident alone subsequently revived it in a most remarkable manner.

A year after my return, I had occasion to visit a Southern city. During the course of an evening, I happened into the parlor of my hotel. There were several persons of both sexes present, but my attention was immediately drawn to a

lady, dressed in half-mourning, who occupied a seat a little distance from me. Her profile, as I first saw it, seemed wonderfully familiar, but when she turned her full face towards me, I at once recognized Kate Edwards. She saw me at the same instant, and with an exclamation of pleasure, she came towards me and offered her hand. For a moment, as I returned her pleasant salutation, I retained her hand and looked upon her face. She was, indeed, the same Kate whom Paul and I had loved—and yet, how changed!

These seven years added to her life, making her now scarce twenty-five, had deepened her girlish beauty, touching it with the thoughtful maturity of the woman, and lending to it an inexpressible charm. Lovely indeed did she appear, as I led her to the sofa, and seated myself by her side, her whole face overrunning with the joy which my presence evidently afforded her. But my thoughts wandered for the moment from her, and I asked the question which half-died upon my lips as I observed the ominous character of her dress:

“Where is Paul?”

“Dead! He died three years ago. He sleeps in the cemetery in this city.”

Her handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, as she spoke, and although the announcement was not unexpected, my own involuntarily filled with tears. Poor Paul! This was the end of his hopes; a few short years with the idol of his soul, and then death—and that perhaps, with the consciousness that he had alienated his best friend. I wondered, too, whether Kate had really been to him all he had hoped and wished for. Yet this I could not reasonably doubt, as I again noted her loveliness, and sighed to think of the time when I loved her equally with him.

After a few moments of sad thoughts, at my request Kate spoke of the death of her husband. In his last hours, she said, my name was often on his lips, and in his dying moments he had confided to her a miniature of himself, with the injunction to convey it to me. She left the room to obtain it, and returning, placed it in my hands. It was a most faithful representation of Paul—but not as I had known him. The face was thin and careworn, and the whole expression of it that of fixed sadness. What could it mean? It had been painted a year before his death, as Kate informed me, and I with difficulty restrained myself from inquiring what had wrought this terrible change—for it seemed terrible to me that Paul Edwards, gay and light-hearted as he was, should be so quickly transformed into a sad, melancholy man. I pondered upon it that evening after I had parted with Kate—first agreeing.

to meet her at the same place the following evening—but I could arrive at no satisfactory solution. The thought that oftenest haunted my mind, was one that I could not, and would not entertain—that Kate Edwards was very different from what she seemed, and that an artful and attractive exterior might conceal unwomanly defects and imperfections, which might have much to do with the decline and death of Paul. But this was an hypothesis which my heart indignantly denied.

The business which had called me from home was soon adjusted, but I still lingered in the Southern city. I sought not to conceal from myself that Kate Edwards was the cause of my delay. My old longings speedily returned. The flame which had smouldered, but never died for seven years, burst forth afresh. It had been easy when a girl of eighteen, for her to fascinate and enthrall me as others—doubly easy now, in the perfected beauty of her womanhood. And I sought not to escape the charm of her society; yielding myself to it, I began to regard the past only as a hateful dream, and to look upon my life as just commenced. To be brief, in three months after my first meeting with Kate in the hotel parlor, we were betrothed. The proposed day of our union rapidly approached, and in anticipation of it I gave myself up to perfect happiness.

There was one little circumstance in relation to the picture which Paul had bequeathed to me, which troubled me more than I was willing to admit. The miniature itself was painted upon a piece of ivory a quarter of an inch in thickness, and upon the back of this, written with some indelible fluid, in a hand which I readily recognized as that of Paul, was the one mysterious word, in Greek characters—"Search!" I called the attention of Kate to it, but she was unable to throw any light upon its meaning. That Paul had written it to call my attention to something, was to me perfectly apparent. But to what? It increased, as I pondered upon it, into as obscure a mystery as the other, of Paul's incomprehensible transformation. I examined the miniature itself, but it afforded no clue. The brevity of the direction, and its being written in other characters than English, immediately impressed me with the conviction that it had been done in this manner under the fear that the picture might fall into the hands of some person, who might otherwise be enabled to read the word, comprehend it, and profit by it, instead of myself.

*Search*—and for what? Not for Kate, since the miniature had been delivered into her hands.

I tried to connect the word with the idea that Paul desired the union of Kate with myself, but it would bear no such construction. It was as meaningless as the inscription upon an Egyptian obelisk—and yet I felt that with that riddle read, which was locked up in that one word, it would be found pregnant with weal or woe to me. For hours together I thought upon it, and upon the secret of that melancholy face which the picture represented, and failing to comprehend either, they haunted my dreams. Frequently in my uneasy slumbers, Paul seemed to stand before me, looking as sad as in the picture, and pronouncing the single word, "Search!"

In the uneasiness which constant brooding over these enigmas had produced, I turned my attention to Kate, and endeavored to find in her past conduct a clue to assist me. Nothing, however, was noticeable, save a certain studied affectation of sweetness of demeanor, as I thought, with which she always greeted my appearance, while at the same time it would never have occurred to me to accuse her of artfulness.

Such was the position of affairs, upon the night preceding the day of our wedding. Anxious and abstracted, I had thrown myself upon my bed without removing my clothes, and insensibly my thoughts ran into the usual current. For perhaps five minutes I lay thus, and then unconsciously gave utterance to the word, "Search!" And simultaneously a conviction of the real meaning of the word burst upon my mind. Springing to my feet, I took the miniature from my pocket, and proceeded to examine it by the aid of a lamp. In the centre of the edge of ivory, was an indented line running around it. Inserting the blade of my knife into this, I quickly pried the ivory into halves, from between which a neatly-folded letter dropped out! It was addressed to me in the familiar hand-writing of Paul, and with emotions such as may be imagined, I broke the seal and read it.

The information conveyed by that letter was truly astounding. Writing upon his dying bed, my unhappy friend poured forth the story of his sorrows—how too late he had discovered the wife of his bosom to be a heartless, faithless woman of the world, whose artful smile was seen nowhere but in the presence of those whom she wished to delude, and whose hateful cruelty had driven him mad. He wished for a being to love; she whom he had wedded, neither loved him, nor cared for his love. Pride, fashion and deception were her gods. She seemed to have no heart, no soul, no emotion. Beneath the terrible blow inflicted by this unexpected revelation, he had pined and died, and he concluded by warning me

most earnestly not to fall into her toils, to become at last, wretched, miserable and heart-broken.

I read the letter, and reflected upon it. It was like a voice from the tomb. It explained everything concerning which I had been in doubt. My dream had fled, the delusion of my life was past, and its idol turned to clay, but I shed not a tear; on the contrary, as I reflected longer, I exulted over my escape, and the freedom which was now restored to me. Brave, noble Paul Edwards—our friendship had indeed extended beyond the grave! While mourning over the choice of Kate Irving, I had unconsciously escaped a fate which brought him, with his noble, sensitive soul, to the grave—and now it seemed as though his hand had been outstretched from that grave, to perform its last and greatest office of friendship.

The next morning Kate met me, her face wreathed with hypocritic smiles. Handing her Paul's letter, I bade her read it. She did so, and as she proceeded, consternation took possession of her face, which changed rapidly from white to red, and again to the livid hue of fear, until overwhelmed with shame, confusion, and it may be remorse, she sank down fainting at my feet. I needed no further proofs; she was now self-accused and convicted; and I left her forever. It is several years since a Southern paper reached me with the tidings of her death. I read the announcement with a shudder—I knew that she was unfit to live, and feared she was unfit to die.

I can only add that I am an old man now, and that I have never married. Paul has been my idol, and I have not cared to form relations which might withdraw my mind from him. And who shall say that all this has not happened well and wisely? Who shall say that the hope of one day rejoining my noble friend Paul, the friend of my youth, has not been made an instrument for the preservation of one, who might otherwise have been perverted and led astray by the wild recklessness of youth?

#### END OF GENIUS.

Cuzzoni was one of the most celebrated vocalists of her time. She refused a bonus of \$50,000, offered her by an Italian manager, to return to Italy. This lady was born in 1723, and singers were even then paid enormous prices for their services. She was capricious to excess. When a gallant lord carried her a rich lace, worthy of a queen, she having expressed a wish for one, she tore it to shreds, saying it was not the one she asked for. Handel controlled her sometimes; threatening even to throw her out of the window. She married a jeweller, and died in misery, after having recklessly squandered fortunes. At the close of her life, she was reduced to making buttons for subsistence.—*Journal of Music.*

[ORIGINAL.]

#### BY MY COTTAGE DOOR.

BY WILL ALLEN.

By my cottage door now stealing,  
Like a roguish, dancing elf,  
Sending music onward pealing,  
Laughing, singing to itself,  
Is a rill that never ceases  
Tumbling, bubbling by my door;  
And its music oft increases  
Sliding 'tween gray rocks and o'er.

Downward from the jagged mountains  
Steals this purser of pure rills;  
Downward from the bursting fountain,  
Running now 'tween woody hills.  
Now by songster-haunted bowers,  
Now by banks, then by my door;  
Springing oft to kiss the flowers  
Leaning on the banks and o'er.

Wanton is this rill—and often  
Steals it up to some gay blossom;  
Laugh it hushes, music softens,  
Amorous clasps it to its bosom!  
Yet withal this rill is clever:  
Whirls the mill-wheel by the hill;  
Singing always, tumbling ever,  
By my door, thou roguish rill!

[ORIGINAL.]

#### LIFE INSURANCE.

#### A MYSTERIOUS CASE OF SUICIDE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

"LOUISA," said Mr. Manners to his only daughter, "I have this day effected an insurance of twenty thousand dollars upon my life; so, my love, let what may happen, you will at least, be moderately well provided for when I am dead and gone."

"O, papa," returned Louisa, "don't speak of your death. What would money be to me if you were not living? besides I have always disliked the idea of one person's insuring his or her life for the benefit of another, and then what possible need can there be for you to insure your life, with your large property and ample income, and, as I have often heard you say—no one to leave it to but me?"

"In the first place, my dear," replied Mr. Manners, "money would be your best, perhaps your only earthly friend if I were to die; then your objection to life insurances is mere folly; and lastly, rich as I may now term myself, riches sometimes make to themselves wings and fly away, and I am a merchant, still in business, and therefore I cannot say what adverse circum-

stances may occur, to render me a poor man yet before I die."

"Well, well, papa," replied Louisa, "you may insure for what you please, but, depend upon it, I will never touch the money. Indeed, I expect to have more than I shall need without it."

Mr. Manners was, as he had said, a merchant, and a man of great wealth, and it did surely seem to be a ridiculous croquet on his part to insure his life for so large a sum, and of course to subject himself to the heavy premium to keep the policy good, more especially as he was not yet past the period of middle life, in perfect health, and had every reasonable prospect of living long enough to pay the entire sum in annual premiums to the insurance office.

But it does seem sometimes, as if there was a providence in these things, or a secret prognostication of coming evil. Five years after the above recorded conversation had taken place between him and his daughter, his circumstances had become sadly reduced, though everybody still believed him to be very wealthy, despite of his well known losses. There had occurred a war on the continent of Europe and he had speculated largely, in full and confident expectation of the continuance of the war, when peace was suddenly and most unexpectedly declared. Then, he had sent vast quantities of goods to India, which reached their destination only to find the market glutted, in consequence of large importations from Europe having arrived there beforehand. Then he purchased a great many shares in, and granted large loans, to, a railroad company which became bankrupt, and altogether had been so very unfortunate that people said:

"Why doesn't Mr. Manners retire from business before he loses everything? when once a man begins to go down hill, he seldom stops till he reaches the bottom."

The truth was that Mr. Manners had got to the bottom, already, and he only remained in business in the futile hope of recovering some of his losses, and of concealing their direful effect from the world.

Meanwhile, during these years, his daughter had passed from girlhood to womanhood, and had been wooed and won by a young man, the son of an eminent banker, and himself holding a lucrative position in his father's bank. The wedding was to come off in three months, when one day Mr. Manners did not come home to dinner at his usual hour. He had said nothing to his daughter or to the servants of any probable detection in town, and Louisa had kept dinner waiting till nine o'clock; then she began to grow uneasy, and messengers were sent everywhere,

where it was thought likely that he might be heard of, to make inquiry respecting him. But all in vain. None of his friends or acquaintances had seen him, and the warehouse and offices down town were closed and the messengers did not know where to find the clerks or porters.

Poor Louisa passed a miserable night, a prey to all manner of doubts, fears and anxieties, and as soon as it was time to re-open the warehouse and offices in the morning, messengers were again despatched, to make inquiries, and learn, if possible, what had become of the merchant.

They knew nothing more than that he had left the warehouse at noon on the previous day, without having informed anybody where he was going, and had not since returned.

His daughter's alarm was now tenfold increased; but the day had passed away, and another, and another, and still there were no tidings of him. Louisa was almost wild with grief, and the friends of the missing gentleman were at their wit's ends to think what could have become of him. At length, on the fourth day of his absence, a coat and hat were found by some laborers, on the banks of the Hudson, about six miles from the city, and were speedily identified as having belonged to the missing gentleman, and almost simultaneously with this discovery several notes drawn by Mr. Manners fell due at different banks in the city and were dishonored.

The intelligence came like a shock upon the citizens. No one had dreamed that the merchant's affairs were in such a condition, and least of all, no one would have dreamed that a man like Mr. Manners would under any circumstances have put an end to his own existence. In such a case the insurance office would, of course, have refused to pay the insurance upon his life; but that was the last thing poor Louisa thought of; and while people were still wondering, and lifting up their hands and eyes in horror, a fresh discovery was made of shoes and stockings, and other garments which were saturated with water and had evidently been washed away by the tide and then cast on shore again; and, the same day, two gentlemen arrived in the city, from Albany, who said that they had met Mr. Manners on the day of his disappearance, about a mile from the city; that they had spoken to him, and that he had told them that he was going to bathe in the river. He appeared, they said, to be remarkably cheerful, and as it was known that he was fond of bathing, and often bathed near the spot where the clothing was found, public opinion took another turn, and it was universally believed that he had gone to bathe as usual, and had been attacked with

cramp, or met with some accident while in the water, and had been drowned. Still people wondered to find his affairs in such disorder; the news was spread abroad, creditors came pouring in, and it was soon discovered that he was hopelessly insolvent, and had been in that condition for several months! Bankruptcy was declared against the estate; but all his assets were found to be insufficient to pay even a moiety of his debts, and his daughter Louisa was left utterly destitute.

Her father's untimely death, as a matter of course, would have delayed her marriage under any circumstances; but now that it was known that he had died a ruined man, those who were in the secrets of the family said that Ralph Onslow, Louisa's accepted suitor, would assuredly break off from his engagement, and for their part, they added, he would, they considered, be justified in doing so.

Louisa, herself, wrote him a letter, blistered with many tears, and written very incoherently, in which she informed him that she could not hold him bound to fulfil his promise of marriage, though she added, her heart was breaking, and if he forsook her she would not care to live.

But Ralph Onslow was not the heartless being that many imagined him to be, and he forthwith replied that if she released him from his bond, he would not release her, and he claimed its fulfilment, as soon as a reasonable time had elapsed from her father's decease; moreover he said he should call on the morrow, and should feel happy, if in any way he could conduce to her comfort in the great affliction which had befallen her.

It is needless to say that Louisa was much relieved by this kind letter from her lover, and on the following day, true to his promise, he called at the house, and held a long conversation with her, in the course of which he told her she was in duty bound to claim the insurance on her father's life.

Louisa refused at first, then demurred and hesitated, and, at length, won over by Ralph's persuasions, consented, he having promised to see to the matter himself, assuring her that it should cause her no trouble or annoyance.

Ralph found that the insurance company still hesitated, indeed at first positively refused to pay the amount demanded, basing their right to refuse on the fact that there was still much reason to believe that Mr. Manners had committed self-destruction; and the probability that such was the case was shown by the ruinous condition of his affairs at the time of his death, a state of things which he had told to no one.

Against this, Ralph brought the evidence of the two gentlemen from Albany; the fact that the greater portion, if not all the unfortunate man's clothing, had been found, and no one in his senses, he said, would divest himself of all his clothing with the intention of committing suicide; and furthermore, the well known fact, that the unfortunate gentleman had long been accustomed to visit the spot where the clothing was discovered, for the purpose of bathing.

The company still refused, and threatened to go to law; but Ralph was firm and public opinion was on his side, besides which, people began to say unpleasant things about the office refusing to stand to their engagements, so, at length, the twenty thousand dollars were reluctantly paid, and Louisa found herself, if not so rich as she had been accustomed to believe she would be, at her father's decease, at least placed very far above the fear of want.

Poor Louisa! she had often said that she could never bring herself to make use of money paid by a life insurance company; but now she found how stern and relentless a thing is necessity, and she recollected her father's words:

"Louisa, you may discover that money is your only earthly friend."

Alas! In the brief period that had elapsed since her father's death, she had already found his words true, for with the exception of Ralph, all her friends had forsaken her, though now that she had received the insurance money, many of them would gladly have returned to her, had she permitted them. But she sternly refused to see those who had forsaken her when they believed her to be wholly destitute.

Removing from the spacious house which her father had occupied, she took possession of a small and exceedingly pretty cottage, inclosed in a garden, tastefully laid out and of considerable extent, a few miles north of the city. There was a piece of woodland in the rear of the garden, which extended to the shelving banks of a narrow stream which flowed into the Hudson about a mile from the spot.

To this lovely suburban retreat she retired, with an elderly woman who had been her nurse, and subsequently had acted as housekeeper to her father after his wife's death. This worthy woman was strongly attached to her young mistress, and when the sad catastrophe occurred which brought to light the hopeless ruin of Mr. Manners's affairs, she positively refused to quit the service of the young lady, declaring that she did not care for wages, as she had laid by during her long service, an ample sufficiency for her old age, and Louisa, glad to find so true a friend in

her distress, albeit so humble a one, did not urge her departure any further. She consented that Mrs. Brady should remain with her, though more as a companion than in the light of a domestic servant. One young maid servant was engaged to perform the menial services of the small household, and thus situated, as happy as it was possible for her to be with the recollection of her recent loss, under such terrible circumstances, she awaited the close of the twelve-months which it had been mutually agreed upon between her and Ralph, should intervene, between the death of her father and the solemnization of their nuptials.

The sum received from the insurance office, carefully invested, furnished her with quite a sufficient income for her simple requirements, though, so strong had been her antipathy to the system of life insurance, so decided her repugnance to avail herself of an income derived, as she insisted, from the death of her beloved father, that she almost shrunk from its expenditure, and had she had any other means of support she would undoubtedly have given the money to some public charity.

She seldom went abroad, still more rarely visited the city. Her walks were chiefly confined to strolls in the large garden, which she kept in excellent order with the labor of her own hands, and very frequently on a fine afternoon or evening, to a ramble into the wood, and on the banks of the stream beyond. The wood which was not too thickly planted, and was unusually free of brushwood and undergrowth, was indeed her favorite resort. She caused several rural benches and chairs to be constructed and placed in her favorite spots, and seated on one of these, with a book, or sometimes some light or fancy needlework or embroidery, to occupy her attention, when thought and self-communion grew painful, she would sit for hours, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs. Brady for a companion.

During the early period of her residence in the cottage she had never met with an intruder in the solitude of the wood. Far removed from the din and confusion of the city and even from the occasional bustle of the highway, it appeared to her as sacred from intrusion as the wilderness of the far West; but at the expiration of the first six months, she felt satisfied that she was watched during her rambles. True, she saw no one, but she frequently heard the light tread of footsteps, the rustle of the fallen dry leaves, the occasional rebound of a yielding branch.

At first she thought this might be mere fancy, but its frequent repetition, and its immediate cessation as soon as she stopped and listened, soon

satisfied her that her suspicions were not unfounded. The sounds were not caused by birds or squirrels, for these—and the wood abounded with them—unused to molestation, flew from branch to branch, or skipped and frolicked close under her feet, by no means alarmed at her presence within their sylvan domain. Whatsoever or whoever occasioned the sounds, she was satisfied followed and watched her narrowly, and at the same time was anxious to keep out of her sight.

She could not bear the idea of giving up her favorite rambles, and yet she was afraid to go to the wood any more alone. She spoke to Mrs. Brady on the subject, but the old lady tried to persuade her that it was mere nervous fancy. However, from that period, for several weeks, she never entered the wood unaccompanied by the old housekeeper, and as, when thus accompanied, the sounds were unheard, she, at length, began to think that her fears had deceived her and were the mere result of imagination. She often felt a desire to be alone with her own thoughts, and, after a while, she again ventured into the solitude of the wood unaccompanied, and for some time, without a recurrence of the sounds which had caused her alarm.

One day, however, she heard them again. Resolved, if possible, to satisfy herself as to their reality, she mustered up her courage, turned about suddenly, and walked quickly in the direction whence they proceeded.

It was late in the afternoon, and already beginning to grow dark in the shades of the wood; but she felt satisfied that she discerned a human figure beating a hasty retreat. With a degree of courage not natural to her, but inspired by her peculiar situation, she followed rapidly. Still the figure retreated, quickly, but so silently, that the sound made by her own light footsteps completely deadened those of the pursued, though the figure appeared to be that of a tall, stout man. Still she followed, only sometimes losing sight of the figure, then again catching a glimpse of it, until it emerged from the shadows of the woods. When she also came forth into the clearing which led to the banks of the stream, it had vanished; how or where, she could not conceive, for nothing was in the way to intercept the view of the water.

Half inclined to believe that, after all, she had been a dupe of imagination, and now that the chase was over, alarmed at her own temerity, she was on the point of turning, to hasten home, when a light skiff resembling an Indian bark canoe, darted forth from beneath an overhanging rock on the banks of the stream, being paddled rapidly across, by the figure she had obtained

glimpses of amongst the trees. Now there was nothing to intercept the view; no sound came from the paddles as they were dipped rapidly in the flashing water, the canoe seemed to glide along as if impelled by supernatural agency, so rapid, yet so inaudible was its progress. The figure seated in the bottom of the shallow skiff appeared to be meanly-clad, the clothing even appeared to flutter in rags, though it was so distant from her, and it had by this time grown so dark in consequence of a mass of dark cloud obscuring the setting sun, that it was but dimly perceptible.

She watched until the canoe reached the shore on the opposite side, at a considerable distance down the stream, and was again on the point of returning, when the mysterious occupant of the canoe leaped on shore, and turned round, as if to see whether he was still pursued. At that moment the setting sun shone forth from beneath the black clouds, its bright parting rays gleaming full upon the face of the figure. It appeared to Louisa that she could distinctly trace every feature, so strong was the contrast of the light resting upon the face with the dusky gloom of everything around, and to her horror and dismay the features were those of her deceased father.

In that respect she could not be mistaken, though a long white beard descended to the waist, and the face was overgrown with grizzled whiskers and worn into furrows which had never disfigured the smooth visage of Mr. Manners, when in life. And then, perhaps it was the peculiar light shed upon it which caused the pallor, but it was deadly pale and yellow like that of a corpse! For a moment the figure remained standing, gazing intently upon her, then it disappeared.

Louisa felt as if she would sink to the earth with affright; the perspiration stood in beadlike drops upon her forehead, and she stood rooted to the spot, unable to move a limb. In a short time, however, she gathered courage and fled rapidly homeward, fancying every moment that she was pursued, and when, at length, she entered the door of her cottage, she fell fainting into Mrs. Brady's arms.

When she recovered, the housekeeper pressed her earnestly to tell what had caused her alarm; but she would only say that she had been, perhaps foolishly, frightened by the appearance of a stranger in the wood.

When at night she retired to the solitude of her own chamber, she began to reflect upon what she had seen. Was it a supernatural appearance or not? she asked herself. That the figure had her

father's features, she was certain; they were too firmly impressed upon her memory, even if his death had not been so recent, to be erased. But then the features were more aged, their expression more careworn than her father's had been; and together with the hoary beard and grizzled whiskers, they resembled those of a much more aged man. If it were possible for her deceased parent to appear supernaturally before her, why should he come in that guise and in that place? Why should he retreat from her? Why, if indeed he had appeared, did he not make himself and his object known?

Her deep-rooted repugnance to living upon an income obtained by means of a life insurance at one moment almost induced her to believe that her father had, in truth, appeared to reproach her for what she still considered to be heartlessness on her part—a sort of trading upon the duration of the life of those whom we love. But then, she thought, "Did not he insist upon insuring his life against my wishes? Was it not that in case events should occur which would bring me otherwise to want—as, alas, they have occurred!—that he acted as he did? I am fulfilling his wishes—sadly against my own will, it is true—but his wishes still. Surely he would not come forth from his watery grave to reproach me for acting thus!"

Taking into account the shabby, ragged attire and the dishevelled appearance of the figure which had alarmed her, she at length came to the conclusion that the mysterious visitant was no apparition from the tomb, but some poor man—perhaps a beggar—and that the singular likeness to her father was an accidental resemblance, one of those freaks of nature which sometimes startle us as we pass through a crowded thoroughfare, and fancy for a moment that we see in some passer-by the features of a friend far distant, or long ago passed away to another sphere of existence.

"But if a beggar," she reasoned, "why did he not ask for alms? Why does he come secretly to watch me in the lonely woods?" And she shuddered at the thought that probably she had been watched and waited for by some escaped lunatic from a mad-house!

She resolved never again to go into the woods alone. But others of the household went, and once the housekeeper herself, at length convinced, asserted that she had seen the figure of the old man.

It wanted now but a few weeks to the expiration of the probationary twelvemonth. One night Louisa, tempted by the serene beauty of the moonlit, starlit sky, after preparing herself



for bed, seated herself at the half-open lattice window, and drank in the fragrant sweetness and freshness of the summer night-air, wafted from the flower-beds in the garden.

While thus she sat, deeply absorbed in thought, a slight rustling noise in the garden caught her ear. She glanced in that direction, and saw distinctly the figure of the old man whom she had seen in the wood. He stood gazing intently towards her. The moon gave sufficient light to enable her to scan his features and his entire form, and she was convinced they were those of her father. Observing that he was noticed, he retreated; and she now remarked that the gait of the old man was that of him she had loved so dearly. He was more bent and his steps were feeble, and his matted whiskers, long beard and mean attire imparted an appearance of abject poverty; but that it was no supernatural appearance, but the father, in life, whom she had mourned so long as dead, she could no longer doubt. A terrible thought came for the first time across her mind. It was overwhelming, in its horror. Could it be possible that her father, in his intense love for her, and knowing that his failure was at hand and his ruin irretrievable, had so far smothered his sense of rectitude, his regard of honor, that uprightness and integrity which had guided him in every movement of his life, as to voluntarily and deliberately descend to perpetrate a fraud upon the insurance office? and, by causing it to be believed that he was dead, contrive to secure to her a sum of money which would save her from the poverty into which she would otherwise be plunged, and which he was willing to bear himself, could he only place her beyond its influence? The thought almost drove her mad. If such was the case, was she not a party to the fraud? Had she not obtained money under false pretences, and was she not now living in comfort upon its proceeds? True, she was unwittingly a participant in the crime; but she felt no less the stigma that it would attach to her name, and the self-abasement which it would bring upon herself!

"O," she murmured, "this is terrible beyond endurance! Can it be true? Pray God I am mistaken; but if it be true, what can I do? How can I act? I cannot, dare not continue to perpetrate the crime; and to make it known, would be to criminate my own father! But I will know!" she continued; "I will know whether it be true or false! I will be satisfied—and at once. I could not live in doubt, in such a case as this."

She rose from her seat and commenced hastily to dress herself, resolved to go into the garden

and confront the old man, and be fully satisfied, at once and forever, whether he was actually her father, or some one whose features and form and gait were alike counterparts of those of him she had believed dead.

The figure retreated, turned back, stood still and hesitated, then moved a few paces forward, as if, perceiving that he had been recognized, he was irresolute whether to approach or flee from her whom, to look upon, he had crept out, like a thief, in the dark midnight.

In a few moments, Louisa was sufficiently dressed, and she hurried out into the garden. The figure had disappeared. She went to the gate and passed down the lawn, and across the fields, but no living creature was to be seen. She called aloud, though in a smothered voice: "Father! Father!" But there came no response, and she again doubted whether it had not been a mere phantasy of the imagination. It seemed so natural, so true, she could not bring herself to believe so, and yet she felt what a relief such a belief would be to her.

There was nothing left but to return to the cottage. Again she seated herself by the open window; but she saw the figure no more, and at length she closed the lattice and retired to bed—but not to sleep. Her mind was too full of what she had seen or fancied. If, she thought, she were to be continually subject to these frequently recurring phantasies, it would be terrible—more terrible still, if what she dreaded were true!

Hours passed away, and at length, wearied with racking thought, she closed her eyes and slept uneasily, and dreamed frightful dreams. She was awakened from one of these by a noise beneath the window. Her heart palpitating violently, she lay and listened, fearful to get out of bed; but hearing the noise no longer, she began to think she had been mistaken, and again closed her eyes and slumbered.

Again she was startled from her sleep, and this time she saw the nose flattened against the window, the face she had seen in the garden and on the banks of the streamlet—her father's face—peering into the apartment! She almost screamed with affright, but she had sense to think of the dread exposure that must ensue, if other than herself recognized the features of the midnight visitor, and that fear kept her silent; but she sprang up in bed, and at the same moment a voice—a voice whose accents she well knew, whispered: "Louisa! Louisa!"

The next moment she was out of bed and at the window, the quilt thrown over her like a cloak.

"O, father, father!" she murmured. "Why—what is this?"

She had opened the casement, and the old man, clad in rags, stood in the centre of the room.

In spite of his squalid aspect, in spite of her terrors, and her sense of the great wrong her father had done himself and her, she threw herself into his arms, and parent and daughter clung in a long, close embrace. In the darkness and silence of the night, in the unlighted bed-chamber of his daughter, the unhappy, erring father told his sad tale. It may be recapitulated in a few words:

Conscious that his affairs were irretrievably involved, and desirous, at any risk to himself, of saving his cherished child from the stings of poverty, he had made up his mind to lead people to suppose he had met his death by drowning; knowing that if that were credited, his daughter would receive the money from the insurance office.

To that end, he had spoken cheerfully to some friends he met, and informed them that he was going to bathe. He had provided himself with a disguise, and had put into his pocket as large a sum of money for his immediate support, as he could collect and withdraw from the firm, without raising suspicion, in the short time he had for preparation. On arriving at the spot where for years he had been accustomed to bathe, he had stripped himself of his garments and arrayed himself in the disguise he had brought with him, and with five hundred dollars in his pocket, had escaped into Canada. There he had read in the newspapers all the reports of his supposed suicide, his failure, and the subsequent discovery of his garments, the testimony of his friends, and the change in public opinion which led people to imagine that he had been accidentally drowned. Then he knew his daughter would obtain the insurance money, and he was satisfied.

He had hoped, by living frugally upon the smallest possible sum that would procure him the plainest food, that his money would last for years, if not for the remainder of his wretched life; and he thought that, knowing that his child would be provided for, he could live absent from her without wishing to see her again. But parental instinct was too powerful to be controlled. He had not been six months in Canada, before he felt a craving to see his daughter once again, which he could not overcome. He came to New York, still in disguise, and though not yet in a state of abject poverty, obliged to half starve himself day by day, lest he should find himself altogether destitute. He discovered where his daughter had taken up her residence, and learning that she occasionally walked in the

woods, he crept thither in the hope of seeing her at a distance, though but for a moment. He spoke of the day on which she discovered his presence, and how he had avoided her, and explained how he seemed to walk without noise over the ground, and paddle across the water, by telling her that to avoid discovery he walked the woods in his stocking feet, and muffled the paddles of the skiff.

But after that day, he saw her in the woods no more, and after having waited until he grew almost desperate, he ventured into the garden. Often, unobserved himself, he had seen her at the window; but this night he was discovered. He could endure it no longer. He resolved to make himself known to her, to clasp her in his embrace once again, and then to go forth—and die. He had found a ladder, used for climbing trees in the garden, that he had placed under the window. (It was the noise occasioned by this movement which had at first awakened Louisa from her slumbers.) He had then waited awhile to gain courage for the effort; had climbed the ladder, and looked in at the window. He was looking in when she awoke and discovered him.

"And now, Louisa, darling," said he, "one more kiss for your miserable father, and he will go hence to trouble you no more."

"Not so—O, not so, father!" sobbed Louisa, as she clung to his bosom. "And yet," she added, "how terrible this is! It is like a horrible dream. Father, you must not remain here, or you will be arrested. O, it is dreadful! Father, dear father, how could you thus imperil yourself for me? I could have borne poverty with you; but this robbery—it is nought else—will cling to me like a curse."

And she thought to herself, though she would not express her thoughts aloud:

"It is so mean—so contemptible! I would sooner have committed a burglary, than have been party to such an act of despicable swindling." (It was a terrible thought to occupy the mind of a daughter—to be alike ashamed of the crime committed by her father, and of the means by which it was committed.)

"Father," she continued, after a pause, "you must go hence—go back to Canada. Take with you what money I have got in the house. It is not mine, but that of the insurance company; but, though I know it is wrong, I will hand it over to you on such an occasion as this. You must go to-night—to-night, before daylight appears—and—to-morrow I will go to the insurance office and ask to see the president. I will tell him all, and beg him to keep the money I have

not used. Thank Heaven, I have spent less than one year's interest; and I will beseech him, for a ruined old man's, for a wretched daughter's sake, to keep the matter secret, and forbear to prosecute. And, father, you must write and let me know when you are in Canada; and when this affair is settled, I will come to you there, and work for your support. We will live henceforward together, poor—perhaps as poor as we well may be, and live—but, with the blessing of God, we may yet be happy."

Again she clung to the old man in a close embrace, and then forcing what money she had in the house upon him, urged his immediate departure.

Mr. Manners endeavored to expostulate with her. "I will go, Louisa," he said; "I will go, my child. You shall be troubled with your old father no more. But reflect, before you consign yourself to poverty! I perceive now how great has been my guilt; but you have been guilty of no crime, my poor child! And what is the trifle you possess to a wealthy company? they will not feel its loss."

"Father," said Louisa, "do not argue thus; you shock me. I have as yet been guiltless of crime; but I should be an accomplice to-morrow, if I forbore to give up the money. And perhaps some day the fraud would be discovered—and what would be then your fate, and mine?"

Still the old man argued; but his daughter refused to listen, and at length he took his departure, telling her that he would be in Canada before twenty-four hours had passed away.

Poor Louisa did not attempt to sleep again that night. The day-dawn found her still sitting at the casement window from which she had watched the departure of her father—her weak, misguided, and now care-worn, toil-worn father—grown prematurely old and gray, with the weight of a heavy crime, and the remorse that ever follows crime, save in the most conscience-seared of men—but her father, still!

Unhappy girl! She had reason for deep thought and bitter sorrow. Forever—so it seemed to her—she had lost the betrothed husband, to whom she was so soon to have been united! She could not hold him bound to keep the promise he had renewed and kept, when poverty threatened to assail her, now that she was poor indeed, and, worse than poor, an accomplice, though an innocent one, in a great and base crime! She resolved that she would tell him all, and then go to the directors of the insurance office and relate her sad story to them, and then—what then, she knew not. She could but trust in God, and await his will!

The morrow came, and with a heavy heart she took the cars to the city at an early hour, without explaining to Mrs. Brady the object of her journey; went to the bank and sought an interview with Ralph, and told him all that had occurred, concealing nothing.

"And now, dear Ralph," she said, "farewell forever!"

The tears she had long endeavored to suppress now burst forth in spite of her endeavors, and she sobbed aloud, as she added:

"Ralph—this is the last time I shall call you by that dear, familiar name—you have behaved nobly, most generously towards me. You wooed me when I was your equal in wealth and social position; and when poverty and trouble assailed me, though with a breaking heart I offered to release you if you wished, you kept true to your promise, and loved me still. But now—now how can I dare to hope, to expect that you should lower yourself to wed—O, God! that I should be compelled to say the words!—the destitute child of—a fugitive criminal!"

"And why, Louisa," said the young man, "is it the last time that you should call me by the name of Ralph? and why should you release me from my vows? There are two persons to be consulted respecting that. I shall not release you, Louisa; I do not choose to give up my future wife now, when I have more than ever reason to love her and to admire and respect the motives which actuate her conduct."

He took Louisa's hand, which she freely resigned to him. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak, and Ralph continued:

"I perfectly agree with you, Louisa, as to the course you have determined to take, and I respect you for it. So far from lowering you in my esteem, it has greatly exalted you; and, take my word for it, it will also exalt you in the eyes of the president of the life insurance company. A new president has been appointed since the insurance was paid, who is a worthy man, and a most intimate friend of mine. You shall not visit him alone; I will go with you. You shall tell the story, if you can; if not, I will tell it for you. Believe me, there is no cause for alarm. Have no fear for your father, or of any unpleasant exposure. Before an hour has passed over our heads, the money shall be quietly restored and you will quit the office, having made a new and a valuable friend."

It is sufficient to say that the young banker accompanied his betrothed to the insurance office. They had an interview with the president, who listened to the tale they had to tell, and when it was ended, warmly expressed his

admiration of Louisa's conduct, and promised inviolable secrecy. He shook hands with both the young people; and having learned from some words which inadvertently slipped from Ralph's tongue that he was engaged to be married to the young lady, he playfully congratulated him upon the coming event, and upon his choice of a lady who, independently of her personal attractions, had shown so firm, just, honest and decided moral qualities.

"Then you promise that you will not cast me off, Louisa," said Ralph, playfully, as they walked slowly back to the bank.

"Not if you insist on binding me to my promise," replied Louisa, blushing, and smiling through the tears that she had scarcely yet dried.

"And since your father is living, I see no reason for further delay," returned Ralph. "Why not hasten the day, Louisa?"

"You forget, Ralph," she replied, "that my poor, unhappy father, though living—and I thank God that he is—is dead to the world. What would be said if—"

She ceased suddenly, but the young man understood her.

"You are right, Louisa," said he, "and I was wrong, very wrong to speak as I did. I forgot myself, in my happiness in having you by my side, and feeling how much cause I had for congratulation, after what has passed between us to-day, in my choice of a wife. But I hold you bound to the day previously appointed."

Louisa blushed assent.

"And," continued Ralph, "I think for the short period that will intervene between this and the day on which I shall claim you for my bride, you had better remain in the cottage where you now reside; and, Louisa, until I am your husband, you must let me be your banker."

On the appointed day, the wedding took place, and Louisa, with Mrs. Brady, who had been her friend in adversity, removed from the little cottage to the spacious mansion provided for her reception by her husband.

Mr. Manners wrote a sadly desponding letter to his daughter from Canada, to which she promptly replied, explaining all that had occurred after his departure on the night when he held an interview with her in her bed-room at the cottage, and how happily everything had been completed. Ralph settled a liberal income upon the poor, broken down old man, whom he and his wife would gladly have welcomed as a permanent guest at their own happy home, had such an arrangement been possible under the peculiar circumstances, and frequently Louisa paid him

long visits; but he only lived three years after his return to Canada. With the return of comfort and ease, after his long privations, came a keen feeling of remorse caused by his criminal folly and weakness, which hurried him to the grave.

After his death, the facts which I have recorded became known by slow degrees; but time and the grave had softened down all hostile feeling toward the poor old man, who had, until evil days came upon him, and intense love for his only child had warped his moral perceptions, borne, for so many years, so high a character. And the story, though the facts were distorted, redounded, in the opinion of the world (since she was happy and prosperous, and had no need of its sympathy), greatly to Louisa's credit; and Ralph, now a happy husband and father, as well as a wealthy New England citizen, has never had cause to regret that he twice refused to be released from the promises he made on the day of his betrothal.

#### A CURIOUS JEWISH LEGEND.

Titus passed through what had been Jerusalem after its destruction. It is said that the sight of the ruins filled with sorrow and awe the conqueror, in whose character, according to the statement of contemporaries, good and evil strangely alternated. A Jewish legend has embellished this circumstance by describing in the most fabulous terms certain tortures which Titus had to endure in punishment for the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple. On his voyage from Egypt to Italy (so goes the story), Titus was overtaken by a storm, which threatened to destroy the vessel that bore him. Conscious of the righteous anger of the God of Israel whom he had offended, Titus broke forth in blasphemies against him, as if his power were limited to the sea, in which he had once destroyed Pharaoh, and now threatened his own safety, while he was unable successfully to contend against him upon land. A voice from on high rebuked the blasphemy. The storm was hushed; but no sooner had Titus landed than he felt excruciating pains in his head, occasioned, as it afterwards turned out, by an insect gnawing on his brain, which, according to the Divine threatening, was to continue his tormentor through life. Only once, and for a short time, the noise from a blacksmith's shop caused the insect to desist. On his deathbed, Titus ordered the physicians after his decease to open his skull, in order to ascertain the occasion of this ceaseless agony. To their astonishment they discovered in it an animal, which had grown to the size of a swallow, two talents in weight, with metal bill and claws, that had gnawed at the emperor's brain.—*Hebraist.*

#### STORM ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The sky is changed—and such a change! O night,  
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder.

BYRON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY PLOTTING AND PLANNING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARTHA K. ANNABLE.

At eighteen I was pretty, wealthy and spoiled. Pretty! Certainly I was if my mirror told the truth; pretty—if my five hundred and five dear, true, devoted friends and admirers were honest in their declarations; pretty—if a rose and lily complexion, eyes of the merriest hazel, lips full and smiling, and of the richest carnation, features finely cut, well defined, and framed in by the softest and most luxuriant golden brown curls, could entitle one to be called pretty.

Secondly, wealthy. Now I wasn't what you may term an heiress, perhaps, gentle reader, or avaricious fortune-seeker—yet I had been liberally educated, was surrounded with elegance, and even luxury, and besides being my father's only heiress (and he was a comfortable merchant of liberal means), by the generosity of an uncle, I was to come into possession of twenty thousand dollars upon my twenty-first birthday.

Spoiled. No one but myself dared whisper such a thing, yet I am confident such was the fact—that I was spoiled. Do you differ with me, reader? If so, perhaps my story will convince you of your error and my correctness. Now it is very evident if my nature had not been very depraved, when my father informed me upon my eighteenth birthday—the 11th of May, 1858—that I was betrothed in my early childhood to a certain Harry Sanford, the only son of a wealthy friend of my father's—I say if my nature had not been exceedingly depraved, of course I would have acquiesced in this arrangement, with many thanks to my father for his kind forethought, and with many self-congratulations as to the good fortune in store for me.

Owing to the depravity of my heart, however, I declared to my father that I would never marry Mr. Harry Sanford if he was rich as Cræsus, handsome as Apollo, or a very Cicero for eloquence (he was a lawyer by the way). No—marry Mr. Harry Sanford I would not! Why? For the simple reason, I wouldn't—so the matter was settled.

I had seen Mr. Harry seven or eight years before, a green, awkward, shy lad—and so I intimated to my father strongly that the idea of my marrying him was preposterous.

"My dear,"—that was the way my father always addressed me—"my dear, you are very positive. Hadn't you better wait until you see

Mr. Harry Sanford, for you know eight years makes quite a difference—"

I interrupted him very impolitely—but then, you know I said I was spoiled.

"I don't care for the difference."

"You are very set," said my father, with a flushed face.

I laughed a little, as I replied:

"When I marry any one, it will be somebody who cares more for me than my money, and does not wed me because *his* father and *my* father designed us for each other."

"But supposing Harry should really love you, pet?"

"It would be all the same," I answered, carelessly tying the silken cord of my morning-dress into knots and then untying them. "Pray, let us change the subject, papa, for I shall never become Mrs. Harry Sanford, depend upon it."

Now my father was a very determined man in his way, and he had set himself too much upon this favorite plan of his to have it thwarted so easily. So after spending an hour in a fruitless endeavor to persuade me to receive the young gentleman's addresses, he suddenly enough changed from coaxing to threatening, called me an ungrateful trollop, an impudent, senseless flirt of a girl, and ended by informing me that unless I consented to meet Mr. Harry Sanford with becoming respect, he would have me locked in my chamber and fed on bread and water until I did come sufficiently to my senses to do so.

Now I suppose papa thought this would humble me, but again the depravity of my heart caused me to answer that I should never treat Mr. Harry Sanford otherwise than with the most studied and profound contempt. So the next morning I found my door locked upon the outside, and a loaf of bread and pitcher of water upon the table, to answer the purpose of breakfast, dinner and supper for me. Now *here* was a fix! I—pretty Agnes Thorne, a prisoner, and put upon an allowance of bread and water, which treatment I had no reason to expect would be mitigated until I consented to receive Mr. Harry Sanford as my affianced husband! Some girls would have sat down and cried over the untoward state of affairs, but I did not care to spend my time, spoil my eyes, or waste my tears thus. So I sat down coolly and deliberately to think. In the first place I came to the conclusion I would never receive the attentions of Mr. Harry Sanford—*never*. Secondly, that as for remaining a close prisoner for an incalculable length of time, *that* would be almost insufferable, as the warm season was coming on, and there was no one who loved romping, free air and equestrian

expeditions better than I did. No, it never would do to be thus incarcerated a whole summer, and perhaps longer, *that* was not to be thought of. Now women are famous for planning, and it did not require ten minutes for pretty little Agnes Thorne to lay out a decided plan of action.

My first movements were to make my toilet; my next to eat my plain but wholesome breakfast; my next to put my room in order; and then I sat down to sewing as composedly as if the door was not locked upon the outside, and the key no doubt safe in my father's pocket; as composedly as if there was not a cunningly devised plan laid snugly away in my busy brain, only waiting for a suitable time to be put into execution by me.

Two or three times that day my father came to my door and tapped, asking if I were not beginning to repent of my folly. But my answer evidently did not satisfy him, for he allowed the door to remain closed. Once my mother tried to expostulate with me upon my folly—but I more than half believe she sympathized with me in my trial too much to have a great deal to say, as she never took sides against my father. I have often admired her for this. I admired her for it even then—my dear mother!

How long that day seemed; it appeared to me that night, cool and starry, would never come. When the shades of evening, however, did begin to approach, I donned my plainest dress, an unpretending debaige, and linen cuffs and collar—looked over my wardrobe, laying out such articles of clothing as I deemed would be most serviceable to me, and rolled them tightly into a bundle—then I placed a purse containing quite a liberal supply of spending money in my pocket, and was ready for my adventure.

My plan was this. Some fifty miles distant from the village in which my father lived, dwelt his sister and her husband, two quiet old-fashioned people enjoying themselves like princes out there in their little vine-shaded country house, away from the busy turmoil of the city, of the gossip and heart-burnings of a village.

Uncle George and Aunt Martha had often invited me to visit them, and it now entered my willful brain to accept their invitation, and by doing so to foil my father in his grand scheme of bringing about a meeting between Harry Sanford and myself, the young man in question having written that he would do himself the honor of spending the summer at my father's, and I knew that the said Mr. Harry Sanford intended visiting Europe in the fall; so if I could only keep out of his way that summer, I felt that the

Rubicon would be past, and that for some time at least I should be left free.

So far so good—now to escape from my prison. My father, flattering himself that the only manner of egress from my chamber was through the door, forgot that though my window was in the second story, a couple of sheets tied together and fastened securely to the bed-post, would serve as well as a ladder for his romp of an Agnes Thorne. That, however, was my intended manner of escape; but as I was about putting it in execution a new difficulty arose in my mind. My mother always before retiring to rest, peeped in to see that I was safely ensconced in bed. At first, I thought of waiting until she had looked in and discovered all to be right. Then recollecting that I must be at the station at ten o'clock, I put that suggestion aside as impracticable.

Then what should I do? I knew that if she looked in and discovered the room to be empty, she would raise the alarm immediately, and I might be overtaken before I had put myself on board the cars en route for my country relatives' hospitable mansion. What should I do?

But when was ever a woman's ingenuity put at fault? "Necessity is the mother of invention," is an old adage, and it was not long before this difficulty also was removed. It required but a moment to roll some articles of wearing apparel into the shape of a person; this I placed in bed, put a delicate nightcap upon the counterfeit head, turning the face towards the wall. This done, I placed a little note that I had written during the day upon the table, where it would be likely to be found in the morning, and then, highly elated at my successfully laid plans, I made my somewhat perilous descent.

The note that I left for the consolation of my parents was brief, and read as follows:

"DEAR PARENTS: Not particularly fancying its cage, your bird has flown. Don't be uneasy, she will return to you when that odious Harry Sanford is out at sea. Till then adieu. AGGIE."

Of course my Uncle George and Aunt Martha were glad to see me. I arrived at their country seat when it was nearly evening the next day, tired and hungry enough, I assure you. Aunt Martha helped me to alight from the lumbering old stage-coach, while Uncle George (hale, hearty, dear old man—portly, and as warm-hearted as he was portly) came down the path, rubbing his chubby hands together, saying:

"Well, well, bless my old eyes! Is it going to rain, Aggie Thorne, or what is going to happen? Here, let me take your bundle, child, and do you, Martha, get her some supper—she's nearly starved, I'll wager."

I followed the dear old people along the gravelled walk, up the broad steps, through the great sheltering porch, and into the pleasant, old-fashioned parlor. Then I sank down into the depths of a great, cushioned rocker, while Uncle George unfastened my bonnet and shawl, and laying them upon the chintz-covered lounge, sat down to catechize me.

"Come alone, Aggie!"

"Yes, sir."

I knew what was coming. I might better have attempted to deceive myself than keensighted Uncle George. I knew this to begin with, but I was more sensible of the fact, when, ten minutes later, I discovered I had "let the cat out of the bag;" in other words, that Uncle George had possessed himself of all the principal facts connected with my proceedings the previous thirty-six hours.

"Well, well, I can't say that I blame you, lass," he said, after he had fully satisfied his curiosity. I noticed that there was a peculiar twinkle in his eyes, but then Uncle George had very peculiar eyes, perhaps it was only my imagination that made me think I saw anything unusual in their expression.

As I said, Uncle George was a hale, hearty old man, I think at that time about sixty years of age. A good looking old man he was too, and I have heard Aunt Martha say, very handsome in his youth. She, dear soul, was ten years his junior, a pleasant-featured, mild-eyed old lady, invariably dressed in black or gray, with silver-bowed spectacles, and cap and kerchief always so snowy and spotless, and as I entered the dining-room that evening and sat down to the bountifully spread table, with Aunt Martha sitting directly opposite, I thought how very happily her life must have passed, to leave her face so calm and beautiful in old age. I do not know but what I envied Aunt Martha, and would have been willing to have bartered my youth for her quiet old age, if her placid happiness could be mine by the exchange. Aunt Martha, like a dear, discreet old lady, did not quiz me in the least. She talked of her garden, the prospect of fruit, the price of butter and eggs, and the beautiful and seasonable weather. If I was in a manner uncomfortable after Uncle George's catechizing, Aunt Martha rendered me perfectly at my ease, and I forgot my former discomfort.

"Wasn't I tired and sleepy?"

I acknowledged it, for in reality I was. What a cool, spacious spare room that was, Aunt Martha conducted me into with its straw carpeting, dimity hangings and snowy draped bed.

"Good night, child." And Aunt Martha kissed me in a tender, motherly way.

"And be sure and take notice what you dream, Aggie!" called my uncle's voice up the stairway; "for you know the first dream you dream in a strange house will come true as sure as anything in the world."

And I did dream—horror of horrors!—and what do you suppose it was about? Will you believe it? but I thought I was married to the ugliest ogre in Christendom, and the said ogre's name was Harry Sanford! I awoke in a tremendous perspiration, persuaded myself I had had the nightmare, and went to sleep again to dream that I was the horrible ogre, and Harry Sanborn was little Aggie Thorne, and that the said ogre and the said Aggie were one! I awoke all in a tremble, to hear the roosters crowing for morning, and to find daylight streaming in through the white curtains.

Now it is not necessary for the development of my story for me to particularize the events of the few succeeding days, or even weeks. My time would have passed pleasantly enough, but for one or two things. In the first place, I was more conscious than ever of the fact that I was a spoiled girl. Secondly, I had a very, very little wish to know how matters were progressing at home. Besides, I was somewhat ennuied, and when I learned that there was to be an addition to our family in the shape of a handsome young fellow, the schoolmaster of the district, I can't say that I was sorry.

Will Ford and I soon became the best of friends. I can't tell why, unless because my Uncle George called him a blockhead, and my Aunt Martha intimated rather strongly to me that she hoped I would not have a great deal to say to the thriftless fellow, who, although he did well enough for the teacher of two scores of juveniles, was not the most suitable company in the world for pretty, wealthy, accomplished Agnes Thorne. I say that may be the reason even now, I cannot say. Strange how little we know of our own hearts!

Now, why my uncle and aunt so disliked the young pedagogue of the district, I could not discover. I must say they were even rude to him, rude—even Uncle George, dear, hospitable Uncle George, and my pleasant, even-tempered Aunt Martha. Of course I felt very sorry for him, and mortified that he should be obliged to submit to such treatment on my account, and the smiles they denied him, I fully made up to him.

One evening my aunt called me when I was enjoying just one of the pleasantest *tete-a-tetes* in the world with Will, upon the front piazza.



"The night air isn't good for you, Agnes," she said, somewhat sternly. "And as for Mr. Ford, I should think the labors of the day would require him to devote more hours to sleep. Good night, sir." And my Aunt Martha taking my hand, led me rather forcibly into the sitting-room and closed the door.

To say that I was angry would be too mild an expression. I had my father's quick, passionate temperament, and the idea that she should thus endeavor to control my actions maddened me. I went to the open window and looked out. I saw Will walking back and forth beneath the great locust trees, moody and abstracted, his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. I was in no mood to conciliate my aunt, who was evidently very much vexed with me, so I commenced singing:

"O meet me down by the willow tree."

I knew Will heard me, for he looked up, smiled, and answered by deaf and dumb signs, which we both understood.

"I will—in an hour. Remember, Aggie."

I did remember. I pleaded fatigue to my aunt and retired, but to steal from my room little more than half an hour afterwards, and creeping noiselessly down stairs, I wandered out into the moonlight.

What a beautiful night it was, the breezes sighing through the locusts, and lifting the graceful arms of the eglantine that clambered over the great porch. I raised my face to the perfumed breath of the flowers, seeking to inhale a double portion of their fragrance as I passed. The dew lay glittering like pearls upon the grass, the whippoorwill was trilling his sad, plaintive song over the hill, and there beneath the quiet stars, under the sweeping branches of the willow tree, at the further end of Uncle George's garden, in a whisper, lest his words might be overheard by those who sought to separate us—in a whisper to be sure—yet there was no need of words, so eloquent was the look that beamed from his clear, handsome eyes—there and then he told me of his love, and I—I promised to be his wife!

Our interview was a long one. What wonder? How many plans we laid—how much I had to tell him, and he to make known to me! I told him all about my leaving home—that obnoxious Harry Sanford to whom my father had betrothed me. And when he asked me:

"But, Aggie, darling, would you choose the poor pedagogue, rather than the wealthy lover your father has chosen for you?" I replied unhesitatingly:

"As truly as I pledged myself to be yours forever, Will."

He went on in his low, musical way, his arms around me, his clear, earnest eyes gazing into my own.

"For your sake, Aggie, I would like to be rich, that I might surround you with luxury and elegance." (I had never intimated to Will that I was to come into possession of a single copper, either upon my majority, or my father's death, leaving him to surmise that I was as penniless as himself.)

"Never mind," I said. How brave I was, wasn't I, when I knew all the while there were some twenty thousand dollars to come into possession of a certain Agnes Thorne, upon her twenty-first birthday.

"Never mind, dear Will," was my brave speech, "I can endure poverty with all its ills for your sake!"

He did not look at me, as I concluded; perhaps it was well for me he did not, at least, I thought so at the time, for I knew there was a glad, triumphant expression upon my countenance that I could not conceal, and which I feared would betray me.

Now I knew my father well enough to know that a certain refusal would meet the request of my lover if he petitioned for my hand, and I had no intention of allowing Uncle George and Aunt Martha to have the satisfaction of saying "no" to any appeal of his to them. So it was all arranged for an elopement, to come off the very next evening. Will was to have a carriage in waiting at a certain spot designated, where I was to meet him at midnight, and then as fast as possible we were to set off to a neighboring State, where a special license would be unnecessary, and we could be united before a pursuit could be instituted.

And with this understanding we parted. The next day passed away without anything of note transpiring. Will and I merely spoke with each other, and that was all, for we wished entirely to disarm my uncle and aunt of any suspicion they might have in regard to their dutiful niece.

Night came at length—starless, moonless. How I congratulated myself upon the favorableness of the evening for our purpose! At the appointed hour, dressed with more than ordinary care, I glided down stairs and out into the night. I met Will at the spot designated; the carriage was in waiting, he assisted me in, gave a few directions to the driver, seated himself by my side, put up the door, and then we were off, whirled rapidly away over the turnpike. We were both silent for a long time, Will and I. Finally, however, he spoke. There was a strange quivering in his voice:

"Aggie," he said, "you are sure that you love me? Are you sure that you will not regret this step? It is not too late to go back. I could not have the heart to bind you down to a life of poverty with me unless you deliberately make the choice yourself, with your eyes open, realizing what you are doing."

"Poverty with you would be preferable to wealth and luxury with any other," I answered, while there was a great exultant throb of my heart when I thought of the surprise in store for my true, devoted lover, who loved me for myself alone. Then I thought of my father, mother, uncle and aunt, and Harry Sanford. I laughed a little to myself. I said I was a spoiled girl—and I was. How my father would rave, wouldn't he, to be sure, when he found he had been outwitted? But then, it was his own doings. If he hadn't shut me up and fed me on bread and water, I never would have given him Will for a son-in-law, I reasoned with myself, and feeling quite satisfied with the course I was pursuing, I nestled my head down upon Will's shoulder, and went to sleep.

"Here we are at last, Aggie."

These were the words that aroused me, and half-bewildered, I suffered myself to be taken from the carriage and assisted up a flight of broad stone steps, into a wide hall, dimly lighted, and from thence into a large, well-furnished room, very dimly illuminated indeed, by a night lamp. As I looked around, a sudden bewilderment came over me. I thought for a moment that I was the victim of some delusive, inconsistent dream. I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself, to see if I was awake, and finding that I was, I was about turning to Will, with a question already framed upon my lips, when the door opened, and an old man, whom Will whispered me was the justice, entered.

Now there were several things that amazed me. First, the room I was in had a strangely familiar look; secondly, there was a curious twinkling in the eye of the justice; thirdly, I heard sounds of suppressed mirth, and whisperings in a dim corner of the room; and fourthly, my dear Will was addressed by the justice, when he asked him if he would take me to be his lawfully wedded wife, as William Henry Sanford. What a name, I thought to myself, what a name! Although my thoughts were of a very strange nature, my misgivings were not definite enough to cause me to stay the proceedings, and—yes, almost before I knew it, I heard the justice say:

"I pronounce you man and wife."

At that moment, as if by magic, the great

room became suddenly illuminated, and— There stood my father and mother, laughing and chatting with my good Uncle George and Aunt Martha—and—could it be?—yes, surely it was the real sober fact—we had been married in Uncle George's parlor!

"Allow me to congratulate you, Aggie, upon your very wise choice," said my father, advancing. "And upon the success of your elopement," smiled my mother, while my Uncle George looked at me with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and my Aunt Martha, dear soul, laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Sold!" I pronounced the word bitterly, as my father clasped my husband's hand warmly, saying:

"You've won her, Harry—cleverly won her—but I dare say she isn't worth the trouble you've had in the winning!"

Of course, I tried to be very angry, when I discovered the ruse. Of course I raved and stormed, and declared I would have awful and terrible revenge, but—

Here I am—little Harry looking out of the window and calling papa and I—the happiest little wife in Christendom, I subscribe my name Mrs. William Harry Sanford.

#### TRUE AND FALSE GOOD BREEDING.

It is truly said that a little gentility is a dangerous thing. There are no such sticklers for etiquette as the would-be fashionable, who have heard of good society, but have never seen it. Having no innate good-breeding, they hedge in their lives with conventionalities and rules borrowed from the Handbook of Politeness. It is unsafe to do an original and spontaneous act in their presence, or let fall a remark that's not correctly commonplace, if you would beware of offending their fastidiousness. On the other hand, there's no such freedom anywhere as in really good society. Truly well-bred persons never act by rule, or fear giving offence by the freedom of their conduct and conversation. It is the high tone of their behaviour that preserves them from vulgarity, not the observance of etiquette. Innate politeness and nobility of character show themselves in every gesture, in every accent of the voice and glance of the eye; humble dress and occupation cannot conceal them; neither can vulgarity put on those high qualities, though it be clad in purple and gold, and housed in a palace.—*Home Journal*.

#### AFFECTION.

Talk not of wasted affection—affection never was wasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment:

That which the fountain sheds forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience—accomplish thy labor—accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. LONGFELLOW.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DREAM-LAND VISIONS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

How sweetly to my wearied brain  
Comes floating, borne by angel wings,  
A low and musical refrain,  
To charm my soul from earthly things.  
It bids me throw earth-cares away,  
And soar into the realms of light;  
Forget awhile the toils of day  
In boundless visions of the night.

In sleep I wake, and wander o'er  
By fairy streams and fountains free;  
Or walk upon some bright parterre,  
Enwreathed with flower, and fruit, and tree;  
Or rest me in some grottoed cell,  
Beside the foaming, heaving sea,  
Whose floor is strewn with many a shell,  
Which breathes Æolian sounds to me.

Then round me comes a fairy band,  
With beauteous forms and faces bright,  
To welcome to this fairy land,  
And give one moment of delight  
To earth-worn spirits such as mine,  
Whose deadened sense and aching breast  
Sweet sleep renews with healing balm,  
And gives from toil and care a rest.

But lo! the enchanting scenes have fled;  
Those beauteous forms have passed away;  
The lark soars high above my head,  
And loud proclaims the coming day.  
The mists that gathered through the night  
Upon the valley dark and drear,  
Are rolling up the mountain's height,  
And soon from sight will disappear.

The trees that crown the mountain's brow  
Lift high their waving, plumelike heads,  
As if to catch Sol's earliest ray,  
And warn me of Time's stealthy tread—  
That I should rise and sally forth,  
My lifelong tasks commence anew,  
Till darkness veils once more the earth,  
And brings bright visions ever new.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE RED-WHISKERED ASSASSIN.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"As lean as a Frenchman." And why as lean as a Frenchman, any more than as lean as a Yankee, or as lean as a Georgian? Do Frenchmen monopolize all the *macritude* of the world, or even any undue portion of it? No sir-ee; not at all. It is simply one of those no-such-things which John Bull has repeated so often, that he is now willing to swear to them.

By the way, to make the "*entente cordiale*" complete, Louis Napoleon ought to propose to

her Britannic majesty the total abolition of all those old-fashioned national personalities, or personal nationalities (whichever they ought to be called), including Hogarth's "Gate of Calais."

But, on second thoughts, a thorough revolution of that sort would spoil a great deal of good fun now enjoyed by the Americans who visit Paris and London, and hear the two Johnnies, Bull and Crapaud, abuse each other; particularly on the stage. What gets the worst of the battle, in that case, is the emperor's French and the queen's English, mutually murdered by both parties. They used to have an actor at the *Theatre des Palais Royal*, who made his fortune by speaking English, which he used to do in this style: "Juhn! Juhn! you moost obeyee to dose ladee!" Nor is the English French much better than the French English.

But we are wandering from our subject. We were about to say that we have seen a good many millions of Frenchmen, of all sorts and sizes, and we are willing to stake our reputation upon the assertion that the people of that ingenious and enterprising nation are not a whit worse off for adipose matter than our own countrymen, if as much so. That they are a little less puffy than their neighbors over the channel, is perhaps true.

That important point being settled, we will proceed with our true history. A number of years ago there lived, in the Great Valley of Virginia, a fat Frenchman. Yes, whatever the prejudice on the subject of the race may be, no one would be hardly enough to deny that Jean Jacques Legras was a fat Frenchman—that the Frenchman, though a Frenchman, was fat, and that the fat, though undeniable fat, was French; unless, indeed, it be contended that as much of it as was the product of Virginia "hog and hominy," should be set down as American. Be that as it may, the fat itself was a veritable "fixed fact." And Legras was no small potatoes of a fat man, either. He might have passed muster as a London alderman, played Falstaff without stuffing, or stood the test of any of those ordeals which are supposed to be the touchstones of legitimate pingitude.

In body and bulk, then, it will not be denied that our Frenchman was a *great* man. If he was not correspondingly great in other respects, it can hardly be said to have been his fault; for Jean Jacques had the infirmity of noble minds—he was ambitious. He panted for an opportunity of distinguishing himself; he thirsted for glory, as the traveller in the desert thirsts for the crystal well in the emerald oasis. It was military

glory, especially, that he longed for; and if he lived in such "piping times of peace" as to make its attainment impracticable, he surely was not to blame for it. It was only because swords were so scarce, and ploughshares so plentiful, that he had failed to become a Julius Cæsar or a Napoleon Bonaparte. Such, at least, was his opinion; and who ought to know, if he didn't?

Fate having thus made him a man of peace, in spite of himself, Jean Jacques Legras was forced to smother the martial fires within him, and to allow the luxuriance of his warlike enterprise to "run to seed." The result was the transfer to his only son and heir of all those towering hopes which had so signally come to naught in his own portly person.

This son, whose mother died while he was an infant, was named Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon Legras; and as his full complement of appellations was rather inconveniently tedious, it was usually abbreviated by the father into "'Annebal Napoleon," and by the schoolboys into "Hanny Nap."

The future glory and greatness of this long-named youth was the subject of Jean Jacques's "dreams by night and visions of the day." In his own emphatic language, he was bound to make him a hero, or "bust;" and his most strenuous efforts, for many years, were almost exclusively directed to that praiseworthy object of parental ambition.

From the very cradle, Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon's training was of a warlike character. No coral and bells, no harmless rattle, no peaceful playthings of any description, were ever allowed to soothe his infant poutance. His toys were all suggestive of the "pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war;" his play-house was a military magazine in miniature; and if it had been practicable, the gallant Jean Jacques would have made his daily bread a conglomeration of "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder," and his diurnal drink some terrible brewage of aquafortis and gunpowder.

As soon as the embryo hero was able to walk, he began to learn the manual exercise, and such warlike accomplishments. His progress was altogether satisfactory to the party immediately interested; but envious "outsiders" maintained that there was a fatal defect in the system, inasmuch as the father, who was his only teacher, was an arrant ignoramus, and had the misfortune not to know it. They maintained, however, that there was one consolation he might have had, if he had not been too obtuse to perceive it; and that was, that the son, being as great a numskull as the parent, would probably advance as fast

under one teacher as another. What a melancholy thought it is that no position is sufficiently exalted to escape the tongue of detraction!

Jean Jacques and his neighbors both agreed in considering Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon a true "chip of the old block;" but it must be confessed that there was a difference of opinion about the stuff the old block itself was made of. If you had asked one of those unmannerly outsiders to interpret the epithet, he would have told you that it meant a thorough poltroon, as well as an unmitigated ass. Like the old man, however, they would admit that he had some redeeming traits—that he was at least good-natured, and, like most cowards, anxious to please all and give offence to none.

After Hannibal Napoleon had been educated up to what his father thought the proper point, the latter resolved, if possible, to have him finished off at West Point. With this object in view, he became the *bête noire*, the especial aversion, of the member of Congress from his district, who soon learned to dread his approach as if he had been a locomotive amalgamation of small pox and yellow fever. He flattered, and cajoled, and blustered, and threatened—or at least made attempts at all these—by turns; but it was all of no avail. Uncle Sam would have nothing to do with Hannibal Napoleon.

Crossed in this darling purpose, Legras determined to convey the embryo hero to his father—or rather his *grand-father-land*. He took him to France, and actually succeeded in getting him matriculated at the *Ecole Polytechnique*. This was a great triumph—but alas! a short-lived one; for hardly had the proud father returned to the shores of America, when back came Hannibal Napoleon, thrown upon his hands again like a piece of damaged goods, and bringing with him a laconic epistle, which was, in substance, a Gallic version of the well-known English proverb, "There is no making a whistle out of a pig's tail"—a proverb, by the way, which some Yankee has falsified by actually constructing a very excellent whistle with no other material than one of those same scandalous appendages.

This was a cut of the unkindest kind; but Jean Jacques was not a man to let anything trouble him long. He railed bitterly against the Bourbons, whom he accused of being the cause of this mishap, in consequence of their jealousy of the young hero! They knew that he himself had been an ardent supporter of the great Napoleon, and they hated Julius Cæsar Hannibal Napoleon Legras, both from dread of what his budding abilities might produce in the future, and from their dislike to the ever-glorious name

he bore. He had always been inclined to think that Louis XVIII. was envious of him and his family, and now he had a positive assurance of the fact.

The Virginia Military Institute, unfortunately, was not then in existence, or he would undoubtedly have tried that also. As it was, his ardor was somewhat abated by his successive disappointments, and he began to turn his attention to the promotion of his son's interests in another quarter. Hannibal Napoleon was now far advanced in his hobbydehoyhood, and would soon be a man, and in a condition to settle for life—which means being fastened down to one spot by that peculiar contrivance called wedlock; and absurdly so, since that is not properly a lock at all to which there can be no key. Once advantageously "settled," Hannibal Napoleon might at least stand a chance of becoming a general of militia, if nothing better offered in the meantime.

As to this settling operation, the father had always had peculiar views for his son, and he thought it was now time to develop them. His only sister had married a Virginia gentleman named Brotherton, and their daughter, and only child Ada, was now an orphan, and under his guardianship. She was an especially beautiful, amiable and intelligent girl.

An important change was now about to take place in the hitherto monotonous life of Ada Brotherton. She had been away at school ever since the death of her parents, and had consequently seen very little of her uncle and cousin. Now, however, her educational course was completed, and the beautiful girl, now just blossoming into womanhood, was to be transferred to the Legras homestead, which its proprietor had dignified with the high-sounding, historical appellation of Austerlitz.

Ada had already left school, and was spending a few weeks with one of her young friends, in the pretty village of Harrisonburg, in Rockingham county, where her father had formerly lived. Here her uncle was to meet her, and convey her in his carriage to Austerlitz.

In view of this little trip, Jean Jacques had made certain calculations which required that his son should accompany him. What their nature was, may be gathered from the following colloquy, which took place between the father and son, the day before the projected visit to Harrisonburg:

"Sit down yourself, von moment, my son; I 'ave need to 'avé wiz you von leetle tete-a-tete—von leetle vat you call consoltation. Now tell me, 'Anneebal Napoleon, vat you tink about to get marry—hein?"

"About getting married? I never thought anything at all about it. What makes you ask?"

"Baycause I tink it lofty time—"

"High time, you mean."

"Varee vell; high time, den, for you to commence for to tink 'bout him. *Oui*—yes, sair. And dere is von yong ladee which has *beaucoup d'argent*—ver mosh silver—and which is beautiful, too; beautiful *comme un ange des cieux*—like as von sky angel. And dis yong ladee, so beautiful, and so reesh, and so—vat you call—so *accomplie*—so complicate—"

"So accomplished, you mean."

"Ah, *oui*!—yes, so accomplished. *O, que vous etes savant!*—that you are learned, my son! Vell, dis yong ladee, which is likewise scholar, and *grande musicienne*—big musician—touches de piano, and pinches de guitar, and is *tout a fait*—all to fact—accomplish; how you like to husband her—to marry her—eh?"

"I wouldn't like it at all. I don't want none of your dictionary-talking gals. I'd rather have Sal Spikes, a heap."

"But dis is not von *dictionnaire*-talk ladee. It is your own *cousine*, Mees Ada Brozsairton; and she is vort feefty tousand dollair. How you like dat, sair?"

"Well, I dunno. I should like the money."

"And you not like de yong ladee too? You ought to be shame of yourself, *corbleu*! You not *assez de Francais*—you not Frenchman 'nough—you too mosh Yankee, or you would be more *galant*. *Mille tonnerres!* If I vas not her oncle, and not quite so mosh fat, I would cut you in—no, cut you out—and marry her meself, *corbleu*! But it vould nevair do for *tant d'argent*—for so mosh monëy to quit de family. You moost marry her."

"Well, father, I don't mind the marryin' and the money, but I don't know how to go about it; I don't know how to court. If it was Sal Spikes, now! But I don't hardly know my coasin; I don't know what to say."

"Vell, vell, you joost do vat I bid you. I'll tell you vat to say. But you moost be ver quick 'bout it; for Ada vill soon 'ave plenty yong fellows to court her. *He bien!* now you 'tend to vat I say. I am going to go to fetch her 'ome to-morrow, and you moost go 'long. I vill drive de *carrosse*, de *earriage*, my own self, and I vill say to Ada dat von of de horses is—is—vat you call—*boiteux*—limpy—"

"Lame?"

"Yes, yes; lame. And ven ve come to de *colline rouge*—de "red hill"—dis side of Harrisonboorg, I vill say you two yong peoples vas be necessair to descend and walk up de hill. So

den, I vill drive on, outside of sight. And ven you comes to *un endroit*, a spot favorable, you moost put your knees on dair you, bend yourself, and say: '*Ange de mon cœur*—angel of my 'eart, deign to cast von pitying glance upon de slave at your feet, and allow dose 'eavenly eyes to cure de evils dey have inflic' 'pon de mos' humble of your admirers, Julius Cæsar 'Anneehal Napoleon Legras.' Vat you tink of dat, eh? She not stand dat, my boy; not nevair. She vill raise you from your knee, and den you moost, vat you call, hop de question, *sur le champ*—on de field—right off de spinnin'-veel."

"Right off the reel, you mean."

"Vell, vell; all same von as tudder. You try dat plan, and see if it don't labor—"

"Work, you mean, father."

"Ah, vell! vork is labor, and labor is vork; and if dat plan don't vork, den call me a rigmorumus. Ve moost 'ave von—von—von pud-ding—"

"Wedding, I s'pose you mean?"

"Ah, *oui*, yes! ve vill have von wedding nex Christmas; and ve vill do it *en grand*—do it big. And ve vill drink de healt' of de great Napoleon, and all de leetle Napoleons, too. Joost you do vat I tell you, and dere vill not be no trooble 'bout Ada's consent to de *fiancailles*—to de hop de question—"

"Pop the question—not hop."

"Vell, vell; pop, den, let it be. And be sure you pop it vell, and don't make no meeetake."

With this parting injunction, the council was dissolved, and both parties proceeded to make preparations for the important expedition. Hannibal Napoleon was rigged out for the occasion in a style which, in cockney phrase of the present day, would be called *stunning*—and a stunning result was anticipated, both by himself and his admiring parent. It so happened that the young man, so far as figure was concerned, was the very antipodes of the old one. He was long, lean, lathy and limber, and, in the highest degree, awkward and ungainly. Jean Jacques, however, believed his person to be the very pink of perfection, and lauded to the skies his "slim and genteel" corporality, in his own peculiar fashion—managing, generally, to top off with an expressive anti-climax.

"*Ah, mon fils*—ah, my son," said he, when he saw him adorned for the ride, "dat is grand, splendeed, magnificent, exquisiteet, sooblime, pretty good!"

The day was a beautiful one, all things went well, and the party left Harrisonburg in high feather. When they reached the "Red Hill" the old man sprang his mine.

"*Ma chere Ada*—my dear child, dis old horse on dat side have somehow estropiated—lamed—hissself. Now if you two yong peoples vill git out and valk yourselves ovair dis big hill, me and de horse vill be ver mosh obligate for de kindness."

Anxious to please her uncle, Ada leaped from the carriage immediately. Hannibal Napoleon followed, at a much more deliberate pace, and then the old man drove on.

It was a delicious summer evening, and our friends had suffered themselves to be delayed till it was quite late. There was a full moon in prospect, however, and they did not think it necessary to be in a hurry. As we have already stated, Hannibal Napoleon's knowledge of his cousin was but slight, and his acquaintance with ladies in general was limited to Sal Spikes and "a few more of the same sort."

He was now alone with his cousin for the first time, and the important moment had arrived when, in obedience to his father's directions, he was to secure his pretty cousin and ever so many thousands of dollars. The two pedestrians were about as totally unlike as two human beings well could be. Ada was a refined and intelligent young lady, with a soul attuned to all the harmonies of nature; Hannibal Napoleon was—the reader knows what.

The young gentleman had a dim consciousness that it would not do to "hop the question" abruptly, without anything in the way of preliminaries. He therefore began to cudgel his brain, in order to find a remark to begin with; but Hannibal Napoleon's brain was a stubborn one, and not much in the habit of standing by its owner in such emergencies. He looked up to the sky, and he looked down to the ground, and he looked all around him—but nothing came of it. O, for an idea! thought he; but not as idea came to his assistance. They were a sort of thing whose acquaintance he had little cultivated, and they now stood aloof, in the hour of his sorest need and bitterest tribulation.

Suddenly a hungry-looking porker sprang out of a clump of bushes, and with a loud grunt, ran across the road. No bigoted Israelite ever cursed the whole porcine race more emphatically than Hannibal Napoleon blessed it now. It was a perfect godsend.

"I say, Cousin Ada, don't it make your mouth water to think about hog-killin' time?"

"Why, cousin?"

"O, sasages, you know, and spar'riba, and chimes, and cracklin'-pone, and them—splendid!"

The subject was a fortunate one. Those who feel deeply, they say, speak eloquently. If so,

no one could have the elements of eloquence in greater perfection than this enthusiastic youth. It was a congenial topic, for if there was anything on earth he loved, it was the rich unctuous morsels which he had in his mind's eye then—

"Grease that was living grease no more,"

as Byron (might have) said.

But the young man's organ of language was not a prominent one, and even grease soon failed him; and a long silence followed. At last, happening to look into a cornfield by the roadside, he caught another idea, and pressed it into use.

"I say, Cousin Ada, do you like roasting-ears best when they're roasted or when they're biled?"

Ada had not paid much attention to the subject, and distrusted her ability to offer an intelligent opinion—hardly knew which she liked best. Her companion gave her the benefit of his experience; but it did not last long, and the conversation again languished.

They had now reached the top of the hill. Hannibal Napoleon was again at a loss for an idea, and knew not where to look for one. Fortunately, he happened to cast his eyes towards the setting sun. Ada followed their direction, and at once became absorbed in contemplating the glories of the scene.

The spot is a commanding one. To the eastward you have the Massanutten mountain, running boldly off towards the south, and then terminating as suddenly as if it had been swallowed up by an earthquake; and beyond it the Blue Ridge, extending, both to the right and left, as far as the eye can reach. Far westward the view is terminated by the North Mountain, and between it and the spectator lies a beautiful rolling country, smiling in the lap of peace and plenty, and rich in all the elements of rural beauty.

Below the feet of the beholder lies the village of Harrisonburg, with all the adjuncts of an American country-seat of the better class. Immediately in front is the court-house, with its steeple crowned by an ichthyological vane, which tells you faithfully how the last strong wind blew; and, a little to the right, a church with its steeple surmounted by a trumpet that will neither blow itself, nor tell how the wind blows, though it professes to be a vane also. And further in the distance are various other churches, and numerous private residences, some of them of a pleasing, tasteful exterior.

Such is Harrisonburg at the present day, and the more prominent features of the scene were not materially different from this at the period of which we write. The cousins saw them gilded and adorned by all the beauties of a most gorgeous Virginia sunset—

"Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

If by "unclouded," Byron here means that the whole heavens were free from clouds, we humbly submit that he has spoiled his sunset. This beautiful phenomenon, even in Greece, could never be exhibited in full perfection unless there were masses of vapor collected above the departing luminary. Such was the case in the glorious scene upon which Ada was gazing with all her soul in her eyes.

Pile on pile, in a vast arch spanning the whole western heavens, lay huge masses of clouds, which one who saw them for the first time might well mistake for entire mountains, composed, each one, of a single gem. Mighty masses of ruby reposed on pillars of jasper; lofty pinnacles of purest gold towered up to heaven, with a background of ultramarine or azure; vast piles of amethyst, and topaz, and sapphire, and cornelian, were glowing as with ten thousand beacon-fires; while opalescent tints and ever-varying hues played over the whole, till all at last seemed to melt into "one entire and perfect chrysolite," extending from the zenith to the horizon, and then gradually fading away into the sober russet of the sunless twilight sky.

But it is time that we should return to earth, and to Hannibal-Napoleon, whom we have left all this time gaping after an idea. He was so still, that his cousin supposed him to be, like herself, absorbed in the contemplation of the glorious scene before them. And so he was, and he proved it, the next minute, by exclaiming:

"I say, cousin, do you know what that thar looks like? It looks jest like the inside of Aunt Betty's copper kettle, with streaks of apple-butter smeared all over it—it does, by gum!"

To this elegant comparison, Ada had nothing to say, and the two walked slowly forward. Presently Hannibal Napoleon wheeled off to one side of the road, and beckoned to Ada to follow him. When she did so, he suddenly dropped on one knee, threw himself into an attitude which he considered very graceful, rolled up his eyes with a die-away expression, and then, with a sudden start and a ludicrous grimace, cried:

"Consarn them chesnut-burs!"

That was not exactly what Ada had expected to hear—though the fact is, she did not know what to expect. At first, she was inclined to think him not right in his mind; then she imagined he was going to say his prayers; and then she didn't know what to think, but stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, to stifle a laugh, and awaited the denouement.

Hannibal Napoleon shifted his legs, threw

back his head, rolled up his eyes again, opened his mouth, and—*r-r-r-p!* something suddenly gave way at the nether end of his continuations. Casting a rueful glance below, he exclaimed:

"Od rot them straps!"

Ada was thoroughly mystified, and at the same time so excessively amused, as to make an explosion of laughter very difficult to suppress. For this reason, she began slowly to walk forward, but had only taken a few steps, when her genuflecting cousin called out:

"Cousin Ada! ho, Cousin Ada! Come back here! I've got something to say to you."

She returned. Hannibal Napoleon again struck an attitude, threw back his head, opened his mouth, and said:

"Cuss that hat—it wont stay on!"

His hat had fallen off. The same thing had happened twice before, and the lover was at his wit's ends, for his new beaver was the darling of his heart, and the earth was a mass of mud.

At last his face brightened. A happy thought had struck him.

"Here, cousin," said he, "just hold that hat a minute or two—will you?"

Ada consented. The graceful position was resumed, and at last the question-popping commenced. In the tone of a school-boy reciting his task, and with an exact repetition of the ridiculous, lackadaisical gestures used by his father, he commenced:

"Angel of my heart, deign to cast a pitying glance upon the slave at your feet, and allow those heavenly eyes to—to—to cure—those heavenly eyes to—to—to cure—to cure the measles—"

Ada's pent-up risibilities could endure no longer. A clear, loud, ringing, musical laugh burst forth, and her whole frame was convulsed by the explosion, repeated as it was every time she looked at her cousin, who remained still in the same silly posture, with a look upon his face which could only be characterized by borrowing a word from his grandmother tongue—*ebahi*. Though exceedingly amazed that his companion should laugh at so serious a matter, he was not at all embarrassed.

"Cuss the thing—I have forgot it! But you just hold on a minute, and—stop! I've got it! cure the evils—that's it! I knowed I could come it—cure the evils—"

And he was about to finish the high-flown harangue which his father had provided for him, when an unexpected interruption occurred in the shape of the report of a gun or pistol, followed by a long, loud, shrill cry, or rather yell, coming apparently from the carriage, which by this time was some distance ahead.

"That's father's voice!" cried Hannibal Napoleon, starting to his feet, and as pale as a corpse.

Without a moment's hesitation, Ada began to run towards her uncle; and her cousin, we are sorry to say, began to travel, at a 2.40 speed, in precisely the opposite direction. The reader will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that the young lady was the first to reach the carriage. When she reached it, she found the horses hitched to a tree, and no one to be seen anywhere. In a moment, however, she heard a dismal groan from the carriage.

"Is that you, uncle?" she asked.

There was no reply, but a repetition of the groan.

After a little hesitation, she climbed into the vehicle, and found her uncle stretched at full length upon the cushions. For some time she received no reply to her repeated questions, save an additional groan, and a piteous cry for mercy. At last, however, the old man said, feebly and tremulously:

"*Est-ce toi, ma chère*—is it you, my dear?"

"Yes, dear uncle, it is I. What is the matter?"

"*Ah, ma chère niece*, it is all ovaire vid me—*c'est fait de moi*—I am done for—almos' gone."

"You are not hurt—are you, uncle?"

"I am kill, my dear—shot to deat'."

"Where are you hurt? I don't see any blood."

"It is not blood, my shild; it is brains. Here, you can feel dem all ovaire my face. De ball split my head open, and scatter dem everywhere."

"Why, uncle, that's not brains! That is the Dutch cheese you had in your hat. Smell it!"

"*Tonnere de Dieu!* I do b'lieve it is sheese, af-tair all. You no feel no hole in my 'ead?"

"No, indeed. You are not hurt at all."

"Dat is ver strange. I feel de bullet strike me joost here. *Juste ciel!* vat a tick skull I must 'ave."

"But who was it, uncle? How did it happen?"

"Vy, it 'appen dat I vas drive along, not tink-ing of noting, and mos' asleep, ven all at vonce de horses vas stop, and I saw stand bayfore me von great, big, tall *sacr-r-r-r-r-r-e* villain ras-cal, vid big red veeskair, and a black patch in von eye, and he not say noting, but poot von pistol to my 'ead, and bang! he shoot me right here in de temple, and I joost 'ave de time to give von screech, and den I fall ovaire, and not know noting no more till I hear you call me. But vere is my son—vere is 'Annebal Napoleon?"

Ada made an ambiguous answer, for she did not like to tell the old man that his darling son had run away, instead of coming to his assistance. The father was easily satisfied.

"Vell, vell," said he, "I sooppose he must



'ave see de *vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair and de black patch on von eye; he must 'ave runned aftair him, to catch him. Dat boy is so *courageux*—so full of fight—I 'ave great fear of his get into some difficult. Look, my dear shild, and see if you can apperceive someting of him, someveres."

Ada did as she was bid, and presently saw the hopeful youth peeping cautiously over a fence. Hearing no further alarm, he had turned about and crept slowly up to the carriage, keeping the fence between him and the road. Seeing that all was right, he now showed himself, and advanced towards the others.

"Did you catch him, my son?" asked the father.

"Catch who?"

"Dat great, tall, *sacrr-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair, and black patch on von eye."

"I didn't see nobody with no big red whiskers, nor black patch on their eye."

Fearing an unpleasant explanation, and observing that several persons were approaching, attracted no doubt by the old gentleman's yell, Ada good-naturedly diverted her uncle's attention, and suggested the propriety of unhitching the horse and proceeding at once. This was done, and the old man drove rapidly homeward, imagining that he saw, behind every bush, and in every fence-corner, "dat great, tall, *sacrr-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair, and de black patch on von eye."

They reached home in safety, and nothing of importance occurred for a week or ten days. The morning after their arrival, Jean Jacques took an opportunity to say to his niece:

"Vat vas you two yong peoples talk about las' evening, ven you valk yourselves along de overtop of de red hill, at Harrisonboorg?"

"Well, uncle, my cousin asked me if it didn't make my mouth water to think about hog-killing time, which question being appropriately answered, he then proceeded to compare the beautiful sunset sky to a copper kettle smeared with apple-butter. Those, I believe, were the most important topics of conversation."

The old man did not pursue his inquiries any further. He constantly urged his son, however, to proceed with his suit, and the latter did make certain demonstrations of that sort; but Ada always laughed so consumedly, that he could never get matters brought to a crisis.

One evening the family was alarmed by a loud report, and a few minutes afterward the old gentleman rushed into the house and fell upon a sofa, half dead with fright and the speed with which he had been running. When he had in

some degree recovered his breath, he felt himself carefully all over, and then said:

"*Dieu merci!* I tink he not hit me dis time; I don't feel no hole novheres."

"Whom do you mean, uncle?"

"I mean dat *enfant du diable*—dat debil's baby—dat *sacrr-r-r-e*, big, tall, *vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair, and de black patch on von eye! He vas sit up in de top of de big apple-tree, by de stable-door, a-vaitin' for me to come to de stable; but I saw de scoundrel in time, and *j'ai fait mon possible*—I do my possible to get behind de meat-ouse bayfore he shoot, and I joost save my *cochon*—my bacon. I hear de bullet whiz past *mon oreille gauche*—my awkward ear."

"Your left ear, uncle."

"Vell, vell, it is all same in French. But dis is get to be terreeble. I shall not 'ave no peace, not nevair no more, for dat *sacrr-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair, and de black patch on von eye. Vat he shoot me for? I do him noting—*que le diable l'emporte!*—devil fly away vid him!"

Monsieur Legras went about his daily avocations with fear and trembling. He became excessively nervous, and heard the report of a pistol in every slamming door. He even began to lose his appetite and grow thin. He believed there was some terrible mystery about the red-whiskered assassin, for all his inquiries in relation to him were fruitless. Nobody else had ever seen him, and some went so far as to believe him a myth, a creature of the Frenchman's imagination.

In the meantime, Hannibal Napoleon's courtship was making very little progress; and this was another source of annoyance to the old gentleman. He was quite out of patience with the young man's dilatoriness, and had once said to him, with great emphasis: "'Anneebal Napoleon, you are von son of a jackass."

One evening the Legras household was waiting impatiently for the evening meal. The head of the family was absent—a very unusual thing at this hour. He had gone out to see about the cutting down of some trees for timber, but was to have been back before sunset, and the candles had now been lit for some time.

At last he made his appearance, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman who was not a resident of the neighborhood, though he had been several times a visitor at Austerlitz. He was a rising young lawyer, named Medwynne. Mr. Legras greatly needed his support, for he seemed hardly able to walk.

"Dear uncle, what is the matter?" asked Ada.

"Ah, ma chere niece—my dear shild! I give it

up. *C'est fait de moi!* I am done for—use up! I can stan' it no longer."

"Stand what, uncle?"

"Vy, dat abomeeneable, miserable, dirty, mean, low, vile, disgracefool, ugly, beastly, cowardly, hatefool, daytestable, infernal, *sac-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair and black patch on von eye!"

"What has he done now, uncle?"

"Vat has he *not* done? He 'ave tree time shoot me to de door of de grave, and dis time he vas run up to finish his work, ven dis excellent yong gentleman 'appen to come up, and scare him away, or you would have 'ad no oncle by dis time, my shild. *Scelerat! Que le diable t'etouffe!*"

"Well, well, uncle, we will help you up to bed, and after you have lain down I will bring you a cup of tea and something to eat."

The old gentleman was supported to his bed by Ada and the young lawyer. There was a curious intermingling of fingers, in the course of this operation, and any one who had been looking sharply might have seen Ada slip a note into her bosom. But that is no business of ours.

Before ten o'clock, the Legras establishment was, to all appearance, buried in slumber. The only watcher about the house was the young gentleman-guest, Mr. Medwynne, who was seated by a candle, with a number of the Rockingham Register in his hand.

Suddenly a noise in the upper part of the house broke the stillness of the night; then came a strange shuffling sound upon the stairs, and then Monsieur Legras, in nocturnal attire, and pale as the intruder in King Priam's bed-chamber, burst into the room. He was in a half fainting condition, and would have fallen upon the floor, if Mr. Medwynne had not prevented it and supported him to a seat. He was all the time struggling to speak, and as soon as he could get the words out, he exclaimed:

"*Mon cher ami*—my dear friend—I call on you to bear witness dat I 'ave not no wish for to marry togezair my son and my niece Ada. I give my pairfect consent for her to marry vatevair she please, wherevair she please, howevair she please, howevair anybody else please, and how everybody please. *Je m'en lave les mains*—I wash my 'ands of it, and I vill not 'ave noting to do vid it—*au grand jamais*—not nevair no more forevair and evairlasting."

"Why, Mr. Legras, what is the matter now?"

"De mattair? De mattair now is same as alway. De mattair—*grand Dieu!*—de mattair is dat *enfant du diable*—dat spawn of de devil—dat

infairnal, great, tall, *sac-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid de big red veeskair and de black patch on von eye!"

"It is not possible that he has had the impudence to come into the house?"

"It is posseeble for him to 'ave de impudence of de devil hisself. He come into de house, and into my shambair, and close to de side of my bed, and ven I open my eyes, I see him in de moonlight stand ovaire me, by de side of de table where I 'ad my sooppair. And vidout to say not von single vord, he trow down on de table von leetle bit pocket-pistol; and den he trow down von leetle biggair pistol; and den he trow von great aynormous big 'orse-pistol; and den von leetle gun; and den von mosh biggair gun; and den von traymendous big blunderbush, all same as von leetle cannon; and den von leetle daggair; and den von big daggair; and den von leetle knife; and den von big knife; and den von leetle small-svord; and den von big broad-svord; and den von big bludgeon-stick; and den von bottle of pison; and, las' of all, von haltair—von gallows-rope. After dat, he pick up de tings, von after tudder, and he say:

"If you dare for to praysume for to marry your niece to dat stupeed ass of a son of yours, I vill shoot you vid dis, and dis, and dis (de pistols), and dis, and dis, and dis (de guns); and I vill stab you vid dis, and dis (de daggairs); and I vill cut your heart out vid dis, and dis (de knives); and I vill stick you trough vid dis, and cut and slash you vid dis (de svords); and I vill knock you brains out vid dis (de bludgeon-stick); and I vill make you swallow down dis (de pisen); and den I vill hang you up vid dis (de gallows-rope), till you are as dry as gunpowder and as brittle as glass; and den I vill take von mortar and pestle and pulverize you into atoms, and scattair you into de immensity of space, where noting but Omniscience vill ever be able to find you, and noting but Omnipotence to put you togezair again!"

"And he shake his sledge-hammair fist in de face of me, and I shut my eyes tight, and ven I open dem vonce more, I not see noting more of dat *sac-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair and black patch on von eye!"

"O, Mr. Medwynne," continued the be-devilled old Frenchman, "vat shall I do about it? 'Anneebal Napoleon vill nevair consent to give her up—no, not nevair, no—"

His words were arrested by another noise upon the staircase, a tremendous racket, followed by a sort of bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump, bumpety-bum, bum, bum! caused, evidently, by some heavy body tumbling down the stairs.

The younger gentleman ran to the door, and opening it, found Hannibal Napoleon at the bottom of the steps struggling to get on his legs again, and rubbing his empty pate, which had received some pretty hard knocks in his head—long descent from the landing-place above. His face would have made a capital study for a "knight of the rueful countenance," and the tears were actually starting from his eyes. Some overmastering excitement, however, appeared to possess him, for he instantly burst forth, with excessive volubility (half crying all the time), into the following speech:

"I don't want to marry my cousin! I never did want to marry my cousin! Anybody what says so is a liar! It was all father's doin's! I never courted her! It's all a confounded lie, so it is! Boo hoo, hoo, hoo!"

And here the young hero's feelings so entirely got the better of him, that he began to cry, like a full-grown baby. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he turned to Mr. Medwynne and sobbed out:

"Wont you marry her, Mr. Medwynne? I do wish somebody would marry her!"

"Tell us first what it is that has discomposed you so? What has happened to you?"

"Why, jest now, when I was fast asleep and dreamin' about somebody a-robbin' my water-millon-patch, I waked up all of a sudden and saw a great, big, ugly-looking feller standin' close beside the bed."

"Hadt' he von red head?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"And a big red veeskair?"

"Yes."

"And a black patch on von eye?"

"Yes."

"I thought so—*tonners de Dieu!*—I thought so! Dat same *sac-r-r-r-e vilain ras-cal!*" the old man exclaimed, in trepidation.

"Well, he showed me a whole passel o' guns, and pistols, and knives, and clubs, and pison-bottles, and ropes, and things, and he swore how that ef I dared even to think of sich a thing as marryin' my Cousin Ada, he'd shoot me, and stab me, and knock my brains out, and pison me, and hang me, and grind me up in a mortar and pesle, and scatter me into the intensity of space, when the Venetians would not be able to find me, nor their impotence to put me together again! And then he stept out o' the moonlight, I don't know where; and I jumped out o' bed, and run down here. O, me! What shall I do! Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo! For the Lord's sake, Mr. Medwynne, do marry her—wont you? But 'taint no use, though. Father never will consent to it!"

"Vont I, dough? Joost try me a leet!"

"You'll be willin' for Mr. Medwynne to marry Ada, and for me not to?"

"I will dat—and no meestake!"

"Why, father—what is the matter with you?"

"Vhy, son—what is de mattair of you? Tell me dat, and I tell you dis. I tink me bote mattair joost about the same von as tudder. Mees-tair Medwynne 'ave my fool consent for to marry my niece as mosh as evair he please. De bet-tair de soonair."

"And wont you do it, Mr. Medwynne? Do have her, now; wont you? she's a mighty nice gal—indeed she is."

"Well, if it will really be an accommodation to you, I don't much care if I do."

"Huzzar! Sic semper tyrannis—e pluribus unum! Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! Hooray!"

The reader will not require to be told that this was not the first time that Mr. Medwynne had thoughts of such a thing. Neither will he require from us a minute statement of the plot against Monsieur Legras, and how it was conducted. The following extract from a letter subsequently received by Miss Ada from Mr. Medwynne, will probably suffice.

"Yes, dearest Ada, it *was* necessary to deceive your uncle, and to treat him with apparent roughness; though you must allow that we have been careful to do no real injury either to him or your cousin. Nor would it have answered to have let you into the secret. Your soft heartedness would very soon have spoiled our plot. His own fears met us half way, and rendered our task a very easy one. I didn't disguise myself, nor indeed had I anything to do, except the last time, when I shoved him over into a ditch, at the instant that John Eldon blazed away. He had been talking with a neighbor, and had forgotten it was so late. The first time, in the carriage, John leaned over, himself, and knocked down his hat, cheese and all, over his eyes, with his left hand, while he pulled the trigger of the pistol with his right. There is not a milder looking man anywhere than John Eldon, but he certainly does look frightful in his assassin costume. I mean to exhibit him to you, in full fig; when you cross my threshold, dearest Ada, the first thing you see will be the 'great big, tall, *sac-r-r-r-e vilain ras-cal*, vid big red veeskair, and black patch on von eye!"

#### THE REMEMBRANCE.

Methought I stood in realms beyond the grave,  
Where, in a waste and melancholy place,  
I saw my mother—the same pensive grace  
Hung round her forehead, but upon her cheek  
Tears, as if shed by one who strove to save  
The thing it loved from ill, though all too weak.  
I looked again into those anxious eyes,  
And read the same veiled tenderness; her breast  
Sighed, as if filled with earthly memories.  
I gazed on that loved face, and gazing blessed,  
Until my eyes o'erflowed; but in those tears  
I felt joy inexpressible—for they  
While flowing brought me back to boyhood's years—  
Waters that washed my human sins away!—READA.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BLIND GIRL OF WATERLOO.

BY FRANKLIN J. FOX.

THE little Belgic hamlet of Waterloo, although otherwise entirely insignificant and uninteresting, lying some miles southerly from Brussels, was, as my reader need not be informed, some fifty years since, the locality of one of the most important and desperately contested battles of modern times. The spot is now classic ground; and no one, I am sure, for whom the romantic career of Napoleon has ever possessed half the interest and fascination which the perusal of its record usually excites, can linger among the shattered walks of Hougoumont or La Haye Sainte, or survey the field from the heights of La Belle Alliance, where the emperor staked and lost throne, liberty and power, without becoming deeply absorbed in the reflections so naturally suggested by the scene. At harvest time, a rank growth of grain thickly covers the ridges and intervalles, which, as the guides tell you, grows to rust and decay before it ripens; and where the grain is the richest, you can easily mark the spots where the carnage was most bloody. So strange did it seem, that the best blood of Europe should be given to enrich, and to no purpose, the fields of Waterloo!

And doubly strange did it seem, to reflect, as I did while wandering amid these relics of man's violence, that a spectacle so awful, so tragic, as that which the eighteenth day of June, 1815, here witnessed, should have been displayed upon the Sabbath; that of all other days, that should have been consecrated to this fearful work, which a merciful Creator set apart for rest and worship. That while the parents, the brothers and sisters, and the wives of those who here met in the struggle of death, were sending up their prayers to Heaven, in the humble chapel or lofty cathedral, those for whom they supplicated, were, it may be at that selfsame moment engaged in the work of slaughter, or were themselves gasping in the agonies of death upon the field of "red Waterloo!"

And yet, much as reflections like these affected me—solemn as was the thought, that here hundreds of the bravest hearts of France and England were forever stilled, leaving in their distant homes mourners for life—I must confess that nothing which I here saw or felt, interested or affected me half so deeply as a simple story I heard the same evening, upon my return from the battle-field to the hamlet.

As we passed through the little street of the

latter, my attention was attracted by a group, a family, as I judged, sitting in front of one of the numberless shops where mementoes of the place are sold. There was, first, a female, a young girl, whose face, save a strange vacancy and dreaminess in its expression, impressed me as being extremely lovely. Further examination, however, made me aware of the fact that she was entirely blind. A little child, evidently her own, to judge from the marked resemblance between them, stood by her side; while close at hand, watching every slight movement, each expression of her face, was an athletic, handsome man, whose intelligent countenance was extremely grave and careworn. Aside from the interesting study afforded by the sad yet patient face of the blind girl, the conduct of this man particularly drew my attention. The contemplation of his companion seemed to engross all his faculties; he was so absorbed in watching her, as to be almost unconscious of the presence of aught else; or if his eyes were casually turned to some other object, it was but for an instant—they were immediately directed again to her face.

"Pierre," she murmured softly, while we still stood by—"Pierre, my husband, where are you?"

"Here, darling," the man quickly replied, and his hand was placed in her lap, so that she could clasp it in both of hers. "What do you wish, Ninette; tell me, that I may gratify you."

"Mother is crying," the little child artlessly lisped, striving to clamber upon her father's knee. "Speak to her, papa, bid her not to cry! She does so often when she is alone, until she makes me cry with her. Why does she do so?"

I drew nearer, for I saw that my intrusion was not observed, and the scene was one which irresistibly laid hold upon my feelings. I could see that the man struggled to maintain his composure; yet his lip would tremble as he heard the prattling of the child, which explained its meaning, even to me. The sightless eyes of the blind girl had welled over with tears at the voice of her husband, and she now hid her face upon his shoulder. Tenderly placing his arm about her, he asked, if possible, more anxiously than before:

"Will you not tell me your wishes, Ninette? Bid me do anything for you that man can do, and it shall not be wanting." At that instant the bell of the little chapel close by commenced to toll.

"I have never had but one wish," was the hardly audible reply, as the speaker slightly raised her head; "and that, alas! is impossible to be fulfilled. Hark—that is the vesper bell,

and the sun must now be setting! Ah, Pierre, these are four dreary years which have passed since I last saw the sun! And I shall never more see him; no, nor the bright sky, nor the flowers; and this dear child, which I have never seen, and never can! Ah, Pierre, Pierre, it is dark, so dark!"

Her tears flowed afresh, with the words, and again she hid her face upon the shoulder of her husband. So affecting, indeed, was her grief, so touching the plaintive and inexpressibly sweet tones of her voice, and so powerful the appeal mutely given by those eyes, forever darkened to the light, that I turned away my head, to hide from the guide the emotion which I was half-ashamed to confess. Yet I need not have feared, although I doubt not that the honest fellow had witnessed this same scene, or similar ones, perhaps twenty different times, still, upon this occasion, he showed every sign of being deeply moved. Nor do I envy his humanity, who could have stood by, at that time and place, with dry eyes and composed face, unaffected and unmoved.

Upon different occasions, I have seen men powerfully touched by compassion, sympathy and grief, and have witnessed memorable displays of manly emotion; but never to such an extent as at the time of which I speak, and in the person of the blind girl's husband. As he heard her last word, great sobs of agony broke from his lips, his stout frame quivered like an aspen-leaf, and the tears coursed rapidly down his bearded cheeks. For the last few moments, devout worshippers had been hurrying past upon their way to the chapel, to attend the vesper service; and now one of the solemn, majestic chants of the Romish ritual floated out upon the still air, and distinctly reached our ears. At the sound, the husband fell upon his knees at the feet of Ninette, and seizing her hands, he turned his eyes upward, and fervently uttered the words:

"*Ave Maria*, purge my soul from this great wickedness! Merciful Father, forgive the sin—sweet Jesus, intercede for me!"

Unwilling to remain longer, where my presence might possibly disturb the deep solemnity of this touching scene, I walked slowly on. Looking back upon reaching a corner, I saw that Pierre was still upon his knees by the side of his wife; but her hands now rested softly upon his head, and she was inclining towards him, as if whispering some words in his ear.

I subsequently solicited from my guide a rehearsal of the story which I knew must be connected with the blindness of Ninette, and her union with Pierre; and received the following

particulars, the narrator assuring me that he was perfectly conversant with them.

Four years previous to this time, Ninette, then a gay and beautiful girl of fifteen, lived with her widowed mother, since dead, in the hamlet of Waterloo. The grandfather of the young girl had been a French officer, and shared the fate of many of his companions in arms, falling in the last stand of the Old Guard; and the two, Ninette and her mother, were supported in part by a pension from the French government, and partly by the small revenue derived from the sale of relics of the place.

As might be expected, the loveliness of Ninette made her at once the envy of all the other village maidens, and the prize which each of the youth bent his energies to secure. She seemed the only object of rivalry; other fair maidens there undoubtedly were, but none so graceful or so winning as Ninette. At the same time, she appeared as if perfectly careless as to which of her admirers was most favored. Upon one day, one might flatter himself that the success of his suit was beyond peradventure; upon the day following, he was dismayed to find that his advances were most coolly and distantly received; and in this manner, each of the suitors—and there were at least a dozen—was alternately treated to smiles and frowns, raised to the summit of his hopes, and then rudely cast down to despair, until all became dejected with melancholy.

It cannot, therefore, be concealed, that Ninette was a most consummate coquette. To be, while so young, the sole object of such unbounded admiration—to have the disposal, as it were, of so many hearts, was too great a temptation to vain and trifling coquetry. Being well-disposed towards all her lovers, but regarding one hardly above another, with a thoughtlessness which had no feelings of love to check it, she exulted in her power over her victims, winning their hearts successively, only to cast them aside for new triumphs. And all this, without either artfulness or malice—for she was of too simple a mind for either; but because it pleased her girlish fancy to prolong her mastery.

But this mastery could not be forever maintained. The jealousy of the lovers had heretofore prevented their individual knowledge of the treatment which each had respectively received at the hands of the cruel Ninette; and it was only with the shame and anger aroused by the discovery, as it slowly dawned upon their deluded minds, that each was equally favored, and that all had been ruinously deceived, that they unanimously resolved to throw aside, for the while, their jealous rivalry, and mutually concert a

scheme which should make Ninette the bride of one of them—which one, it was uncertain—but all agreed to join in the plot, and abide by the event. The matter was undertaken without anger, and without the slightest intention of harm to the unsuspecting girl; but rather as a peremptory measure to finally settle her preference, and to do away with the uneasiness which had long tortured them; although it is more than possible that more than one of the youths secretly regarded the mental sufferings which were being prepared for Ninette, as a measure of retribution. Happily for the plotters, none of them anticipated the disastrous results which were destined to flow from their thoughtlessness.

As Ninette was lightly tripping home one evening, without the slightest intimation of danger, she was suddenly seized and hurried into a covered vehicle, close by. Her cries were muffled in a cloak, and her person closely confined in the arms of her captor. Overcome by the violence, and terrified by dreadful apprehensions of her fate, she fainted, and remained some time in a state of utter insensibility. When she at last regained her consciousness, it was to find herself in a damp, dark room, surrounded by stone walls, dripping with moisture.\* The apartment was evidently subterranean. She was lying upon the cold floor, while a tall figure, disguised from head to foot, stood beside her. Throwing herself at his feet, she piteously implored to be released and conveyed to her friends, but was rudely repulsed.

"These are the consequences of heartless coquetry," the disguised man sternly said. "And here, Ninette, shall you lie—ay, if it be even to the day of your death—until you consent to accept the hand of one of those whom your heartless conduct has well-nigh driven frantic. I shall return in an hour, to receive your decision; and remember that this is to be your dungeon, with neither food, drink nor company, until your choice is made."

"Pierre, O Pierre, pity me—release me!" the unhappy girl cried, as, recognizing the voice, she threw herself again at his feet. But the prison door was harshly closed between them, and she found herself alone. The terrors of her situation were too much for her meek spirit, again she lapsed into a swoon, and this time so deep, so deathlike, that her breathing could hardly be perceived. Her jailor returned at the expiration of the hour, and so alarmed did her situation make him, that he caused her to be

conveyed instantly to her home. The same night, all of her abductors precipitately left the village, to await the event of her illness.

For weeks poor Ninette suffered in the insensibility of a burning fever, imagining herself still in the power of her cruel captors, and distressing the ears of her friends with her ravings. She recovered at last, and regained her strength; but it was only with the total loss of her sight—the blasting heat of the fever had forever closed her bright eyes to the light!

This intelligence was received with such distress of mind as may be imagined by the exiled youth; and fearing to return to incur punishment at the hands of the authorities, they became miserable wanderers over the continent. Most restless of all, a demon of unhappiness seemed to possess the wretched Pierre. He reproached himself a thousand times with the guilt of the whole transaction, since he had been the ringleader in the plot; and for several months he roamed restlessly about, "seeking peace, but finding it not." Grown desperate, at last, he determined to return to the village. He found Ninette sad and desponding under her heavy affliction, and most earnestly did he implore her forgiveness, which the gentle girl did not withhold. Nor was this all; with a heroism which did honor to his noble heart, Pierre besought her to become his wife; pleading with her to permit him to atone with the devotion of his whole life for his wrong, and assuring her, when she sadly shook her head, that he had never loved her so well as now. Ninette hesitated long, but his fidelity for several months conquered her consent. And never, since the hour of their marriage, had Pierre failed in his unwearied assiduity to anticipate her every wish. The birth of a child served to strengthen if possible this fidelity; and it was indeed beautiful and touching to see this strong man thus nobly employing his days, striving to redeem his one error. One by one, too, the erring lovers of Ninette returned to their homes, being bidden by the husband to come without fear; and the forgiveness of the wife was freely extended to them.

The renewed interest which this story, with its simple brevity, excited in its characters, drew me the next day, to the little shop of Pierre, where I purchased, from the hands of Ninette herself, several relics of the field. I have carefully cherished and preserved them, not so much as souvenirs of the great battle, as of THE BLIND GIRL OF WATERLOO.

#### A PRINCESS'S DISHONOR.

She was a princess, but she fell; and now  
Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings!

BARRY CORNWALL

\* I conjectured—but without any information to that effect—that this apartment was beneath some portion of the ruins of the chateau of Hougomont, or the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A FRONTIER STORY.

BY D. C. WADE.

It had been one of those perfect days in the latter part of October, which we sometimes have, even after the hoar frosts of autumn have come, to blight and destroy all nature's beauty, and to warn all living creatures to prepare for the approaching winter. The sun had just sank into the western horizon, and even the few last lingering rays, which for a time were discernable upon the high hills and forest tops, had disappeared, and still George Belknap continued to labor without any apparent fatigue, and with as much zeal and activity as if the morning light had just dawned, and his day's work had just commenced.

He was in excellent spirits, for this year the crops everywhere yielded abundantly, and the sight of the large, full ears of his extensive cornfield was sufficient to make any farmer's heart glad, for, from it he expected to realize a handsome profit; and his mind was occupied with the various appropriations he intended to make of the money which he hoped to receive from his summer's produce. And now having beheld him so diligently at work, let us pause for a moment, and go back a little in order to give the reader some insight into his previous history.

George Belknap was a young man of about twenty-six years of age, of a fine form and noble bearing, and with a particularly pleasing countenance, and he was moreover universally beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. He had married Mary Grant, a sweet, tidy, comely maiden, whose only fortune was her pretty face and loving heart; and with that her husband was content, for she made him a most capital helpmate, always keeping his house in perfect order, and discharging her duties in as able and efficient a manner as he did his, and not a happier home than their's could be found in all New England. It was a short time before this, that a general panic had spread throughout the colonies. It was the year 1756, and a war had broken out between England and France, which of course very seriously affected the state of things in this country, and the news had come that the combined French and Indian forces had committed terrible depredations upon our border towns, carrying death and destruction wherever they went. Intense excitement everywhere prevailed. Massachusetts appealed loudly to the courage and patriotism of her sons, urging them to arise in their country's defence,

and assist in driving the merciless, blood-thirsty savages and the almost equally ferocious Frenchmen from their borders. George Belknap enlisted at once, with several of his townsmen; but soon the excitement died away. Rumors reached them of suspended hostilities, and of a peace likely to follow; and so much reliance has been placed upon these reports, that for a time the contemplated project of sending an expedition against Fort Niagara had been abandoned, and Gen. Abercrombie deeming further reinforcements unnecessary, very willingly granted permission to those who had already enlisted, and had not yet joined the army, to remain at home, until some fresh outbreak should require their services. This, as well as the bountiful harvests, had served to elevate George Belknap's spirits to a wonderful degree, and he was so occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice that the sun had set, and that the twilight shadows were fast creeping on, when the loud, shrill notes of the horn, calling him to supper, made him leave his work, and whistling to his dog, he started off in the direction of home. He had just reached the edge of the cornfield, when he turned around, and glancing from one end of it to the other he viewed with evident satisfaction the large amount of labor he had accomplished; when lo! in the very path he had a moment before trodden, he beheld the tall, powerful form of an Indian, standing at a little distance from him, with his keen black eyes fixed full upon him, though no sound escaped his lips. On his brow he wore a coronet of eagle's feathers; a blanket was thrown carelessly over his left shoulder, and with one hand he grasped his uplifted tomahawk, while with the other he pointed significantly, with his fore-finger to a dark-brown-haired scalp, which hung all dripping with blood at his girdle. It was a sight sufficient to make the bravest turn pale, and George Belknap, stout-hearted as he was, stood stupefied with horror and amazement. He stood as if spellbound, with his eyes riveted upon the dusky form before him, and he would gladly have fled, but his limbs seemed suddenly deprived of the power of motion. Not that the sight of an Indian had in itself anything appalling, for in this part of the country they were invariably peaceable, well-disposed towards the whites, and not unfrequently stopped at their dwellings, as they passed to and fro on their hunting excursions, to obtain food and drink. But it must be remembered that signs, dreams and wonders, spectres, visions and ghosts, were household words among our ancestors, and though George Belknap had hitherto ridiculed the whole as idle talk, yet he was

not altogether free from the superstitions of his day and generation. Where had the Indian come from, was the question which arose in his mind; he had but a moment before surveyed the whole cornfield, and he knew that no Indian was there then.

Was it an apparition? what else could it be? for no mortal man had been near him all the day; and as that conviction settled itself upon his mind, his knees actually "smote one against the other." Had he been upon the battle-field he would have been undaunted and undismayed; he would have rushed with impetuosity into the deadliest part of the conflict, and would have fought valiantly and manfully, without a thought of fear; but to be all alone, full three-quarters of a mile from home, just when the evening shadows were thickening about him, with an Indian ghost directly before him, was a sight calculated to fill even the bravest heart with consternation and horror, and he sprang with the agility of a panther over the walls, and flew, rather than ran in the direction of home. Fleeter and fleeter grew his steps impelled by fear, as ever and anon he glanced over his shoulder, and beheld the Indian with his uplifted tomahawk hotly pursuing him. Once, he hit his foot against a stone, and stumbled and fell, then the Indian halted for a moment until he had arisen, and the race went on as before. If he slackened his pace, the Indian slackened his also, always keeping just such a distance from him; if he turned from one side of the road, his companion did the same; if he crossed over to the other, the footsteps of his pursuer were still close upon his track.

On and on they sped, and when George reached the house, he was more dead than alive with fatigue and terror. Again he turned round, but the Indian had stopped, and after shaking his tomahawk defiantly at him he vanished like mist before him.

Fortunately his wife was so much engaged in making tea, and taking up the toast and cakes for supper, that she did not particularly notice him, so that by the time he had taken his seat at the table, he had in some degree recovered from his fright and fatigue.

"George, what is the matter?" said his wife, as she passed him a cup of tea; "are you sick? you look dreadfully pale."

"I, I don't know, yes, I believe I am sick. I have a headache," he answered, hardly knowing what he said.

"What can I do for you?" she said quickly, quite alarmed by his looks and manner.

"Nothing at all, dear, all I need is a little quiet and rest, and I shall soon be better."

"Shall I boil you an egg? or will you have some of this toast? I made it expressly for you, and it is unusually nice, or perhaps you had rather have a cracker."

"Neither, Mary, I don't want anything to eat to-night, I am not hungry at all."

"You have been at work too hard, I know you have," said Mary. "I'll go down and see if Mr. Trueman wont let John or Jim come and help you to-morrow, shall I?"

But Mr. Belknap did not answer; he had not even heard her question.

"Wont you have some more sugar or cream in your tea?" said Mary, after the lapse of a few minutes, again trying to draw her husband into conversation.

"O no, it is all right, and very nice," he answered, drinking it more to please her than because he actually wanted it; and then arising from the table, he drew his chair quite close to the fire, and remained silent and motionless as a statue for more than an hour, gazing in upon its bright burning embers; and Mary, perceiving that her husband was not in a conversational mood, wisely concluded to leave him to his own meditations, and proceeded to wash and wipe the tea-dishes, and to put them away. After that, a long silence ensued, which Mary was the first to break.

"George," said she, as she came and sat down by him, "what is the matter? something has happened, I know, for you are not usually so sad and dejected; do tell me what it is, you surely wont exclude me from your confidence."

"Indeed, I will not, Mary," said George, "you deserve it, and you shall have it. The truth is, I have had my warning."

"Your warning?" said Mary in surprise, "what do you mean? you astonish me."

"I mean just what I say," he answered in a very serious tone. "I have received the warning which death always gives to all before they depart."

"And is that all?" and Mary laughed outright. "Really, I thought something dreadful had happened. I feel as if a load was taken from my heart."

"And it is dreadful," said George, in a husky voice, "to be cut off in the very morning of my life, to die, when I have so many to love and to live for, to leave you, my dearest—"

"Stop," said Mary, putting her hand over his mouth, "you must not talk so; who has been putting these silly notions into your head? I thought you were a firm disbeliever in all this sort of nonsense."

"So, I always have been," answered her hus-



band; "but 'facts are stubborn things,' and I can't discredit the evidence of my own eyes," and he proceeded to relate his evening adventures; how an Indian had risen up before him in the cornfield all painted and equipped for battle, how he had ran, and been pursued by him all the way home, always keeping just such a distance from him, and finally just when he had reached his own door, he had shaken his tomahawk defiantly at him, and then disappeared as suddenly as he came.

To all this Mary listened with assumed gravity, though she could scarcely refrain from laughter. She had no faith in visions, presentiments and warnings, which were the favorite topics of conversation at the fireside among our ancestors, and therefore she could not participate in her husband's fears and forebodings.

"George," said she, "I see through the whole affair; this phantom which you have seen, is partly the work of your own imagination; you were at work all alone in the cornfield, and no one to talk to, and your mind was doubtless occupied with those frightful stories of Indian murders and massacres of which we have heard so many of late, and you allowed your thoughts to dwell so long upon them, that your imagination became aroused to such a pitch, that you actually believed that you saw an Indian before you; that was all. I looked out of the window and saw you running as if some evil spirit was after you, but there was n't any Indian, for if there had been, I should have seen him."

"What was invisible to you, might have been visible to me," answered her husband, quietly.

"When I was about twelve years old," said Mary, "my mother had a quilting-party, and just as we were nicely seated at the supper-table, a bird came in at the window, and flew around my head three times, and lit on my shoulder for a moment, and then went off through an open window. Dismay was on every countenance; the old ladies shook their heads, and whispered one to another, 'poor child, she is n't long for this world; it's a dreadful omen, a sure sign of death.' My mother grew pale with terror, and for months after she watched me constantly, daily expecting to see me droop and die. But you see I disappointed them all. I grew tall, and strong, and here I am not quite twenty-one, and haven't scarcely seen a sick day in my life. What do you think of that, George? If the sign proves false in my case, why should it not in yours?"

"You are a most capital reasoner," said Mr. Belknap, affectionately; "you'd do nicely for a lawyer, I hope your argument will prove true."

He did not tell her that it was the scalp, to which the Indian had pointed so impressively, the hair of which was exactly the color of his own, that had affected him more powerfully than anything else.

"This is a disagreeable subject, let us drop it entirely," said Mary; "it never does any good to dwell upon these dark things, and we won't be so foolish as to give way to idle fears, till we have some cause for them. Suppose we sing a little, that will drive away the blues to perfection. O, no, not those solemn things, for you are solemn enough already," she said, seeing him take up the hymn-book; "let us have something lively, some of those good old English ballads, such as your grandfather used to sing, Prince Edward was a famous man, or Robin Hood;" and in another moment the room was filled with the soft, sweet music of her merry melodies; she sang the whole six verses beginning with "Prince Edward was a famous man," but her husband could not join her, a cloud was upon his brow, his mind was filled with dark and sad forebodings of coming evil, he seemed to feel instinctively that a terrible death awaited him, and even the gaiety of his wife could not dispel his gloom.

Just then the clattering of horses' hoofs were heard at the door, and a soldier entered. He had come, he said, addressing Mr. Belknap, to inform him that hostilities had again commenced more alarming than ever; that the rumors of peace were without any foundation, got up and circulated by the French themselves, to blind the eyes of the colonists, until they could have time to complete their preparations for a war, and Gen. Abercrombie had sent him with orders for those who had enlisted, and as many more as he could rally, to join the army without delay. The soldier delivered this message in a rapid and monotonous tone, and with a polite bow he departed, to execute his commands elsewhere, while poor Mary upon whose heart his words had fallen like a thunder-bolt, threw herself into her husband's arms and burst forth into an uncontrollable flood of tears, for now for the first time those terrible apprehensions of some dreadful calamity about to befall them, which had so disturbed and distressed her husband, suddenly took possession of her own soul, and she gave way to her feelings without any attempt to restrain them.

The next morning the sun shone out in all its splendor and beauty; the weather was warm, and pleasant as summer, and the day promised to be all that the previous one had been, and yet upon this morning when all was beautiful, bright and joyous, there was weeping, sorrow and parting;

many a heart was oppressed with sadness, many a home was left lonely and desolate, and many were separated from loved ones forever, for in nearly every town in Massachusetts, some could be found who had responded to the call of patriotism and duty, and were about to depart upon a perilous expedition against Fort Niagara.

Already the sharp report of the musketry announced that the time of departure was at hand, and the air resounded with the beating of the drum, and the music of the fife; still George Belknap lingered, he could not tear himself away from his young, beautiful and weeping wife, without a few more expressions of love and tenderness, the last he felt he ever should bestow upon her.

Never before had he looked so handsome as there he stood in the doorway all accoutred and equipped for his campaign, with one arm thrown lovingly around his wife, whom he was seeking to cheer and console. His tall, fine form was drawn up to its full height, his head was proudly erect, and no trace of his previous agitation was visible upon his countenance, his dark brown hair was thrown carelessly off his forehead, his cheek was flushed with excitement, and in his eye there was an unusual brilliancy.

"Mary, my sweet wife," he said, "my heart tells me that I shall never return, for twice last night the same Indian that I saw yesterday has appeared in my dreams, to warn me of my approaching end, but do not mourn or grieve for me, for I give my life a willing sacrifice to my country's cause. Our separation here, my dearest, will be a final one, but remember, Mary, there is a heaven above; thither your steps are tending as well as mine; there we shall meet again to be forever united, and to dwell in those blest mansions of eternal happiness which the Lord has prepared for all who love and serve him." Then followed one long and last embrace, and they parted.

It would be useless to enter upon a detailed account of that perilous expedition undertaken against Fort Niagara, for all the readers of American history must be fully aware that the result was most disastrous to the hopes of the colonists. A dreadful defeat, in which a dreadful loss of life was involved, was followed by a rapid retreat. Indians merciless and blood-thirsty constantly hovered upon the trail of the routed army, concealing themselves in the woods and trees, to cut off any stragglers or small parties of soldiers who should by chance have become separated from the main body of the army, and many fell victims to the unerring aim of their bullets or tomahawks. Among these was George Bel-

knap; he, together with some dozen of his companions, had carelessly fallen in the rear of the army, and were stopping for a few moments to drink from a brook, when suddenly a large party of Indians who were lying in ambush for them, attacked them; taken by surprise as they were, and overpowered by numbers, they could make but a feeble resistance, and fell indiscriminately before the musket-shots and tomahawks of the savages. Only one escaped to tell the tale. Albert Morris a neighbor, and fellow-townsmen of George Belknap, by a singular fleetness of foot was able, under cover of the smoke, to reach the army.

The last he saw of his friend, he had fallen upon the ground, and a tall, powerful Indian, enveloped in a large blanket, with his head adorned with eagle's feathers, rushed upon him, answering the exact description of the one he had solemnly protested had appeared before him, but he saw no more, for at that moment, he was forced to flee to save himself.

The next morning, a small detachment of troops were sent to the spot of the unfortunate encounter. The corpses of eleven men were found, many of them dreadfully mangled, and all had been scalped by the hands of the ruthless savages. Among them was the body of Belknap.

Poor Mary Belknap, her love for her husband had been little short of adoration; he was the light of her life, and upon him were centered all the warm, strong affections of her young heart. In his death a blight had indeed fallen upon her youth and her existence, and all joy and happiness were forever banished from her soul; the elasticity of her step was gone, the bloom faded from her cheek, and the light went out from her mild blue eyes, and she grew daily weaker and more emaciated. The kind-hearted neighbors were touched with compassion at the sight of her grief, and sought by every means in their power to alleviate her sufferings, and to console her in her sorrow. But that insidious disease, consumption, had marked her for its victim. No skill, care or attention could stay the progress of the fell destroyer; she received their attentions gratefully, smiled cheerfully and kindly upon all, but uttered no complaint, and shed no tears; and just as the spring was opening in all its beauty and freshness, all that remained of the young, beautiful and beloved Mary Belknap was consigned to the cold and silent grave.

She had indeed gone to that world where there are no tears, sorrow or parting, there to be united to that loved one who had gone before, and to dwell forever with him amid celestial glories of Paradise. Thus ends my Indian legend.

## The Florist.

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not heaven's own bowers?  
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet floor?  
Who shall even dare  
To say we sprang not there,  
And came not down that love might bring one piece of  
heaven the more?  
O, pray believe that angels  
From those blue dominions  
Brought us in their white laps down 'twixt their golden  
pinions. LEIGH HUNT.

### Useful Hints.

Do not forget to take up a few roots of the *Diclytra spectabilis* for winter flowering. Many persons fail in getting this beautiful plant into flowering in the house—and the secret of it is, keeping the plant too hot at first. Almost any plant will flower sooner, and in more profusion, if kept in a cool greenhouse till it commences growth—and the *diclytra* requires yet more cool treatment. Let any one follow the following cool directions, and we will ensure them success. Take up the roots, and place in a large pot filled with good rich soil, and leave the plant out until the earth freezes hard enough to almost split the pot; then bring it into the house to a cool room, and by degrees get it accustomed to the heat. This process, singular as it may seem, will ensure a fine plant and a profusion of blossoms. There are some other plants which, though perfectly hardy, add much to the beauty of a collection of indoor plants; these are the *deutzia gracilis*, daisies, pansies and violets. Soil for potting should also be attended to before frost sets in. Complicated composts, which some writers expatiate upon, are valueless. In our opinion, good maiden loam from an old pasture and a quantity of soil from the deep woods—that which is rather sandy being best—mixed together, will make a compost suitable for almost any plant.

### Coltsfoot.

This grows on high, moist, clayey ground, producing yellow flowers, in February and March. The leaves are round, hairy, and close to the ground, supported on long foot-stalks, veined, kidney-shaped, resembling a colt's hoof, of a purple color; the flower stem grows about eight inches high. A decoction of one pound of the dried roots and leaves, boiled to three quarts and a half pint, drank three times a day, is good for scrofula. For a consumptive cough a gill of this may be taken four times a day. It is a warming stimulant, used to promote perspiration, and cannot be given amiss in colds, obstructions, whooping-cough, asthmatic complaints, pain in the breast, and to promote expectoration. A snuff made of the leaves is good for the eyes and head, and the whole plant made into beer is very grateful and medicinal.

### Garrya.

A hardy evergreen, introduced only a few years since, and which produced its very handsome long pendulous spikes of blossoms or catkins for the first time in England in October, 1834. These spikes are produced in bunches of eight to ten together; and they are frequently over a foot long. It is quite hardy, and should be grown in a loamy soil, where it will continue flowering all winter in defiance of the cold. It is a striking object, not only from the great abundance of its long, slender, graceful catkins, but from its dark green glassy and leathery leaves. It is readily increased by layers or cuttings struck in sand under a glass.

### Thrips.

This is the name given to a species of fly, very small and very destructive among plants both indoors and out. They are very tiny, and seem rather to leap than fly away when touched. They are very destructive, and attack both the leaves and petals, causing both to curl up, and afterwards to turn yellow and drop off. The larvae are nearly as large as the perfect insect, and of a pale yellow color, and the insect itself is at first yellowish, then becomes black. As soon as the ravages of these little creatures are perceived, the plants they have attacked should be well and frequently syringed, and exposed as much as possible to the free air; hand-picking in their case is of very little avail from the very small size of the insect and their extraordinary activity.

### Work for the Month.

Bulbs of *hyacinths*, etc., should be planted in pots—*anemones* planted in beds. The dead leaves of trees and shrubs should be swept up and laid in heaps to decay for vegetable mould. *Dahlias* which have been killed by the frost should have their tubers taken up and laid to dry, after which they should be placed in boxes filled with sawdust or malt dust, to preserve them from the frost. Greenhouse plants must be taken in; and those that are left out, covered carefully at night from the frost. Sweep and roll the gravel walks occasionally, and keep the gutter and drains well open and cleared. Half hardy plants should be covered carefully with furze or baskets of wicker-work, over which mats may be thrown in severe frosts.

### Ephedra.

The shrubby horse-tail or sea-grape. Very curious small evergreen shrubs, with jointed branches, and apparently without leaves. They grow best in sea-sand, and when pegged down and kept clipped closely, may be made to present the extraordinary appearance of green turf stretching to the very brink of the sea, and even covered by it at full tide. They are used for this purpose, Du Hamel tells us, in Africa, to cover those dry, burning sands, and give the appearance of an English lawn, where not a single blade of grass will grow. The berries are wholesome, and when ripe, taste like mulberries.

### Flowers for Winter.

Flowers intended for winter blooming need a season of repose, especially tropical plants, such as geranium, *fuchsia*, etc., which should be allowed rest from growth during the months of July and August, by almost entirely withdrawing the supply of water. Of course the leaves will fall off, but the plants will be fitted to start into fresh and vigorous growth, as soon as the water is again supplied. Previous to this, the branches of the *fuchsia* should be pruned in, and water given sparingly at first, increasing the supply, as the young shoots grow.

### Tristania.

Australian shrubs, nearly allied to *melaleuca*, which require a greenhouse in England and here. They are pretty and showy, and should, to flourish well, be grown in sandy peat. They are propagated by cuttings, and very readily strike in sand under a bell-glass.

### Siphocampylus.

A suffrutescent plant with red and green tubed-shaped flowers. It is generally kept in the greenhouse, but it is nearly hardy. It should be grown in heath-mould, and is propagated by cuttings, which should be dried a little before planting.

## The Housewife.

### To preserve Cucumbers.

Take large cucumbers, green and free from seeds; put them into a jar of strong salt and water, with vine-leaves on the top. Set them by the fireside till they are yellow; then wash and set them over a slow fire in alum and water, covered with vine-leaves; let them boil till tender; take them off, and let them stand in the liquor till cold; then quarter them, and take out the seed and pulp; put them in cold spring water, changing it twice a day for three days. Prepare a syrup thus:—To one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of bruised ginger, with as much water as will wet it; when it is quite free from scum, put in the juice and rind of a lemon; when quite cold, pour the syrup on the preserves. If the syrup is too thin after standing two or three days, boil it again, and add a little more sugar. A spoonful of mace gives it the West Indian flavor. One ounce of powdered alum is enough for a dozen cucumbers, or a proportionate number of gherkins. Melons may be done in the same manner.

### To preserve Green Gages.

Gather the finest you can get, and before they are quite ripe; put at the bottom of a bell-metal pot some vine-leaves; roll your plums in vine-leaves; put alternate layers of plums and vine-leaves till your pot is full; cover them quite with spring water, put them over a very slow fire; when the skin begins to rise, take them off and put them on a sieve to drain; make a syrup with some of the faulty plums, put a pound of sugar to a pound of plums; when the sugar is dissolved and skimmed quite clear, put in your plums and let them boil gently for ten or fifteen minutes; take them off, and let them stand in the pan till quite cold, then put them on again and let them boil very gently for twenty minutes or half an hour; then take them out as free from the syrup as possible, and boil the syrup till it ropes, then pour it boiling over your plums; keep back a pound of the sugar to boil with the plums the last time.—*Magna Bonums* to be done the same way.

### Paste for cleaning Knives.

Make a mixture, one part emery and three parts crocus martis, in very fine powder. Mix them to a thick paste with a little lard or sweet oil. Have your knife-board covered with a thick buff-leather. Spread this paste on your leather to about the thickness of a quarter of a dollar. Rub your knives in it, and it will make them much sharper and brighter, and will wear them out less than the common method of cleaning them with brickdust on a bare board.

### To remove Paint from a Wall.

If you intend papering a painted wall, you must first get off the paint, otherwise the paper will not stick. To do this, mix in a bucket with warm water a sufficient quantity of pearlash, or potash, so as to make a strong solution. Dip a brush into this, and with it scour off all the paint, finishing with cold water and a flannel.

### Omelet.

Six eggs, one gill of cream, two table-spoonfuls of grated ham. Beat the eggs very thick, add gradually the cream and ham, pepper and salt to your taste. Have ready a pan of boiling butter, pour the omelet into it, and fry a light brown. The moment it is done it should be sent to table. Garnish the dish with curled parsley.

### To preserve Plums, or any small Fruit.

They must be fresh gathered, put into strong bottles, and just covered with cold water, then well corked with good corks, firmly knocked in, and tied over with strong twine twice, in the manner of soda-water bottles, so that the rarified air shall not move them; the bottles, corks, and all are to be immersed in a saucepan of cold water, with a little hay at the bottom to prevent collision; the bath to be gently heated to 180 degrees by a thermometer; when arrived at the heat, immediately remove all from the fire, and let the bottles of fruit cool in the water; when cold they are done, and will keep any length of time; the air has been forced out through the cork by the heat applied, and cannot re-enter, the external pressure not being sufficient.

### To keep Cisterns clear of Insects.

The water of cisterns that are kept covered through the summer soon begins to smell; and if the cover is left open, thousands of "wigglers," the larvae of mosquitoes, appear, and, besides making the water disagreeable, supply an abundance of little blood-suckers to feed upon us during the night, and disturb our slumbers. An easy way to put an end to the "wigglers," is to place a number of small fish—minnows, for example—in the cistern. These will speedily devour the insects, and keep the cistern clear of all such. If a lead pipe is in the cistern, the fish will die in a day or two.

### Apricot Jelly.

Take the stones from eighteen ripe fleshy apricots, cut them in thin slices, and put them in a basin, with the juice of three lemons; have ready, boiling, a pint and a half of clarified syrup. Pour it over the apricots, cover the basin with paper, and let them remain till quite cold, then drain the syrup through a napkin; add one ounce and a half of clarified isinglass, half cold. Mix well in, and pour into your mould. The remainder of the apricots would make a very good marmalade.

### A Cement for attaching Metal to Glass.

Take two ounces of a thick solution of glue, and mix it with one ounce of linseed oil varnish, and half an ounce of pure turpentine; the whole are then boiled together in a close vessel. The two bodies should be clamped and held together for about two days after they are united, to allow the cement to become dry. The clamps may then be removed.

### Gold Lacker.

Put into a clean four-gallon tin one pound of ground turmeric, an ounce and a half of powdered gamboge, three pounds and a half of gum sandrac, three-quarters of a pound of shellac, and two gallons of spirits of wine. After being agitated, dissolved and strained, add one pint of turpentine varnish, well mixed.

### Waterproof Coating for Cotton or Linen.

Bolled linseed oil, containing about an ounce of the oxide of manganese, or litharge, to the quart, will make an excellent waterproof coating for cotton or linen cloth. Put on several coats with a brush, and allow each to dry perfectly.

### To destroy Crickets.

Mix some powdered arsenic with roasted apple, and put it into the cracks and holes whence the crickets issue. It will effectually destroy them, and cockroaches also.

**Imitation Apple Pie.**

Take dried pumpkin, and cut it into pieces about the size of a quarter of a small apple; stew it till soft, but not enough to fall to pieces. Add one cupful of currants, or other dried fruit, to pumpkin enough for three pies; mix well, and put on plates the same as apple; then pour on each pie a teaspoonful of sharp vinegar; strew on some sugar, and spice to taste. Put on the upper crust, and bake. A good substitute for apple pie.

*Another.*—Take ripe pumpkin, cut it in small pieces, and stew until soft enough to break easy with a spoon. Take it up, and add sugar and lemon, or other spice to suit the taste. Bake with or without upper crust.

**Minced Pies.**

One cup full of finely chopped meat, and two of pickled beets; mix over night, and add spices to suit the taste. Pour on it some West India molasses, and a little good elder vinegar, and let it stand till morning; then add one cup of raisins, one of currants, half a cup of sugar, and hot water enough to make the mass of a proper consistency. Add a teaspoonful of butter to each pie before putting on the upper crust. Equally as good as pies made with apples, and in a scarcity of fruit, is well worth trying.

**Recipe for Burns and Scalds.**

Take equal parts of olive oil and lime water, which, when well mixed together, forms a beautiful white ointment, which may be spread with a feather upon the part affected, and a thin rag laid over it. Two or three dressings will take out all the fire, after which apply a little healing ointment. Families ought always to have this remedy by them, that it may be applied immediately after the accident, as it very soon gives ease.

**Tomato Pie.**

Take ripe tomatoes, scald, skin, and take the seeds out. Line the plates with paste, and slice on tomatoes enough to cover each about as thick as you would for a tart; spice with lemon, nutmeg or mace: add a little butter, and cover with a good puff paste; bake well, and you will have a pie good enough for the best man in town.

**To make Sausages.**

Take eleven pounds of the fillet of nice fresh pork, and ten pounds of chine fat, chop them very finely, and add five ounces of salt, two and a half of black pepper, one and a half ounce of sage, half an ounce of savory, and a little thyme; work this well together. If closely covered, it will keep some weeks in a cool place.

**Guinea Fowls.**

These birds must be very young, for, being naturally very dry, they are not eatable if more than twelve months old; they are generally larded or barded, and served plain roasted, rather well done. They are trussed like the common fowls, and require nearly three quarters of an hour to roast.

**Cooling Drink.**

Bake four or six apples without peeling them; when done and quite hot put them in a jug, and pour over them three pints of boiling water; cover the jug over with paper, and when cold it is ready for use; a spoonful of honey or brown sugar added makes it very palatable.

**To preserve Eggs.**

If you take the eggs as soon as the hen has laid them, and smear the shells with lard or butter, they will keep as good as new-laid eggs for some time.

**To preserve Pears.**

Take small, rich, fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger; then with a skimmer put them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem and the blossom end to the core; then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day; then drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then put it into the jars, or spread it on dishes; boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

**To make Tomato Figs.**

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take them about a week; after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer.

**Tomatoes in a new Style.**

The following method of preparing them for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent article:—Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor—more nearly resembling strawberry than anything else.

**To pickle Tomatoes.**

Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them as most receipt-books direct. Let them lie in a strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horseradish; then pour on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a month before using.

**To prevent Mildew on Awnings.**

Boil the cloth intended for awnings for one hour in a liquor into which has been dissolved one ounce of alum, and the same quantity of blue vitriol, to every four gallons of water. Allow the cloth to dry thoroughly before it is put up. If the awning is up, brush its surface over with a hot liquor of alum and blue vitriol. This will tend to prevent mildew, and render it more durable.

**Nice Castor Oil.**

One drop of the essence of bitter almonds will communicate an agreeable taste and smell to an ounce of the castor oil of commerce, and will not at all affect its medicinal action. Persons taking this medicine should order it to be thus flavored.

## Curious Matters.

### The Wonders of Somnambulism.

Henry Ludford, a ferryman, of Troy, New York, hearing a man call "over," arose from his bed, passed down stairs, out of doors, and down the long stairway to his skiff, got in, crossed the river, brought the passenger over who was calling, took his toll out of a quarter, fastened his river boat, took the passenger over in the Mohawk basin boat, and recrossed back again to his station on the island, passed up stairs in the toll-house, where the ferry-men sleep, took the lighted lamp in his hand, passed to his bed and back again to the hatchway, where he stepped off and fell to the floor below, making a great racket and waking up all the rest of the hands, who hastened to see what was the matter, and on inquiry found that Ludford had been sound asleep all this time. Curiously enough, he received but a few slight bruises by his fall. He remembered nothing of what had occurred, and was bewildered when found lying on the floor, and anxious to know how he came there, and ready to swear that he had not been over with a passenger since an early hour in the evening. The change made by him was taken from a table on which the quarter lay. The midnight passenger called attention to the queer conduct of the ferryman, and said he never saw so dumb a chap before.

### Vicissitudes of Fortune.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says Lord Lovelace's son and heir, the grandson to whom will go the bulk of the late Lady Byron's large landed property, and who now becomes Baron Wentworth by her death, he, and has for a considerable time past, been working at weekly wages as an artisan in the smiths' department of the Woolwich arsenal. For the son of an earl, and the heir of a barony by writ, this is a unique case. Lord Lovelace's daughter, to whom passes the bulk of Lady Byron's large personal property, is an inheritrix of much of the rare ability of her mother, Ada, the only daughter of Lord Byron.

### Patriarchal Turtle.

A woman named Sarah McKisson, residing near Indiana, discovered a land turtle, or terrapin, near her house, the other day, over sixty years of age, bearing the following dates on its back—James Dixon, 1797; James McKisson, 1797; John McKisson, 1818; Thomas Cross, 1818; Robert McKisson, 1829; William McKisson, 1840. Mr. McKisson, who marked it in 1840, is alive and well, and states that it was found but a few rods from where he left it. It had the 10th of August, 1860, added to the other dates on its back, and was turned loose again, as a walking monument to future generations.

### Wonderful Child.

In 1791, a child was born at Lubeck, Germany, who at ten months of age spoke distinctly; at twelve learnt the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testaments. At two years of age he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge; and Cicero would have thought him an "alter ego," on hearing him converse in Latin. This wonderful child, unfortunately, or fortunately for the rest of mankind, died in his fourth year.

### The Nations without Fire.

According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus (the celebrated astronomer) showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanius, Moles, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the descent of Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. *Africa presents, even in our own day, some nations in this deplorable state.*

### An ingenious Workman.

Near the fountain of the Pont St. Michael, Paris, a clever and industrious mechanic has just commenced exhibiting a collection of monuments executed in wood, on a very large scale, which is the result of the most extraordinary labor and skill. There are the splendid cathedral of Milan, the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries, the Hotel-de-Ville, of Paris, the Dome of the Invalides, St. Peter's at Rome, the English Houses of Parliament, the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the palace of the Luxembourg, the Church of St. Etienne-da-Mont, and fifty other remarkable European buildings.

### Coal Bed on Fire.

A coal bed between Wild Cat Bluff, on the Trinity, and Mound Prairie, Texas, which has been burning slowly for a number of years, has during the recent dry season made wonderful progress, and ten or twenty acres have been burned off, and the fire is progressing rapidly. Recently, on a gentleman and lady riding near it, the horses broke through the crust of earth which covers the fire near the edge, and were severely burned before they could get out.

### A new Idea.

In the official report of the California Mint, the following passage occurs, which illustrates some of the many singular phases of social life on the Pacific!—"Half dimes, three cent pieces, coppers and nickels are unknown in our commerce, and are almost unknown in our mint, although a few half-dimes were once issued, to the great indignation of some people, who consider them a dangerous innovation, as having a tendency to reduce the price of labor and the profits of trade."

### Magic Pictures.

Magic pictures have been heard of which, when viewed in a certain point through a lens, exhibit an object perfectly different from that seen by the naked eye. Nicorom tells us that he executed at Paris, and deposited in the library of the Malmes, a picture of this kind. When seen by the naked eye, it represented fifteen portraits of Turkish Sultans; but when viewed through the glass, it was a portrait of Louis XIII! This is as wonderful as the stereoscope.

**What will a Glass of Water hold?**

It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow—and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in the water; but the philosophic truth, that in dissolving a body you do not increase the volume of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water at a moderate heat with three ounces of sugar; and when it will no longer receive, there is room in it for two ounces of salt of tartar; and after that for an ounce and a drachm of green vitriol, nearly six drachms of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac or smelling salts, two drachms and a scruple of alum, and a drachm and a half of borax; when all these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

**A novel Capture.**

The engineer of a locomotive plying on the Central Railroad, New York, captured a large hawk a few days since in rather a novel manner. The hawk, while crossing the railroad, was struck by the smoke-pipe of the engine and brought down. It received no further injury than a stunning blow, and was captured by the engineer as his lawful prey, and has been adopted as a pet by the captor. The bird is not confined, but is gravely perched on the engine, resisting the approaches of all persons excepting the engineer, from whom it receives many kind attentions, which it acknowledges in a way that proves that even senseless birds are not without grateful instincts.

**Singular Fact.**

Frank Varnum, the only individual saved from the brig Mary Pierce, lately wrecked, in his statement of the circumstances, says that he kept his place on the wreck by thrusting his knife into a worm-eaten spot upon the keel, and holding on. "A gentleman now visiting this city," says the *Newport News*, "informs us that he was one of the crew of that ill-fated vessel during a portion of 1859; that in July of that year she was hauled into dock in London and coppered, and the very place which was the means of saving Varnum's life purposely left uncoppered, it being the design at some future time to replace it with a sound piece of wood."

**Death from a Spider Bite.**

A little son of Charles Gott, of East Lancashire, aged five years, died lately from the bite of a spider. The little fellow awoke in the night crying, and on his parents seeking the cause of his grief, they found a small black spider was biting the calf of his leg, and appeared to be sinking itself into the flesh, where it hung very tenaciously till removed. The leg swelled to a very large size, and his sufferings increased till they terminated in death, about forty-eight hours after he was bitten.

**A remarkable Fish.**

A sea-monster has been taken in the salmon weirs on the river Bride, weighing fourteen hundred weight. The head resembles that of a calf, the body of a darkish gray, with four webbed feet. None of the fishermen can give the name of the animal.

**Origin of a Phrase.**

Before the introduction of carpets, to cover the floor with straw or rushes was deemed so necessary a point of courtesy, that when not performed, it was said that the host did not care a rush or a straw for his guest; hence the origin of the expression common now.

**A curious Case.**

A sickly girl in Plymouth, N. H., a somnambulist with a strong propensity to walk off with things and hide them where they could not be found, nor she herself remember, so that at last it was found necessary to lock her in securely at night, made off, a few weeks since, with a valuable watch. Then the family gave her liberty, and watched her movements in hope that the same somnambulist that carried it off would again find it. The other night she started out, followed by her brother. She walked places that he dared not follow; but the moonlight helped show her course, and he kept along. Finally she walked up the trunk of an old tree that hung at an angle of forty-five degrees over a brook, stood firmly at the end while the tree swayed beneath her, and stooping down brought out that watch. Returning to terra firma the brother waked her, took the property, and hurried home.

**Shakespeare's Will.**

Shakespeare's will is tied up in one sheet with those of Milton and Napoleon, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons, London. In the will of the Bard of Avon is an interlineation of his own handwriting:—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrd, July 22, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a noncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. That of Napoleon is signed with a bold hand; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

**A Pair of Eccentrics.**

Mr. Day, the eccentric founder of Fabrics Fair, had a housekeeper who had lived with him for thirty years, and was equally eccentric. She had two strong attachments—one to her wedding-ring and garments, the other to tea. When she died, Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off. He said, "If that was attempted, she would come to life again;" and directed that she should be buried in her wedding suit, and a pound of tea in each hand—and these directions were literally obeyed.

**Singular Customs.**

Among the curious customs in the regions of Central Africa, visited by Captain Burton, are the following:—When twins are born one is put to death. Archery is the only education given to children. A wife is bought for from four to ten cows. When a chief is buried, three pretty women are buried with him. Male criminals are clubbed, speared, or beheaded; females are impaled. When a man is in want, he objects not to sell his family.

**A Gormandiser.**

There was caught, says the *Banffshire* (Scotland) Journal, the other day, by one of the boats belonging to Port Gordon, a large eel, which, on being opened, was found to contain eleven full-grown herring, quite fresh, besides a great many that were beginning to undergo decomposition, also seven half-grown crabs—a very fair take in for his codship, and sufficient to have served him on a pretty long voyage.

**A lucky Hit.**

A Montreal schoolmaster, somewhat of an enthusiast in the science of geology, has recently made a good hit, by which he pockets the sum of \$200,000. He took a lease of a tract of land near Acton, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, upon which a little copper ore had been picked up by the farmer who owned it. Setting to work, he soon developed a magnificent copper mine, which has just been sold for \$500,000, of which he receives \$200,000.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE NEAPOLITAN BOURBONS.

The dynasty of Spanish Bourbons, just now expelled so ignominiously, has afflicted the southern parts of Italy for more than a hundred years. It was in 1735 that the child of Philip, first French King of Spain (Louis XIV.'s grandson), took by force of arms the Kingdom of Naples from the Hapsburg Emperor of Germany, together with Sicily, which the treaty of Utrecht had bestowed on the house of Savoy; but it was not until 1759 that this century of miserable tyranny began. The first King Ferdinand, with his consort, the Austrian Caroline, "unsexed and filled with direct cruelty" as she was, was twice cast out of Naples, and twice enabled, by the forces of his allies, to recover it. The savage Ferdinand I. was followed in 1825 by his son, the hypocrite and profligate Francis I., and he, in 1830, by the late Ferdinand II., whom we remember but too well, and who was succeeded last year by the present Francis, last King of the Two Sicilies. So that four bad sovereigns, in direct descent, with an ominous alternation of names of Ferdinand and Francis, have inflicted on the fair Italian provinces they owned, a dreadful course of maltreatment and unmitigated misrule.

**A CONVERTED PUGILIST PREACHING.**—Mr. Richard Weaver, a Staffordshire miner, formerly a noted pugilist, known by the name of "Undaunted Dick," because he was never beaten, is now preaching with great success at the Victoria Theatre, London.

**THE USE OF HISTORY.**—People may say what they please of the practical utility of history, an intimate acquaintance with it is a sure preservative from being deluded into hope by many an *ignis fatuus*.

**MONACO.**—The small Italian principality of Monaco has been finally placed under the protection of France, but for diplomatic reasons the treaty will not be published at present.

**REVIVAL IN WALES.**—As the fruit of the revival in Wales within the last year, some 38,000 persons have professed Christ.

### MARVELS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Lenwenhoeck tells us of animated insects seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite. Insects of various kinds are observable in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit fully discernible. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales; and a single scale covers 500 pores; yet through these narrow openings the sweat exudes like water through a sieve; how minute then must be its particles! The mite makes five hundred steps in a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf is a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen in a meadow.

**THE VALUE OF CORN.**—It has been well said, that a single year's crop of corn is worth more than all the gold of California. In addition to its other uses, it is now found that it produces a clear fluid, that burns without odor, without smoke, and is inexpensive, affording a good light in an ordinary kerosene lamp for half a cent an hour. The corn-oil is as clear and colorless as water.

**CONDEMNING OUR FELLOWS.**—It is a practice entirely too prevalent in this queer world that we inhabit, to condemn the performances of others, when we know that the task could not be better accomplished by ourselves.

**THE MINIE RIFLE BALL.**—Recent experiments show that a Minie rifle ball, which will pass through a thick board, or a bag of oakum, at a distance of 500 yards, is flattened into a shapeless mass in a bag of sand, at 300 yards.

**GREAT CITIES.**—There are fifty-seven cities in the world which contain from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants, twenty-three from 200,000 to 500,000, and twelve which contain above 500,000.



**ERRATA OF A MANIAO.**

About a year since, a gentleman in Wisconsin became insane, and was sent to the Lunatic Asylum in that State. He was a physician of superior cultivation and of remarkably prepossessing appearance, about thirty years old. A few weeks ago he escaped, and went to Chicago. There he encountered a friend who loaned him quite a sum of money, having no suspicion of insanity. He supplied himself with new and elegant clothing and started for La Porte, Indiana, where he remained long enough to win the affections of a young and wealthy widow, and was married to her. During the brief courtship, he exhibited no indications of lunacy, but shortly after his marriage he commenced acting in a manner which startled and shocked his wife and her friends. Among other fancies he believed he was a sheep, and insisted upon crawling on his hands and feet, bleating in the most absurd manner. He would then fancy himself a rattlesnake, and make frantic attempts to bite the members of his household. The unhappy lady, at length worn out with watching him and endeavoring to restore his reason, made preparations to send him to the asylum at Indianapolis; but his insanity sharpened his wits, and he adroitly escaped.

He then went to Syracuse, where he actually purchased a block of buildings. The papers were made out, and he was to call the next day with the money. He was to pay an outrageous sum for the property, and the parties with whom he bargained chuckled vastly. But they saw no more of him. The lunatic started westward. At Buffalo he bargained for an immense amount of corn, to be delivered in New York, and then proceeded to Cleveland. There he endeavored to negotiate for some real estate, but talked so absurdly, that the parties with whom he had interview refused to treat with him. Meanwhile his friends, and particularly his wife in Wisconsin (for he has a wife and two children in that State), were making every effort to ascertain his whereabouts. They traced him to Syracuse, and from thence to Cleveland, but he had already gone from there, and was finally captured at Adrian, Michigan. When not in his rabid fits, few would discover the unfortunate man's true condition. He would make very absurd propositions, and offer exorbitant sums of money for property that hit his fancy; but he would do so in so candid and captivating a manner, as in most cases to disarm suspicion.

THAT'S SO.—Gilded roofs and silver door-locks cannot shut out sleepless nights.

**ASKING A BLESSING.**

It is related that, on a certain occasion, an English ship of war touched at one of the ports of the Sandwich Islands, and that the captain gave a dinner to the royal family of the islands and several chiefs. The table was spread upon the quarter-deck, and loaded with viands and delicacies of all kinds. After the company were seated around it, and the covers were removed, and everything appeared ready for operations to commence, the islanders seemed to be in no haste to begin, but looked as though something more was expected. The captain thought that the trouble was with the food, and that it was not what they liked, or that it had been prepared in a manner to which they were not accustomed, and accordingly commenced apologizing for the fact. He had, however, a pious waiter, who stood behind his chair, and who was quick to discover where the obstacle was; and who, whispering to the captain, said: "These persons are waiting for a blessing to be asked." "Ask it, then," said the captain. The waiter did so—reverently and gratefully implored the Divine benediction. No sooner was this done, than Queen Pomare, her family, and the chiefs, soon showed by the manner they attacked the provisions, that it was not because the dinner did not suit them, or that they had no appetites, that they had previously refrained from eating, but because no one had "said grace."

WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in any part of the country, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in one week. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

PORCELAIN MANUFACTURES.—The manufacture of porcelain is now being carried on in South Carolina; \$50,000 worth has been produced at Kaolin the past year, and the company are enlarging their works.

FOLDING MACHINE.—A folding machine that will fold and pack fifteen hundred printed sheets per hour, casting off bad sheets at the same time, is in operation at Washington.

## THE TROTTER HORSE.

The Trotter, says Porter's Spirit of the Times, is an American institution, peculiar to the country, expressive of the taste of the people, and fully up to the accomplishment of the popular desire. He stands between the race horse and the dray horse, exactly as the middle class of England stands between the peer and the lower grade of English society. England has never been able to compete with us in trotting time; and though we extract our best trotters from pure-blooded horses, still the mother country, with all her great advantages in that respect, has never been able to produce a Flora Temple, a Patchen, or a Lady Suffolk. We succeed because we train for the purpose, devoting money, time, and strict study to the incipient movements of the horse; and every characteristic of action and temper is noted with conscientious care. Some years ago, an English gentleman sent to a friend in New York an order to purchase a fast roadster for him, and Alexander, a horse not equal in reputation to his illustrious namesake, was sent over, and a trial made with him, which resulted in his utter disgrace. But Wheelan happened to be in England at the time with Rattler and Ripton, trotting and winning horses, and Alexander being recognized by him, he immediately induced the owner to enter him for a stake at Manchester, with four or five of the best trotters in England, Wheelan engaging to train and ride the horse. When Alexander came upon the ground, the odds were four and five to one against him, but he won the race by a quarter of a mile. Wheelan said that he took the track at starting and widened the gap easily, and near the finish, being surprised that no horse was anywhere near him, and fearing that a great brush was intended by one of the enemy, he plied the steam on, and landed his horse a quarter of a mile ahead of the field. So happy was the owner of Alexander, that he gave, Wheelan a gold time watch and other presents, and sent to his exporters in New York a handsome service of silver.

**FLAX IN INDIA.**—A private company has been formed in London by some leading houses in the linen trade for the promotion of the cultivation of flax in India, especially in the Panjaub.

**A SHORT REIGN.**—The runaway king of Naples, Francis II., began his reign May 22, 1859—yet he filled the throne too long at that.

**HAVANA.**—Highway robbers are getting bold in their operations at Havana. The Cubanos need another Tacon.

## A NEW COLOR.

An art writer says—During the past ten days though the warm weather still continues, the change of color in the dresses which may be seen in Broadway, is as marked as the change which may be seen in the vegetable kingdom. Every one who is not so unfortunate as to be afflicted with color blindness, must have been made conscious of the incoming of a new tint, this season in the world of fashion. A color of peculiar brilliancy must have been noticed in the show windows of milliners and dry goods dealers, flustering from ladies' bonnets, spotting their dresses, edging their handkerchiefs, and now and then tied in very narrow strips around the throats of dressy young men. Last year this lovely has raged in England and was domesticated in France, and occasional glimpses were had of it in Broadway. But now an eruption of it, like scarlet fever, has broken out on this side of the Atlantic. The French call this new tint *rose* from its resemblance to the marsh mallow, which it does not much resemble, its nearest vegetable relative, in point of color, being a boiled beet; but the true name of it is Perkins's Purple, so called after the English chemist who first succeeded in extracting it from coal tar.

## THE DANGERS OF SCIENCE.

Some years ago, a whale was caught at the Nore and brought to the Isle of Dogs. Mr. Clift, in his eagerness to examine the internal parts of the mouth, stepped inside the mouth, between the lower jaws, where the tongue is situated. This tongue is a huge spongy mass, and being at that time exceedingly soft, from exposure to air, gave way like a bog; at the same time he slipped forward towards the whale's gullet, nearly as far as he could go. Poor Mr. Clift was really in a dangerous predicament; he sank lower and lower into the substance of the tongue and gullet, till he nearly disappeared altogether. He was short in stature, and in a few seconds would doubtless have lost his life in the horrible oily mass, had not assistance been quickly afforded him. It was with great difficulty that a boat-hook was put in requisition, and the good little man hauled out of the whale's tongue.

**SINGULAR.**—The coffins used for the burial of young persons in Brazil, are either red, scarlet or blue; older people alone are carried to the grave in black coffins.

**CURIOSITY.**—Curiosity is little more than another name for hope.

**A CURIOUS SWISS CUSTOM.**

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no matter of surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the greatest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at the different windows. After the family in the house has been roused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest), the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Their parley commences, of rather a hoisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of a repast of cakes and kirschwassar, which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a prominent feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for some time, during which, and through the window, she has made use of all the witchery of woman's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them, and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for, according to the custom of the country, they have come here for the express purpose of compelling her on that night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice. At length, after further parley, her heart is touched, or at least she pretends that it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents, her lover is admitted through the window, where the affiance is signed and sealed, but not delivered, in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties, the ceremony is not to extend over a couple of hours, when, after a second jollification with kirschwassar, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, but the rejected to console themselves with the hope that at the next tournament of love-making they may succeed better. In general, the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

**ONLY THINK OF IT.**—If the United States and its territories were as thickly populated as Great Britain, they would contain 750,000,000 of people, a number nearly equal to the whole population of the globe.

**POMPEY'S STATUE.**

The special travelling correspondent of the Christian Watchman and Reflector in his closing letter from Rome, thus speaks of a memorable work of art:

In one of the palaces, of which the city is full, and which generally contain more or less of art, I saw the statue of Pompey, which is now almost universally supposed to be the identical one at the base of which "great Cæsar fell," at the hands of Brutus and his associate assassins. For centuries the existence of this statue was unknown; but subsequently it was discovered, exhumed, and brought to light. It had only lost one arm, which has been restored. It is identified both by its form and the place of its discovery, which corresponds with the statements made in history as to the locality in which it was last left. It is unquestionably an antique, and is worthy to have been that of the illustrious Pompey. It is most dignified and noble in its port, bearing the aspect of a god rather than a mortal. Its right arm is extended as if in command. It was a fitting ornament of the place it occupied, as it has a countenance and bearing realizing our highest ideas of Roman valor and dignity. My sensations were peculiar, as I gazed at it, and thought of what it had witnessed. To that noble form the haughty Cæsar clung when pierced by many wounds, and upon its base the blood of foul conspiracy flowed. There are those who pretend that some red stains upon one of the limbs of the figure were made by the blood shed upon that occasion; but this is hardly credible, especially as the statue was buried for many years. This glorious work of ancient art narrowly escaped destruction during the bombardment of the city by the French in 1849. I hope this statue will be preserved to the end of time.

**IGNORANCE.**—Ignorance is often the source of the most intrepid action, and the most implicit faith—since there are none so fearless as those who have not light enough to see their danger, and none so confident as they who have not sufficient knowledge to discern their own errors.

**ATROCIOUS.**—At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed—"the ladies," as "the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses."

**A RACY REMARK.**—Persons who sport money at races are likely to come into connection with good company, or, at all events, they are consually with their *bettors*.

## MODERATION IN EATING.

The statistics of food show that an American consumes more aliment than a citizen of any other nation on the face of the globe. That all Americans are able to do so, speaks volumes in favor of the prosperity of the country. But the question arises, whether we do not abuse the plenty that reigns throughout our favored land?—whether we do not eat too much?—and medical gentlemen are apt to tell us that we do. We are rather afraid that gluttony is a national sin. One of the conditions of attaining a long life, is moderation in eating. The famous Cornaro, who lived to an hundred by a strict observance of the laws of health, has bequeathed us some important rules for our conduct in this matter. First, we must lead, said he, a sober life; a sober life is a life of order, of rule, and of temperance. We must not eat so much as will unfit the mind for its usual exertions. We must not pass suddenly from one extreme to another, but change slowly and cautiously. We must eat plain and wholesome food. We must proportion the quantity to the age and strength of the eater, and the kind of food used. We must never allow the appetite for food or drink to regulate the quantity we take; that is, we must always eat under satiety. This kind of sobriety made Cornaro a new kind of man, and the wonder of his age. "From it," he cries fervidly, "spring, as from a root, life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, and mental labor. Laws divine and human favor it. From it, like clouds from the sky, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humors, distempers, fevers, griefs, and the perils of death."

To ascertain how long a man can live, the learned reason from analogy. The duration of life with the horse, and with other animals of the higher species, is proportionate to the time expended in their growth. The learned and ingenious Flowrens has improved on the working out of this idea suggested by Buffon. All the larger animals, he observes, live five times as long as the time expended by them in reaching maturity.

The camel grows for 8 years, and lives	40
The horse " 5 " "	25
The ox " 4 " "	15 or 20
The lion " 5 " "	20
The dog " 2 " "	10 or 12
The man " 20 " "	100 or more.

By a physical analogy, therefore, the ordinary life of a man should be 100 years, at least. Now, if any of our readers wish to attain the respectable age of a century, let them combine Cornaro's rules for diet with Dr. Windship's rules for physical exercise, and live faithfully up to them.

## A GOOD MOVE.

Mr. John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Public Schools, devotes a large portion of his semi-annual report to the subject of physical training. He thinks it ought to form a large part of our educational system. "I am not prepared," he says, "to recommend at present any material change in the existing provisions of our system for the protection of health in schools. The regulations respecting vacations, sessions, recesses, studies, and home lessons, are not the hasty product of a day. They are the fruit of wisdom and experience. They are good in the main, and should not be changed without careful deliberation. It does not seem to me that the desired result is to be attained merely by shortening the sessions, or by reducing the standard of scholarship. The principal remedy which I would suggest, is the introduction into all grades of our schools, of a thorough system of physical training, as a part of the school culture. Let a part of the school time of each day be devoted to the practice of calisthenic and gymnastic exercises in which every pupil shall be required to participate. I fully agree with an able author, who has thoroughly studied this subject, that 'a universal course of training of this kind, scientifically arranged and applied, in connection with obedience to other laws of health, might, in one generation, transform the inhabitants of this land from the low development now so extensive, to the beautiful model of the highest form of humanity.'"

**IMPROVING THE TEXT.**—A young Thespian was once entrusted to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph in the play: "My lord, the banquet waits." But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the audience—"Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time." Another actor, playing in "Joan of Arc," and having to announce the arrival of the heroine's father, said: "Miss Ark, here comes old Mr. Ark."

**WEALTH OF PHILADELPHIA.**—The real and personal property of Philadelphia amounted to \$300,000,000—the assessed value half as much.

**POETRY.**—Poetry is to philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

**RATHER SEVERE.**—Austria taxes her Venetian provinces sixty per cent.

**TANTALIZING.**—They have been raising a second crop of strawberries in Virginia.

## POPULAR CREDULITY.

There is scarcely any length to which popular credulity will not go. Many people believe that Colt, who was hanged for murder in New York, is still alive. There are some people who still stick to it that Hicks the pirate was resuscitated after his execution on Gibbet Island, in New York. The ridiculous story of the existence of the French dauphin in the person of an Indian preacher, found many firm believers. History is full of the records of impostors who have been successful for a time by *exploiting* the gullibility of the masses. When the two princes were murdered in the Tower of London by the order, it was supposed, of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. of England, there were numerous dynastic and party interests which made it important to spread abroad the report that one of these, Edward, Duke of York, and heir to the throne, was not killed. It was given out that he had been rescued and carried away secretly into Scotland. An individual named Perkin or Peter Warbeck, was procured to personate the defunct. He came to England and laid claims to the crown. Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy, the aunt of the murdered princes, who must have known them as intimately as she did her own children, maintained the identity of Warbeck with the young Duke of York. Hundreds of others, who knew Edward familiarly, and who must have seen him a thousand times at the court of his father, Edward IV., testified to the same effect; and a large party was formed to assert by arms his pretensions to the throne. Landing in Cornwall, he was joined by a powerful band of insurgents. He besieged the town of Exeter, but when the army of Henry VII. came against him, his courage deserted him, and he fled to the sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey. False promises of pardon, however, induced him to leave his retreat, and he was then seized, carried to the Tower and hanged, drawn and quartered. Henry the VII. published a confession which this youth was said to have made, in which he gave his name as Warbeck, or Osbec, and said he was the son of a converted Jew of Tournay; yet for a long time his story was believed, and down to a late period historians gravely argued its probability. The finding of the bones of the murdered prince, buried somewhere near the steps of the Tower, finally put an end to speculation on the subject.

Another instance quite as remarkable as this, came to light in Russia during the sixteenth century. A young son of Ivan the Terrible, during the reign of his elder brother, Feder, was put to death in the town of Uglitch. He was

found in his blood, and the knife with which he had been playing in his throat. His murderers were pointed out by his mother, and the populace of the town inflicted a fierce revenge upon them; but ample testimony was adduced by others to show that Demetrius, for that was the prince's name, died by accident. While the conflicting reports were yet circulating, a person appeared in Luthianda who asserted that he was the young prince, that he had escaped the hands of assassins, and that he desired the restoration of his name and rights. Many of the most distinguished nobles espoused his cause, the Palatine of Sandomir gave him his daughter in marriage, an expedition against Moscow was set on foot by his followers, the strongest cities voluntarily opened their gates to him, he vanquished some of the leading Russian generals, and he entered the capitol in triumph. He was finally crowned, amid the acclamations of the people, as the Czar of Russia. The mother of the murdered prince acknowledged the identity of the new czar and her lost son; he reigned in peace for some years, when his irregularities provoked the people, and he was butchered in a moment of insurrectionary fury. The origin of this Demetrius is still involved in the greatest obscurity.

**A PROMISING BOY.**—They have a nice, well-grown boy named Joseph True Lake, at Chicester, Vermont, who, if he is not suddenly stunted by some accident, will be a man one of these days. The delicate juvenile is eight years old, standing four feet seven inches in his stockings, measuring four feet two and a half inches around his waist, and weighing 237 pounds.

**ONLY THINK OF IT.**—In the last three years one hundred tons of wire have been used per week in the manufacture of ladies' skirts, and the material used for this article of dress has cost yearly \$1,464,060.

**HAPPINESS.**—Happiness in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves; contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure house, and with "godliness is great gain."

**A MONSTER CAGED.**—John Swartz was sent to prison in Philadelphia, for lifting up a boy 4 years old, and dashing his head on the pavement, without provocation.

**THE PINEAPPLE.**—This delicious fruit is now successfully raised in Florida, proving hardier and more profitable than the banana.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Earl of Kingston, a lunatic nobleman, lately walked through London, undressed.

With the exception of Queen Isabella of Spain, no Bourbon now reigns in Europe.

A manuscript of the time of David, has just been discovered in the East.

Four sub-marine cables between Valencia and the islands of Ivica, Majorca and Minorca, and thence to Barcelona, have been successfully laid.

A missionary on the African coast, says the French have agreed to give up their emigrant system after this season. It is the slave trade in disguise.

A new perpetual motion has been invented by an Italian, named Cavanna, who expects to propel the largest ships by the simple agency of cold water.

The Sugar-loaf colliery at Hazleton, Pa., is 9000 feet deep, without a particle of water at the bottom of the mine, is believed to be the deepest mine in America. Another in Virginia is upwards of 7000 feet deep.

A blind man in Paris, who had been allowed to beg, in the belief that he was poor, has been found out to be worth over 30,000 francs, and has been arrested and put on trial for mendicity—an aggravated case.

Of the children born in Scotland during the second quarter of 1860, 2494 were illegitimate—8.5 per cent of the whole number born, or one in every 11.3. In England, in the latest return (1858), the proportion was less by a fourth.

The London correspondent of the Scottish Guardian says: "To show how London example and influence act, I may mention that there is now a ragged school about to be established at Cairo, Egypt, for Moslem children."

Cialdini, the Italian general, is said to be no less an artist than a soldier. It is reported that he has been a long time a welcome guest in the salons of Americans sojourning in Italy, among not the least of whom, Charlotte Cushman may be named.

Showers of frogs have frequently been mentioned as having taken place, but Liege (says an English paper) was recently visited with a shower of a different kind—one of ants. An immense number of these insects fell on the town, and penetrated into all the apartments wherever the windows were open.

The Press Medicale Belge states that, in Tonquin and Cochin China, hydrophobia is cured with complete success by decoction of the leaves of *Datura Stramonium*, or Thorny Apple. A violent paroxysm of rage ensues, which lasts but a short time, and the patient is cured in the course of 24 hours.

Paris was astonished not long since by the sight of a carriage, propelled neither by steam nor gas, going with such amazing swiftness as to leave far behind the four-in-hand carriages of the Jockey Club, which endeavored in vain to keep up with it. The inventor is said to be a poor man, who has constructed the vehicle entirely himself, and will not disclose the secret until he is properly secured by patents.

Of the eighteen Princes of Wales, eleven have lived to reign in England.

Michelet has nearly ready for the press a new volume, *L'Enfant*.

The territory of Banjermassing, in the south of Borneo, has been formally incorporated with the foreign possessions of Holland.

In London, recently, twenty-two pictures of the choicest kind, from the Belvidere collection, were sold by auction, and brought the sum of \$125,000.

Of the two young ministers on trial who were stricken from the list of the English Wesleyan Conference, one incurred that penalty by jilting the lady to whom he had been engaged.

The American missionaries who lately visited the Chinese Camp at Loo Choo, report that the tents were made of Massachusetts drills, and bore the stamp of the manufacturer still upon them.

It is proposed to erect 400 public drinking-fountains (the water to be filtered) in London, to counterbalance the 10,000 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Pieces of hemp rope which have been fished up from the wreck of the Royal George, at Spithead, after a century of submergence, have been found perfectly sound, and they are said to have actually retained the smell of the tar.

A copy of the "Bay Psalm Book," the first book printed in British America, at Cambridge, Mass., has been sold in England, to a private individual, for one hundred and fifty guineas, a sum exceeding \$750.

A Mr. Richardson, of Ireland, lately attempted to get off the cars of the Dublin and Kingstown railway when they were in motion. The railway company prosecuted him, and had him fined £3, as a warning to others.

Garibaldi asked one of our naval officers, who lately saw him in Sicily, if the people of this country understood him and his cause. "I am doing," said he, "what your fathers did in 1775 to 1782."

A small brass cannon has been found at the bottom of a deep well of the Castle de Cluey, in France, with the date of 1258 upon it. The date of the invention of cannon has historically been assigned to the year 1324, 66 years later.

The lazzaroni of Naples are divided into two political parties—the Retrogrades and Liberals, haunting distinct quarters. The Liberals have now petitioned to be no longer called lazzaroni, but popolani.

An Italian journal, the *Trovatore*, states that the number of professional singers of both sexes now in Italy amounts to 1730. This aggregate is composed of 410 *prime donne*, 330 tenors, 280 baritones, 160 basses, 50 buffos, etc. In addition to these, Italy has 1670 dancers, male and female.

Strong beer is one of the most important articles in the commissary department of the British army, especially in India, where it is supposed to be the best means of preserving health. It has hitherto been exported from England, but an experiment has recently been successfully made in brewing it in India, which has excited much interest in England, and was made the subject of a leader in the Times.

## Record of the Times.

The new Aquarial and Zoological Gardens, Central Court, Boston, are truly astonishing.

Vanity Fair has found a new name for Cincinnati—*Ham-burg*.

It is said there is no Spanish romance or comedy without fighting in it.

The best photographs are those taken before 12 o'clock, noon.

The cost of building Victoria Bridge at Montreal is stated at \$7,000,000. There were over 3400 men engaged on it during its erection.

A schoolmaster in New London, Conn., has sued a pupil named Gordon for damages for an assault, and recovered a verdict of \$200.

The prairie stone, existing in large quantities just back of Chicago, will make gas as well and as freely as the best coal, yielding 50 per cent. of pure saltpetre, and a residue of good lime.

The geological examination of Texas has revealed the existence, in great abundance in that State, of the finest clay, suitable for the manufacture of Queen's ware.

The will of the late Rev. William Neill of Philadelphia contains a bequest of \$2000 to the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, to the indigent students who may be preparing for the Gospel ministry.

A petrified fish, over sixteen feet in length, and very perfectly preserved, its scales and fins being distinctly marked, has been taken from the coal mine at Blue Mound, Kansas. Its species has not been determined, but it is much larger than any fish now found in the Kansas rivers.

In man, the temperature of the blood is 98 degrees; in sheep, 102 degrees; in ducks, 107 degrees. During the chills of ague the heat of man's blood falls to 96 and 94 degrees, while at the height of fever it rises to 102, and even to 105 degrees.

It is stated that two tea-spoonful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will in less than fifteen minutes give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

One house in New York has a stock of camel's hair shawls valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Their separate values range from twenty to fifteen hundred dollars, and their patterns are sumptuous beyond description. They have a heavy gold embroidery.

In the town of Huntington, Conn., recently, a rock was struck by lightning and separated into fragments. One portion, weighing at least half a ton, was projected to a considerable height, other pieces, to the number of thirty or more, were thrown in every direction.

On a railroad in England has been placed a locomotive which has projecting over the frame of the engine large adjustable mirrors, set in a proper angle. By means of the reflectors, the engineer has a view of the whole train before him, so that in case of a casualty to any one of the cars, he can see it reflected in the mirror on his engine.

Refined coal oil is a solvent of gutta-percha and India-rubber.

Two centuries ago not one person in a hundred wore stockings.

One halfpenny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."

As a general rule, a fashionable bean, like a bow in the sky, can't make both ends meet.

The horse was originally a native of the deserts of Tartary.

Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, is visiting the jails and hospitals of Michigan. She finds some of them in bad condition.

All the toothpicks do not come from Chili, as was recently stated. The greater portion are made in Portugal and Madeira.

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

The population of Paris is given at 1,569,800 souls. By 1870, Paris will be overtaken by New York, and crowded by Boston perhaps.

The most ancient lock, of whose form and construction there is any certain knowledge, is the Egyptian, which has been in use upwards of four thousand years.

A russet and a spice apple tree stand side by side in Huntington, L. I., and on the latter are twenty or thirty apples, one half of which are spice, and the other half russet.

On the great Santa Fe road, through New Mexico, there have been employed this year 2170 wagons and 5984 men, the freight carried weighing 6000 tons.

An Irishman out West threw a quantity of powder upon some green wood to facilitate its burning, and was blown to pieces. Verdict, "Died for want of common sense!"

H. H. Sisson, of Harwich, a livery stable keeper, lost all his horses by fire a short time since, and the other hack drivers in the vicinity have presented him with six horses and other articles to start him again in business.

Mr. James Parker went as conductor on the first trip over the Western Railroad from Boston to Springfield in 1839, and has been employed on the road in the same capacity ever since. He has travelled in all 1,280,000 miles.

A machine called the centrifugal gun is on exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, which will throw 500 balls a minute without the aid of powder or cap, by merely turning a crank like that of a coffee mill.

When a rich man commits suicide in Havana his relatives charge somebody with murdering him, so that his property may not be confiscated to the crown. A young gentleman of fortune recently shot himself with a revolver, and the porter of the house has been charged with killing him and committed to prison.

It is related of a man travelling in Ireland, to circulate counterfeit money, that stopping at a peasant's house for the night, he was so moved by the poor man's fervor at family prayer, that he destroyed all his spurious coin in the presence of his host, and announced his intention to lead an honest life.

## Merry-Making.

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? **Ans.**—A gate.

Why is the letter L like a calf's tail? **Ans.**—Because it is at the end of veal.

What Miss plays more tricks than a monkey? **Ans.**—Mis-chief.

What Miss occasions a great many quarrels? **Ans.**—Mis-understanding.

What Miss will ruin any man? **Ans.**—Mis-management.

What Miss always makes her lover go astray? **Ans.**—Mis-lead.

Who are the oldest bores on record? The Etruscan augurs.

"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the saucepan.

Why is Prince Albert like a stag in the queen's park? Because he's Victoria's own dear!

One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Mrs. Partington has just sent Isaac the inquisitive off to get an "epidemic education."

"Is your city a healthy one, sir?"—"O, yes; medicines are drugs there."

A young lady captured a beaver lately, and also the man who was carrying it about on his head.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

"Come, get up, you have been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained employment at a boiler factory.

A chap who went to California poor, and subsequently became very rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice-cream.

"A weak watch invites a vigilant foe." Yes; and the "foe" in question is the watch repairer, who is always on the lookout for weak watches.

It is useless to talk so patriotically about the great American heart, when so much interest is taken in the great American stomach.

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said "She is one mutton as is small."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at the seaside? Kase, Mr. Smith, dry charge so much. How so, Julius? Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual with stealing the silver spoons.

At a printer's festival the following toast was given: "The editor and lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar." "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco!"

Theory may be all very well, but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

"I'll be with you in a crack," as the rifle-ball said to the target.

The unfortunate youth who drowned himself a few days ago in a flood of "tender recollections," is said to be slowly recovering.

Why is a man riding fast up hill like another man taking a little dog to a young lady? Because he is taking a gal a pup.

"I do declare, Lib, you're pretty enough to eat." "Well, dear Charles, aint I eating as fast as I can," replies Lib, with her mouth full.

The worst way of pitching into a fellow, and making him feel generally like a goose, is to tar and feather him.

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

What is that although only four inches broad and three inches deep, yet contains a solid foot? A shoe.

Boots made of alligator skin are all the go in New Orleans. Jinks, however, who has seen 'em, says they are not exactly long boots you know, but alli-gaiters!

An independent man is said to be one who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

The mother-in-law is the person in the household who attends to the preserves and pickles, and sees that the matrimonial jars are put carefully away, to be opened as they are wanted.

"Honesty is the best policy," said a man to another, who had narrowly escaped hanging for robbery. "I know it," said the other, "for I have tried both sides of the question."

A sleepy churchwarden, who sometimes engages in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Stop, stop! It's my deal."

Perhaps the best retort upon a lie is to outwit it, at Galba did, when a courtier told him he had bought eels in Sicily five feet long. "That," replied the emperor, "is no wonder, for there they are so long that the fishermen use them for ropes."

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